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PUTNAM'S & THE READER

THE OCTOBER NUMBER

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From a drawing from the life, made for "Putnam's Monthly," February, 1907, by Amy Otis (See page 53)

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

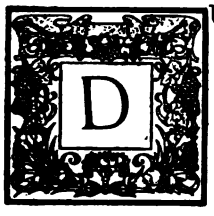
PUTNAM'S MONTHLY
& THE READER

VOL. V OCTOBER, 1908 NO 1.

NERO AS ARTIST AND ENGINEER

A Daring Builder and Discriminating Collector

By RODOLFO LANCIANI



DURING the long period in which I have taken personal action in antiquarian research fifteen hundred pieces of sculpture have been recovered from the soil of Rome and the Campagna, including statues, busts, heads, bas-reliefs, friezes and sarcophagi. Busts and portrait-heads are Roman works of Imperial times: statues and bas reliefs are but reproductions of lost Greek originals, the existence of which would otherwise have been known only from the descriptions of Pliny and Pausanias. Their discovery is always welcome, because—no matter how defective the replica may be—we can always gather from it the conception of the original type created by Phidias and Praxiteles, Scopas and Lysippus, Policletus and other such masters of the Golden Age. What should we know, for instance, about the Apoxyomenos of Lysippus, were it not for the accidental find of a marble copy in the year 1849, near the church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere?

The same consideration applies to the Hermes of Policletus, a copy of which was recently unearthed in the foundation of Count Lecca's villa, near the Piazza del Popolo, Rome; to the Discobolus of Myron, a copy of which has now been found in the royal preserves of Castel Porziano, Laurentum; and to scores of other subjects, which are daily unearthed from the archæological strata of our land.

Where, then, have the original Greek masterpieces vanished, which Roman conquerors and Roman emperors are known to have removed from Magna Græcia, Sicily, Greece and Asia Minor, and to have carried home as spoils of war, or else by theft or by purchase? There is no exaggeration in saying that, at the beginning of the third century after Christ, Rome contained more works of the great masters than could be

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A MARBLE COPY OF THE APOXYOMENOS OF LYSIPPUS
Found (1849) in the Trastevere, near the Church of St. Cecilia. (Vatican Museum)

seen on the shores of the Ægean Sea. Each of the Roman temples, forums, basilicas, baths, palaces and villas was a museum in itself. Two hundred and sixty-one pieces of sculpture or pictures (in mosaic) have already been dug out in Hadrian's villa alone, including the lovely Dionysos of Pentelic marble, which I myself discovered in 1887, in a dark recess where it had been purposely hidden at the time of the first barbarian invasions. In 1884 my late friend Luigi Boccanera found, in a couple of days, seventeen statues and busts in the peristyle of Voconius Pollio's villa at Marino. This as regards quantity.

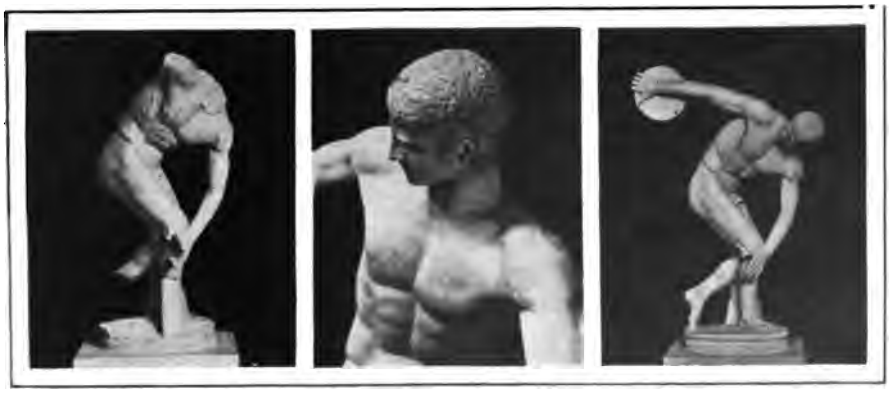
As far as quality is concerned, I can only say that if one Roman temple alone could be recalled to life, with its artistic contents, it would cast into the shade any museum of the present day. Let us enter, for instance, the Temple of Concord, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and behold its art treasures. Here stands before us the marvellous group of Apollo and Latona by Baton, and around it the Latona nursing her divine infants, by Euphranor; the Æsculapius and the Hygeia, by Niceratos; the Mars and the Mercury, by Piston; the Jupiter, the Minerva and the Ceres, by Sthenios. There are also exhibited in the same temple three world-famous pictures by Theodoros, Zeuxis and Nicias; a group of four elephants carved in obsidian, a miracle of skill and labor; a collection of rare gems, including the sardonyx sent in the legendary ring of Policrates; and the statue of Vesta which the Emperor Tiberius had removed by main force from the island of Paros.

Where have all these treasures gone? How is it that we must consider ourselves lucky if we discover one Greek original among a thousand Roman copies? The answer to this query cannot be easily given. The fact that the majority of statues imported from Greece were cast in bronze may explain their disappearance to a certain extent, because metal excited the greed of the barbarians more than any other spoils of war. From a description of Rome written in A.D. 546, by Zacharias, a Byzantine historian, Bishop of Mytilene in the island of Lesbos, we gather that, towards the middle of the sixth century of our era there

were still left standing in public places three thousand eight hundred and ninety works of art in bronze—one third as many as were still kept, at that time, in private palaces, gardens and villas. Of this immense collection only *eleven* specimens have come down to us. But there were marble originals as well, which the barbarians despised and left uninjured. It has been said that they must have perished in mediæval lime-kilns. No doubt they did, and by the thousand; but why should mediæval lime-burners take special pleasure in destroying originals in preference to Roman copies? This is the problem, the solution of which has yet to be found.

In the meantime let me state one fact which redeems to a certain extent the memory of an emperor whose name is held in abhorrence by young students of history: the fact is that, whenever excavations have been made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master has been sure to come to light; in other words, that the only chance we have left of discovering lost masterpieces is to follow in the footsteps of Nero, and search whatever building or site is known to have been inhabited by him—whether the Golden House at Rome, or the hunting-box at Sublaqueum, or the sea-cottage at Antium.

Born in the last-named place on December 15, A.D. 37, he seems to have been possessed of a double nature; one half of which was kind, generous, poetic, artistic, musical, while the other was unspeakably depraved. Nothing could show better this contrast in his personality than a comparison between two portrait-busts, still extant, the first taken soon after his accession to the throne, while still guiltless of dissipation, the other after a few years of shocking decadence and depravity. The account given by Suetonius of the first period of his career is quite charming. The youth appears to have been devoted, body and soul, to sport and art, rather than to the ruling of the Empire. He instituted a competition for the championship of the world in music, in athletics and in horsemanship, to be repeated every fifth year; he made recitals popular, displaying his own talents in that line not only before the court assembly, but also in Pompey's theatre, before seventeen thousand spectators, representing all classes of citizens. Suetonius mentions also a *naumachia* in which the crews of the imperial galleys fought against new and wonderful sea-monsters: experiments made with an aeroplane or flying-machine, which cost the inventor his life, the



TORSO AS DISCOVERED

DETAILS OF THE HEAD
From the Lancelloti replica. Restored in plaster

THE DISCOBOLUS OF LAURENTUM
Discovered (1906) by Queen Elena of Italy

PORTRAIT HEAD OF NERO AT ABOUT TWENTY
(Vatican Museum)

latter being disguised as Icarus; the enacting *ad vivum* of the most daring mythological scenes; a novel race in the circus, in which camels harnessed to the *quadrigæ* took the place of horses. In these sportive meetings, Nero gained the favor of the assembly by throwing among the ranks of the senators, of the patricians and of the equestrians, as well as among the populace, handfuls of *missilia*—that is to say, of ivory labels inscribed with a number, corresponding to a prize to which the holder of the *tessera* was entitled. The prizes included grain, clothing, objects of gold and silver, gems, pearls, pictures, bronzes, hunters and chargers, slaves, houses, wild animals tamed into pets, farms and wheat lands, yachts and whole islands.

When the wicked side of Nero's personality began to make itself manifest, the courtiers remembered the prophecy uttered by his own father, Domitius Ahenobarbus, on the day of his birth: "Do not rejoice," he had said to them; "for what can be born of Agrippina and myself but a vicious offspring destined to do great evil to mankind?" And yet even in the worst moments of his career, amidst shocking outbursts of cruelty and debauchery, Nero remained an artist and a builder without rivals, despising anything short of perfection, and never attempting a work of public utility unless fraught with difficulties which would certainly have deterred a less daring nature. If we recollect that in the short period of his reign he rebuilt the greater part of the city, with his own Golden House as a centre; that he doubled its water supply, provided it with a swimming pond as large as a lake, free bathing accommodations and two great sea harbors; that he attempted to establish an inland waterway between Naples and Rome; that he succeeded in opening the Corinthian Canal; that he laid out an alpine park among the crags of Subiaco, and a sea-garden at Antium; and that he enriched these places with the choicest *chef d'œuvres* of Greek art —I believe we are justified in regarding these as extenuating circumstances, in judging his career as a whole.

When Nero in his seventeenth year became the ruler of the Empire, Rome was still unfit to be its capital. In fact, it was one of the unhealthiest, most unesthetic, gloomy and ill-arranged cities of the Empire, with its narrow alleys lined by skyscrapers, and with its public buildings degraded

by filthy surroundings. He decided at once to free it from such evils, and reconstruct it on hygienic and esthetic principles. Plans were accordingly drawn and secret preparations made by his favorite architects, Severus and Celer, and, as compulsory expropriation of private property was not allowed by Roman law, and it would also have been financially impossible to purchase half the city at its actual value, they got rid of the difficulties in a simpler and more effective way: they set the capital on fire so cleverly that, although of the fourteen wards into which Rome had been divided by Augustus three were completely ruined and seven more than half destroyed, yet not a single human life seems to have been lost in the conflagration.

Even in our age of progress and of public and private comfort we cannot help admiring the wisdom of the three reformers, in designing and reconstructing the city. The straight line and the right angle were followed, as far as could be done in a hilly region. Hasty or temporary structures were forbidden. The line of frontage of each building had to be fixed by the imperial surveyors. Squares were opened in the most congested quarters. The height of dwellings was limited to double the width of the street, so as to give free play to air and light. Porticoes were to run in front of each house, to provide the citizens with shade and shelter in case of great heat or rain. Wooden ceilings were prohibited, at least in the lower stories. I think I am the only living archæologist who has seen with his own eyes the proofs of this seeming fairy-tale. I gained —and I have treasured ever since —this experience in the year 1878, when the main sewer (which drains the Esquiline and the Cælian) was being built along the Via di San Gregorio at a depth of thirty-four feet below the present level of the road. There we found a strip of the city destroyed by Nero's fire and buried in its own ashes, with remains of houses, shrines, shops, fountains and even of a small temple, the pediment of which, moulded in polychrome terra-cotta, represented a scene of sacrifice. Over this bed of ruins the streets of the new capital were laid, half way between the old and the modern level.

NERO AT ABOUT TWENTY-SIX
(Capitoline Museum)

AQUEDUCT BY WHICH WATER WAS CARRIED ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA AT A HEIGHT OF 100 FEET

The ship canal between the Bay of Naples and Rome is thus described by Suetonius.

Nero began also a water-way between the lake of Avernus and the Tiber, so that ships might go from one place to the other without putting to sea: one hundred and sixty miles in length, and wide enough to allow the sailing of two quinqueremes abreast. For carrying on this and other schemes, he ordered that prisoners and convicts from all parts of the Empire should be brought into Italy, and that even those deserving capital punishment should be made to work on these undertakings.

Tacitus gives fuller particulars:

The designers and directors of his

THE ROMAN MILITARY HARBOR OF MISENUM

Nero tried to run a ship-canal from here to Rome

works were Severus and Celer, whose genius and ambition led them to attempt things impossible by their nature, and thus to waste the treasure of the prince. They had, in addition, undertaken to make a navigable canal from Avernus to the mouth of the Tiber, to be carried along a barren shore, and through mountains which lie across the line, and where no water is found except in the Pontine district. The rest is rock or dry soil. Even had the project been practicable, the labor would have been intolerable, giving no adequate results. But Nero as a lover of the impossible was at the greatest pains to perforate the mountains nearest to Avernus, and to this day there remain traces of the abortive scheme.

Tacitus refers obviously to the tunnel bored in the direction of Licola, known locally as the Grotta di Pace, from the Spaniard Pedro da Paz, who first found and explored it in 1507, while shooting on the northern shores of Lake Avernus. A deep cutting, not unlike that of the Culebra on the Panama Canal, was begun at the same time through the ridge of Amyclæ, near the bay of Gaeta, where the Caecubus, the king of Italian wines, was grown. Nero ruined forever this prosperous district, and on the tables of the Roman aristocracy the place of the lost Caecubus was henceforth taken by another brand, the Setinian, grown on the border of the Pontine marshes, near the present village of Sezze.

MODERN VILLA AND FORMAL GARDEN REPRODUCING ANCIENT MODELS

The harbor of Rome (Portus Augusti), begun by Claudius and completed by Nero, enclosed an area of 170 acres, sheltered by jetties and a breakwater, with a depth of sixteen feet, and a quay frontage of 2600 yards. The harbor of Antium, built for the use of the imperial galleys, during the stay of the court at that seaside resort, is still practically in use, although much damaged and disfigured in the time of Pope Innocent XII (1691–1700). The piers with which he sheltered the harbor are still extant, as fine examples of hydraulic architecture as can be found on the shores of the Mediter-

RUINS OF NERO'S GOLDEN HOUSE

ranean. They are still encased in their original frames or cradles of stout oak beams, which have hardened to the consistency of iron. The piers are 4300 feet long and thirty wide, and reach a depth of forty.

As regards the water supply of the capital; Nero not only completed the two aqueducts of the Claudia and the Anio Novus, which discharged half a million cubic meters of water per diem, but built a new channel for the supply of the Golden House, which is still in existence and which is considered by experts a model of strength and lightness combined with an esthetic outline.

As regards the Golden House—a park one mile square, laid out in the heart of the city after the fire of July 64—it is enough to say that it contained waterfalls, lakes and ponds shaded by gigantic trees which had been bodily transplanted from the forests of Marsica and Samnium; harbors for state barges; a vestibule with a bronze colossus 120 feet high; porticoes 3000 feet long; farms and vineyards, pasture-fields and woods teeming with game; zoölogical and botanical gardens; sulphur-baths supplied from the springs of the Aquæ Albulæ; salt-water baths supplied from the Mediterranean; thousands of columns with capitals of gilt Corinthian metal; hundreds of statues removed from Greece and Asia Minor; walls inlaid with gems and mother-of-pearl; and banqueting halls with ceilings of ivory, from which rare flowers and costly perfumes fell on the recumbent guests. More elaborate still was the ceiling of the state dining-hall. It is described as spherical in shape, carved in ivory so as to represent the constellations of heaven, and set in motion by machinery so as to revolve in imitation of the course of the stars and planets.

From this brief sketch of Nero's engineering feats the reader must already have gathered that he was not only a daring and reckless

THE PRESENT HARBOR OF ANTIUM

builder and a bold defier of natural difficulties, but an artist as well. Let us compare, for instance, the piers enclosing his harbors of Ostia and Antium, with the jetties and breakwaters of our own times—clumsy, massive structures, with only hydraulic cranes, coal-tips or grain elevators to break the monotony of the line, and old guns for the mooring of ships. In Nero's work we find the mooring-rings cut in marble or cast in bronze in the shape of a lion's mouth or a Medusa's head, and the mooring-posts formed by exquisitely carved granite pillars, on the surface of which inscriptions in praise of the Emperor were engraved. We enter our docks on the line of customs, through an iron gate: the ancients entered through a triumphal arch, such as the one still standing on the eastern pier of the port of Ancona.

ONE OF NIOBE'S SONS

The view of the harbor of Ostia, with its colossal statues, triumphal bronze chariots drawn by four bronze elephants, and lighthouse two hundred feet high, built in imitation of the Pharos at Alexandria, its groups of bronze tritons turning on pivots so as to indicate the direction of the wind, its watch-towers or semaphores, from which the approach of incoming vessels was announced, and other such particulars, can be studied in two contemporary records—the sarcophagus of Philocyrius, now in the vestibule of the Vaccari Palace (37 Via del Tritone), and a bas-relief in the Torlonia Museum, of which I have given a reproduction in "Ancient Rome" (p. 247).

Where Nero's artistic soul and love of nature shine in their full glory, however, is in the arrangement of his sylvan retreat at Subiaco. Roman villa-builders, as a rule, showed an absolute disregard of natural beauty. Stiffness and conventionality were their characteristics. No tree or shrub was allowed to grow in its own way, the shears of the gardeners being always ready to force it into absurd shapes. The paths were shut in by walls of box or laurel, with windows, doors, and niches imitating the architecture of palaces. Nero, first and last among the Roman rulers, conceived the notion of the true English Park. He selected a wild gorge of the Apennines above Subiaco, through which the river Anio forced its way, leaping by three graceful falls into the valley below. By damming it thrice with dams 200 feet high, he created three mountain lakes, in the manner of the Virginia Water at Windsor, the upper one over a mile long. The lakes were overshadowed by oaks and beeches and overhanging rocks, in the interstices of which grew arborescent ferns. Two fishing lodges, one on either side of the glen, were connected by a bridge spanning the abyss at a prodigious height. One of these lodges, discovered in my presence in 1886, under the monastery of St. Benedict, makes us wonder at its simplicity. But what perfections in that simplicity! What exquisite wall-paintings, mosaic pavements and marble incrustrations! We found in the course of the excavation but one marble statue; but this statue was the first original Greek master-

piece with which I was destined to come in contact in my experience as an archæological explorer. It represents one of the sons of Niobe, struck in the back by the arrow of Apollo, falling on the left knee, and raising the arms, as it were, to shield himself from another deadly missile. This beautiful figure, reproduced on page 11, formed part of a vast composition, of twenty or twenty-four, including Niobe, her husband, her sons and daughters with their tutors and governesses, etc.

A discovery of the same nature but of higher value was made in the spring of 1878 in Nero's villa at Antium. Part of the cliff on the edge of which the palace stood having collapsed after a great gale, a statue was found lying in shallow water at the foot of its original niche and pedestal. An interesting legal case arose from the find, between Prince Pietro Aldobrandini, the owner of the cliff and niche and pedestal, from which the statue had been wrenched by the fury of the storm, and the Italian Government, the owner of the shallow inlet in which the statue had been found lying. Judgment was given in favor of the Prince, whose heirs have just given up the statue to the nation for the handsome consideration of six hundred thousand francs ($120,000). It represents the draped portrait figure of a maiden—born, like Aphrodite, from the foam of the sea—in the act of reading a papyrus spread on a tablet, which she is holding in both hands. The figure, intact with the exception of the right forearm, and part of the left, ranks in the history of art as high as the Venus of Milo or the Victory of Samothrace, the gems of the Louvre collections. Klein attributes it to Lysippus or to one of his best pupils. Prof Fürtwangler declares it to be "a unique and fascinating subject, more perfect and graceful than any other statue to be seen in Italy."

STATUE DISCOVERED IN NERO'S VILLA AT ANTIUM

For the possession of this beautiful Greek figure the Italian Government is willing to pay $120,000

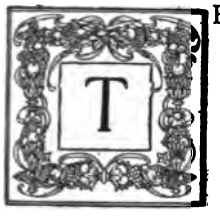
I am sure that if a proper search were made among the ruins of Antium, Sublaqueum and other places where Nero is known to have dwelt, we should become indebted to him for the recovery of a much larger number of masterpieces.

PARADE IN HONOR OF SECRETARY TAFT IN MANILA, 1907

WILLIAM H. TAFT

THE PEACEMAKER OF THE PHILIPPINES

By CHARLES A. CONANT



THE suggestion made by some one favorable to Secretary Taft for President, that he is qualified to administer the great interests of the United States because "he has been over the property," is well illustrated by the work of conciliation and construction done by Mr. Taft in the Philippines. If he has a fault, it is that of other great minds—to judge the virtues of other men by his own. But in this lies his strength—his appeal to the best in other men and his ability to command their unselfish services. In the Philippines, it is doubtful whether any other American could have succeeded so well in the task which Mr. Taft so reluctantly took up at the plea of President McKinley—to convince the Filipinos of the determination of the new American government to do them justice. When he reached Manila in the autumn of 1900, the situation was extremely delicate. The military were just putting an end to the more serious phases of the insurrection, which was still not concluded when Aguinaldo was captured in the spring of the next year. It was the mission of the new civil government to convince the people whom the military had been killing, wounding and making prisoners that we were acting (as in the case of paternal chastisement) for their good.

Incidental to this mission was the gradual diminution of the military power and its submission to the civil power—a problem within the camp as delicate in many ways as that of dealing with the Filipino people. Officers of high rank, accustomed for many months to exercise the arbitrary authority derived from conquest, yielded with reluctance and sometimes with not the best grace to the restoration of civil government. Especially in Manila, where all the best government buildings were occupied by army bureaus, it was galling in the extreme for the military commander to receive communications every few days from the civil government requesting that these comfortable quarters be turned over to the multiplying organs of the new civil authority.

The average officer, warned by the long and stubborn conflict against the natives, shook his head when the strong arm of military authority relaxed. Another uprising in the island of Luzon, and even in the city of Manila, was freely predicted. The writer was in Manila when McKinley died. There were rumors among the natives that this made Bryan President and that independence would be

ST. AUGUSTINE CATHEDRAL, MANILA

proclaimed. But no revolt occurred. Governor Taft and his associates continued to ride freely about the city in open carriages without guards; and at a mass-meeting crowded by Filipinos, and by a military and naval display on the water front and in the bay, a great tribute was paid to the memory of the dead President. The leaven of Governor Taft's trust in the Filipino people was already at work. When, a little later, the untamed savages of the island of Samar ambushed and murdered an American detachment, the guards were doubled about Manila, but few signs of unrest appeared. The fear that the civil government would fail and that the sword must be again invoked was not realized, except in isolated and sparsely settled provinces.

A great constructive work lay before the American civil government in the Philippines. The task was to replace complicated Spanish mechanism, in which the church and state had worked together for the benefit of Spain, by a new system in which church and state were to be separated, but in which each was to work for the benefit of the Filipino people. So inextricably were the threads of church and state authority interwoven that even the ownership of property as between the two could with difficulty be determined. The Spanish Government, moreover, was committed to many monopolies and special franchises, whose legality the Americans might not be able to dispute successfully, but which were hostile to their view of the proper functions of government.

In the governing commission, the broad mind and smooth temper of Governor Taft preserved a unity of purpose and spirit of concession rare in such a body. The four American members associated with the Governor were men of special training in many fields and of independent views. Often disagreement threatened, but was smoothed over by the conciliatory spirit of Governor Taft. So plainly did he show in the most confidential sessions of the commission that his mind was fastened upon the single object of doing justice to the Filipino people, and so clearly did he set forth the merits and necessity of the new legislation proposed, that rarely, if ever, did the three shrewd and competent men who sat as citizens of the islands object seriously to the new measures, and in almost every case

the acts passed went forth as the unanimous voice of the commission.

Among the problems which called for prompt and effective solution, which had grown out of the methods of Spanish government, were the currency problem, the disposition of the friars' lands, the railway franchises, and the privileges of the Spanish-Filipino Bank.

The Philippines were suffering at the time of the American occupation, and had already suffered for many years, under the same evils as other countries on the silver basis. Through the fluctuations in the gold value of silver, foreign trade became a game more uncertain than the throw of the gambler's dice. In retail trade one had to take the word of a conscientious Chinaman as to what the local money was really worth. At the banks one paid a premium to get gold; he took a discount on gold if he wanted silver. At the time of the American occupation the local currency, which was partly Mexican and partly coined especially for the Philippines, had declined to about one half its nominal gold value. But it did not remain fixed at any one point. Hence came the determination of Secretary Root and the Philippine Government to introduce the gold standard on a modified basis suited to the needs of an Oriental country. Such a currency was recommended at the close of 1901, but was not finally enacted until March 2, 1903.

It was to a considerable degree the personal efforts and influence of Governor Taft which decided the question aright. There was a large element in Congress which favored the experiment which England and France had tried in vain in the East —of introducing the national currency. There was another element which wished to keep the Philippines upon the silver basis. Between these conflicting factions, disagreement arose at the first session of Congress at which the subject was considered; but at the next session the plan recommended by Secretary Taft became a law and the islands were provided with currency as good as gold, but better adapted than American money to their scale of wages and prices. A large amount was covered into the Philippine treasury from seigniorage on the silver which was purchased, and when silver rose so high in price in 1905 that re-coinage became necessary, several million dollars more were covered into the treasury.

One of the most delicate problems confronting the American Govern-

JESUIT CHURCH AND COLLEGE AND THE AUGUSTINIAN CONVENT, MANILA

TROOPS ATTENDING THE MC-KINLEY FUNERAL CEREMONIES, AT MANILA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

ment in the Philippines was that of the friars' lands. The friars themselves had been driven from the islands to Hong Kong and other parts of Asia. Only a few of the more courageous had ventured back into Manila under the protection of American arms. They were cordially hated by the natives—not because they were Catholic, which continued to be the religion of the provinces under the ministration of native priests, but because they were foreigners and represented a foreign power. Still, they owned some of the best agricultural lands, which were let out on leases, and in which the American Government was bound to install them by force if it lived up to the letter of its obligations to maintain property rights.

The plan which found favor with Governor Taft was to buy all these lands from the religious orders and sell them back or lease them, where they were occupied, to the native occupants. This solution was so much more favorable to the friars than the arbitrary expropriation which they had encountered in many Catholic countries when the church was disestablished, that they cordially assented to the principle involved. The acceptance of the principle, however, was only the removal of the difficulties one degree. It remained to determine the amount to be paid and who held titles to the lands. To reach a reasonable basis of compromise, it was decided by President Roosevelt that Governor Taft should himself go to Rome and present the matter to the Vatican. There, probably for the first time since the abolition of the temporal power, appeared a responsible American official,

NATIVE FILIPINO GIRL WITH AMERICAN BICYCLE

proposing to treat directly with the Pope and the papal Secretary of State. Other nations, including some which are Protestant, send one minister to the Vatican, and another to the King of Italy; but the American principle of separation of church and state had never made it possible for the American Government to recognize a separate sovereignty in the head of the Church after its temporal power was destroyed in 1870. In dealing with the question of the friars' lands in the Philippines, however, it seemed eminently proper that direct negotiations should be had with the head of the Church which claimed the particular allegiance of many millions of the Filipino people.

Strange indeed must have been the reflections of the big, broad-minded, outspoken American as he passed up the broad staircase of the Vatican between the picturesque uniforms of the Swiss Guards, the last simulacrum of temporal authority, and came into the presence of the papal Secretary of State—the shrewd, diplomatic, far-sighted man of eloquent silences, Cardinal Rampolla. "Shirt-sleeve diplomacy," as it was characterized in the time of Secretary Olney, had hardly come so close to the solemn dignitaries of the Vatican since the German Emperors of the Middle Ages with their armored fists sought to set up and pull down Popes at their pleasure.

But the American method was successful. Governor Taft was not able to remain long enough in Rome to complete a bargain for the purchase of the lands, but he brought about an agreement as to the method of settlement, under which Monsignor Guidi went to Manila as a direct representative of the Vatican. In his last letter to Governor Taft in Rome, Cardinal Rampolla declared it to be his agreeable duty "to render homage to the very great courtesy and high capacity with which you have filled the delicate mission that the Government of the President of the United States had confided to you, and willingly do I add that the favorable result of the negotiations must be attributed in very large part to your high personal qualities."

It was these "high personal qualities," perhaps, which persuaded the representative of the Vatican to moderate the early demands of the friars for $15,000,000. Governor Taft at first offered but $6,000,000. Monsignor Guidi was sent to the Philippines to exercise the Pope's authority over the independent orders, who otherwise might have been difficult to deal with. Long and tedious negotiations followed. While they were going on, Pope Leo XIII passed away and Pope Pius X was chosen as his successor, but Monsignor Guidi remained at Manila. At last, in December, 1903, an agreement was reached by which the government of the Philippines was to pay over to the various companies and orders claiming title to the lands $7,239,000.

The attitude of the American Government in this matter won the hearts, not only of the Filipino people, but of the authorities at Rome. Pope Pius X, in speaking to the present writer soon after the settlement, declared his pleasure at the broad policy of the American Government and his appreciation of the respect for vested rights which it had shown, and expressed the wish that his good will might be known to all Americans.

The railway problem was as intricate in its way as any other. On the old English line from Manila to Dagupan, the Spanish Government had guaranteed any deficiency in dividends up to eight per cent. This the American Government refused to pay, upon several grounds. It was reluctant to acknowledge the obligation to pay a subsidy, even as an abstract proposition. It was still more reluctant to pay a subsidy to a company which was charged with permitting a large part of its equipment to fall into the hands of insurgents, to be used against American authority. The importance of extending the railway network was so great, however, that authority was obtained from Congress to guarantee the interest

upon loans for new roads to the amount of four percent per year for thirty years. Under this authority several bids were received, but few were accepted. The English line, which held the Spanish franchises, was among the bidders. Its first bid was rejected, but when it offered to extend the existing line much further to the north, and to build spurs and connecting links to the most prosperous parts of Luzon, the offer was accepted. This became possible through the broad-minded policy of a New York banker, Mr. James Speyer, who, on behalf of the English syndicate, offered to make these extensions without subsidy.

At the same time it was arranged that the road, in return for these new concessions, should abandon all claim to accumulated subsidies since the American occupation. These subsidies were offset, in a measure, by a clause in the franchise which entitled the government to a considerable percentage of the earnings above a certain amount. Already a temporary pier has been constructed on the Pasig River far above Manila, where steel rails, ties and equipment are being unloaded. Surveys have been made for nearly all the proposed new lines and the whistle of the American locomotive will soon be heard in many interior villages of Luzon, where rich crops of tobacco and sugar can be grown when they can find a means of reaching markets.

The franchise of the Spanish-Filipino Bank presented one of the most difficult problems to the American Government, because of the ingrained American respect for vested rights. The Bank had a charter from the Government of Spain giving it the exclusive right to issue notes until 1928. Not only the exclusive nature of the privilege, but the fact that the issue was authorized to three times the amount of the capital stock, ran counter to the views of the American authorities. They had recourse in 1902 to the same device which destroyed the note-issuing functions of the state banks in the United States, in 1865. They imposed a tax at the rate of one percent per month upon all circulating notes in excess of the capital of the Bank. There was grave doubt whether such acts were not a violation of the rights reserved to the Bank under the Treaty of Paris, but it was extremely difficult for the Bank to bring the issue squarely before a proper court. Involved in the problem also was the ownership of various pieces of property which had been occupied by charitable foundations, in part supported by the Church and in part by the crown of Spain.

It was only in the summer of 1907 that these problems obtained a final settlement. Archbishop Harty, representing the Church interests in Manila, which included control of the Bank, intimated a willingness to abandon certain suits in regard to the lands if the Philippine Government would abandon others and would come to an adjustment with the Bank. It was on the 5th of June, 1907, that the details of a settlement were finally reached in the library of General Clarence R. Edwards, the right bower of Secretary Taft as head of the Bureau of Insular Affairs. There were present, besides the Secretary and General Edwards, Major McIntyre, Deputy Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, whose thorough knowledge of the Spanish tongue and of the topography of Manila made him an invaluable adviser; Festus J. Wade, the alert St. Louis banker, who, as a Catholic, had been authorized to represent Archbishop Harty in settling the business and banking problems; and Father Chouza, whose own little church, in the foundation of San Lazaro, was one of the pawns in the trade between Church and Government. Five important properties, representing a value of about $2,000,000, were conceded to the Church, most of them being already administered as charitable and church institutions. The Government received the estate of Santa Potenciana, worth nearly $1,000,000, and the best part of the property of San Lazaro. The Church was to retain the cemetery

and fifty hectares (about 125 acres) north of the cemetery and to retain the little church of Father Chouza, with the option in the Government of buying it for $25,000.

Thus were settled during the governorship and secretaryship of William H. Taft the most important problems involving the introduction of American methods and the separation of Church and State in the Philippines. If it had not been for his breadth and tact, for his willingness to treat on fair terms with Spanish bankers, friars and the head of the Church himself, a long course of litigation must have been entered upon which would have dragged its interminable length through many years of strained relations between Church and State and caused heart-burnings and perhaps civil discord. In the concluding negotiations over the San Lazaro and other properties and over the privileges of the Bank, the representatives of the Church were as eager as the American Government to avoid litigation. Suits which had already been commenced are to be settled by entering decrees in accordance with the final agreement, and the American Government, while exacting the surrender of exclusive privileges by the Bank, has given it many new functions derived from American law which add greatly to its prestige in a government under the American flag.

THE RULERS OF EAST AND WEST

By JOSEPH CONRAD

THE winds of the North and of the South are but small princes amongst the powers of the sea. They have no territory of their own; they are not reigning winds anywhere. Yet it is from their houses that the reigning dynasties which have shared between them the waters of the earth have sprung. All the weather of the world is based upon the contest of the Polar and Equatorial strains of that tyrannous race. The West wind is the greatest king. The East rules between the Tropics. They have shared each ocean between them. Each has his genius of supreme rule. The King of the West never intrudes upon the recognized dominion of his kingly brother. He is a very Henry VIII amongst the kings of the winds. He is a barbarian, but he is a white man. Violent without craftiness and furious without malice, one may imagine him seated masterfully, with a double-edged sword on his knees, upon the painted and gilt clouds of the sunset, bowing his shock head of golden locks, a flaming beard over his breast, enormous, colossal, mighty limbs, with a thundering voice, distended cheeks and rolling and fierce blue eyes, urging the speed of his gales. The other, the East King, the king of blood-red sunsets, I represent to myself as a spare Southerner, with clear-cut features, black-browed and dark-eyed, gray-robed, upright in sunshine, with a smooth-shaven cheek in the palm of his hand; impenetrable, secret, full of wiles, fine-drawn, keen, meditating aggressions.

The West wind keeps faith with his brother, the king of the Easterly weather. "What we have divided we have divided," he seems to say in his gruff voice, this ruler without guile, who hurls as if in spirit enormous masses of cloud across the

sky, and flings the great waves of the Atlantic clear across from the shores of the New World upon the hoary headlands of the Old Europe which harbors more kings and rulers upon its seamed and furrowed body than all the oceans of the world together.

"What we have divided we have divided; if there has fallen no rest to my share leave me alone. Let me play at quoits with cyclonic gales, flinging the discs of whirling cloud and rotating air from one end of my dismal kingdom to the other, across the sandbanks, along the edges of pack ice, this one with true aim right into the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, that other upon the Fiords of Norway, across the North Sea where my fishermen of many nations look watchfully into my angry eye. This is the time of kingly sport." And the royal king sighs mightily with the sinking sun upon his breast and the double-edged sword upon his knees, as if weary with innumerable centuries of a strenuous rule and saddened by the unchangeable aspect of the ocean under his feet, by the endless vista of future ages where the work of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind shall go on and on till his realm of living waters becomes a frozen and motionless ocean.

But the other, crafty and removed, nursing his shaven chin between the thumb and forefinger of his slim and treacherous hand, thinks deep within his heart full of guile. "Aha! our brother the enemy has fallen into the mood of kingly melancholy. He is tired of playing with circular gales and blowing fog banks about and unrolling thick streamers of fog in childish sport at the cost of his own subjects. Their fate is most pitiful. Let us make a foray upon the dominions of that noisy barbarian, a great raid from Finisterre to Hatteras, catching his fishermen unawares, baffling the fleets of legions and shooting sly arrows into the livers of men who court his good graces. Because he is a worthless fellow." And forthwith, the while the West wind meditates upon the vanity of his irrepressible might, the thing is done and the Easterly weather sets in upon the North Atlantic.

The weather of the North Atlantic is typical of the way in which the West wind rules his realm on which the sun never sets. It is the heart of a great empire. It is the part of his dominions most thickly populated with generations of fine ships and of hardy men. Heroic deeds and adventurous exploits have been performed within the limits of his sway. The best sailors in the world have been born and bred under the shadow of his sceptre, learning to manage their ships with skill and audacity before the steps of his stormy throne. Reckless adventurers, toiling fishermen, as wise and brave admirals as the world has ever known, have waited upon the signs of his Westerly sky. Fleets of victorious ships have hung upon his breath. He has tossed in his hand squadrons of war-scarred three-deckers and shredded out in mere sport the bunting of flags hallowed in the traditions of honor and glory. He is a good friend to have and the worst enemy to unseaworthy ships and faint-hearted seamen. In his kingly way he has made but little account of lives sacrificed to his impulsive policy; he is a king with a double-edged sword bared in his right hand. The East wind, an interloper in the dominions of Westerly weather, is like an impassive-faced tyrant with a sharp poniard held behind his back for a treacherous stab.

In his forays into the North Atlantic the East wind behaves like a subtle and cruel barbarian without a notion of honor or of fair play. Veiling his clear-cut lean face in a thin layer of a hard high cloud I have seen him, like a wizened robber sheik of the sea, hold up large caravans of ships to the number of three hundred or more at the very gates of the English Channel. And the worst of it is that there was no ransom that we could pay to satisfy his avidity; for whatever evil is

wrought by the raiding East wind it is in the spirit of his kingly brother of the West. We gazed helplessly at the systematic, cold, gray-eyed spite of the Easterly weather while short rations became the order of the day and the pinch of hunger under the breast-bone became familiar to every sailor in that held-up fleet. Every day added to our numbers. In knots and groups and straggling parties we flung to and fro before the closed gate. And meantime the ships bound out passed running through our humiliated ranks under all the canvas they could carry. The Easterly wind helps the ships away from home as if nursing the secret hope that they would all come to an untimely end and be heard of no more. For six weeks did the robber sheik hold the trade route of the earth while our liege lord the West wind slept profoundly like a tired Titan, or else remained lost in a retrospective and melancholic mood. All was still to the Westward; we looked in vain towards his stronghold; the king slumbered on so deeply that he let his foraging brother steal the very mantle of gold-lined purple clouds from his bowed shoulders. What had become of the dazzling hoard of royal jewels exhibited at every close of the day? Gone, disappeared, extinguished, carried off without leaving a single gold band or the flash of a single sunbeam! Through a cold streak of sky, as bare and poor as the inside of a rifled safe, a rayless and despoiled sun would slink shamefacedly, without pomp or show, to hide in haste under the waters. And still the king slept on, or mourned the vanity of his might and his power, while the thin-lipped intruder put the impress of his cold and implacable spirit upon the sky and sea. And with the daybreak the rising sun had to wade through a crimson pool, luminous and sinister, like the spilt blood of celestial bodies murdered during the night.

In this particular instance the mean interloper held the road for some six weeks on end, establishing his particular administrative methods over the best part of the North Atlantic. It looked as if the Easterly weather had come in to stay for ever, or at any rate at least till we had all starved in the held-up fleet; starved within sight as it were of plenty, within touch almost of the bountiful heart of the Empire. There we were, dotting with our white dry sails the hard blueness of the deep sea. There we were, a growing company of ships each with her burden of grain, of timber, of wool, of hides and even of oranges, for there were one or two fruit schooners in the company. There we were in that memorable spring in the late seventies dodging to and fro, baffled on every tack and with our stores running ominously low. It was just like the East wind's nature to inflict starvation upon the bodies of unoffending sailors and corrupt their unsophisticated souls by an exasperation leading to lurid outbursts of profanity as lurid as the blood-red sunrises followed by gray days, under the cover of high motionless clouds that looked as if carved in a slab of ash-colored marble. And each mean starved sunset left us calling with imprecations upon the West wind, even in its most veiled, misty mood, to come and give us our liberty if it were only the liberty to rush on and dash the heads of our ships against the very walls of our unattainable homes. In the atmosphere of the Easterly weather, as pellucid as a piece of crystal and refracting like a prism, we could see the appalling numbers of our helpless company, even to those who in more normal conditions would have been invisible sails down under the horizon. It is the malicious pleasure of the East wind to augment, as it were, the power of your eyesight, in order perhaps that you should see better the perfect humiliation, the hopeless character of your state. Easterly weather is clear, and that is all that can be said for it; almost supernaturally clear, when it likes; but whatever its mood there is something

uncanny in its nature. Its duplicity is such that it will deceive a scientific instrument. No barometer will give warning of an Easterly gale, be it ever so wet. It would be an unjust and ungrateful thing to say that the barometer is a stupid contrivance. It is simply that the wiles of the East wind are too much for its fundamental honesty. After years and years of experience, the most trusty instrument of the sort that ever went to sea screwed on to a ship's cabin bulkhead will almost invariably be induced to rise by the diabolic ingenuity of the Eastern weather, just at the moment, almost, when the Eastern weather, discarding its methods of cold, dry, impassive cruelty, contemplates drowning what is left of your spirit in torrents of a peculiarly cold and horrid rain. The sleet and hail squalls following the lightning at the end of a Westerly gale are cold and benumbing and stinging and cruel enough. But the dry Easterly weather when it turns to wet seems to rain poisoned showers upon your head. It is a sort of steady, persistent, overwhelming, endlessly driving downpour, which makes your heart sick and opens it to dismal forebodings. And the stormy mood of the Easterly weather is black, always black, with a peculiar and amazing blackness. The West wind hangs heavy gray curtains of mist and spray and cloud before your gaze, but the Eastern interloper of the narrow seas, when he has mustered his courage and cruelty to the point of a gale, puts your eyes out, puts them out completely, makes you feel blind for life upon any shore. It is the wind, also, that brings snow.

Out of his black and merciless heart he flings a wild blinding sheet upon the ships of the sea. He has more manners of villainy and as little conscience as a Venetian bravo of the seventeenth century. His arm is a dagger carried under a black cloak when he goes out on his murderous enterprises. The mere hint of his approach fills with dread every craft that swims the sea, from fishing smacks to four-masted ships that recognize the sway of the West wind. Even in his most accommodating mood he inspires the dread of his treachery. I have heard twenty-score of windlasses spring like one into clanking life in the dead of night, filling the Downs with a panic-struck sound of anchors being torn hurriedly out of the ground at the first breath of his approach. Fortunately his heart often fails him; he does not always blow home upon our exposed coast; he has not the fearless temper of his Westerly brother.

The natures of these two winds that share the dominions of the great oceans are fundamentally different. It is strange that the winds which men are prone to style capricious remain true to their character in all the various regions of the earth. Thus, for instance, the Easterly weather comes across a great continent, the greatest body of solid land upon this earth. For the Australian coast the Easterly wind is the wind of the ocean across the vastest body of water upon the globe, and yet here and there its characteristics remain the same with a strange consistency in everything that is vile and base. The members of the West wind's dynasty are modified in a way by the regions they rule, just as a Hohenzollern without ceasing to be himself becomes a Roumanian by the virtue of his throne, or a Saxe-Coburg learns to put the dress of Bulgarian phrases upon his particular thoughts, whatever they are. The autocratic sway of the West wind, whether 49 North or 40 South of the Equator, is characterized by the same open and barbarous quality. For he is a great autocrat, and to be a great autocrat you must be a great barbarian. I have been too much moulded to his sway to nurse now any idea of rebellion in my heart. Moreover, what is a rebellion within the four walls of a room against the tempestuous rule of the West wind? I remain faithful to the memory of the mighty king with a double-edged

sword in one hand, and the other holding out rewards of great daily runs and famously quick passages to those of his courtiers who know how to wait watchfully for every sign of his secret mood. As we deep-water men always reckoned, he made one year in three fairly lively for anybody having business down there upon the Southern ocean. You had to take the bitter with the sweet and it cannot he denied he played carelessly with our lives and fortunes; but then he was always a great king, fit to rule upon the great waters where strictly speaking a man would have no business whatever but for his audacity. The audacious should not complain. A mere trader ought not to grumble at the tolls levied by a mighty king. His mightiness was sometimes very overwhelming, but even when you had to fight him openly, as on the banks of the Agulhas, homeward bound from the East Indies, or on the outward passage round the Horn, he struck at you openly his stinging blows (full in the face, too), and it was your business not to get too much staggered. And, after all, the good-natured barbarian would let you fight your way past the very steps of his throne. It was only now and then that the sword descended and a head—many heads—fell; and if you fell you were sure of impressive obsequies and of a roomy, generous grave. Such is the king to whom Viking chieftains bowed their heads, and whom the modern and palatial steamship defies with impunity seven times a week. And yet it is but defiance, not victory. The magnificent barbarian sits enthroned in a mantle of gold-lined clouds looking from on high on great ships gliding like mechanical toys and on men who care no longer to watch for the slightest sign of his royal mood. He is disregarded, but he has kept all his dignity, all his splendor and a great part of his power. The sword in his hands is as sharp as ever on both its edges, and he can well play his royal game of quoits with hurricanes, tossing them over from the Continent of Republics to the Continent of Kingdoms, in the assurance that both the new Republics and the old Kingdoms shall pass away together before his own rule comes to an end.

TO-MORROW'S LAND

BEYOND the sunset is To-morrow's Land,
Whose shores lie gleaming with their golden sand.

A dream—and an awakening—and we
Have sailed unthinking o'er an unknown sea!

What joys, what hopes, what fears, our hearts demand,
Are waiting—waiting in To-morrow's Land?

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT.

"WE 'LL HAVE TO GIVE HER SOMETHIN'!"

THE WEDDING-PRESENT PROBLEM

By ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS

WHEN Mrs. Clutterback and Maria received the news that there was to be a marriage in the family they sat quite still for a little. To speak frankly, they were appalled.

"We 'll *have* to give her somethin'!" Mrs. Clutterback said at last.

"Oh, mother, do you really think so?" cried Maria.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Clutterback, firmly, "she 's your own cousin, Maria, and besides—" here a gleam of Mrs. Clutterback's natural spirit fought to the front—"maybe if we give her somethin' she 'll ask you to visit her, and if you was to visit her, and was to marry there in the city, I 'd *so* enjoy livin' with you, Maria,—oh, you ain't got no idea how I 'd enjoy it!"

Mrs. Clutterback's forte was cheerful prophecy and unlimited enthusiasm over everything and everybody. She was a little bright-eyed woman who took two naps a day, read profusely if not profoundly late into the

night, gave the world only smiles in return for its scowls and was unusually popular. Maria, her daughter and only child, was big, with pale eyes, and hair that color that is no color; she did the housework at home, the sewing for almost every one, took care of the minister's children Sewing-Society afternoon and Prayer-meeting evening, and sang in the choir three times a day on Sunday. She was paid for the sewing only, and she wanted to give up the choir, as at the age of forty-nine her voice was breaking somewhat. But her mother would n't hear to it. "Your voice 's just like a heavenly spirit's yet, Maria," she declared reassuringly, "and when you 've got your book in front of your face you don't look sixteen, really you don't."

By this you may judge the general cut and calibre of Mrs. Clutterback's enthusiasm, and also discern why that wedding present was surely going to be provided for the cousin who lived in the city.

"I don't see how we *can* buy her anything," said Maria, "and I haven't time to crochet her anything, and you always forget to keep count of your stitches."

"Maybe we 've got something in the house we could give her. We 've got that wooden soap-box we could pack it in and we 'd only have to buy six nails to nail it up." Mrs. Clutterback's eyes shone bright at the thought.

"I don't believe we 've got anything in the house that would do for a wedding present," said Maria, as she looked meditatively about the room.

"How would one of the samplers do?" queried her mother eagerly. "They 're rare now-a-days and we 've got Grandmother's and Aunt Bathsheba's and Mrs. Kent's mother's too. Don't you believe they 'd prize one of those in the city?—Oh, Maria, just think if you was to marry in a city! I 'd be so happy; I ain't ever rode on a street-car pulled by electric wires yet."

"The clock would n't do," said Maria, thoughtfully, "it's too old to be new, and too new to be old."

"We could have it painted over, or else we could scratch it up some more," suggested her mother, alert to paint or to scratch as the case might call for.

Maria shook her head. "Let's go and see the china," she suggested, rising; "maybe there 's something there."

"Oh, Maria," Mrs. Clutterback exclaimed, "I 'll tell you what we can send her!—the broken cut-glass vase that Mr. Snap the china-store man give you to see if you could mend it for an ornament and then we never could. We could put it in a box and she 'd think it got broke going."

"Oh, we *could n't* do that," said Maria, almost shocked.

"I don't know why not," protested her mother (they were now going towards the pantry together)—"truly I don't see why not, Maria; it's so handsome they 'll all be pleased over our spending the money."

"We might give her Grandmother's tea-cups," said Maria, thoughtfully, pausing before the shelves.

"One of the saucers is broke," said Mrs. Clutterback; "if you 're going to give anything away and then play it broke going, why not play the vase broke, and then you 'll have those cups for yourself when you get married. Oh, Maria, if she was to ask you to be a bridesmaid!—the bridesmaids so *often* marry the young men they walk in and out with. It 's been the dream of my life for you to marry some one, Maria; you 've never thought what it would mean to me to have you married."

"If we could afford a new cushion we could give her one of those old mahogany foot-rests," said Maria. They had now come back to the sitting-room.

"They 're very rare," said Mrs. Clutterback; "that *would* make a nice present. And maybe some one lookin' over the presents would ask about it, and then come down and buy some more of our old furniture. Maybe we could sell enough to

"IT 'S BEEN THE DREAM OF MY LIFE YOUR OLDEST BOY'S HAVING THAT DESK"

let you and me take a little trip south this winter. I *should* like to get away for a little in the winter, Maria. It 's been the dream of my life to go south some winter."

"Let's go upstairs and look around" said Maria.

"The things upstairs is so wore out," said Mrs. Clutterback, going along after her daughter as usual; "when you don't buy nothing new downstairs the things upstairs get so awful old."

Maria did not dispute this wisdom.

"Why not give her the writing-desk?" she said.

"Why, Maria!" Mrs. Clutterback stood aghast. "I 've told you all your life long as your oldest boy was going to get that desk when I died. It 's been the dream of my life your oldest boy's having that desk."

"There 's the long mirror," said Maria, looking at the long mirror as she spoke; "only the back would have to be mended."

"I tell you," said her mother firmly, "you won't find nothin' so handsome and suitable as that cut-glass vase, Maria; and Mr. Snap will give you some of that curly-haired wood to pack it in, I *know*. Mr. Snap 'll be only too pleased to do you a little favor as won't cost him a cent. We 'll wrap it up so good that they never in this world will be able to see how it could have got broke going."

"There 's those old fire-irons," said Maria—"they 're the kind of thing city people like."

"But we use 'em too," complained Mrs. Clutterback; "why don't you pick the range out of the brick-work and send her that, if you 're going freighting useful iron things about the country? Oh, Maria, the cut-glass vase is the thing. I can just seem to see her face when she opens the box and realizes what we bought for her. She 'll feel duty bound to have you to visit her *sometime*, and you might even meet some one going there on the train,—don't you know how Minnie Coolige ran away with the banana boy? she met him on the train just by buying a banana, and now she 's his widow and Mrs. Coolige has all those nine children to fill her days with sunshine. It 's been the dream

of my life to have grandchildren, Maria."

"They say the Cooliges is half mad with those nine children, playing train all over the house from dawn to dark," said Maria. "Well, where is the cut-glass vase, anyhow?"

"It's on a shelf in the back room," said Mrs. Clutterback, joyfully. "Oh, Maria, I *am* glad to see you so sensible. We 'll wash the pieces and polish every one with old flannel, and we 'll do it up in tissue paper. No one could n't give nothing handsomer—they 'll just wonder how we could afford to buy it."

Together they went through to the back room where the pieces of the vase reposed in a pasteboard box on a shelf.

"There!" said Mrs. Clutterback, triumphantly, as she lifted the box down, blew the dust from the top, and then took off the cover. "I 'll bet she don't have *anything* finer! Oh, Maria, it's always been the dream of my life to make beautiful presents, and this is the first time I ever could see my way to affording it."

They carried the box downstairs and put on the kettle to heat some water.

"I don't like to do it, mother," said Maria,—"I 'd far rather give her nothing at all."

"Oh, Maria, you do just wring my heart,—you never do see nothing like I do! If you 'd seen things like I do you 'd of married Jesse Kibbe's grand-father and been his widow these twenty-five years. You never will know how bad I felt at that funeral, to think how nice it would of been if you 'd been the widow. But you won't look at life right, Maria."

Maria got out a pan, and a cloth, and some soap.

"We 'll have to be awful careful," she said; "every one of those edges will cut like a knife."

"I 'll be careful," said Mrs. Clutterback. "I wish we had printed cards to put with it. It will seem funny

"I WISH WE HAD PRINTED CARDS TO PUT WITH IT"

to send such a handsome present and have no printed cards."

Maria washed the broken bits carefully, one after the other; and her mother polished them assiduously.

Then they hunted up a proper box and white tissue-paper and laid in the pieces.

"I declare," said Mrs. Clutterback, "they shine just like diamonds. It seems almost too handsome to give to some one we 've never seen,—don't you think?"

Maria ran down town to Mr. Snap's and came back with the curly-haired wood, and they soon finished packing the vase.

"I just know they 'll invite you to the city," the mother kept on exclaiming as she fluttered around the outskirts of the labor. "Oh, Maria, maybe you 'll like the conductor on the train when you go to visit them!"

Maria sighed as she hammered away. She was of a very unromantic nature; her ambitions, so far from being positive, were altogether negative and consisted in anticipating a period when she would n't sew, or sing, or keep house, or tend the minister's children.

The box was sent off the next day, and cost one month's butter to express.

It was all of three weeks before any acknowledgment was received. Then, when the letter did come, Mrs. Clutterback went almost out of her senses.

My Dear Eliza:

Your gift to Sylvia Katharine was really too lovely. You should n't have done it, Eliza, you should n't have done it. We opened the box together and Sylvia Katharine's raptures are beyond the power of pen to describe. It was her handsomest gift and will ornament the little table that will stand forever in her front parlor window. The affection which prompted the giving of this costly gift brought tears to my eyes, Eliza. It is thirty-one years since you and I last clasped one another in each other's arms, and I desire to prove to you that my heart is as tenderly disposed as your own. I am giving up my little domicile now that my birdling has flitted and am coming, dear Eliza, to pass the winter with you. We shall renew our girlhood memories by your fireside, and if we are as happy as I feel sure that we shall be, I shall divide my time henceforth between your home and Sylvia Katharine's. With inexpressible impatience to see you,

Yours,

Grace Lewis.

Mrs. Clutterback, as before stated, was driven beside herself by this letter and its unwelcome contents.

Maria, very pale, perused it twice in silence.

"You ought to of held me back from making such a handsome present," her mother moaned, "it was way beyond our means and you knew it, Maria. You 'd ought to of restrained me."

"The idea of her pretending it was n't broke!" said Maria.

"That shows how folks will act deceiving when they want to gain somethin'," said Mrs. Clutterback; "she wants to visit us, so she pretends that vase ain't broke."

"Well, mother," said Maria, "you wanted me to visit her and so you pretended it was n't broke. The pot mus' n't call the kettle black."

"Maria, you 'll just kill me," sobbed her mother. "I never dreamed as I should live to hear you call your own mother a pot. And I done it all for you, too."

"Mother," said the daughter, suddenly, "I 'm just going to write Cousin Grace the truth."

"That the vase was broken?"—gasped Mrs. Clutterback.

"No; that we 're too poor to have her to visit us."

"Oh, Maria!" wailed Mrs. Clutterback, "I never *will* see you married if you go on that way!"

But Maria insisted and wrote the letter. Cousin Grace did *not* visit them, in consequence; but the curious sequel to the affair was that Mr. Snap got hold of a patent glue for mending cut glass and asked for the vase to experiment on. Maria told him the

IT WAS A HANDSOME VASE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT GOT BROKEN IN TRANSIT

truth, too ("You 'll bring my white hairs to the grave, Maria, the way you go around telling the truth," her mother protested tearfully), and a sort of confidential friendship sprang up between them which ended in her promising to marry the china-store man.

"Oh, Maria, to think of me losing you," cried Mrs. Clutterback. "I know you 're going to live right here in the house, but it never will be the same."

"I don't know why not," said Maria.

"Why, Adoniram—Mr. Snap—will be here, too. But it 's what I 've been expecting, Maria,—it 's the natural end of a girl's life and a mother must brace herself to bear it. When your cousin married I knew I would n't be able to keep you long now."

Maria went right on ironing towels.

"Oh, Maria," exclaimed her mother, "I wonder what Sylvia Katharine 'll send *you* for a present!"

Maria stopped ironing suddenly; she really wondered, too.

Sylvia Katharine sent a cut-glass vase with her card (printed) and her mother's (also printed). It was a handsome vase, but unfortunately it got broken in transit. Sylvia Katharine's mother wrote the letter which accompanied it.

My Sweetest Maria:

We have scoured the town for a companion to the exquisite vase which you and your dear mother sent my darling as a wedding gift, but in the end we had to order one from New York. May it take the same position in your new home that yours has ever held in Sylvia Katharine's. My dear Maria, you have had a long and tranquil girlhood; may I wish you every joy in the great and solemn step which you are about to take. Sylvia Katharine joins me in all I say. My love to your mother.

Affectionately your cousin,

Grace Lewis.

Maria and her mother were both somewhat taken aback at first. Then:

"Maria," cried Mrs. Clutterback, "Mr. Snap 'll give you some of that glue for nothin', as long as he's going to marry you so soon, anyhow, and we'll mend the vase and I 'll give it to you for my wedding-present."

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FRIENDS

By CAROLINE DUER

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT EDWARDS

AS the door closed behind her visitor, Cecilia Hurst was conscious of an acute almost physical discomfort, which grew presently into an intolerable burning pain about her heart. And yet what had happened? What had been said? A chance allusion to the fact that the settlement of the Stoneleigh estate had required the frequent presence of Mrs. Stoneleigh in town of late. A soft-voiced comment on her sweetness and the blonde beauty which the mourning of her recent widowhood set off to perfection. Then a mischievous warning.

"Take care, my dear; 'on revient toujours à ses premières amours.'" The most hackneyed old quotation in the world!

Nothing that any woman in her sane senses need have minded, unless she were what Cecilia scorned to consider herself—jealous. Nothing that could disturb anyone calmly sure of supremacy in her own dominion. But she *was* disturbed; therefore it stood to reason (Cecilia prided herself a good deal on her reason, though she generally let her impulse guide her) that she was *not* sure of her own dominion. The thought pricked sharply. She knew, of course, —there had never been any secret about it—that Jack once adored Evelyn Stoneleigh, then Evelyn Brandon. But that was ancient history. Something over and done with long before he and she had met and married. Between whiles, she was certain, he had, in his headlong way, "sighed to many." But nobody, no, *nobody* ever had been or could be to him what she was. How ridiculous to torment one's self like that!

She wandered over to the window where a capricious April shower was spraying the panes with minute golden drops. From under a dark cloud the sun shone out suddenly with the white concentration of limelight, and the blossoms of the magnolia tree in front of the house seemed to throb and palpitate in the brilliance. The world appeared offensively radiant to Cecilia at the moment. She felt injured and oppressed, hurt and wronged, in spite of telling herself how impossible it was that anyone she loved could hurt and wrong her, and a sudden desire for comfort urged her to go to her husband. He would tell her with delightful, brutal, masculine frankness what a little fool she was, and her inner consciousness would be as sun-illumined as the outer air. What could be sweeter to her than the rough tenderness with which he would ridicule and scatter to the winds her tormenting fancies? She remembered how once, soon after their marriage, he had laughed at her for declaring herself impatient at the prolonged sittings given him by an amber-eyed Russian Princess whose portrait he was painting.

"My dear," he had said, "you might as well be troubled about the turning of a kaleidoscope. I am always more or less in love while I 'm painting a handsome woman. I can't help it. It's part of the game, and some men are made like that. But by the time she 's framed I 've forgotten all about her, and am in

ecstasy over someone else's eyes and shadows. Do you really suppose, if I did lose my head a little, that I would n't come back to you? Do you believe I 'd let their whole bodies weigh against your little finger? No. Then why trouble your head about them?"

The very intonation of his voice as he spoke the sentence came back to her with the remembrance of the words. Of course he would not let anything weigh against her happiness. She knew that. Knew it better now, she told herself, than she had in the past. But just to-day she must be reassured. She would go to the studio and take tea with him. She liked nothing better than the sort of picnic they made of it in contrast to the pompous pageant of butler, footman, silver tray and subsequent guests that solemnly presented itself every day at her house.

With the same instinct of good comradeship that kept her from ever glancing at his letters, or questioning him about his comings and goings, she could not imagine appearing at her husband's workroom unannounced. Accordingly she telephoned, and, having learned from his man that he was out but expected back in the course of half an hour, set herself to wait with what patience she might. She changed into her prettiest dress, a rose-colored muslin, and put on a hat all sweeping curves and falling plumes. She patted and pulled her hair into an even greater halo round her head before she started. She would have said, if she had stopped to ask herself, that it was part of her seriously laid out plan of life never to relax in her efforts to particularly charm and please her husband; with line, and shade, and delicate adjustment of fashion to suit her character of good-looks, just as she did with word, and look, and thought, and the intuitive interest of love. But underneath, some subtle sixth sense was forcing her to arm herself for battle against the unknown, —an influence suspected even while denied.

She allowed a full hour to go by that she might find herself expected, but the studio was empty when she arrived except for the man who was cleaning brushes in a corner, and him she dismissed, saying that she would wait for Mr. Hurst. The big, bare room always gave her a feeling of peace. She very sincerely and ardently admired her husband's work, and took pride in the fact that his brother artists held it in such high esteem. She was even a little learned herself in tones and values, the clear depths of a shadow, the wonder of insolent, sharp-striking light, the mysterious outpeering personality, as he conceived them.

A newly finished picture of one of her intimate friends occupied the easel, and she smiled as she stood before it and saw how the frivolity of the dress, the pose, the expression of the mouth, was tipped with a winged shaft of wistfulness from the eyes. How well he understood the pathos of contradiction in the human composition! She glanced causally at the different canvases, some old, some new, and then settling down on the floor in billows of rose-color she began to turn over the contents of a portfolio of his photographed portraits.

An impulse of coquetry made her look into the long mirror opposite to be sure that his first sight of her should be one that contented his painter's eye. She had taken pains to be more picturesque than several very picturesque ladies before now, and she wanted him so much, so more than usually much, to admire her to-day. She made a little grimace at her pretty, eager, white face in the glass, and thrust out a buckled shoe from under the edge of her skirt. The effect was good. The pose pleased her. She could not help taking an artistic interest in it before she went back to contemplation of the pictures that were *not* living.

Suddenly she came upon one that she had never seen, often as she had gone through the book — Evelyn Stoneleigh. Sweet, placid, aloof;

maidenly and motherly at the same time. Idealized, and yet perhaps not more beautiful than she was capable of looking. A hint of the saint in the sweep of her dark draperies, the goddess in her carriage, and the beloved woman in her very gently perfect face. Cecilia remembered having asked and been answered in the negative once concerning any painting of this lady. Why had he denied it?

The original must have been a masterpiece, and like a blow the conviction came home to her that a man could paint but one woman as her husband had painted this one. She looked anxiously for his signature, wondering what the date of the painting might be. In the corner where he usually made his mark he had put something strange. What was it? She leaned over to look more closely. She got up and carried it to the table where there was a magnifying glass. A tiny star with long rays, and a winged butterfly—moth? She saw it in a flash. "The desire of the moth for the star." And a pang shot through her that left her vibrating with an excitement that overpowered mere pain.

"The desire of the moth for the star." How foolish! How futile! How sentimental! How horribly cruel! How—like a lover! When had he painted it? How long ago? How long? She could not find the date, but somehow she felt it was no very young man's unconscious effort of genius. Line by line, stroke by stroke, it had grown under a matured hand and heart. When had Evelyn sat for it? she wondered. For how many days and weeks had this been going on?

She heard his step in the hall and went forward to meet him as he came, dropping the hand that held the photograph against her side. He looked haggard and pale, she thought, as he approached her, but his eyes and his voice were kind as usual.

"I sent word I was going to invade your kingdom," she said, snatching at her every-day gaiety of manner to cover the disorder of her nerves, as one snatches at any garment to hide nakedness. And then the thought struck her that she had in truth invaded his kingdom,—and found another queen reigning there! She went on hastily. "I was tired of my own company, in both senses of the word, so I—came to you."

"That was sensible,—and sweet," he answered, cordially and yet with a certain absent-mindedness that made her wince. "I 'm sorry I kept you waiting; I 've been to see an old friend, and I stayed longer than I meant."

She felt his thought in her mind and knew that he had been with Evelyn Stoneleigh and had hesitated whether or not to speak her name. A sudden flame of anger burned up in her. She shook from head to foot with suppressed passion. But he was not looking at her. Her rose-color and her flaunting feather, her white face, and her sick, hot spirit were blotted out by another image.

With a quick movement she held out the photograph to him, and, steadying her voice with difficulty, began on the impulse of the moment to speak: "I did not mean to pry, Jack, but in looking over the portfolio, as I often have, I found this. It is very beautiful. Do you mind—will you tell me—when you painted it?"

"This winter." He spoke gently, but she felt that in discovering it she laid bare something he would have given his life to keep secret.

"It is very beautiful," she said again. "Does she—is n't she pleased with it?"

"She has never seen it," he answered, and the constraint of his self-control made his voice sound cold. "I painted it from memory," he added after an instant's pause, with an effort.

"From memory?" The sort of cry she gave—comprehension, contempt, fury, despair, all mingled in one sound—seemed to break down something in him. He gave a groan, turned away and crossed the room to the divan, where he sat down with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

"How you must love her!" said his wife at last.

Drawn by Robert Edwards

See page 32

"HOW YOU MUST LOVE HER!" SAID HIS WIFE

He looked up and nodded.

There was silence for a moment between them, and then she slowly followed to where he sat and stood before him.

"From memory!" she repeated, gazing with unseeing eyes at the picture.

"When every line, every turn of feature, every movement, every change of expression, is impressed upon a man's soul till he can't get away from it day or night, it's not surprising that he can reproduce them." The words seemed to be twisted out of him.

"I suppose not," she said, tonelessly. "And that is how it is with you? Has it been so long?"

"It has never stopped. There has been no one else since I first saw her," he exclaimed, hoarsely. There was a curious double note of triumph and despair in his voice. "I've never been able to forget her for a moment."

An almost unbearable agony of outraged feeling swelled in Cecilia's breast and threatened to overwhelm her. Their marriage; the affection she had built upon; the passionate, sweet, familiar intercourse of everyday life; the things he had said to her,—tender, mischievously fond, cherished in the depths of her memory,—the companionship of thought and interest that she had believed in; the ways in which she had imagined he leaned upon her, found her precious to him,—all suddenly became a mockery, a sham; a misery of horrible, empty delusion. She felt as if the rising flood of bitterness would choke her.

"Cecilia!" he cried, with a quick glance at and away from her convulsed face, "I *can't* lie to you now, when everything in you would bless me for it, would thank me for putting myself back on the pedestal where men and women want to keep the thing they love. God knows I want to, but I can't! It's of no use. I've got to be honest, *selfishly* honest, with you. I've borne the thing so long I can't bear it any longer. I've struggled, I've fought, I've been fond, I've thrown myself at the feet of other women, I've cared for you so much that I thought it was enough. But it isn't. It's no good. She's there. She's always been there. She always will be."

Everything grew dark before Cecilia's eyes. It was some time before she could feel conscious enough of herself to speak. Her voice did not seem to be hers when at last it obeyed her.

"We have no children," she found herself saying. "If I set you free—"

"She would give me the same answer she did before. She does not love me. And yet to be near her, to think of her, to see her sometimes, to be able perhaps to do something for her, is my greatest happiness. She does not care, and yet because of her I am hurting you beyond all bearing. I am a brute and a beast—and I can't help it."

He looked at her with strained, bloodshot eyes, and over and over again her mind kept repeating the sentence: "A wild bull caught in a net. A wild bull caught in a net, that doesn't know which way to turn."

Then all in a moment something died and something—a great pitifulness—was born in Cecilia. She must put herself aside and think of him. Who could comfort him if not she?

"Something can be helped, my beloved," she said. "And that is that you should bear this alone. Forget I am your wife and remember that I am your friend,—to whom you can say what you please. I understand"—she gave a whimsical little laugh that could not finish itself,—"I understand a little—in the last hour—of what you've been through for years. Turn to me."

She sank down beside him, and with a great cry he buried his face in her lap.

ENGINEERS' CAMP ON PRAIRIE, EAGLE LAKE IN DISTANCE

Across this virgin plain, uninhabited for hundreds of miles, trains will be running within a few months

WINNING AN EMPIRE

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WHEN I went into the Canadian North and West to investigate what had been described to me as "the greatest railroad-building epoch in the history of any country," I was in reality unprepared to meet with what I found. I discovered sixty thousand men engaged in building lines of steel. I found them working almost night and day: crossing prairies, tunnelling mountains, cutting their way through primeval forests where the sound of the ax had never before been heard; I found a great transcontinental line building as no other line has ever been built before; I found a vast country, almost virgin in its wildness and desolation, completely webbed with contracted and projected lines. I found, in short, that nine thousand miles of railroad are to be built or got under way in Canada during 1908.

And this was not all. I discovered that during the next year two hundred and twenty new towns are to be platted, named, and probably settled in the Dominion West. One railroad official said to me: "I will show you how towns and cities are born, as they have never been born in any country in the world before; I will show you how within a year or two a vast wilderness, a thousand miles in width, is to be civilized, so that from one town you may almost see the smoke of the next." And he did.

This railroad-building and town-building in Canada are, I believe, the most wonderful and at the same time the least known of the great projects now under way in various parts of the world. Even Canadians themselves do not realize the magnitude of the work which is progressing before their own eyes. Most of them know more about the digging of the Panama Canal or prospective voyages of discovery to the Pole, than they do about the greatest railroad enterprise in the history of the world. On the new Grand Trunk Pacific westward from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 960 miles, a town is to be located during the next year at a distance of every eight miles, or one hundred and twenty towns for the total distance. On the mountain division of the same road, which is to terminate at Prince Rupert on the Pacific, thirty-five new towns will be platted and named. On the main line and branches of the Canadian Northern in Saskatchewan and Alberta, thirty

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

A line of steel will follow the old Indian trail which runs down this valley

new towns are to be brought into existence, and on the Canadian Pacific in the same provinces thirty-five more—a total of two hundred and twenty towns in a single year.

The building of the Panama Canal, the spending of a hundred million dollars on the new Erie Canal, or any other of the present great projects of the earth, is not comparable in human interest with this winning of an empire. It is going on quietly, "without scandal or blare of trumpets," and it is probable that the world will never really awaken to the full significance of the work until its results are accomplished, and millions of people inhabit the wilderness in which it is now going on.

The building of the two hundred and twenty towns I have mentioned above is actual, and not visionary. In other words, these towns are not to be platted and left to vegetate for a decade or so without enterprise. This is not Canadian Government policy, or Canadian railroad policy, and in the Dominion they both work hand in hand. Last year sixty thousand American settlers took up homesteads in the West. This year the number will be greatly increased, and the same increase holds good for the emigrants of other nations. Those two hundred and twenty towns will, almost from the month of their official right to a place on the map, begin to receive their citizens. First, a station is to be built at each town; not a large one, of course, but a station for all that. At the same time the railroad's "inducements" are to be held out to capital, and there is plenty of this capital waiting for just this presentation. Immediately there will be things to attract people to these towns, and the big elevator companies of Canada will at once begin to fulfil their contract of building an elevator in every platted town, as an extra inducement to farmers. Five years from now many of these places will have from three to five elevators. And within these five years, according to the estimates I have secured from the best of government and railroad authorities, the two hundred and twenty towns born within the next year will each possess from two

hundred to five thousand people. These are the "plans" of the powers that be. And they will not fall short if money, enterprise and determination count for anything in this building of an empire.

Before going into the actual making of this empire—before burying ourselves with the working camps in the heart of unbroken wildernesses, where one hears the wolves howl by night and sees the moose by day; before following them over virgin prairies unbroken even by Indian trails, and before visiting the mountain camps, where some of the greatest engineering feats of the century are being accomplished,—I am going to give a brief picture of just what is going on in the way of railroad-building in Canada. Very few people know of the real situation. They know in a general way that a new transcontinental is being built across the continent, but that is about all. Few are aware of the fact that Canada is building more miles of railroad this year than the United States, and that at the present time one fifth of the total population of the Dominion are winning their daily bread from the transportation interests. This last is the official estimate given by the Department of Railways, and according to the plans now under way this percentage will be increased during the next few years, notwithstanding the fact that Canada now possesses more railway mileage according to population than any other country on earth. In 1880 there was not a mile of railway in Manitoba and the West. To-day eight thousand miles are completed and in service. The whole map is criss-crossed with new and projected lines.

Twenty branch lines reach out from the Grand Trunk Pacific. One of these will extend from Hazelton, in British Columbia, to Dawson City. On the Canadian Northern another line, already under way, is reaching from Etamamie, in Saskatchewan, to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay. When completed this will give the Canadian Northern a great advantage in the West, as it means a new and shorter way to Europe. Everywhere the lines are burying themselves deep in the wilderness. The Canadian Northern has nearly 5000 miles of track and will soon have 2000 more. The Canadian Pacific, entrenched in prosperity and fortified by an immense land grant, is throwing out branches right and left. It is said that you need a new time-table twelve times a year to know where you can go on this company's lines. And it still has an empire to develop. Unlike our own great West, which developed slowly, the vast fertile and mineral regions of northern and western Canada

NATIVES OF THE REGION WHICH THE RAILROADS ARE INVADING

INDIAN BRIDGE OVER THE WATSONQUE

This picturesque structure will be replaced by a railroad bridge

are being won in a single masterstroke of Government and Capital.

The transformation from wilderness to civilization is being worked out simultaneously in hundreds of different places. From Moncton to Winnipeg, a distance of 1800 miles, the Government is building the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Western Division of 1800 miles is being constructed by the company. When the road is completed, and the Atlantic is linked with the Pacific, the railway company will take over the Government section, paying an annual rental of three per cent. on the cost of construction after the first seven years, during which time the company is to pay only operating expenses. Thus has the Canadian Government solved in its own way the problem of opening up an empire without committing itself to actual government ownership.

It is estimated from reliable sources that during the next five years half a billion dollars will be put into circulation by railroad interests in Canada. The scheme for the new transcontinental alone provides for a main line 3600 miles in length and 5000 miles of branch lines — a total of nearly 9000 miles.

"But surely, even though these branch lines are projected, they will not be under construction for many years to come!" exclaimed an American railroad man to me not long ago. "Why should Canadian railroad interests expend millions of dollars in laying lines of steel in every direction through unbroken wildernesses? How do they hope to profit?"

This is a question which brings us at once to the gigantic and little known scheme of railroad-building in the Canadian West and North. In the first place, the new roads do expect to profit. They expect to begin reaping their rewards in the first and second years. The game has all been played out by Capital and Government as if on a chess-board. There seems in their line of reasoning to be no place where the scheme can receive a checkmate. "In this valley," say the Railroad and the Government, "we will throw one hundred thousand people within the next two years. To this vast area of wheat land, a thousand miles wide, we will swing a part of our growing tide of immigration, bringing a quarter of a million people to the lumber and mineral regions of British Columbia within five years. We will throw a part of our great European grain

URVEYORS' CAMP NE^R CALGARY

trade over the Canadian Northern branch to ships plying from Hudson Bay. Every eight miles along this new transcontinental we will have a town. We will give away land to settlers. We will offer inducements to capital that will build up the towns. We will force these regions into active civilization within two years.

CONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS NEAR RAT PORTAGE

That is the scheme. While thousands of men are working in the construction camps, while engineers are tunnelling through mountains and bridging rivers, while an army of men are laying the line of rails which stretch like a tight-line across the continent, another army of men are "playing the chess." Nations play their part in this game of colonization. Here a plan of campaign is formed for the invasion of England, another for Ireland and Scotland. The great human mechanism of three hundred immigration men in the United States will receive their instructions when the time comes. The flood of immigration will be doubled, trebled. "A million a year" will be the cry in 1910. Now it is under three hundred thousand.

The great scheme of the government and the railroads is hidden to all but a few. Its inner workings are not exploited. The capital of the great transcontinental has been over-subscribed, so there is no frenzied advertising for funds. So to understand the railroad-building situation as it exists in the Dominion to-day, to see the transformation that is being wrought from day to day, one must go where the steel and ties are being laid. And this means, first of all, the wilderness. For the new transcontinental is the "farthest north" of all great railroads in America. It trails the unbroken wilderness and vast mineral regions of northern Ontario; it sweeps north of Lake Nipigon and passes within a few miles of the unexplored fastnesses of the land of Keewatin; its neighbors are Hudson Bay posts and the shacks of trappers and Indians; and farther westward it disappears in a thousand miles of fertile, unpeopled prairie, ready to supply the wheat of nations. Now and then in this vast prairie region it strikes a little settlement which for years has remained buried scores of miles from railroad communication. And after that it extends as straight as a bird can fly to Yellowhead Pass, and through unprospected wonders of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. That is the trail that one must follow if he would see in its entirety the greatest railroad-building enterprise in history.

BRIDGING CLOVER BAR FOR THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL

Along this path the transcontinental is being built as no other road in the world was ever built. In the ordinary

way it would be the task of a generation, yet the whole of it will be completed in 1911. There is no "rail's end" in the usual sense of that word. Over the thousands of miles of its length the road is being constructed in sections, simultaneously and almost without number. Each section might be regarded as an independent line. It has its chief contractor, its skilled engineers, its construction camps, its own accounting, its prescribed time for completion. It may be five miles in length or thirty, according to the difficulty of railroad-building at that particular point. At the present time thirty-five thousand men are working on these sections. And every one of these sections within the next few years will repeat the history of the Canadian Northern in regard to population. I investigated one particular detail of the Canadian Northern construction in 1902, between Lumsden and Saskatoon, a distance of 160 miles. At that time, not including those two towns, there were just three settlers in that distance. To-day, six years later, there are ten towns between Lumsden and Saskatoon with a population of 10,000, and 20,000 settlers are scattered along the line. Last year 500,000 acres were under cultivation, and 5,000,000 bushels of wheat were brought to the ten towns mentioned.

A visit to one of the wilderness camps along the new transcontinental is an experience which one will probably not meet with twice in a lifetime. Personally I selected the route from the Winnipeg River to the Wabigoon and northward to Lake Nipigon, where until two years ago few white men had ever been. In probably no other section of its 3600 miles of length is the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific more interesting, though there are other stretches equally wild. Buried in the wilderness of Canyon Lake, unnamed and absolutely unknown to the outside world, is one of the most wonderful little towns in the world. It is the headquarters of Mr. W. T. Parsons, who has the contract for fifteen of the wildest miles in Canada. Coming in from the nearest civilization, either by dog-sled in winter or afoot or by canoe in other seasons, one comes upon this little city with an unexpectedness that takes the breath away. Upon the lake there is a fleet of vessels. On the shore there is a shipyard. There are boarding houses, huge warehouses, a post-office, a hospital, and blacksmith shops. It is a wonderful proof of what man can do when necessity is his master. Hundreds of tons of iron—huge boilers, excavating engines and blasting tools—meet one's eyes, and the natural question is, "Where did they come from?" Every pound of matter that made up that city, with the exception of the timber, was "toted" in. Engines and boilers were hauled from Vermilion station by forty- and fifty-horse teams, tons of the supplies came in by dog-sled and other tons by canoes and on men's backs. A hun-

HAULING LOGS FOR RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION

dred-ton steamer, barges and flatboats were built at the forest's edge; and behind it all, in a beautiful spot a short distance from the town, is a home built of huge pine logs, forty feet square; and in this home, filled with most of the luxuries of civilization live Mr. Parsons, his wife and son. And from each side of this unknown town the rails are reaching out. In a distance of five miles, more than a million cubic yards of rock are to be removed, and 1100 feet of tunnel through solid rock to be made.

A COOKING CAMP

This is the sort of wilderness through which the new railroads are being built

This is only one of many similar little towns now hidden and unknown in the Canadian wilderness. Their populations range from a hundred to a thousand men. The social life in them is unlike that of any other place in the world. To the men in the construction camps, who rise almost with the dawn and work almost until dusk, civilization seems a milion miles away. With the eagerness of children they watch for the coming of the mail pack. Papers are passed around until they are worn to shreds. There are no women with, now and then, the exception of the wife of a foreman or an engineer. There is no liquor in any camp. Theirs is the life of our own early Western camps, minus their lawlessness, their drunkenness and immorality. To the men in the mountain and wilderness camps there are three chief topics of discussion, three subjects of common interest—the mail-carrier, the paymaster and food. The mail and the paymaster are almost certain, but in many camps supplies are a gamble. Food is the all-important topic with the contractors. It takes a great deal of meat and flour and canned stuff to feed a camp of 200 men or more. I was in one camp which offered a good example of the supply problem. Supplies for this camp first had to be toted ten miles through the wilderness. They were then carried across a lake on a flatboat and portaged to another lake, on which they were transported for eleven miles in small boats. After this they were hauled for six miles over a rough trail in wagons, and transferred to canoes, which were poled and paddled for twenty miles across little lakes and through crooked streams, three portages being made in the distance. Then came a long portage of four miles, more canoes, and finally the wagons which carried the supplies to camp. An accident meant delay. Delay meant hardship in camp. One contractor's first words to me upon our meeting were, "Did you see anything of supplies coming this way?"

He was haggard and nervous, and when I told him that we had passed supplies on a portage he seemed like another man.

"A few days more and we would have been in damned bad shape," he exclaimed. "I 've got hunters out now and I hear some of them have shot a moose back in the woods. Our animals are on half rations to-day. I 've got forty teams and only one bag of oats and four bales of hay. How is that for—hell?"

A CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

It is hoped that before many months construction trains will be pushing straight through to Winnipeg over this part of the Ontario wilderness, which is now the scene of chaotic activity and of hardship, and to the outside observer seems filled with almost insurmountable obstacles. On the most difficult sections construction gangs are at work night and day that this may be accomplished. No sooner does one shift stop its work than another takes its place. Every scientific device, every scheme known to the most expert engineers, is employed to overcome obstacles as quickly as possible. Time, and not money, is the important thing to be saved. And the line is to be straight. Those are the orders. The new transcontinental is to be the "short cut" from ocean to ocean. A contractor was showing me over his section when we came to a small mountain, seemingly of solid rock.

"What are you going to do with that mountain?" I asked.

"Blow it up," he replied, as though a well-developed mountain was of no more importance than a pebble in his path.

That graphically tells the story of just how the new transcontinental is being built. And the blowing up of "mountains" in these days of powder and dynamite is not a myth. In the mountain and wilderness regions "coyote holes" are being fired every day, and one can sometimes hear the explosion thirty miles away. I was present at one of these events. Four thousand yards of rock stood in the path of the transcontinental. A curve would have taken one round the base of it. But "orders are orders,"and the "coyote" was dug. A soft seam was found in the mountain of rock, and the tedious task of drilling into its heart was begun. When completed the "coyote" was a tunnel about four feet square running back into the rock for fifty feet, where it terminated in a chamber. It took half a hundred men to carry in the explosives. One hundred and twenty-five barrels of powder were dumped into sacks and the sacks packed in the chamber, and with these were three cases of dynamite of fifty pounds each. Electric wires and fuses were then connected with the mine, and after that the face of the tunnel was rammed solid with rock and earth. When the time came for the terrific explosion there was not a soul within half a mile of the mountain. Guards thrown out on all sides shouted thrilling warnings through megaphones of birch bark. The words "Fire—Fire—Fire—!" echoed with ominous meaning through the still wilderness, where for the time all work had ceased.

From our ridge the final order was given. Every eye was turned to the mass of rock looming sullen and black half a mile away, as if bidding us defiance in the face of impending fate. A lightning flash passed along the wire. One minute—two—three—five passed, while in the bowels of the mountain the fuse was sizzling to its end. Then there came a puff, something like a cloud of dust rising

THE "OFFICE"

This is the home of the engineers and other important men of the construction camp in the wilderness

skyward, but without sound; and, before its upward belching had ceased a tongue of flame spurted out of its crest—and after that, perhaps two seconds later, there came the explosion. There was a rumbling and a jarring, as if the earth were convulsed under our feet; volumes of dense black smoke shot upward, shutting the mountain in an impenetrable pall of gloom; and in an instant these rolling, twisting volumes of black became lurid, and then it was as if all the guns of all the navies of the world had exploded close to our ears. As fast as the eye could follow a sheet of flame shot out of the sea of smoke; climbed higher and higher, in lightning flashes, until the lurid tongues licked the air a quarter of a mile above the startled wilderness. Explosion followed explosion, some of them coming in hollow, reverberating booms, others sounding as if in midair. The heavens were filled with hurtling rocks; solid masses of granite ten feet square were thrown a hundred feet away; rocks weighing a ton were hurled still farther as if they were no more than stones flung by the hand of a giant; chunks that would have crashed from roof to basement of a sky-scraper dropped a third and nearly a half a mile away. For three minutes the frightful convulsion continued. Then the lurid lights died out of the pall of smoke, and the pall itself began to settle. And when it was all over the granite monster that had stood there for unnumbered centuries had, as the engineer rather poetically expressed it, "made way for the new transcontinental."

This is the way that work is being done along the line of the Grand

A WINTER SCENE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Trunk Pacific. It is typical of present railroad-building in the Dominion. On the prairies, in the mountains, through forests and swamps, over rivers and lakes, the lines are being carried with unprecedented rush. Canada knows that it holds the transportation situation in the hollow of its hand, and it does not fear that too much money is being spent or too much haste being made. The Dominion will possess the shortest route across the Pacific, and the shortest route to Europe. It will beat Seattle to Yokohama by four hundred miles, and San Francisco by six hundred; and the Canadian Northern line to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, will bring the ships of Europe a thousand miles nearer to the vast wheat fields of Canada than they come to-day. And when these lines are accomplished, an empire will have been born — an empire which, according to the carefully laid schemes of railroad and government, will exact from the world at large, and from the United States in particular, "a toll of a million people a year."

FARRAGUT AT PORT HUDSON

By LOYALL FARRAGUT

THE 14th of March was the forty-fifth anniversary of the passage of the batteries of Port Hudson, by the U. S. S. Sloop *Hartford* bearing the flag of Admiral Farragut, and as she is about the last of the wooden ships that figured conspicuously in the great Civil War it may not be amiss to recall the circumstances of the incident.

During the winter of 1862–3 two very disagreeable and startling events occurred in the West Gulf Squadron which made a deep impression on its commander, Admiral Farragut. First we heard of the sinking of the *Hatteras* by the *Alabama* off Galveston, Texas, and then came the news of the recapture of that port by the Confederates with the destruction of the *Westfield*. The Admiral had been lying off New Orleans in his flagship since September. He chafed under the inaction to which he had been subjected by the condition of his vessels, the cautious orders from the Navy Department and the detachment of some of his ships for other service. A determination to retrieve these disasters seemed uppermost in his thoughts. He actually started for the coast of Texas in the *Hartford* but the ship grounded on the bar off the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River and was with some difficulty pulled back into deep water. The Admiral returned to New Orleans and ordered Capt. Henry H. Bell, who commanded the *Brooklyn* on the blockade, to assume charge of affairs off Galveston.

On his return, the Admiral found that the Confederates, with renewed energy, had mounted twenty-one guns on the bluffs at Port Hudson, about 135 miles above New Orleans, and had occupied the town with a force of 12,000 men. The Admiral saw that these fortifications would soon become a most formidable barrier and menace to the opening of the river, the all-important strategic plan of operation in the Southwest.

Frequent conferences were held with Major-General Banks, the new commander of the department, on the flagship and at the General's

headquarters. I remember that on one occasion I became an innocent listener during one of these meetings. I was at the time a lad of nineteen, and my official position was that of Admiral's clerk; in addition to this duty, I attended to the signals. My hammock swung in the Admiral's outer cabin at night and I messed with the young officers in the steerage. To use a nautical expression, "I was in everybody's mess and nobody's watch."

Occasionally I sought the seclusion granted by the Admiral's cabin and took a nap in his stateroom. One afternoon I fell asleep on his bed, I do not know for how long, when I was awakened by the sound of strange voices mingled with remarks from the Admiral.

I jumped up and quietly pushed open, on a crack, the stateroom door. I saw by the Admiral's table a group of officers, some of whom I recognized as the fleet captains; from the uniforms of the others, I understood that they must be the division commanders and the chief of staff of the army. General Banks himself, whom I knew from his pictures, sat at the right of the Admiral. It is possible that this was the first occasion on which the Admiral had had the opportunity of meeting the commander of the army, with whom he was now to co-operate for the capture of Port Hudson. I knew the Admiral's face pretty well, and I saw from his expression that this first consultation was bringing to him a full measure of perplexities. In my anxiety at the cloud on my father's face, I made some movement which caused the door of the state-room to creak. My presence was at once discovered, and the Admiral, rising from his seat, strode across the cabin and pulled me out of the stateroom, pushing me towards the deck gangway with some rather emphatic expression of reproof. This reproof did not trouble me as much as would have been the case if I had not realized that the Admiral's utterance to his small clerk was merely the expression of a general annoyance and perplexity, which, under the circumstances, could not wisely be made in any other way. The Admiral certainly understood that I was not likely to divulge any state secrets.

General Banks had occupied Baton Rouge near Port Hudson with Grover's Division, and the Admiral had decided to follow hastily with such ships as he could prudently spare from the blockade, with the intention of dashing past the defences of Port Hudson. His authority for this movement was simply an old existing order which stated "that he must guard the lower part of the Mississippi, especially where it is joined by the Red River, the source of many supplies of the enemy."

I can well remember the morning we reached Baton Rouge in the flagship, with a fleet of seven vessels —the *Hartford*, *Richmond*, *Monongahela*, *Genesee*, *Kineo*, *Mississippi* and *Albatross*. The town had assumed an animated appearance in spite of the desolate walls of the half-burned State House. High-pressure boats were puffing about, landing troops and stores; one of these containing exchanged Confederate soldiers—probably some of the same men who were to fight us a few days afterward. On the men-of-war in the river could be heard the shrill boatswain's whistle and the sharp orders of the officers. The men were busily employed sending down superfluous spars, arranging splinter nettings and making other preparations for the coming conflict. Our ship had her lower yards athwartships resting on the hammock nettings, and from the extreme ends chain cables were swung on each side. This precaution was taken to keep off cotton-clad steamers, as it was supposed they would become emboldened by their recent capture of the *Queen of the West* and *Indianola* in the Red River and their success at Galveston. The *Harriet Lane* had been captured in Galveston harbor by two river steamers. She was at anchor in a narrow

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

channel where it was impossible to bring her guns to bear. The steamers carried field pieces which were protected by bulwarks composed of cotton bales; sharpshooters picked off the men of the *Harriet Lane* and finally captured her by boarding. The Admiral was determined to keep any "rams" or steamers at arm's length. Boat howitzers were also placed in the tops to be used at short range. The same expedient of coiling chain cables vertically in front of the boilers outside, which had been adopted at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, was carried out on all the sloops-of-war.

While this work was going on, I accompanied the Admiral on shore to witness a review of General Grover's Division, about 10,000 men—the largest body of men I had ever seen. They made quite a creditable appearance for such a rapidly organized force. I remember well the solid figure of General William H. Emory sitting immovably on his horse, and the gallant young Bartlett, Colonel of the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, passing at the head of his regiment, his smooth face, clean-cut features and soldierly bearing attracting marked attention. He had lost his leg in one of the battles in the north and was now back at his post. It was said afterward that his gallantry was recog-

nized by the enemy during the bloody assaults on the works at Port Hudson in May and June. The Admiral and many of the naval officers accompanied General Banks along the line on horseback. Several ditches had to be jumped, which the naval contingent declared had been dug for their especial benefit. It was a subject of congratulation to the sailors that only one man was unhorsed and he an aide of General Banks. There is a story extant (for the authenticity of which I cannot vouch) among the veterans of the Army of the Gulf, that, on the occasion of this review, Farragut rode a bob-tailed horse, and that as the recently organized band of the 24th Connecticut regiment passed General Banks and the Admiral, they struck up that old familiar air of "I bet my money on the bob-tailed nag."

March 13th found the fleet anchored just below Port Hudson. The ironclad *Essex* and seven mortar schooners which had preceded us could be seen in line just under "Prophets Island." They were intended to assist by diverting the fire of the enemy as much as possible as we passed the batteries. The whole day was passed in trying to test the range of the batteries to the south of the entrenchments, but no response was made. I think the enemy were led to suppose that we were settling down to a regular siege, but the Admiral was determined to run by that same night.

Port Hudson, La., is situated about twenty-five miles above Baton Rouge on the eastern side of the Mississippi, at a point where the banks are high, and the river makes a bend* almost at right angles, thus commanding an extended view up and down. On the north, for a distance of eight miles, it is protected by a swamp which is bounded on the side nearest the town by Thompson's Creek, the highest bank of which is a precipitous bluff. The country in rear is rolling, and between Baton Rouge and Port Hudson is a long stretch of territory difficult of access at all times, being covered with dense woods and undergrowth and abounding in bayous and marshes. Of these great natural advantages of defence the enemy had skilfully availed themselves, and the place, later on, was rendered still stronger by a series of entrenchments and abatis, which extended from the river eastward (on the north) for ten miles in a semicircle reaching the banks again at the south. These fortifications were so strong as to repel two bloody assaults, made on May 27th and June 14th, and they did not surrender until July 8th, after the fall of Vicksburg. The garrison was commanded by Major-General Frank Gardner, C.S.A., an officer noted for his capacity and resolute character.

A formidable ally of the Confederates was the treacherous river itself. For a fairly safe navigation for vessels drawing seventeen feet of water, the spring rise is necessary, but at the period the current is swift and brings along in the turbulent, muddy water immense masses of uprooted trees which, when not carried to the Gulf to help form the delta bars of the Mississippi, become water-logged and sink, forming dangerous shoals and snags. Henry Howard Brownell, a writer of war lyrics, in his "River Fight" thus graphically describes the lower Mississippi:

Do you know of the dreary land,
If land such region may seem,
Where 't is neither sea nor strand,
Ocean nor good dry land,
But the nightmare marsh of a dream—
Where the mighty River its death-road takes,
'Mid pools and windings that coil like snakes.
A hundred leagues of bayous and lakes,—
To die in the great Gulf Stream

The ironclads constructed on the upper Mississippi were much more suitable for this river service than our sloops of war, for they drew very little water, and owing to their con-

* I am told that since 1863 the course of the Mississippi River has changed materially, in the vicinity of Port Hudson, and that where our ships passed it is now dry in some places!

From the painting by C. Arnold, made in 1864 under the direction of Capt. Palmer

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S ATTACK UPON AND PASSAGE OF THE BATTERIES AT PORT HUDSON, MARCH 14, 1863

The vessel at left is the *Hartford*, Capt. Palmer, bearing the Admiral's flag

struction could elevate their guns to greater advantage in attacking works on the high cliffs. Admiral Porter used to remark that his boats "could go wherever it was damp." We had one of these ironclads with us, the *Essex*, but she was too slow to accompany the fleet.

The substance of the general order issued by the Admiral was that the vessels should pass in pairs, the smaller gunboats lashed to the port side of the larger vessels (the side away from the batteries), with the exception of the frigate *Mississippi*, an old-fashioned side-wheeler, which was to take up the rear of the column. The *Hartford* was to take the lead with the gunboat *Albatross* lashed alongside; the *Richmond* with the *Genesee*, and the *Monongahela* with the *Kineo*. A line in echelon order enabled the vessels to use their bow guns as they approached the batteries. The lashing together was required in order that if one vessel became disabled she could be towed by her consort. It was desired that the smaller vessels should be protected from damage as far as possible so that they should be available for patrol duty above Port Hudson. Almost the same order of battle was used later at the battle of Mobile Bay.

The order of the Admiral to the *Essex* was to steam slowly up but not to open fire until the *Hartford* was abreast of her. The mortar boats were directly under the orders of her commander, Captain Caldwell.

After supper, I went on deck with the Admiral to watch the various preparations on our ship for the coming conflict. Hammocks were being placed on the starboard side of the poop deck as a partial protection against musketry fire. An army tug came up, and it was interesting to watch the army signal officer on our ship and the one on the boat. They used the signal torch. I have always felt that this "wig-wagging" gave us away to the enemy! It was a dispatch from General Banks, stating

that he would have a force at the crossroads in rear of Port Hudson at midnight, and if possible create a diversion in our favor. At about eight bells the Admiral said quietly to me, "Go below and inform Captain Jenkins [our fleet captain] and Captain Palmer [who commanded the *Hartford*], with my compliments, that I am ready to get underway."

Captain Jenkins was a very efficient chief of staff, brave and prompt in the discharge of any duty. I found him sitting quietly in a chair at his table, a lighted candle near him. He had evidently just finished writing home and was simply awaiting the summons which would soon come from his chief. He seemed very much absorbed, and it made me realize that we had serious work ahead. Captain Palmer commenced buttoning up his coat and pulling on his kid gloves. I always stood in awe of the ship's captain, who was a very dignified and punctilious officer. He had a smooth shaven face and wore a high collar, and he always stepped out of his cabin as if about to enter a ball-room. He ordered me to make the preconcerted signal to the fleet to get under way and "follow the flag." This consisted in showing a red lantern over the stern as unostentatiously as possible. I carried out this order assisted by the signal quartermaster Knowles, who afterwards figured in the dramatic incident of "lashing Farragut to the rigging" in Mobile Bay. He was a fine old sailor and had served with the Admiral in his previous cruise.

To one familiar with the sounds on board a man-of-war and the sight of answering lights, it was soon apparent that the order was being quietly obeyed. I must confess that I felt in a very excited and serious state of mind. I once heard an army officer of distinction remark that he always smoked a cigar when preparing to go into battle, for the terrible suspense before the actual conflict was apt to make people garrulous and a cigar prevented him from talking unnecessarily. Unfortunately for me no smoking was allowed on the old men-of-war except forward under the forecastle during meal hours; and, besides, at that period of my existence I did not smoke!

For something to say, I mentioned to the Admiral that I thought Captain Jenkins looked very serious when I called him. This remark seemed to impress him very much, and placing his hand on my shoulder, he replied: "Well, my son, Captain Jenkins has a family, and he is no doubt thinking of the desperate nature of the work before us." I said nothing, and we, I knew, both thought of one far away on the Hudson, whose prayers were being offered up for a husband and son "in peril."

But the responsibility of command recalled the Admiral to his duties, for some of the ships seemed to have trouble with their anchors, and he paced the deck with some impatience, occasionally making a remark to Jenkins or Palmer and watching eagerly for the announcement that all were underway. These minutes of waiting seemed hours!

Finally, the *Hartford* steamed slowly ahead as the ships dropped into line in their proper order. The scene was one never to be forgotten. The stars shone brightly and we had a good outline of the shore. An almost unnatural quiet prevailed, save the pulsation of the engine and the noise of the screw. The men were standing at their guns with arms bared, waiting for the work before them, while the divisional officers in the waist of the ship moved about cautioning the captains of their respective gun crews in low, earnest tones. Broome's marines, with accoutrements on, stood by to man the after guns and to be prepared to "repel boarders." Kimberly, our executive officer, seemed to be omnipresent. He was looking after all details to see that everything was in readiness for fire quarters, and the carpenter's department in an efficient state for repairing damages. One of our young engineers (Speights) stood at the bell leading to the engine-room, and

I could not help reflecting upon the importance of his position; upon his coolness might depend our safety; a wrong bell might be fatal to us! And to think, too, of the men down in the engine-room; in the event of shot or shell penetrating steam chest or boiler, they would be the first to be in danger. However, these are the fortunes of war.

The Admiral moved about in the quiet, active way that was his habit, looking ahead for the first offensive demonstration from the enemy. Suddenly a rocket darted up in the air from the west bank of the river, followed quickly by another, and almost immediately after came a quick discharge from a battery in front; only the Sawyer rifle on the forecastle could reply, but Lieutenant Watson had it in service promptly. As soon as our broadside guns could be brought to bear—it really seemed ages—they replied with a will. The gunners would watch for a flash and then blaze away with alacrity. The trouble seemed to be to keep them from firing too rapidly.

On the poop or orlop deck, we had a small Parrott rifle, which divided our attention with other matters going on. An occasional port fire burning in the battery on shore would be target enough for us, and to the cheering remarks of the Admiral, "That's your sort, boys; now's your time!" the captain of the gun would pull his lanyard, and we would watch the result with deep interest. In moving about to watch the firing, my father unconsciously stepped on a tarpaulin which temporarily covered the little hatchway aft leading to the relieving tackles or rudder. The canvas gave way; I saw him fall, and was almost paralyzed for the moment, thinking him shot; but the immediate impulse was to seize hold of him, which I think saved him from a severe accident. He felt the shock for some days.

As the action became general, the fireworks were magnificent. The deep, hollow roar of the mortars could be distinguished from all other sounds, and they kept at their work manfully, eliciting more than one compliment from the group assembled on the poop deck; you could see the burning fuses of the thirteen-inch shells passing across the heavens like meteors. The *Essex* also moved up and opened fire. Our old ship quivered at each discharge of her Dahlgrens, and seemed a perfect mass of fire and smoke. Then the bonfires, started by the enemy on the west bank at different points to perfect their aim, added materially to the illumination. Guns seemed to be springing into life at every point of the bluff.

But the smoke at this juncture enveloped the *Hartford* to such a degree that our pilot, Carrell, who had esconced himself in the mizzen-top, called out that he could not see ahead. We immediately ceased firing; and not a bit too soon, for as the smoke cleared we discovered that the swift, treacherous current had turned the ship's head, and we were running ashore under the batteries, with the bowsprit of the *Richmond* looming up over our quarter. And now an incident happened which I shall never forget. Our little consort, the *Albatross*, was ordered to assist in backing us around, and all on deck watched breathlessly to see the result. The suspense was terrible. The Admiral became impatient, and shouted, "Back! back on the *Albatross!*" With true filial obedience, I repeated the order. Perhaps it was none of my business, but in the excitement of the moment I probably exceeded my authority. At any rate, she came around all right.

As we forged ahead a report came, "Ram on the port bow, sir!" and the order was given to "Man the port battery, and call away the boarders!" I remember the Admiral's seizing his cutlass which lay on the signal locker, and with the exclamation, "I am going to have a hand in this myself," starting forward with the "old spirit of 1812" in him. But our steamer or ram disappeared, and we

continued on at full speed and came to anchor above the bend.

A new anxiety now arose. Our own ship and consort were fast getting beyond range, but where were the *Richmond*, *Monongahela*, *Genesee*, and *Mississippi?* The only answer we got was the booming of cannon and mortar. Suddenly, a bright light shot up into the sky, and it was reported from aloft that a ship was on fire, and it seemed to be the *Mississippi*. Soon we could distinguish the burning spars and heard the explosion of shell, as the fire crept along the deck. Toward daylight she blew up with a dull roar which reverberated over the hills. It was with saddened hearts we turned in, thinking of our comrades and fearing for the worst.

Although we had been nearly two hours under fire, we had been most fortunate—only one man killed and two wounded; but the old ship was a good deal cut up about the spars and rigging, and the bulwarks were splintered in many places, large pieces of wood bulging out against the nettings, any one of which would have swept away a gun's crew. This reminds me of the story of Lieutenant Brown of the little gunboat *Itasca* after the engagement at Mobile Bay, who, when asked by an officer of the *Ossipee* if he had been struck by a splinter, remarked: "You may call it a splinter on your big ship, but aboard this little craft it ranks with a log of wood." I witnessed a singular freak of a solid shot. It knocked down a partition, smashed through a bureau and cut a box of socks completely in two. Another solid shot was found quietly resting in the bunk of an engineer in the steerage. The Confederates had some pretty accurate artillery practice, but we seemed to bear charmed lives.

It was learned later that the *Monongahela*, Captain McKinstry, had drifted back with a shot in her stern port that disabled her propeller, and that the commander had lost a leg. The *Richmond* followed her; a shot had cut her steam pipe, and her executive officer, Cummings, had been killed. We learned, too, that as the ships drifted out of the fight and the smoke had lifted over the water, the *Mississippi* was seen ashore opposite the centre of the enemy's works, her bow piled high on a bar that made out from the west bank of the river, her broad decks and high sides presenting an immense target to the Confederate gunners. She was receiving the concentrated fire of all the enemy's guns except those of the lower battery, which was being engaged by the *Essex*. The *Essex* steamed up to her relief, but nothing could be done to save her. On the bridge, stood grand old Captain Melancthon Smith, with his executive officer, Lieutenant George Dewey, presenting as magnificent a picture of sublime courage as ever was seen. Every particle of her decks and rigging was lighted up by the blaze of the signal fires. Captain Smith, finding it impossible to work her off, reluctantly gave the order for her destruction, having lighted a fuse that was laid to her magazine and setting fire to her berth deck at three points. She was abandoned. An eye witness says "that with as much deliberation as though the ship's company were at Sunday morning inspection the boats pulled away from her port side and the wounded were soon on board the *Essex*. The flames having spread caused her sides to warp, which threw her head off the reef, and being caught by the current she turned down stream, straightening herself up, and with her entire lower rigging a blaze of fire she passed down with the stream. Her port broadside, which had not been engaged in the action, commenced to be discharged as the fire reached the vents of the guns. Drifting along down the river, she soon reached the foot of Prophet's Island, where the fuse trained to her magazine did its work, and with a terrific explosion she went to her death. She was a grand old ship, and it was a strange coincidence that she should have met her death on the river after which she was named. She had been

Perry's flagship in the Japan Expedition, and was put into commission after the Mexican War.

General Richard Arnold informed me, some years after, that he commanded the advance land force the night of the passage of Port Hudson. He had no very well defined instructions except to make a feint in the rear of the works. Before he was aware of it, he found himself well within the lines in a sort of *cul-de-sac*. Fortunately he had impressed upon his command the importance of silence, and he succeeded in countermarching his men without being attacked. He could hear sentinels on either flank. It is said there were at least 12,000 Confederates in Port Hudson that night.

Just after midnight, we came to anchor above Port Hudson, near the west bank. Watches were called and every precaution taken for the night. The Admiral returned to his cabin; there I found him in bed later, but he was not asleep. We had a little chat over the events of the fight. He expressed strong hopes that some communication might be established with the army or fleet by signal next day. He showed great distress over the failure of his ships to pass the batteries, and said that he had too high an estimate of each and every one of the officers commanding the vessels to imagine for an instant that everything in their power had not been done to insure success and he felt sure that it must have been unavoidable.

When actually engaged in battle, he always seemed to enjoy the conflict, and yet there was a gentle and sentimental side to his nature. I have heard him remark with sadness: "War is a terrible business. It is demoralizing and brings out all the worst characteristics of men; but," he added, "we must go to war, or more terrible things may follow."

It is the custom in the Navy to give to the dead the place of honor on the quarter-deck; and, later, when two poor fellows, killed in passing Grand Gulf, were placed, with the flag thrown over their bodies, near the Admiral's cabin, I saw him pace up and down before them, not ashamed to show his deep emotion. He said to a clergyman once: "You told us yesterday, in your sermon, that every man was fitted by nature and by circumstances to fill some important place in the world where he could glorify God and serve his generation. Now I believe that, and I believe I have qualifications for my position in the Navy, and that by doing my duty to the best of my ability I am serving my God as well as my country."

When I climbed into my hammock, I found that the excitement of the evening was not conducive to sleep. Floating trees in the river gave us trouble by drifting athwart the *Hartford's* bows and cable. A "quarter watch" was kept constantly at work clearing away the larger masses of driftwood as they came bumping along. The men at the wheel would put the helm to starboard or port to avoid a log reported by the lookout forward, and I could hear these sounds, which were very disturbing; but finally from sheer exhaustion I fell asleep.

Sunday morning opened peacefully and bright. We could hardly realize all that had occurred during the previous night. With a spyglass I could see the Confederate cavalrymen watering their horses on the Port Hudson side, while the occasional gleam of a sabre on the west bank assured us that our movements were being carefully watched to prevent communication with our friends below. We dropped down almost within range of the batteries and, according to an arrangement previously made, fired three signal guns to announce to the fleet our success in getting by. I will here mention that the night before we had set adrift our launch, which had been partially destroyed in the fight, a placard being nailed to the side with a simple announcement of our arrival above the bend.

We were now in the enemy's country, away from our base, but the Admiral never for an instant thought of turning back. On the contrary, he expressed a resolute determination to blockade the mouth of Red River and patrol the Mississippi as far as possible. So the *Hartford* and *Albatross* got under way and we continued up to Vicksburg, engaging the batteries at Grand Gulf and Warrenton, and finally communicating with General Grant and Admiral Porter. The ship returned to Port Hudson, where communication was established with the Army and Navy. The *Hartford* took part in the siege which followed and did not return to New Orleans until after the surrender.

There is no doubt that the passage of Port Hudson, although in appearance a failure, was turned to good account, for the *Hartford* rendered efficient service above the batteries, and her presence was of incalculable value in the campaign which followed for the capture of Port Hudson.

I have here simply attempted to give my youthful impressions of one episode in the long fight for the control of the Mississippi.

EMERSON'S "FOOT-NOTE PERSON"

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE phrase "foot-note person" was first introduced into our literature by one of the most acute and original of the anonymous writers in the *Atlantic Monthly* (July, 1906), one by whose consent I am permitted to borrow it for my present purpose. Its originator himself suggests, as an illustration of what he means, the close relation which existed through life between Ralph Waldo Emerson and his less famous Concord neighbor, Amos Bronson Alcott. The latter was doubtless regarded by the world at large as a mere "foot-note" to his famous friend, while he yet was, doubtless, the only literary contemporary to whom Emerson invariably and candidly deferred, regarding him, indeed, as unequivocally the leading philosophic or inspirational mind of his day. Let this "foot-note" then be employed as the text for frank discussion of what was, perhaps, the most unique and picturesque personality developed during the Transcendental period of our American literature. Let us consider the career of one who was born with as little that seemed advantageous in his surroundings as was the case with Abraham Lincoln, or John Brown of Ossawatomie, and who yet developed in the end an individuality as marked as that of Poe or Walt Whitman.

In looking back on the intellectual group of New England, eighty years ago, nothing is more noticeable than its birth in a circle already cultivated, at least according to the standard of its period. Emerson, Channing, Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, even Whittier, were born into what were, for the time and after their own standard, cultivated families. They grew up with the protection and stimulus of parents and teachers; their early biographies offer nothing startling. Among them appeared, one day, this student and teacher, more serene, more absolutely individual than any one of them. He had indeed, like every boy born in New England, some drop of academic blood within his traditions, but he was born in the house of his grandfather, a poor farmer in Wolcott, Connecticut, on November 29, 1799. He went to the most primitive of wayside

schools and was placed at fourteen as apprentice in a clock factory; became in a few years a travelling pedlar selling almanacs and trinkets; then wandered as far as North Carolina and Virginia in a similar traffic; then became a half proselyte among Quakers in North Carolina; then a school-teacher in Connecticut; always poor, but always thoughtful, ever gravitating towards refined society and finally coming under the influence of that rare and high-minded man, the Rev. Samuel J. May, and placing himself at last in the still more favored position of Emerson's footnote. When that took place, it suddenly made itself clear to the whole Concord circle, that there was not one among them so serene, so equable, so dreamy, yet so constitutionally a leader, as this wandering child of the desert. Of all the men known in New England, he seemed the one least likely to have been a country pedlar.

Mr. Alcott first visited Concord, as Mr. Cabot's memoir of Emerson tells us, in 1835, and in 1840 came there to live. But it was as early as May 19, 1837, when Emerson wrote to Margaret Fuller: "Mr. Alcott is the great man. His book ['Conversations on the Gospels'] does him no justice, and I do not like to see it. . . . But he has more of the God-like than any man I have ever seen and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises. He *is* a teacher. . . . If he cannot make intelligent men feel the presence of a superior nature, the worse for them; I can never doubt him."* It is suggested by Dr. W. T. Harris, one of the two joint biographers of Alcott, that the description in the last chapter of Emerson's book styled "Nature," finished in August, 1836, was derived from a study of Mr. Alcott, and it is certain that there was no man among Emerson's contemporaries of whom thenceforward, he spoke with such habitual deference. Courteous to all, it was to Alcott alone that he seemed to look up. Not merely Alcott's abstract statements, but his personal judgments made an absolutely unique impression upon his more famous fellow townsman. It is interesting to notice that Alcott, while staying first in Concord, "complained of lack of simplicity in A—, B—, C— and D— (late visitors from the city)," Emerson said approvingly to his son: "Alcott is right touchstone to test them, litmus to detect the acid."* We cannot doubt that such a man's own judgment was absolutely simple; and such was clearly the opinion held by Emerson who, indeed, always felt somewhat easier when he could keep Alcott at his elbow in Concord. Their mutual confidence reminds one of what was said long since by Dr. Samuel Johnson, that poetry was like brown bread: those who made it in their own houses never quite liked the taste of what they got elsewhere.

And from the very beginning, this attitude was reciprocated. At another time during that same early period (1837), Alcott, after criticising Emerson a little for "the picture of vulgar life that he draws with a Shakespearian boldness," closes with this fine tribute to the intrinsic qualities of his newly won friend: "Observe his style; it is full of genuine phrases from the Saxon. He loves the simple, the natural; the thing is sharply presented, yet graced by beauty and elegance. Our language is a fit organ, as used by him; and we hear classic English once more from northern lips. Shakespeare, Sidney, Browne, speak again to us, and we recognize our affinity with the fathers of English diction. Emerson is the only instance of original style among Americans. Who writes like him? Who can? None of his imitators, surely. The day shall come when this man's genius shall shine beyond the circle of his own city and nation. Emerson's is destined to be the high literary name of this age."†

No one up to that time, probably, had uttered an opinion of Emerson quite so prophetic as this; it was not

* Sanborn and Harris's Alcott, ii., 566.

* Emerson in Concord, 120.
† Sanborn and Harris's Alcott, i., 264.

until four years later, in 1841, that even Carlyle received the first volume of Emerson's Essays, and said, "It is once more the voice of a man." Yet from that moment Alcott and Emerson became united, however inadequate their twinship might to others have seemed. Literature sometimes, doubtless, makes strange friendships. There is a tradition that when Browning was once introduced to a new Chinese ambassador in London, the interpreter called attention to the fact that they were both poets. Upon Browning's courteously asking how much poetry His Excellency had thus far written, he replied, "Four volumes," and when asked what style of poetic art he cultivated, the answer was, "Chiefly the enigmatical." It is reported that Browning afterwards charitably or modestly added, "We felt doubly brothers after that." It may have been in a similar spirit that Emerson and his foot-note might seem at first to have united their destinies.

Emerson at that early period saw many defects in Alcott's style, even so far as to say that it often reminded him of that vulgar saying, "All stir and no go," but twenty years later, in 1855, he magnificently vindicated the same style, then grown more cultivated and powerful, and, indeed, wrote thus of it: "I have been struck with the late superiority Alcott showed. His interlocutors were all better than he; he seemed childish and helpless, not apprehending or answering their remarks aright, and they masters of their weapons. But by and by, when he got upon a thought, like an Indian seizing by the mane and mounting a wild horse of the desert, he overrode them all, and showed such mastery, and took up Time and Nature like a boy's marble in his hand, as to vindicate himself." *

A severe test of a man's depth of observation lies always in the analysis he gives of his neighbor's temperament; even granting this appreciation to be, as is sometimes fairly claimed, a woman's especial gift. It is a quality which certainly marked Alcott, who once said, for instance, of Emerson's combination of a clear voice with a slender chest, that "some of his organs were free, some fated." Indeed, his power in the graphic personal delineations of those about him was almost always visible, as where he called Garrison "a phrenological head illuminated," or said of Wendell Phillips, "Many are the friends of his golden tongue." This quality I never felt more, perhaps, than when he once said, when dining with me at the house of James T. Fields, in 1862, and speaking of a writer whom I thought I had reason to know pretty well: "He has a love of *wholeness;* in this respect far surpassing Emerson."

It is scarcely possible, for any one who recalls from his youth the antagonism and satire called forth by Alcott's "sayings" in the early *Dial*, to avoid astonishment at their more than contemptuous reception. Take, for example, in the very first number the fine saying on "Enthusiasm," thus:

> Believe, youth, that your heart is an oracle; trust her instinctive auguries; obey her divine leadings; nor listen too fondly to the uncertain echoes of your head. The heart is the prophet of your soul, and ever fulfils her prophecies; reason is her historian; but for the prophecy, the history would not be . . . Enthusiasm is the glory and hope of the world. It is the life of sanctity and genius; it has wrought all miracles since the beginning of time.

Or turn to the following (entitled: "IV. Immortality"):

> The grander my conception of being, the nobler my future. There can be no sublimity of life without faith in the soul's eternity. Let me live superior to sense and custom, vigilant alway, and I shall experience my divinity; my hope will be infinite, nor shall the universe contain, or content me.

Or read this ("XII. Temptation"):

> Greater is he who is above temptation, than he who, being tempted, overcomes. The latter but regains the state from which

* Sanborn and Harris's Alcott, i., 262.

the former has not fallen. He who is tempted has sinned. Temptation is impossible to the holy.

Or this ("LXXXVIII. Renunciation"):

Renounce the world, yourself; and you shall possess the world, yourself, and God.

These are but fragments, here and there. For myself, I would gladly see these "Orphic Sayings" reprinted to-morrow and watch the astonishment of men and women who vaguely recall the derision with which they were first greeted, more than sixty years ago.

When it came to putting into action these high qualities, the stories relating to Mr. Alcott which seem most improbable are those which are unquestionably true, as is that of his way of dealing with a man in distress who came to beg of him the loan of five dollars. To this Alcott replied, after searching his pockets, that he had no such bank-note about him, but could lend him ten dollars. This offer was accepted, and Alcott did not even ask the borrower's name and could merely endure the reproach or ridicule of his friends for six months; after which the same man appeared and paid back the money, offering interest, which was refused. The debtor turned out to be a well-known swindler to whom this trusting generosity had made a novel and manly appeal.

Truth and honesty are apt to be classed in men's minds together, but the power of making money or even of returning it when loaned is sometimes developed imperfectly among those who are in other respects wise and good. A curious illustration of this may be found in the published memoirs of Mr. Alcott (i., 349), but it is quite surpassed by the following narrative, hitherto unpublished, of a subsequent interview, even more picturesque, and apparently with the self-same creditor. I take it from his MS. Diary, where it appears with the formality of arrangement and beauty of handwriting which mark that extraordinary work.

(MAMMON)

April, 1839

Thursday, 18th.

Things seem strange to me out there in Time and Space. I am not familiar with the order and usages of this realm. I am at home in the kingdom of the Soul alone.

This day, I passed along our great thoroughfare, gliding with Emerson's check in my pocket, into State Street; and stepped into one of Mammon's temples, for some of the world's coin, wherewith to supply bread for this body of mine, and those who depend upon me. But I felt dishonored by resorting to these haunts of Idolaters. I went not among them to dig in the mines of Lucre, nor to beg at the doors of the God. It was the hour for business on 'Change, which was swarming with worshippers. Bevies of devotees were consulting on appropriate rites whereby to honor their divinity.

One of these devotees (cousin-german of my wife) accosted me, as I was returning, and asked me to bring my oblation with the others. Now I owed the publican a round thousand, which he proffered me in days when his God prospered his wits; but I had nothing for him. That small pittance which I had just got snugly into my fob (thanks to my friend E——) was not for him, but for my wife's nurse, and came just in time to save my wife from distrusting utterly the succors of Providence. I told my man, that I had no money; but he might have me, if he wanted me. No: I was bad stock in the market; and so he bid me good-day. I left the buzz and hum of these devotees, who represent Old Nature's relation to the Appetites and Senses, and returned, with a sense of grateful relief, from this sally into the Kingdom of Mammon, back to my domicile in the Soul.

There was, however, strangely developed in Alcott's later life an epoch of positively earning money. His first efforts at western lectures began in the winter of 1853-54 and he returned in February, 1854. He was to give a series of talks on the repre-

sentative minds of New England, with the circle of followers surrounding each; the subjects of his discourse being Webster, Greeley, Garrison, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Greenough and Emerson; the separate themes being thus stated as seven and the number of conversations as only six. Terms for the course were three dollars. By his daughter Louisa's testimony he returned late at night with a single dollar in his pocket, this fact being thus explained in his own language: "Many promises were not kept and travelling is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better."* At any rate his daughter thus pathetically described his appearance at this interview, as her mother wrote to a friend: "He looked as cold and thin as an icicle; but as serene as God."† There is an almost dramatic interest in transferring our imaginations to the later visit he made westward when he was eighty-one years old, between October, 1880, and May, 1881. He then travelled more than five thousand miles, lectured or held conversations at the rate of more than one a day, Sundays included, and came back with a thousand dollars, although more than half of his addresses had been gratuitous. For seven years after this he was the nominal dean of the so-called "School of Philosophy" in Concord, and for four years took an active part in its lectures and discussions. His last written works were most appropriately two sonnets on "Immortality," this being the only theme remaining inexhaustibly open.

Perhaps no two persons in the world were in their intellectual method more antipodal—to use one of Alcott's favorite phrases—than himself and Parker, though each stood near to Emerson and ostensibly belonged to the same body of thinkers. In debate, the mere presence of Parker made Alcott seem uneasy, as if conscious cause for Emerson's searching inquiry, "Of what use is genius, if its focus be a little too short or too long." No doubt, Mr. Alcott might well be one of those whom this sentence sometimes accurately described, yet the same might as easily have been said when the recognized social monarch of Concord, Judge Hoar, on being consulted as to the proposed publication of Thoreau's journals, inquired in return, why any one should wish to see Henry Thoreau's Journals printed? Yet these Journals have now appeared, printed in full, so far as attainable, in a form more imposing than even Emerson's. Is it not possible that even yet Alcott's fame may be built up, like Thoreau's, gradually and securely, from those ample and beautifully written volumes which he left behind him?

Alcott doubtless often erred, at first, in the direction of inflation in language. When the Town and Country Club was organized in Boston, and had been, indeed, established "largely to afford a dignified occupation for Alcott," as Emerson said, Alcott wished to have it christened either the Olympian Club or the Pan Club. Lowell, always quick at a joke, suggested the substitution of "Club of Hercules" instead of "Olympian"; or else that, inasmuch as the question of admitting women was yet undecided, "the Patty-Pan" would be a better name. But if Alcott's words were large he acted up to them. When the assaulting party was driven back at the last moment from the Court House doors in Boston, during the Anthony Burns excitement, and the steps were left bare, the crowd standing back, it was Alcott who came forward and placidly said to the ringleader, "Why are we not within?" and on being told that the mob would not follow, he walked calmly up the steps, alone, cane in hand. When a revolver was fired from within, just as he had reached the highest step, and he discovered himself to be still unsupported, he as calmly turned and walked down without hastening a footstep. It was hard to see how Plato or Pythagoras could have done the thing better.

* Sanborn and Harris's Alcott, ii., 477.
† Memoirs, ii., 473.

Again, at the outbreak of the Civil War, when a project was formed for securing the defense of Washington by a sudden foray into Virginia, it appears from his Diary that he had been at the point of joining it, when it was superseded by the swift progress of events, and so abandoned.

The power of early sectarian training is apt to tell upon the later years even of an independent thinker, and so it was with Alcott. In his case a life-long ideal attitude passed back into something hard to distinguish from old-fashioned Calvinism. This was especially noticeable at the evening receptions of the Rev. Joseph Cook, who flattered Alcott to the highest degree and was met at least half way by the seer himself. Having been present at one or two of these receptions, I can testify to the disappointment inspired in Alcott's early friends at his seeming willingness to be made a hero in an attitude quite alien to that of his former self. The "New International," for instance, recognizes that "in later years his teaching became more formal and his always nebulous teaching apparently more orthodox." Be this as it may, the man whom Emerson called "the most extraordinary man and highest genius of the time," and of whom he says, "As pure intellect I have never seen his equal," such a man needed only the fact of his unprotected footsteps under fire up the stairs of the Boston Court House to establish him in history as a truly all-round man—unsurpassed among those of his own generation even in physical pluck.

THE UNTENDED ROSE-TREE

My mother questions me in vain;
Even her I dare not tell
Why I no more the rose-tree train
That once I loved so well.

Here, when my tree was all in flower—
How long ago it seems—
One spoke sweet words at twilight hour
To crown my girlhood dreams.

He went and left me lone; the tree
Has blossomed twice since then,
But he who pledged his love to me
Comes never back again!

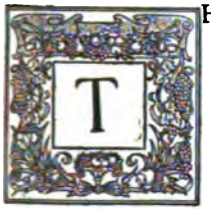
Eugene C. Dolson.

THE ISLAND OF CAPRI

THE VILLA OF JOVE

By ARTHUR COLTON

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIOT T. PUTNAM



THE travellers who disembarked with me from the Naples steamer into pitching rowboats at Capri were good-natured for the most part and German. They seemed a plain and kindly race, and were going to the Hotel Pagano.

It was Laurence Sterne's humor to classify travellers under the heads of Idle Travellers, Inquisitive Travellers, Lying Travellers, Proud Travellers, and so on even to Travellers of Necessity, such as the Delinquent and Felonious, and those who were Innocent but Unfortunate and so travelled; finally to the Sentimental Traveller, who indeed travelled by a kind of necessity. It was not a good-natured division. People are apt to show their worst side in travelling. It brings out fluctuating weaknesses, and obscures their settled strength. Their happiness is anxious, their distress is querulous, they are filled with minute ambitions and regrets.

Yet the Germans were good-natured, and it was a cold, lowering, windy day, at Capri. I fancied they might be Sentimental Travellers, and decided to go to the Hotel Pagano.

You may go up from the Marina Grande or main harbor to the town of Capri either by a winding carriage road or a steep foot-path. I chose to go by the latter and went by the former, for the foot-path seemed immediately to lose itself, and the road to be omnipresent. But with grey precipices on either side and Capri in the saddle of the island it is impossible not to come to the Piazza although it is not so much larger than a pocket-handkerchief as to be called spacious.

The distinction between street and private hallways in Capri is obscure. Either of them may be open or under cover, or run up and down stairs, or be cluttered with household business.

The Hotel Pagano is a rambling collection of gardens with palm and lemon trees, of whitewashed buildings with mural paintings and memories of German artists, and everywhere the same indistinction between outdoors and in-doors that prevails at Capri. It is one of the secrets of Italy, where sunlight is charity and covers a multitude of sanitary sins.

I seemed to go to my room over roofs and along the tops of garden

walls. The roofs and the garden walls seemed arranged for walking on. The week's washing hung about the lemon trees. There was a gray ruin on a little mountain that was gray with olive foliage, and terraced vineyards held up by stone embankments, and red-skirted women in the vineyards, all under the cold gray sky in the wind and intermittent rain. Through the night the wind and rain murmured intermittently, and the palm tree in the garden brushed metallic leaves against the roof.

The Emperor Tiberius had had the world poured into his cup. After some active excitement he noticed that his cup was empty. The more there was poured in, the greater the vacuum. It seemed an illogical result. Even by the obscure arithmetic of Roman numerals one should not get zero from the addition of quantities. He came to Capri to consider this emptiness, and built twelve villas, and named them after twelve gods; but they did not fill his cup. He wrote to the Senate to the effect that there was nothing worth writing about. His Latin historians differed about him from lauding to denunciation, and their successors have maintained the difference. A vindication of him has lately appeared. Matthew Arnold, in describing a certain cat, her reserve and intangible secrecy, subtly remarked that she sat

> As Tiberius might have sat,
> Had Tiberius been a cat.

Tiberius's own opinion of himself appears to have been that he was bored.

To reach the ruins of the Villa of Jove, high up on the promontory that faces Italy, you leave the Piazza by one of its archways and the Corso di Tiberio. "Corso" is something equivalent to "avenue," as having a precedence over a "via" or street. The Corso di Tiberio is some six feet wide. Flocks of goats, which come down morning and night to be milked at the doorways, were jostling with tiny donkeys, with women carrying bundles of fagots and baskets of vegetables on their heads, with men going up with their pointed hoes to labor on the hillside terraces. Beyond came a region of pink and white and green villas, and a southward outlook over the sunken creeping sea. There were shrines in little plastered recesses of houses and garden walls sheltering each the Virgin's picture or image—a melancholy colored print or a wax doll, but always there were votive flowers, fresh or faded, before it, and sometimes the small still flame of a lamp. One shrine had a structure of its own at the parting of two paths, a Virgin and Child of tinted wax, a blue and gray amphora holding the daisies, a burning wick floating in a glass tumbler of oil, a dedication "Alla madre de divin amore, Ottobre, 1899," and a subscription, "Nostra signora del sacro cuore, salute d'egli infermi, pregate per noi"—("Our lady of the sacred heart, health of the feeble, pray for us.")

They seemed to speak much of a distant past of which they were not supposed to speak, the little votive shrines; of household penates worshipped on horny knees before the dominion of Christendom arose; of forgotten names, and attributes of deities answering to much the same human needs, the demands of fear and gratitude, and comfort and trust. For the Madonnas, like the Aphrodites and the Bacchi, have their local names and functions of healing, of guidance to seamen, of protection to the growers of the olive and vine. The Madonna of the fisheries seems much valued by the Capriotes.

> Ave maris stella,
> Dei mater alma,
> Atque semper virgo
> Felix semper porta,

is a hymn in which the Capriote would find "mare" and "Mary" a comfortable proof that Madonna had an especial interest in those who go down to the sea in ships; and in storm and danger on the bays of Naples and Salerno he looks up to see the

THE TOWN OF CAPRI

gilded statue of Santa Maria del Soccorso watching him from the cliffs of the Villa of Jove, and takes assurance from the lady of help for sailors, star of the sea, gentle mother, happy door and harbor of heaven. This intimacy belongs to men and women who are still practically imaginative, who will have serviceable deities at their thresholds, near enough for groping hands to reach and cling to, human enough even for caressing and reproach.

> Oh my deir heart, young Jesus sweit,
> Prepare thy cradle in my spreit,
> And I sall rock thee in my hert,

are lines that I copied years ago from a book called "Ane Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs," but it must have been written before the period of that kind of of title. It sometimes happens that the spirit changes and the letter remains, and again that the letter changes and the spirit remains. The Capriote was a conservative of the spirit of his old faith.

The gilded statue of the Helpful Madonna was in sight all the way up the zigzag path that led past the two inns which offer the traveller refreshment and entertainment—meaning Capri wine and the tarantella—and along the edge of the cliffs. If Tiberius were in the habit of now and then pushing a boon companion over the cliff, in order to give his own nerves a tingle or create an incident of passing interest, there was no doubt of the effect of it on the boon companion. A stone thrown over seemed to linger and pause in its long slow fall. The ennui of living weighed heavily on Tiberius. He might have tired of the incident before his boon companion reached the shore.

In looking down five hundred feet something depends on whether the sea beneath is delicately blue and like a satin robe, or black and overdriven by ghostly spray of the Hebrides. Precipices are not fearful in Italy, whose barrenest rocks are sociable. Little white villages lie familiarly on peaks and mountain sides. The land was born to be rude, haggard and gaunt, but it married a cultured climate, and suffered a human change. The lemon orchards of Capri cling and fit themselves into crevices and ledges. A precipice, with yellow fruit on its forehead and its feet in the Bay of Naples, is gigantic but civil.

A chapel stood over the vaults of the villa, close to the gilded statue. An inscription stated that "the poor hermit who guards this sanctuary" requested a small contribution to mitigate his poverty. The hermit was aged and benevolent looking, and wore a black cloak. He brought out a chair and would not be persuaded to sit in it himself.

It is a mistake to be critical. For the most part the hermit's prayers in the little whitewashed chapel must be solitary. It did no harm to believe in his genuineness. I supposed that he liked it, such solitude as he had, or with only the gilded statue of Santa Maria del Soccorso for company, who held her hands together in prayer and looked across her fingers at Vesuvius. The smoke of Vesuvius was blown down in a long white streamer and out over the bay making a black shadow on the water. He could always hear the surf unless the sea were very still. Men of various nations and distances came up and talked with him, and left him a collection of their extraordinary names. The blue of the sky and the purple and glimmering gray of the farther mountains were the same that Fra Angelico gave the robes of his kneeling angels.

Fra Angelico thought a halo to be a saintly or angelical attribute that would be not without effect on the face of the wearer, and could not be made too splendid or important. It was not a hoop above their heads for the purpose of identification, but a natural circumstance. And so against the gold and radiation of his halos his angel faces lie in the shadow, and are mystical and gray; and if color can in itself express awe, and hush, and expectation that might be contented to expect forever, I should

say that something of the kind had been painted into their purple and blue robes. And this same clouded gray, dim purple and veiled blue were the tints of the mountains and sky of the hermit's outlook. The sound of the surf at that height was the monotone of the church service, matins and lauds and nones, midnight masses and solemn tenebræ, a world of waters at "perpetual adoration."

The wine he sold was bad, but his sea was worthy of honor. He had a thoughtful face and gentle manners. It is a mistake to be critical. Criticism is a surgical operation that we mainly perform on ourselves. We need not be reckless with the knife. At a time when blowing soap bubbles was a consistent habit, I used to notice that in pricking them one usually got soap in one's eyes. It seemed to me then that getting soap in one's eyes was altogether a misfortune.

Tiberius furnished his guests with better wine, and it has been doubted whether he tipped them over the cliff. It seems, he found that life tasted of soap and that there was a cup which could not be filled by putting things into it.

There is nothing left of the Villa of Jove but a few low brick vaults. The bay and the sea are worthy of honor, not because they are ancient in history but because they seem to maintain their illusions.

For of what advantage to me is a sea that men have sailed many centuries, over one that they have sailed but a few? No marks of their keels are on either, and everybody is glad of that. No better men traversed the one sea with oar and sail, than traverse all seas now with their churning screws. It is no more victorious to use the wind for motion than the stored heat of the sun. Now and then we catch a new wild Titan and make him work for us. It is an odd idea that there is any loss of dignity in the process for captor or captured. Wind and heat are Titans and not snobs. The whole stellar system is at hard labor. It is the primal law, that everything dies which does not work to some utility. If it does not work at all it is dead already.

On the other hand it is a great pity to define "utility," which has no limit. "We have played the poet enough for our part in the world," cries a recent German writer. "We must Anglicize." And he goes on in effect: —The business Geist, the commercial spirit is now necessary. But, ah me! Frei ist der Bursch! at least, he was, and had his Wanderjahren, and

saw a new mountain each morning, and knew the green Rhine valley, and the Alps were his white gates of Italy. But the young German no longer has the dreams that he had. Moreover the beer is not so good. We must consider utilities. We must be practical.

How then did "practical" and "useful" come to take to themselves all this corruption? Is not a man practical who on the whole manages to be happy? It is unbecoming of a German to think he would be more useful if he were more commercial. Utility is a spreading and circular ripple. We ask too tangible evidences of it. If we cast bread on the waters, why wish to find it again, since the finding is an evidence of uselessness, so far as the evidence goes? The hermit is useful to me, and knows nothing of the matter. The gilded statue of Santa Maria del Soccorso is useful to the hermit, and to the Capriote sailor who so believes in her that his hands are steadied to the storm, though I am so constituted as to doubt whether she is clear as to what is going on. "Neither thou nor I have made the world," or know how it was made, or shall remake it by becoming something defined as "useful." It makes us, and might be trusted to make us useful.

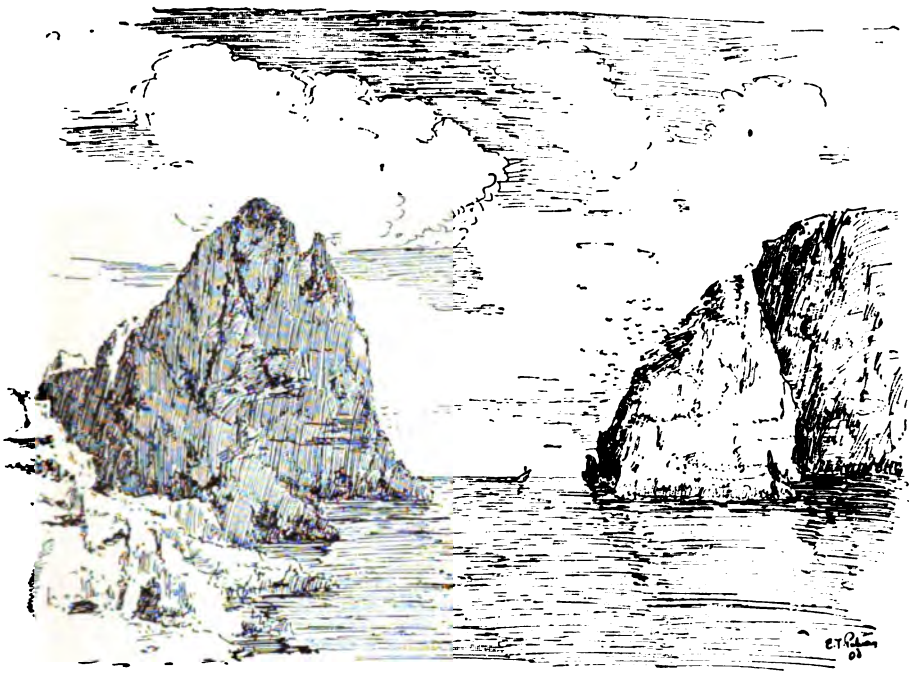
I was beginning to arrange an "Imaginary Conversation" between Tiberius, the hermit and Santa Maria del Soccorso, thinking they might discuss the question of utility. They did, in a disappointing way. Santa Maria thought anxiously that a storm was rising and that some of her fishermen might be drowned; Tiberius seemed to brighten up at the idea; and the hermit thought a storm not likely, but he would say an Ave to Santa Maria if it would be of any assistance to her. They agreed that in life much depended on the weather, and on the whole they did not seem to discuss in any imaginative way the subject of utility. But at this point a slim brown boy climbed up the path, and said I was to come and see the tarantella danced in an inn called the Salto di Tiberio, which stands at the point of the cliffs where Tiberius is rumored to have practised that method—if I may say so—that method of crowning and concluding his friendships and festivities, so abrupt, so decisive.

There is something to be said for this idea, this distaste of the dregs of festivities and companionships. Why prolong leavetakings, as if they were pleasant? or say, "We will meet again," as if we were so sure that the next meeting would not be a mistake? or soil by repetition the memory of a perfect hour, of wine and roses, delicate smiles and waking dreams, deep moonlight and the hearkening to the sea? Rather let us give it a sigh and cut the thread forever. Then he pitched them off the cliff. But very likely he did not.

The day was passed with climbing down steep places to solitary shores, and peering into crevices of the cliffs, watching the pruners of vines and those who dried brown fish nets by looping them over rocks, with lying in measureless idleness on the side of a hill that is called the Hill of the Telegraph. There are a number of "sights" in Capri—the Natural Arch, the Blue and the Green Grottos. Many are to be met with who go seeking them, who seem anxious to make the most of their time and who spend the most of their time in anxiety. "For to admire and for to see" is the business of the tourist. Yet if there is any difference between a tourist and a traveller, one would fain take advantage of the difference. Mr. Kipling's soldier who found it his part

> For to admire and for to see,
> For to behold this world so wide,

never more admired how the world was made than when he "sat in clink without his boots," which was not such a situation as the tourist seeks. It would seem after all not to make much difference what you see, so long as you see something in it. The poet seeks the society of the brook for its conversation, the



tourist seeks after "sights," the traveller after whatever falls in his way; the sentimental traveller travels in search of his own feelings. A perverse generation seeks a miracle, and is told that none shall be given it; but if it were not perverse it would not have to seek, only to admire and see how miracles drop about it like ripe apples. Why go and see the Blue Grotto when the whole sea is blue, or the Green Grotto when the whole earth is green? If we ask that the sun be darkened or some one raised from the dead, it is because we like to gape at a freak, because we have jaded Tiberian nerves, whereby it has ceased to appear interesting that the sun should take the trouble to shine at all, or any one do such an astonishing thing as to be born in the first place. I happened upon the Natural Arch, and observed that it met overhead. It would be just as well if it did not.

Two little brown hands and a brown smile were thrust over a garden wall, and a piping voice remarked "Bueno mano," desiring a gift. When such a one asks for a gift, it is a bad plan to give him a stone, for he throws it at your head. In this way I discovered that a brown smile was meant to be ingratiating and not humorous; and came back by sunset to the Hotel Pagano, where a pleasant German lady told me that the hermit was only such professionally. "If no one went up," she said, "he would come down."

The next morning I was waked in the chilly darkness before dawn, and a silent boy in a gilt braided cap guided me along a starlit road between white glimmering walls, down narrow shut-in alleys with instinctive steps. The darkness of the Castle Hill was on the left and the greater darkness of Mount Solaro on the right. The silent boy broke his meditations and pointed down to the darkness of the sea at a glimmering light, "V'la la bateau!" And we came by secret methods of the native to the headlong shore of the Piccola Marina, with its white walls and little houses and their blank windows overhanging the water. He shouted vaguely, sat down and fell to looking at the stars. I taught him to call the Dipper and the Pleia-

des by their proper names, while the sound of the rasp and chuckle of oarlocks drew nearer in the dusk. Faint streaks of saffron and pink stretched behind the black clumps of the Faraglioni Rocks. The boatmen rowed standing and pushing forward. We came to the little red-stacked steamer, and the morning was at hand in solemn jubilance, and the mountains of Italy put on their halos and purple and white garments, and against the gold and radiation, the cliffs of the Villa of Jove were a clouded gray, like the faces of Fra Angelico's angels.

A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

By HENRY HOLT

GLACIER

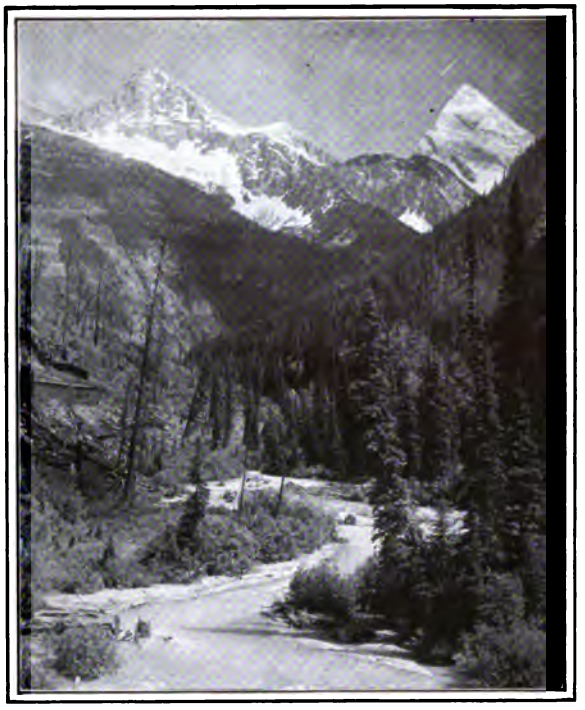
THE next noon brought us to Glacier our first stop in the Canadian Rockies, being in that division of them more specifically designated as the Selkirks. An octagon-fronted dining-room for passengers, with a picturesque roof sloping from all the sides, juts into a broad railroad platform long enough to accommodate a train of a dozen cars with the locomotive at each end and a pair of locomotives in the middle, which they rejoice in for those grades. The octagon-fronted room extends back two or three times its cross diameter, and then grows up into a hotel. A few years ago, this one, by parthenogenesis, bred a second behind it; the two have since built a third behind them; and foundations are laid for a fourth at right angles to the others.

The valley loops back at the level of the track for a mile or two (to Eastern eyes, as aforesaid, a few hundred feet). Across this loop there is a waterfall some fifteen hundred feet high in its various stages, and in that air looking to Eastern eyes perhaps a third as much. By the top of it they have stuck a summer-house. I proposed to climb up to that, but was told that the trail under the trees was still, though in the middle of June, impassable from snow.

On the other side of the track, the valley loops again down lower levels for three or four miles, seemingly correspondingly shortened in the clear air. At each end of the doubly looped valley loom up snow mountains, or at least mountains with snow on them in this June; and tucked away behind the mountain enclosing the upper valley, peeps out a peak that I 'll take the chances of asserting is covered with snow the year around—the famous Mount Sir Donald, I presume. Others in sight may be snow-peaks too, for all I know or care, but the fact is that the Canadian Rockies do not begin to contain as many genuine "snow mountains" as most talk and most pictures represent.

The chief fascination of this particular spot for its sponsors in baptism, at least, appears to have been the "glacier," which is said to be the largest known—this side of Alaska, at least. Well, I don't know exactly what a glacier is, but I 'll set down, to the best of my knowledge and belief, what this formation is, and should anybody who does know what a glacier is, happen to read my statement, he will know whether this is one. It is a mass of ice filling a cup-like table-land about six miles in diameter, some two thousand feet

above the railroad level, and some five or six thousand feet above the sea. Down a valley at its southeasterly corner, it sends a branch which I suppose nobody would hesitate to call a glacier, and from under this glacier, in true orthodox fashion, issues a stream of the proper glacier color, though in quite modest proportions, and takes its way down the valley with the proper glacier rush, and rolling over the proper glacier stones.



ILLEGILLEWAET VALLEY, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS, B. C.

(Oh my prophetic soul! A year after the preceding paragraph was written, I learned that the illuminated don't call such things glaciers at all. Even in the official account of the Selkirks, I believe, this one is called a *névé*, and similar ones are so called in French Switzerland, while in German Switzerland it is not a "gletscher," but a "firn.")

To where that stream issues from under the ice, Altera and I tried to make our way over a trail through the woods; but after being misled by several tracks left in the snow by errant predecessors, and getting our feet wet, and several times sinking waist deep where roots and fallen trees held arches of snow over vacancy, we concluded to retreat, after accomplishing something over half the distance.

But we accomplished something, else. We saw, in all sizes, from seedlings to trees forty or fifty feet high, an evergreen new to us, with leaves much like hemlock, but often arranged much like yew. I got a couple with hopeful "balls," and when we returned to the hotel, several smaller ones, as we found it growing freely in the rough ground before our particular house. All these, with roots wrapped in moss, rubber cloth and paper, were before dinner in the hands of the express agent, for the borders of a certain straight path between a garden and a summer-house in Vermont, where there are already some thirty varieties of evergreens to make the new-comers feel at home. And some weeks later, when we got to that blessed spot, there were the half-dozen Kanucks growing as if they had never been anywhere else. We had found none elsewhere in Canada, and later several amateurs saw ours without recognition, until our professor of botany pronounced them the Canadian yew, and said that efforts are already making to introduce them in our part of the country. There are still (a year later) two left, doing nicely, thank you.

At Glacier, exceptional cordiality, and sympathy with our arboreal and floral quests, on the part of the landlord and his admirable wife, had made us feel singularly at home; but as there was no sign of a road to drive on, and every sign that the trails were too full of snow for walking, we were

not as reluctant to leave as we might have been.

FIELD

As we traversed the glorious scenery from Glacier to Field, much like the Yosemite, I counted four out of seven people in our car fast asleep.

LAKE AGNES, ABOVE LAKE LOUISE, NEAR LAGGAN, B. C.

Perhaps it was only a comment on the fact that so much of the Western travelling must be done at night, there being so few good trains—virtually no first-class through trains alternating day and night.

Did you ever hear a bear beg? There were two in a yard by the hotel at Field. One—a yearling—when he scented peanuts, advanced toward their owner on his hind legs, with a long rather musical baritone whine. The other bear, who was older, was a close friend of a brakeman who generally stopped off to wrestle with him. This time the brakeman was absorbed in conversation with some friends. The bear got tired of waiting, and put his paws around the brakeman's leg and shoulder, carefully reaching over so that the claws would not touch him, and trying to coax him into play. At last the tussle began. The bear, though a big fellow, was awkward, and the brakeman got him down and rolled him over and sprawled on him. Both seemed to enjoy the fun, the bear giving no sign of losing temper.

Our Mountaineer in New York had told us to spend a day each at Glacier and Banff, and two days at Laggan—the station for Lake Louise; and in his letter of instructions he had made but a parenthetic suggestion of Emerald Lake at Field. But the house at Laggan was not yet open, and assurances were abundant that just as much joy and edification were to be had from Emerald Lake as from Lake Louise, and we did not then know that Lake Louise had been preferred for sundry summer villas, while Emerald Lake has none. At all events, it was Hobson's choice, and, not knowing what we lost, we had much joy in what we found. The snow-capped mountains around Emerald Lake almost frowned while the lake smiled, and without the help of sunshine. Its rich light green water looked opaque, but near the shore was plainly transparent. The lake is a little jewel.

BANFF

But at Banff, or rather within nine miles of it, we saw a glorious tiara—not only emeralds, but sapphires relieved by turquoises. Lake Minnetonka does not belong, nor does the log chalet on its banks, to the potent C. P. R., and so it has had less effective advertising than Emerald and Louise: we have met several people who have been to Banff without ever hearing of it. We don't believe that even our Mountaineer had, although

MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE, FIELD, B. C.

he had photographs from all sorts of previously-unvisited spots.

But other things at Banff came first. We had seen no sunshine to speak of since getting into the mountains, and we wanted to get away from Banff after having, we supposed, exhausted the possibilities in the one day our Mountaineer had recommended. We had driven up Tunnel Mountain, and seen—way off—about four valleys bordered and ended by mountains with snow, some of it enduring; and at our feet Bow River and another river uniting after a great hurrying of rapids—the big one toward the little one; all of it very fine indeed, immeasurably finer than Glacier and Field put together—in fact, rendering them, so far as I could see, superfluous, except for Emerald Lake, the hemlock-yew, the landlady and the Chinese. We had seen at Banff the buffalo park where little yellow calves, that any decent cow might own, soon develop a streak of black hair along their backs and at their muzzles, and get chuckle-headed, and grow uglier and uglier, until they become buffaloes unfit for any decent cow to own, and of no use to anybody before they are dead. We had seen the cave floored with a pretty green sulphur-water pool, and had seen a flirtation going on between a young couple in an outdoor bathing-tank developed from the same pool, and supervised by an amusing old watchman, who assured us that he claimed a commission on all matches made in his pool, and that occasions for the claim abounded.

Having seen all this, not forgetting the view down the Bow River toward the mountains—a view laid out like the great one at Asheville, but with mountains all streaks of snow and rocks so saw-edged (whence the name Sierra), and so sharp and harsh that they almost repel, and no mists or hazes to soften their austerity,—having seen all this, we supposed there was no more to see, except more of the same kind, and the mother wanted to get to the younger boy who was dazed at being out of school without her to go to, and we were dead blue from the monotonous grayness of the mountains and clouds; but we could not get the desired sleeping accommodations on the train, and so had to wait another day. Never having heard before of Lake Minnetonka, we went there, because so doing gave us a drive to kill time with.

Well, we found ourselves again in the Yosemite, only somebody, to make a complete job of it, had stretched it from six miles into twelve, giving it a bend or two in the process;

BUFFALO FEEDING AT BANFF, B. C.

and in stretching it, he had of course separated the various peaks and domes farther from each other, thus widening the valleys reaching away from the sides, and showing increased vistas opening up endless views of snow mountains, or at least mountains with some snow on them, going everywhere. Then, equally of course, the stretching had occasionally made a slope downward into the valley longer and more gradual than in the Yosemite; emptied the waterfalls, all except two or three little dribbles, once for all into the valley, filling it with a lake that was, at its own sweet will, as green as Emerald Lake, or as blue as the sea at Capri.

We did not at first realize that, just as stretching a rubber band thins it, so this doubling the length of the Yosemite had lowered the height of the domes and peaks one-half. But they still remained two or three thousand feet high, and looked their parts very well indeed.

Such were some of the merely mechanical features of as beautiful an object as we had seen in our whole trip through all those wonderlands,—or in any other trip.

The gray clouds could not prevent these transparent waters from showing thick creamy green or thick lapis-lazuli blue, and they could not even prevent the sun taking an occasional peep at it all, though for four days he had not seemed to care to look at anything else we had seen in those mountains.

There was a little steamer which, before seeing the lake, we had refused to commit ourselves to go on, and now it makes me smile to think that one of our reasons for hesitation was that the trip was to take three hours. Were I not in possession of the statistical fact, I should say it took one—so little did we realize the flight of time on those beautiful varying waters, amid those beautiful varying pictures. The turn around each cape was a new delight, and the voyage back was not a repetition, but a second series of delights.

Of course I thought of Lake George

and the Koenigsee, the latter of which I know only through pictures. Were it not for the colors of the water, I should say that our new lake is less lovely than Lake George, though grander. The rocks made me think of pictures of the Koenigsee, though they seem less austere, do not impend so threateningly, and apparently are more relieved with valleys and vegetation. If I were asked at this hour which experience of the trip I should prefer to renew, I should say Lake Minnetonka, and I suspect that that would be my answer at most hours.

Looking back over the trip, we have only to regret not waiting to ride over the Cripple Creek Road, and not having had more time in the Yosemite. If we had, we would of course have struck a different set of sleeping-car conditions, and might have left Banff without seeing Lake Minnetonka. The moral is: Don't be too depressed when you can't get sleeping-car accommodations—or anything else your far-seeing wisdom deems essential to your happiness.

People who like to find "spires" and human creations generally among the works of Nature can be better satisfied in the cathedral line a little West of Field (or was it Banff?) than in any other place I know. From the cars is visible for quite a time a group of goodly heights that give a very fair suggestion of Richardson's great church in Boston. The massive square central tower is quite impressive, and might perhaps be much more so to any one whom it did not remind of its smaller prototype.

ANOTHER TELEOLOGIC EPISODE

The principal Canadian Rockies, as seen from the railroad and other haunts of men, rise about 5000 feet, in a very few instances higher; the principal mountains in the Grand Cañyon rise about 5000 feet from the river; the principal rocks of the Yosemite rise from the valley about 5000 feet; the Sierra Madre Mountains as seen from Pasadena rise about 5000 feet; Mount Washington rises from the surrounding country about 5000 feet; the highest Adirondacks as seen from Lake Champlain rise about 5000 feet; the highest Green Mountains fall but little short of 5000 feet; and the chief peaks of the Great Smoky Range rise from the surrounding country about 5000 feet. Possibly some of these figures are a little shaky, but it's not worth while to stop to verify: for the overwhelming majority are certainly correct. This uniformity does not hold of all the great mountains. Shasta, for instance, shows 11,000 feet to the surrounding country, and Whitney from 9000 to 10,000; and there are other glorious exceptions, many of them standing alone or virtually alone. But in the principal American groups of these grand objects which are so

POW RIVER FROM C. P. R. HOTEL, BANFF, B. C.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, BANFF, B. C.

situated as to attract the principal assemblages of lovers of the beautiful, the uniformity prevails. Now is this uniformity accidental, or has the Power which evolved the heights and the souls which are uplifted by them, evolved them with a significant relation to each other? Nature abounds in phenomena which are beyond human appreciation; such, for instance, as the real sizes and distances of the heavenly bodies. We express them in figures, but the figures are meaningless, except in a few relations which have to be expressed in devices like the light-year, and which even then have only a provisional significance to a few trained minds, and to them can hardly bring the emotions aroused by our familiar earthly scenery. The question then naturally arises whether, in our most familiar groups of mountains, greater heights, especially as they would involve an atmosphere of less scenic effect, would not be more out of the range of our appreciation.

Once, in crossing the court of the Louvre, I was visited by a thought which, though commonplace enough, recurs often, and has added to the significance of many things. I said to myself: "Why is the court of just this width, and the buildings and their stories and windows and doors of just these heights? Obviously, if the court were much narrower, the buildings could not be seen in their completeness; and if it were much wider, the eye would be unable to grasp their details. If the stories were much higher, the paintings on the ceilings would have to be on a scale that would materially reduce the number of figures they could represent, and the upper part of the walls would labor under the same disadvantages, and also be useless for picture-hanging; while on the other hand, if the ceilings were much lower, the walls could not properly show the larger pictures, and the great salons would appear oppressively flattened and undignified"; in short, all the proportions had been evolved with reference to the human figure, the human senses, and the human powers of appreciation.

Now were not the Grand Cañyon, the Yosemite, and our most accessible mountain ranges evolved with some sort of reference to the same considerations? Is it fantastic to note that the exceptional grandeurs—the high Sierras, the Alaskan mountains, the Andes, the Himalayas—are most of them in regions now comparatively inaccessible, and not to be open to the observation of men in general before, presumably, their faculties are developed beyond ours? These questions open up some vistas of thought, and even of emotion.

Yet if the speculation holds any water, it holds it only for America: for the Alps are set down in the centre of civilization, and there 's a large half-evolved population in sight of the Himalayas. Yet American civi-

CITY OF MADISON AS SEEN FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

lization is one-sided and needs peculiar nursing, and Tyndall and Leslie Stephen belonged to the Alpine Club; so perhaps there 's something in it after all,—and it 's better to have guessed and missed than never to have guessed at all.

THE WHEAT BELT

Our leaving the Rockies was at night, and when daylight came we went straight over a set of prairies constituting the great wheat belt of the world, where the homes are more wretchedly small and bare than even on the prairies of Illinois and Kansas —homes where the men appear to lack not only the sense of beauty that leads even the savage to ornament his tepee, or even many a bird its nest, but lack even the sense to plant trees to shelter their homes (Heaven save the mark!) against sun and wind; a land where ideality can get nothing to feed upon more ethereal than the huge bulks of elevators every five or ten miles—elevators away from the banks of navigable streams being, by the way, a conception that I had not before risen to. I should qualify ideality's "nothing," by making it nothing of human production; for Altera says the cloud-effects were glorious. The human squalor prevented my retaining any impressions from them.

When the country began to roll as we neared Minnesota, the homes began to improve, and trees planted by the taste and wisdom of man accompanied those planted by nature. So the tour from Chicago around to Minneapolis ended with the same generalization with which it started.

MINNEAPOLIS

Everybody is supposed to know about Minneapolis, but at least five things I did not know—that the residence portions are simply New England over again—elms and all; that a frowsy and even dirty hotel without electric lights in its bedrooms, which would give no breakfast to a traveller leaving it before seven o'clock, could set so good a table; that a city could contain so large a proportion of magnificent boarding-houses, those here having once been the residences of men who lost fortunes in the over-speculation in grain and its products some ten years ago; that so prominent a paper as the *Journal* is printed in simplified spelling; and that the University of Minnesota has the finest campus I had ever seen in a city.

THE NEW CAPITOL AT MADISON, WISCONSIN
On this splendid building the State is spending $6,000,000

MADISON

When the foregoing was written, I supposed I had finished, but a reluctance to expose Altera, after but one intervening night "on shore," to another two consecutive nights on the sleeping-cars (not to speak of my own bitter hatred of them), and a faint desire to see another campus —or rather the Historical Society's building near it,—led to a stop-off at Madison, Wisconsin; and no chronicle of our thousands of miles could do them justice, or rather do justice to any still tenderer-footed reader, which did not exhort "thon," in case of ever being near that town of Madison, to see it. I suppose I had heard all about it, but I did n't realize it any more than will you who only know it from what I write.

Its streets are simply those of Burlington or New Haven; most of it is built on an isthmus between two lakes—each averaging some half-dozen miles in diameter and overlooked by its share of the best residences.

The northwestern end of the isthmus rises a hundred feet or so; the imposing library of the State Historical Society is at the foot of this hill, and the University of Wisconsin crowns it with a fine building surmounted by a dome. From the front of this building, over a broad lawn bordered by trees, is a view of the city, including the imposing dome of the State capitol and the towers and spires of several handsome churches. This view, barring the absence of history, is to be named with those over Rome and Florence.

Northwest of this beautiful and imposing site, near the two observatories, the road curves around the top of a high bluff overlooking the lake, with a pretty wooded point making the middle distance. We saw it all under sunset colors.

On the other side, the bluff overlooks sundry pretty buildings of the University and its experiment farms; and others are scattered on the places already alluded to, but not to interfere with the great vista which is the controlling feature. The splendid domain contains over four hundred acres. We traversed probably a hundred, with fine roads, their borders all beautifully planted, with a fine variety of buildings—fine enough to prevent any regret of haphazard style and location, especially as each style and each location was good in itself. I must not forget a beautiful half-timber building, as neat in its surroundings as any of the others, and assumed by me to be devoted to some

Ferry & Clas, Architects
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, MADISON, WISCONSIN
As seen from the lower Campus of the State University

"scholarly" purpose, which we were told was the barn. We learned something of what a city campus can be, at Minneapolis, but we really knew nothing before we came to Madison.

The amount of co-education going on over its beautiful walks and drives, or on its beautiful lake, in its beautiful twilight, was beautiful to contemplate, and probably more beautiful to share in. In fact, it seemed impossible to see a girl without a boy, or a boy without a girl, in the whole town.

After leaving the University, we drove till dark among the residences along the lakes; and if, beyond the water we had had the Adirondacks under the sunset clouds, and on the other side Mansfield and the Couching Lion, facing the sun, we could have supposed ourselves in Burlington.

HOME AGAIN

If variety were not the spice of life, and if to know well one supreme thing were as good as to know casually many things otherwise supreme, we might as well have stayed at home; but "ifs" are important, even *if* that sunset over the puddles and scrubby trees near San Francisco, which we might have seen anywhere, was as beautiful as anything in the thousands of miles of wonderland.

As I look back over the long trip, I find myself most apt to dream again that stupendous dream over the Pacific. Next in frequency four things stand out: the Grand Cañyon—each day growing more apart—a thing alone in nature; then the Yosemite; then Shasta; then that lake near Banff. Each is supreme of its kind. But then comes up that sunset over the puddles, and then that view in Puget Sound, more beautiful, perhaps, than any of the others—but not to us more striking or impressive—because it is more like home.

And then comes up the vision of home itself—our own dear home in Burlington. To come back to it was the best of all: for it is, after all, the loveliest as well as the best loved.

GENIUS

By Mrs. N. B. MORANGE

Its littleness puts it on a par
With fools, and so they stand agape
Seeing, where they should see a star,
Only man's kinship to the ape.

Its greatness lifts it into space
As soars the lark beyond our ken;
It outstrips planets in their race,
The eagle eye must follow then:

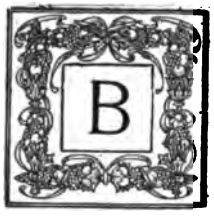
Twin souls that can the heavens span,
Or sink to an abyss undone;
And, like most gifts bestowed on man,
A blessing and a curse in one.

JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

CHAPTER XIII



IG oaks shouldered themselves in black umbels against the horizon; pointed conifers shot up inky spires between them; the sky was only grayish black, lit by many stars, and Judith trembled to note that their dim illumination might almost permit one to recognize an individual at a few paces distance. Would Creed come? Would Huldah persuade him that the message was only a decoy? Would he come too late? Would some of the boys intercept him, so that he should never come at all?

Then in the midst of her apprehensions came the sound of shod hoofs.

Jephthah Turrentine had uttered no word in his own house concerning the raid on Nancy Card's cabin and the shooting of Creed. Judith felt too bitterly the action of her cousins to condescend to talk to one of them on the subject. But when she came to know—as all the Top immediately did—the details of that attack, that war was declared as openly as it ever can be in a feud, and that the Turrentines were definitely engaged to run out Creed Bonbright, which meant of course to kill him if need be, she made instant choice between her kin and the man she loved. Seeking no aid or counsel, she laid her plans. With characteristic sagacity and courage she compassed the difficult undertaking of a message to Creed; and now, with her saddled horse beside her, she stood in the obscurity of the summer night awaiting him below Foeman's Bluff.

She had chosen this point for two reasons: first, the old trail she meant to follow down the mountain passed in close to the spot; and second, it was the last place they would expect Bonbright to approach; his way to it would never be guarded. But of course she ran the risk of Blatch himself or some of his friends and followers appearing. And she held her breath in intense anxiety as the trampling came nearer.

There appeared out of the dense shadow of the bluff a man walking and leading a mule by the bridle. She knew the mule, because she got the silhouette of it against the sky, and directly after she saw the man who led it was tall, with a bandaged head, which he carried in a manner unmistakable, and one shoulder gleaming white—she guessed that that was because his coat was off where the bandages lay under his white shirt and over the wound in his shoulder. It was Creed. With a throb of unspeakable thankfulness she realized that she had all along dreaded that if he came at all Huldah would be with him. She moved out from the dense shadow.

"Whar—whar 's Huldy?" she questioned before she would trust herself to believe. But Creed, full of the wonder of her message, dropped the mule's bridle and came toward her, his uninjured arm outstretched. He put the inquiry by almost impatiently.

"Huldah? She went on down to Hepzibah soon Saturday morning,"

he said. "O Judith, did you mean it —that word you sent me by little Buck?"

He came swiftly up to her, snatching her hand eagerly, pressing it hard against his breast, leaning close in the twilight to study her face.

"You could n't mean it," he hurried on passionately, tremulously—"not now; you just pity me."

"Yes, yes, Creed," she murmured with vehemence; "I did mean it—I sure meant every word of it. But we got to get right away from here. Do ye reckon ye can stand it to ride as far as the foot of the mountain? Ye got to go—and I'm here to take ye."

They moved out of the path and into the deep blackness beneath the trees. There was but a hundredth chance that anybody would be passing here, or watching this point, yet that hundredth chance must be guarded against.

Poor Creed; he detained her, he clung to her hand hungrily, and invoked the sound of her voice. So much hate had daunted him; the strength and sweetness of her presence, the warm tenderness of her tones, were like balm to his lacerated spirit.

"I could n't go to-night—dear—" he faltered, abashed that the first word he uttered to her must be a denial. "You 're mighty sweet and good to offer to take me—I don't know what I have ever done that you should risk this for me; but I 'm to have a chance to talk to your Uncle Jephthah at moonrise to-night, and I can't turn my back on that. He's a fair-minded man, and I 'll make this thing right yet."

Judith shuddered. "Don't you never believe it," she urged in a panting whisper. "Uncle Jep had n't a thing on earth to do with that word goin' to you. He 's left home. I can't find him nowhars, or I'd have went straight to him and begged him to help me out soon as I knew what the boys was aimin' to do. Hit was Blatch planned it all. I heard him and the boys fix it all up—hid out from Uncle Jep down in the grain-room. There 's to be seven of 'em a-waitin' over by the big hollow, and when they get you betwixt them an' the sky at moonrise they 're all promised to shoot at once, so that nary man dast to go back on the others when you 're killed."

Wounded, appalled, the young fellow drew back from her and clung to the saddle of the old mule, with a boyish desire to hide his face against the arm which he threw over it.

"How they hate me!" he breathed at last. "Oh, I've failed—I've failed. I meant so well by them all—and I 've got nothing but their hate. But I won't run. I never ran from anything yet. I 'll stay here and take what comes."

In terror Judith laid hold upon him, clinging to his unwounded arm, pressing her cheek upon his shoulder, making her protest in swift, passionate sentences.

"What good will it do for you to get yourself killed—tell me that? Every one of them men will be murderers, when you 've stayed and seen it through. Oh, don't do it, Creed! You let me take you out of the mountains, or I 'll never know what it is to sleep in peace."

His arm slipped softly round her waist and drew her close against his side, so close that the two young creatures, standing silent in the midst of the warm summer night, could almost hear the beating of each other's heart. In spite of their desperate situation they were tremulously happy.

"I 'll go with you, dear," Creed was beginning, when,

"Hark! What 's that?" whispered Judith, as the quavering cry of a screech-owl came across the gulch to them. "They use—that—for a signal," she breathed. "The boys is out guardin' the trails, and 'pears like they 're a movin'. We got to go quick."

They mounted and drew out in silence. Judith, riding ahead, skirted at a considerable distance the buildings on the old Turrentine place, then followed down a rocky stream-

bed, dry now and leading abruptly into a ravine. Here the girl took her bearings by the summits she could see black against the starlit sky, and, avoiding the open, made for the old Indian trail which would lead them directly down to Garyville. They could ride abreast sometimes, and they began to talk together in these broken intervals.

"Uncle Jep feels mighty bad about this business," said Judith, hastening to offer what consolation she could. "Nothin' would have made him willin' to it, but the fear that when you brought the raiders up he 'd get took hisself. He ain't had nothin' to do with stillin' for more 'n ten year, but of course hit 's on his land, and the boys is his sons. He says he 's too old to go to penitentiary."

Creed reached out in the gloom and got the girl's hand.

"Oh, Judith, darling!" he said eagerly. "Let me tell you right now, and make you understand—I never had any more notion of bringing raiders into the mountains than you have yourself. I do know that blockaded stills and what they mean are the ruin of this country; but, honey, you 've got to believe me when I say I never wanted to get any information about them or break them up."

The girl harkened with close attention to the man—the lover, but with simple indifference to the gist of what he was saying. It was plain that she would have clung to and followed him had he been a revenue officer himself.

"I 'll tell Uncle Jep," she said presently. "He 'll be mighty proud. He does really set a heap of store by you, and they all know it. But I ain't never goin' to let you talk like that to him," she added, the note of proud possession sounding in her voice. "Ef you 're goin' to live in the mountains you 'll have to learn not to have much to say about moonshine whiskey and blockaded stills—you never do know who you might be hittin'."

"You 'll take good care of me, won't you, Judith?" he said fondly, pressing the hand he held. "And I reckon I need it—I surely do manage to get into misunderstandings with people. But that was n't the trouble with Blatch Turrentine—he never thought any such thing as that I was a spy. He was mad at me about something else—and I don't know yet what it was."

Judith laughed softly, low in her throat, so far had they come from the uncertainty, strain and distress of an hour before. When next the trail narrowed and widened again, she came up on his left, the side of the injured arm, but which brought her nearer to him, leaned close and, laying her hand on his shoulder, whispered: "I reckon I know. I reckon you 'll have to blame me with Blatch's meanness."

"Why, of course that was it!" exclaimed Creed. He looped the bridle on his saddle-horn, reached up and drew her hand across his shoulders and around his neck. "That 's what comes of getting the girl that everybody else wants," he said with fond pride. But nobody else can have her now, can they? Say it, Judith—say it to me, dear."

Judith made sweet and satisfying response, and they rode in silence a moment.

Presently Creed spoke once more in the soft darkness.

"I wish I had cut a little better figure in this business—on account of you," he said wistfully. "You 're everything that a man could ask. I don't want you to be ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you!" Judith's deep tones carried such love, such scorn of those who might not appreciate the man of her choice, that he was fain to be comforted.

"If we had known each other better from the first I reckon you would have kept me out of these fool mistakes I 've made," the young fellow said humbly.

"You ain't made no mistakes," Judith declared with reckless loyalty. "Hit 's the other folks—Blatch Turrentine and them that follers him—

no good person could git along with them. Are you much tired, Creed? Does yo' shoulder pain you?"

"No, dear," he said softly, laying his cheek against the hand which he had drawn around his neck. "Nothing pains me any more. I'm mighty happy."

And together thus they rode forward in darkness, toward Garyville and safety.

CHAPTER XIV

In the sickly yellow flare of the kerosene lamps around the Garyville station Judith got her first sight of Creed's face; sunken, the blood drained from it till it was colorless as paper, the eyes wild, purple-rimmed, haggard—it frightened her. She was off of Selim in a moment, begging him to get down and sit on the edge of the platform with her, here on the dark side where nobody would notice them, and they could decide what was to be done next.

He dismounted slowly, stumblingly, gained the edge of the platform, and there sat with drooping head. Judith tied the two animals and ran to sit beside him.

"I 'll be better in a minute, dear," he whispered. "I reckon I got a little tired—riding so far."

For some time Judith sat there, Creed's head on her shoulder, the black night all about them, the little lighted station empty save for the clicking of the telegraph instrument, and the footsteps of the station-master who had opened up for the midnight train. She was desperately anxious and at a loss which way to turn. And yet through all her being there rolled a mighty undernote of joy. As to the dweller on the coast the voice of the sea is the undertone to all the sounds of man's activities, so beneath all her virginal hesitancies, her half-terror of what she had done, surged and sang the knowledge that Creed was hers, her avowed lover. She, Judith, had him here safe; she had brought him away out of the mountains, from those who would have harmed him—and those who would have loved him too well. In all her plannings up to this time she had never quite been able to see clearly what should come after getting Creed down into the valley. Over her stormily beating heart now there rose and fell a little packet of bills, savings above necessary expenditures on the farm and her own modest expenses, savings which had been accumulating since Uncle Jephthah rented the place, and now amounted to some hundreds of dollars. These she had put in the bosom of her frock when she set out on this enterprise, with, as she now realized, the vaguest expectation of ever returning to her uncle's house.

"Creed," she whispered, "air ye better?"

"Yes," responded her charge, "yes—I 'm better."

"I ain't got but one friend on this earth, looks like—," began Creed wearily as he got to his feet, "and now I 'm obliged to send her away from me."

It was more than Judith could bear. She lifted her swimming eyes to him in the dusk; he was recovering self-command and strength, but he was still white, shaken, the bandaged head and shoulder showing how close he had been to death. Her love overbore virgin timidity and tradition.

"Don't send me away then," she said in the deepest tones of that rich passionate voice of hers. "Ef hit 's me you 're namin' when you speak of having but one friend—don't send me away, Creed."

He came close and caught her hand, looking into her face with wondering half-comprehension of her words. That face was dyed with sudden, burning red. She hoped and expected that he would make the proffer which must come from him. When he did not, she burst out in a vehement, tense whisper,

"If—if you love me like you said you did——"

Creed hesitated, bewildered. He was too ill to reason, but he knew one thing.

"I do love you," he said with

Drawn by George Wright (See page 86)

THE DOOR WAS FLUNG BACK AND IN THE DARKNESS STOOD CREED BONBRIGHT

mounting firmness. "I may be a mighty poor sort of a fellow—I've begun to think so of late—but I love you."

Judith put out both hands blindly toward him, whispering:

"And I love you. I don't want nothin' but to be with you an' help you, an' take keer of you. I'll never leave you."

For a moment the young fellow felt only the dizzy rapture of her frank confession. In that instant he saw himself accepting her sacrifice, taking her in his arms; in anticipation he tasted the sweetness of her lips. Then pure reason, that shrew who had always ruled his days, spoke loud, as the bitterness of his situation rolled back upon him.

"No—no!" he cried. "Judith—honey—I can't do that. Why, I'd be robbing you of everything in the world. Your kin would turn against you. Your farm and everything you have in the world would be lost to you." He kissed her tenderly, but sadly, not such a kiss as either could ever have imagined their first to be. "I love you too well to let you wed a man that's fixed like I am—a man that's made such a failure of life—a fugitive—a fellow that has nothing to offer you, and no more standing with your people than a hound dog. I love you better than I do myself or my comfort—or even my life."

In anguished silence Judith received the caress; dumb with misery she got to her horse. Creed stood looking up at her for their last words, when, with a rattle and clang, the train from the north swept in and halted. Selim jibed and fought the bit as any sensible mountain horse feels himself entitled to do under similar circumstances; but Judith heeded him almost not at all.

"My lord! who's that?" she cried, staring toward the lighted train, where the figure of a man mounted the platform.

"What is it?" queried Creed.

"Hit looked like Blatch," whispered the girl; "but I reckon it could n't 'a' been."

"Blatch!" echoed Creed, all on fire in an instant—where now was her poor invalid whose head she had pillowed, of whom she had thought to take care? "Blatch Turrentine!—Good-bye, honey—you must n't be seen with me. If Blatch is here I've got to find and face him. You see that, don't you? You understand."

And he turned and left her so. Oh, these men, with their quarrels and their nice points of honor—while a woman's heart bleeds under the scuffling feet!

She watched him hurry to the train, his staggering step advertising how unfit he was for any such attempt, watched him mount the platform where she had seen the man that looked like Blatch; and then the conductor swung his lantern, the wheels began to revolve, she half cried out, and Selim, at the end of his patience, bolted with her and never stopped running till he had topped the rise above the village.

Here, with some ado, she got him quieted, brought to a standstill, got off and tightened the girth, for the saddle was slipping dangerously. She climbed on once more, mounting from a fallen tree, and was moving again up the trail when someone called her name down toward Garyville.

"Judith!"

She did not turn her head. She knew to whom the voice belonged.

"What you doin' here, Blatch Turrentine?" she demanded fiercely, as he rode up to her, "an' what 'll the boys say to you for slippin' away from 'em to-night?"

He took her inferred knowledge of all his enterprises without a word of comment. Bringing his mule up closer to her where she sat on Selim he answered:

"The boys know whar I'm at. An' I would have been back in plenty time, ef I had n't met you and Bonbright right thar whar that old Cherokee trail comes into the Garyville road."

Judith started, her face burned in the darkness, but she said nothing.

Blatch peered curiously at her as he went on:

"I reckon you never took notice of the wagon that was under the bluff thar by the turn, but that was my wagon, and I was a-settin' on it. I wheeled myse'f round, when I seed 't was Bonbright, and follered you two down to Garyville, and put up my mules."

Again he peered sharply at her.

"Jude," as she still sat silent, "I won't tell the boys what kept me—I won't tell them nary thing about you. I 'll jest let on that I happened to see Bonbright at Garyville."

"You tell what you 're a mind to," said Judith bitterly. "I don't keer what you say."

Blatchley took the retort coolly. But his light gray eyes narrowed under the black brows.

"Bonbright seemed mightily upsot," he commented. "Went off on the train an' left his mule a-standin'."

Went off on the train! Judith's heart leaped, then stood still.

"Ye need n't werry about it—I had Scomp put it up, 'long o' my other'n. He 'll send 'em both up a Wednesday. I reckon it ain't to be wondered at Bonbright was flustered. Who do you 'low he met with on the railroad train?"

Leaning close and watching her face, he pursued,

"They was a little somebody on the railroad train waitin' to go on with him—after he 'd done kissed you good-bye—and *left* you!"

Judith sat, head up, staring at him. Her less worthy nature was always instantly roused at this man's approach. Savage resentment, jealousy, hate, stirred in her crushed spirit; they raised their heads; their movement crowded out grief and humiliation. It must be true—she had proposed Double Springs, and he had said Garyville would be better. He had refused in so many words her offer of herself. He had kissed her—"

"No!—no!—no!" she cried to the man before her, "don't you look at me—don't you speak to me."

"Why, Judith," he protested, hanging on Selim's flank and talking to her as she whirled the sorrel into the road and put him up the slope at a pace which that petted animal very much resented, "why, Judith, ef one feller goes back on you that-a-way you be mad at him—he 's the one to be mad at. Here 's me, I stand willin' to make it up. Creed Bonbright has shamed you—he 's left you, but you could make him look like a fool if you would only say the word—and you and me would——"

"Now you go back!" Judith turned upon him as one speaks to a dog who is determined to follow. "I ain't nary 'nother word to say to you. Leave me alone!"

"But, Judith, hit ain't safe for you to be ridin' up here in the night-time, this-a-way," Blatch insisted. "Lemme jest go along with you—"

"I 'll be a mighty heap safer alone than I 'd be with you," Judith told him, urging Selim ahead, "and anybody that knows you well will say so. You—go—back."

CHAPTER XV

Life closed in on Judith after that with an iron hand. Jephthah Turrentine had finally and definitely repudiated Blatch; Wade was gone down into the valley, where he got work on the railroad; Andy and Jeff, having been converted by a passing exhorter and joined the church, were deemed suitable husbands for her grand-daughters by Granny Lusk, and there was soon to be a double wedding. To go near Cliantha or Pendrilla was to be overwhelmed instantly with the joyous details of their wedding preparations. Judith flinched from bringing her troubles before such happy eyes.

Then the thing happened which had not been since Little Turkey Track was a mountain and Nancy Card was born in the small cabin on the Edge—she took Little Buck and Beezy and went away to visit a married daughter whose husband worked in a machine-shop in a valley settlement, leaving

Doss Provine to stay with his kin for the time.

Just once old Jephthah went past that closed door. Just once he looked on the little front yard spilling over its rived palings with autumn blossoms. And he came home so out of joint with life, in so altogether impossible a mood, that it was fairly unsafe to mention as innocent a matter as the time of day to him. Up to now perhaps he had not known what a very large place in his life those almost daily quarrels with his old sweetheart filled. Now the restlessness which had come with the trouble over Creed Bonbright was renewed; he wandered about aimlessly, with a good word for nothing and nobody, and opined darkly that his liver was out of order.

"Aunt Nancy told me one time that she would almost be willin' to wed you to get a chance to give you a good course of spring medicine for that thar liver," remarked Judith casually. And then she looked up with a wan little smile, to surprise an expression in her uncle's eyes that set her wondering.

Oh, dear Heaven—was it like that? Would she grieve for Creed all her life long, till she was an old, old woman? She declared it should not be so. Love would never be within her reach—within the reach of her utmost efforts—and escape her, leave her an empty husk to be blown by the wind of years to the dust pile of death. One day in this mood she broke down and talked to the Lusk girls.

"He said he 'd shore come back," she concluded hopelessly. "Well, anyhow, he named things that would be done when he come back. I call that a promise. Even if Blatch did say—but who 'd pay attention to what Blatch Turrentine 'd say? I keep thinking he 'll come back."

Pendrilla sat, her great china-blue eyes fixed on Judith's tense, pale, working face. In the glow of Judith's splendid, fiery nature, the colorless little sisters warmed themselves like timid children at a chance hearth. As the full, vibrant voice faltered into silence, Cliantha went forward and took her favorite position on her knees beside Judith, her arms raised and slipped around the taller girl's waist.

"Oh," she began, with a sort of frightened assurance. "Ef my lover had gone from me that-a-way, and I did n't know whar he was at, an' could n't git no news to him nor from him, I know mighty well and good what *I 'd* do."

"What?" whispered Judith, young lioness that she was, reduced to taking counsel from this mouse, "what would you do, Clianthy?"

"I 'd make me a dumb supper and call him," asserted the Lusk girl with tremulous resolution.

"A dumb supper!" echoed Judith, and then again, on a different key: "A dumb supper. I never studied about such as that."

She brooded a moment on the thought, and the girls said nothing, watching her breathlessly.

"Do you reckon hit'd do me any good?" she questioned them, half-heartedly. "Why, dumb suppers always seemed to me jest happy foolishness for light-hearted gals that had sweethearts."

"Oh, no!" disclaimed Pendrilla, joining her sister on the floor at Judith's feet. "They ain't nothin' like foolishness about a shore-enough dumb supper. Why, Judith, Granny Peavey, our maw's mother, told us wunst about a dumb supper that her and two other gals made when she was but sixteen year old, and her sweetheart away from her in Virginny, and she did n't know whar he was at, an' they brought her tales agin him."

"Well?' prompted Judith feverishly. "Did it do any good? Did she find out anything?"

"Her and two others went to a desarted house at midnight—you know that 's the way, Jude."

Judith nodded impatiently.

"They tuck 'em each some bread an' salt, an' a candle to put the pins in and name. I don't know what happened when the candle burned

down to the other girl's pins—I forget somehow—but when the pin Granny had stuck in the candle an' named for her lover was melted out and fell, the do' opened and in he walked and set down beside her. They was n't a word said betwixt 'em. He tasted her salt, an' he et her bread; and then he was gone like a flash! And at that very same identical time that thar young man was a-crossin' the mountains of Virginny. It drawed him, don't you see, Judith?—it drawed him to Granny. He came back to her, shore enough, three months after, and they was wedded. He was our grandpap, Adoniram Peavey—and every word of that 's true."

Judith sank lower in her splint-bottomed chair, looking fixedly above the flaxen heads at her knees, out through the open door, across the chip-pile and away to the bannered splendors of the autumn slopes.

Cliantha laid her head in Judith's lap and began to whimper.

"They 's awful things chanced at them thar dumb suppers," she shivered. "I hearn tell of one gal that never had no true-love come, but jest a big black coffin hopped in at the do' and bumped around to her place and stopped side of her. My law, I believe I 'd die ef sech as that should chance whar I was at!"

Judith's introverted gaze dropped to the girl's face.

"I reckon that gal died," she suggested musingly. "I don't know as I 'd care much ef the coffin come for me. Unless—he—was to come I 'd ruther it would be the coffin. Pendrilly," with a sudden upflash of interest, "what is it that comes? Is it the man hisself—or a ghost?"

"'T ain't a ghost—a shore enough ha'nt," argued Pendrilla soberly, sitting back on her heels, "not unless 'n the man 's dead, hit could n't be. Hit was n't no ha'nt of Grandpap Peavey—and yet hit was n't Grandpap hisself. I reckon it was a sort of seemin'—jest like a vision in the Bible. Don't you, Jude?"

"I 'low," put in Cliantha doubtfully, "that if the right feller is close by when he 's called by a dumb supper, he comes hisself. But ef he 's away off somewhars that he cain't git to the place, then this here seemin' comes. An' ef he 's dead and gone—why, you 'll see his ha'nt."

"They's jest three of us," whispered Pendrilla. "Three is the right number—but I know in my soul I 'd be scared till I would n't be no manner of use to anybody."

"Hit 's comin' close to Hollow Eve," suggested Cliantha. "That 's the time to hold a dumb supper ef one ever should be held. Hit 'll work then, ef it would n't on no other night of the year."

"It has to be held in a desarted house," Pendrilla reiterated the condition. "Ef you was to hold a dumb supper, Jude, we could go right thar to the old Bonbright house—ef we had any way to git in."

"I 've got the key," said Judith scarcely above her breath. "Creed left it with me away last April, to get things for the—for the play-party."

CHAPTER XVI

In her despair Judith clung to this childish idea of a dumb supper, and it finally brought her, the timid, half-reluctant authors of it with her, to the doorstone of Creed's deserted home near midnight on All Souls' Eve.

The empty house bulked big and black before them in the gloom. She took the key from her pocket and opened the front door, Pendrilla and Cliantha clutching her in an ecstasy of delicious terror. She stepped into the front room, struck a match and llghted her candle. It was half past eleven by the small nickel alarm-clock which she carried. Its busy, bustling, modern tick roused strange, incongruous echoes in the old house, and reproved their errand.

Speaker, the hound pup who had refused to be left behind by the Lusk girls, made himself at home, coming in promptly, hunting out the corner he preferred, and turning

around dog-fashion before he lay down and composed himself to half-waking slumbers.

"I reckon in here will be the best place," murmured Cliantha, seeking a candlestick from the mantel for their light. "We could set around this table."

"It 's more better ef we-all set on the flo'," reminded Pendrilla doubtfully. "Don't ye ricollect? all the dumb suppers we ever hearn tell of was held that-a-way. Set on the flo' and put yo' bread and salt on the flo' in front of you."

"Mebbe that 's becaze they was held in desarted houses, and most generally desarted houses don't have no tables nor chairs in 'em," Cliantha speculated.

From the moment the lantern revealed the room to them, Judith had stood drawn back against the wall curiously rigid, her hand at her lip, her over-bright eyes going swiftly from one remembered object to another. This fleeting gaze fixed itself at last on the inner door.

"I 'll go in the other room a minute for—for something," she whispered finally. "You gals set here. I'll be right back. I've got two candles."

She lighted the second candle, left the girls arranging the dumb supper, and stole, as though some one had called her, into that room which she had made ready for Creed's occupancy on the night of the play-party. It had reverted to its former estate of dust and neglect. She looked about her with blank, desolate eyes which finally found upon the bed a withered brown something that held her gaze as she crept toward it—the wreath of red roses!

There it was, the pitiful little lure she had put forward to Love, the garland she had set in place to show Creed how fine a housewife she was, how grandly she would keep his home for him. The brave red roses, the bold laughing red roses, their crimson challenge was shrivelled to darkened shreds, each golden heart was a pinch of black dust; only the thorny stems remained to show what queen of blossoms had been there.

She knelt beside the bed, and when the Lusk girls, frightened at her long absence, crept timidly in to look for her, they found her strangling passionate sobs in its white covering.

"It 's most twelve o'clock, Jude," whimpered Cliantha.

"Hit 's come on to rain," supplied Pendrilla piteously, and a gusty spatter on the small-paned window confirmed her words, as the three girls went back into the room where the candle stood in the middle of the floor with the three portions of bread and salt about it.

The pale little sisters glanced at each other, and then at Judith, wistfully, timorously, almost more in terror of her than of their anomalous situation—this new, unknown Judith who scarce answered when she was spoken to, who continually failed them, who looked so strangely about her and wept so much.

"Pendrilly an' me has done put our pins in close to the bottom," Cliantha explained deprecatingly. "Hit would n't do any good to have Andy an' Jeff come trompin' in here—though I shore would love to see either or both of 'em this minute," she concluded forlornly, as they set the door ajar and the long slanting lines of rain began to drive obliquely in at the opening.

"Push the candle back whar the draught won't git a fair chance at it," quavered Pendrilla. "We 're obliged to have the do' open, or what comes cain't git in. An' we must n't ne'er a one of us say a word from now on, or hit 'll break the charm.

Judith moved the candle and bent to thrust her pin in, close to the top, where the melting tallow might soon free it, concentrating all her soul in a passionate cry that Creed should come to her or send her some sign. Then she crouched on the floor next to Pendrilla and nearest to the door, and the three waited with pale faces.

The wavering light of the candle, shaken by gusts which brought puffs of mist in with them, projected huge,

grotesque shadows of the three heads, and set them dancing upon the walls. The hound pup raised his head, cocked his ears dubiously, and whined under his breath.

"What 's that?" gasped Cliantha. "Did n't you-all hear somethin'?"

Judith was staring at the candle flame and made no reply. Her big dark eyes had the look of one self-hypnotized.

"Oh, Lordy! Ye ort n't to talk at a dumb supper—but I thort I hearn somebody walkin' out thar in the rain!" chattered Pendrilla.

The old house creaked and groaned in the rising autumn storm, as old houses do. The rain drummed on the roof like fingers tapping. The wind stripped dry leaves from the bough, or scooped them up from the hollows where they lay, and carried them across the window, or drove them along the porch, in a gliding, whispering flight that was infinitely eerie.

In their terror the girls looked to Judith. They saw that she was not with them. Her gaze was on the pin in the candle. Back over her heart swept the sweetness of her first meeting with Creed. She could see him stand talking to her, the lifted face, the blue eyes—should she ever see them again?

Then suddenly the flame twisted and bent, the tallow melted swiftly on one side, and Judith's pin fell to the floor.

"'T 's a-comin'," hissed Cliantha frantically.

"Oh, Lord, I wish 't we had n't—" Pendrilla moaned.

The dog uttered a protesting growl that was half a yelp. He raised on his forelegs, and the hair of his head and neck bristled.

Outside, a heavy stumbling step came up the walk. It halted at the half-open door. That door was flung back, and in the square of dripping darkness stood Creed Bonbright, his face chalk-white, his eyes wide and fixed, the rain gemming his uncovered yellow hair.

A moment he stood so, and the three stared at him. Then, with a swish of leaves in the wind and a spatter of rain in their faces, the candle blew out, the girls screamed and sprang up. The hound backed into his corner and barked furiously. Whatever it was, it had crossed the threshold and was in the room with them.

"Jude—Jude!" shrieked Cliantha. "Run! Come on, Pendrilly!"

Judith felt a wavering wet hand fumbling toward her in the darkness. It clasped hers; the arm went around her; she raised her face, and the cold lips of the visitant met her warm tremulous ones.

For an instant she had no thought but that Creed had returned from the dead to claim her—and she was willing to go. Then she was aware of a swift rush, as the fleeing girls went past them, and the patter of the hound's feet following. Slowly the newcomer's weight sagged against her, he crumpled and went to the floor, dragging her down in his fall.

"Girls! Clianthy! Pendrilly!" she cried as she crouched there, clinging to the prostrate form. "Don't leave me—it 's Creed himself. You got to he'p me!"

But the girls were gone like frightened hares. As she got to her feet in the doorway she could hear the sound of their flying footsteps down the lane, mingled with the whisper and rustle of the storm.

She turned back in the dark and knelt down beside him, passing a light, tender hand over his face and chest.

"Creed," she whispered loud and desperately. There was no movement or response.

"Creed," raising her voice. "O my God! Creed, darlin', cain't you hear me? It 's me. It 's Jude—poor Jude that loves you so—cain't you answer her?"

There came no reply. She lifted the cold hand, and when she let go of it, it fell.

(To be concluded)

THE RUBICON

By WILLIAM WINTER

I

One other bitter drop to drink,
    And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
    And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
    Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
    Will soar away!

II

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
    Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
    That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
    I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
    Have died to learn.

III

One motion—and the stream is crost,
    So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
    In endless sleep.
Then, onward! Whatsoe'er my fate,
    I shall not care!
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate
    Can touch me there.

THE PROFESSOR'S AWAKENING

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN C. VONDROUS

I DON'T know how I come to hit such a swell-lookin' house for a hand-out, but I makes my little talk and the Irish girl she says Come in, and into the kitchen I goes.

"It 's Minnesota you 're workin' towards?" says she, pourin' me out a cup of coffee.

She was thinkin' of the wheat harvest where they is thousands makes for, every fall. But not for me. I never did like to work for none of them Scandiluvian Swedes that gets into the field before daybreak an' stays there so long the hired man 's got to milk the cows by moonlight. They ain't got no sense o' proportion, them Oles ain't.

"I been acrost the river into I'way," I says, "workin' at my trade, an' I 'm goin' back to Chicago to work at it some more."

"And what may your trade be," says she, sizin' me up careful; an' I thinks I 'll hand her one she ain't never heard tell of before.

"I 'm an agnostic by trade," I says. I spotted that one in a Carnegie library one time, and that 's the first chance I ever has to spring it. Words has always been more or less my admiration.

"I see," says she. But I seen she did n't see. An' I did n't help her none. She would of rather died than to let on she did n't see. The Irish is like that. Pretty soon she says:

"And ain't it the dangerous trade to work at though!"

"It is," I says, an' says nothin' further.

She sets down an' folds her arms, like she was thinkin' about it, watchin' my hands close all the time I was eatin', like she 's lookin' for scars where somethin' slipped when I done that agnostic work. Pretty soon she says:

"Sure, it 's dangerous! M' brother Michael was kilt at it in the old country. He was the most vinturesome lad of thim all."

"Did it fly up and hit 'im?" I asks her, wonderin' for a minute was she stringin' me or am I stringin' her—the Irish is like that, you can never tell which.

"No," says she. "He fell off of it. An' I 'm thinkin' you don't know what it is yourself." An' the next thing I know I 'm eased out o' that back door an' she 's grinnin' at me scornful through the crack of it.

So I was walkin' slow around towards the front of that house thinkin' to myself how the Irish was a great nation; an' what shall I do now, anyhow? Shall I go to Chicago an' maybe get a job sailin' on the lakes till navigation closes? Or shall I go on down to Saint Looey, an' see what 's doin' around that fair? An' then I thinks to myself: "Danny, you was a fool to let that circus walk off an' leave you asleep in this here little Illinois town with nothin' over you but a barb wire fence this mornin' for now what *are* you goin' to do? First thing you know, you *will* be a regular hobo, which some folks can't distinguish you ain't now." An' just when I was thinkin' that, a guy comes down the front steps of that

house on the jump and nabs me by the coat-collar.

"Did you come out of this house?" he says.

"I did," says I, wonderin' what next.

"Back in you goes, then," he says, marchin' me toward the front steps, "they got small-pox in there."

I like to of jumped loose when he says that.

"Small-pox ain't no inducement to me, mister," I tells him. But he twisted my coat-collar tight an' dug his thumbs into my neck, all the time helpin' me along with his knee; an' I seen they was n't no use pullin' back. He rung the door-bell, and in we went. The girl that opened the door, she looked surprised when she seen me.

"BACK IN YOU GOES, THEN," HE SAYS, "THEY GOT SMALL-POX IN THERE."

"Tell Professor Booth that Doctor Wilkins wants to see him again," says the man a-holt of me, not lettin' loose. An' we says nothin' further till the Professor comes, which he does slow and absent-minded. When he seen me he stopped and took off his glasses so he could see me better, an' he says:

"What is that you got there, Doctor Wilkins?"

"It 's a guest for you," says Doctor Wilkins, grinnin' all over hisself. "I caught him leavin' your house, an' you bein' under quarantine, an' me bein' Secretary to the Board of Health, an' the city pest-house bein' overcrowded already, I 'll have to ask you to keep him here until we get Miss Margery on her feet again," he says. Or they was words to that effect, as the lawyers always asks you.

"Dear me," says the Professor, kind o' helpless like. An' he comes up close and looks me all over like I was one of them amphimissourian lizards in a free museum. An' then he goes to the foot of the stairs, and pipes out in a voice that was so bleached-out an' flat-chested it would of looked just like him if you could of saw it—"Estelle," he says, "O, Estelle!"

Estelle, she comes down stairs, lookin' like she was the Professor's big brother. I found out later she was his old-maid sister. She was n't no spring chicken, an' they was a continual grin on her face that must of froze there years ago. They was a kid about ten or eleven years old come with her, that had hair down to its shoulders and did n't look like it knowed whether it was a girl or a boy. Miss Estelle she looks me over in a way that makes me shiver, while the Doctor an' the Professor explains things to her and jaws about whose fault it is no small-pox sign ain't been hung out. An' when she was through listenin' she says to the Professor, "You better go back to your labratory." And the Professor he went along out an' the Doctor with him.

"What you goin' to do with him, Aunt Estelle?" the kid asks her.

"What would *you* suggest, William dear?" says his aunt. I was n't feelin' very comfortable, an' I was gettin' ready to bolt out the front door now the Doc was gone. An' then I think next it might n't be no bad place to hang out for a few days, even riskin' the small-pox. Which I remembered

sudden I could n't catch it nohow, havin' been vaccinated the year before at Terry Hutt by compulsory medical advice, me bein' temporary engaged in repair work on the city pavements through a mistake in the police court.

William dear looks at me like it was the day of judgment an' his job was separatin' the fatted calves from the goats and prodigals, and he says:

"Don't you think, Aunt Estelle, we better get his hair cut an' get him shaved the first thing, an' then get him clothes?"

"William dear is my friend," thinks I.

She calls James, which was the butler, an' James he buttles me into a bathroom the like of which I never seen before, an' then he buttles me into a suit of somebody's clothes an' into a room at the top of the house next to his'n, an' then he comes an' buttles a razor at me, him bein' the most mournful-lookin' fat man I ever seen; an' he says that me not bein' respectable I 'll take my meals alone in the kitchen after the servants is done. People has made similar errors about me before.

An' first thing I knowed I 'd been in that house more 'n a week. I eats an' I sleeps an' I smokes an' I enjoys the absence of worry. The only uncomfortable part about bein' a guest was Miss Estelle. Soon as she found out I was an agnostic, she took charge of my intellectuals and the things that went into 'em. An' whatever brand of disgrace them agnostics really is I ain't never found out to this day, just havin' come acrost the word accidental.

Biddy Malone, which was the kitchen mechanic, she says the Professor's wife 's been over to her mother's while this small-pox has been goin' on. An' Biddy she says if she was Mrs. Booth she 'd stay there too. They 's been some talk anyhow, Biddy says, about Mrs. Booth and a musician feller around that town. But Biddy, she likes Mrs. Booth, and even if it was true, which it ain't, who could blame her? For things ain't joyous around that house since Miss Estelle she come to live there. The Professor, he 's so full of scientifics he don't know nothin' with no sense to it, Biddy says; but while scientifics is worryin' to the nerves of a family, an' while his labratory often makes the house smell like a sick drug-store had crawled into it an' died there, they would n't of been no serious row on between the Professor and his wife, not *all* the time, if it had n't been for Miss Estelle. She 's made herself boss of that house, and she 's a she-devil, Biddy says. An' between them scientifics and Miss Estelle, things has got where Mrs. Booth can't stand 'em much longer.

I did n't blame her none for gettin' sore on her job, neither. You can't expect a woman that 's pretty, an' knows it, an' ain't more 'n thirty-two or three, an' don't look it, to be interested in mummies, an' pickled snakes, an' chemical profusions, not *all* the time. Maybe when Mrs. Booth would ask him, Biddy says, if he was goin' to take her to the opery that night, the Professor would look up in an absent-minded way an' ask her did she know them Germans had invented a new disease. It would n't of been so bad if the Professor had picked out one brand of scientifics an' stuck to 'em regular. Mrs. Booth could of got used to any one kind. But maybe this week the Professor's bug would be ornithography an' he 'd be chasin' hummin'-birds all over the front lawn; an' the next he 'd be puttin' gastronomy into William's breakfast feed. They was always a row on over the kids, which they had n't been till Miss Estelle come. Mrs. Booth she said they could kill their own selves if they wanted to, him and Miss Estelle, but she had more right than any one else to say what went into William's digestive ornaments. She did n't want him brought up scientific nohow, but just human. But Miss Estelle 's got so she bosses that whole house now, an' the kids don't hardly dare kiss their ma in front of her on account

of germs and things. An' with Miss Estelle takin' care of their religious organs an' their intellectuals an' things like that, an' the Professor fillin' 'em up on new invented feeds, I reckon they never was two kids got more education to the square inch, outside and in. It had n't worked none on Miss Margery yet, her bein' younger, but William dear he took it hard and serious, an' it made bumps all over his head. Every time that boy cut his finger he just naturally bled scientifics.

One night when I 've been there more 'n a week, an' gettin' kind o' tired o' stayin' in one place so long, I don't want to go to bed after I eats, an' I gets a-hold of some of the Professor's cigars an' goes into the library to see if he 's got anythin' fit to read. An' sittin' there thinkin' of the awful remarkable people they is in this world, I must of went to sleep. Pretty soon in my sleep I hears two voices. An' then I wakes up sudden and still hears 'em, low an' quick like, in the room that opens right off the library with a couple of them slidin' doors like is onto a box car. One voice was a woman's voice, and it was n't Miss Estelle's.

"But I *must* see them before we go, Henry," she says.

An' the other was a man's voice, an' it was n't no one around our house.

"But, my God," he says, "suppose you catch it yourself, Jane!"

I set up straight then, for Jane was the Professor's wife's first name.

"You mean suppose *you* catch it," she says. I like to of seen the look she must of give him to fit in with the way she said that *you*. He did n't say nothin', the man didn't; an' then her voice softens down some, an' she says, low an' slow: "Henry, would n't you love me if I did get it? S'pose it marked me all up."

"Oh, of course," he says, "of course I would. Nothin' can change the way I feel. *You* know that." He said it quick enough, all right, just the way they do on the stage, but it sounded *too much* like it does in a show to of suited me if I 'd a-been her. I seen folks overdo them little talks before this.

I listens some more, an' then I seen. This is that musician fellow Biddy Malone 's been talkin' about. She 's goin' with him all fight but she's got to kiss the kids first. Women is like that. They may hate the kids' father all right, but it ain't many of them don't like the kids. I thinks to myself: "It must be late. I bet they was already started, and she made him bring her here first so she could sneak in an' see the kids; she just could n't get by. But she 's takin' a fool risk, too, for how 's she goin' to see Miss Margery with the nurse comin' and goin' all night? An' even if she tries just to see William it 's a ten to one shot he 'll wake up an' she'll be caught at it." An' then I thinks, Suppose she is? What of it? Ain't a woman got a right to come to her own house, even if it is quarantined, an' see her kids? An' if she 's caught seein' 'em, how would anyone know she was fixin' to run off? An' ain't she got a right to have a friend of her husband's bring her over from her mother's house, even if it is a little late? Then I seen she was n't takin' no great chances neither, an' I thinks maybe I better go an' put the Professor wise to what 's doin'; he 's treated me pretty white. An' then I thinks: "I be dam if I meddle; so far 's I can see, the Professor ain't gettin' far from what 's comin' to him, nohow; an' as for *her*, you got to let some people find out some things for theirselves. Anyhow, where do *I* get on at?"

But I want to get a look at Henry, anyhow. So I eases off my shoes, an' I eases over to them slidin' doors, an' I puts my face to the crack; the talk goin' back an' forth between them two, him wantin' her to come away quick, an' her undecided whether to see the kids. An' all the time she 's half hopin' maybe she 'll be caught if she does try to see 'em, an' she 's beggin' off for time generally.

I did n't blame that musician

fellow none when I seen her. She was a peach.

An' I could n't blame her so much, neither, when I thought o' Miss Estelle an' all them scientific gags of the Professor's strung out for years and years.

An' yet, when I piped the man, I sorto' wished she would n't. I seen right off Henry would n't do. It takes a man with a lot o' the real goods to keep a woman jollied along an' feelin' good when he 's married to her, but it takes a man with twicet as much to make her feel right when he ain't. I seen them things work out before this. This guy wears one of them little brown pointed beards to hide where his chin ain't. An' his eyes is too much like a woman's which is the kind that always gets the biggest piece of pie at the lunch counter an' then forgets the girl that brings it.

SHE WAS SETTIN' DOWN IN FRONT OF A TABLE, TWISTIN' HER FINGERS TOGETHER, AN' HE WAS WALKIN' UP AN' DOWN

She was settin' down in front of a table, twistin' her fingers together, an' he was walkin' up an' down. I seen he was mad, an' tryin' not to show it, an' I seen he was scared of the small-pox an' tryin' not to show that. An' just about that time somethin' happened that jolted me.

They was one of them big chairs in that room where them two was, that has got a high back an' spins around on itself. It was right acrost from me, on the other side of the room, facin' the front winder. An' it begins to turn, slow an' easy. At first I thought it was n't turnin'. An' then I seen it was. But they did n't. They was all took up with each other in the middle o' the room.

She turns a little more, that chair. Will she squeak, I wonders?

"Don't be a fool, Jane," says the Henry fellow.

An' around she comes three inches, that chair, without a squeak.

"A fool?" says Jane, an' laughs. "An' I ain't a fool to think of goin' with you at all, then?"

Six inches more, an' not a squeak, an' I seen the calf of a leg an' part of a crumpled coat tail.

"But I *am* goin', Henry," says Jane, an' gets up like she's goin' to put her arms around him.

But Jane don't. For that chair swings clear around an' there sets the Professor. He 's all hunched up an' caved in an' he 's rubbin' his eyes like he 's just woke up, an' he 's got a grin on his face that makes him look like Sister Estelle looks all the time.

"Excuse me," says the Professor.

An' they both swings round an' faces him. I can hear my heart bumpin'. Jane never says a word. The man with the brown beard never says a word. But if they felt like me they both felt like layin' right down an' havin' a fit. They looks at him, an' he sets there and grins at them.

An' after a while Jane, she says:

"Well, now you know! What are you goin' to do about it?"

An' Henry he starts to say somethin' too, but——

"Don't start nothin'" says the Professor; "*you* ain't goin' to do nothin'." Or they was words to that effect.

"Professor Booth," he says, seein' he 's got to make some sort of a chin-play before the woman, "I am——"

"Shut up," says the Professor, real quiet. "I 'll tend to you in a minute. *You* don't count for much.

This here thing is mostly between me and my wife."

When he talks so decided, I thinks maybe that Professor 's got somethin' in him besides science after all. An' Jane she looks kind o' surprised herself. But she says nothin' except:

"What are you goin' to do, Frederick?" An' then she laughs one of them mean kind of laughs, an' looks at Henry like she wanted him to smoke up, an' says: "What *can* you do, Frederick?"

Frederick, he says, still quiet:

"There 's several things I could do that would look bad in the newspapers. But it ain't none of them, without one of you forces it onto me." Or they was words to that effect.

Then he says, "You *did* want to see the children, Jane?"

She nodded.

"Jane," he says, "can't you see I 'm more of a man than that dam sissy?"

The Professor, he was woke up after all them years of scientifics, an' he did n't want to see her go. "Look at him," he says, pointin' to the man with the brown beard, "he 's scared stiff right now."

I 'd a-been scared myself if I 'd a-been caught with the goods on that-a-way, an' the Professor's voice soundin' like chopped ice clinkin' in a high-ball glass every time he looked at the Henry feller. I seen the Professor did n't want no blood on the carpet without he had to have it, but I seen he was makin' up his mind about somethin' too. Jane she says:

"You a better man? You? You think you been a model husband just because you never beat me none, don't you?" Or it was words to that effect.

"No," says the Professor, "I been a blame fool all right. I been a worse fool maybe than if I had o' beat you some." Then he turns to Henry an' he says:

"Dools is out o' fashion, ain't they? An' killin's looks bad in the papers, don't they? Well, you wait for me." An' he ducks out, an' I hear him runnin' down-stairs into his labratory.

An' Henry, he don't want to wait. But Henry, he 's ashamed not to wait with her a-lookin' at him. An' it 's up to him to make some kind of a strong play, but he don't do it; an' she 's too much of a thoroughbred to show him she expects it. An' me, I'm gettin' the fidgets and wonderin' to myself, "What is that Professor up to now? Whatever it is, it ain't like no one else. He's nuts, that Professor. An' she 's nuts. I wonder is they anyone that ain't nuts sometimes?" An' I been around some, too, but I ain't never seen no one that was n't nuts when the *search us the fem* come into the case, which is a Dago word I got out of a newspaper, meanin', "Who was the dead gent's lady friend?" An' we all set an' sweat an' fidgeted waitin' for that nut Professor.

He come back, with that Sister Estelle grin splittin' his face in two, and a pill box in his hand. They was two pills in the box. He says, placid an' chilly:

"Yes, sir, dools is out of fashion, an' blood looks bad in the newspapers. This here is the age of science. All the same, the one that gets her has got to fight for her. If she ain't worth fightin' for, she ain't worth havin'. Here is two pills. I made 'em. One 's got enough poison in it to kill a whole regiment, when it gets to goin' good, which it does fifteen minutes after takin'. The other 's got nothin' in it but harmlessness. If you get the poison one, I keep her. If I get it, you can have her, only I hope you 'll wait long enough so there won't be no scandal around town."

Henry never said a word. He opened his mouth, but nothin' come of it. When he done that I thought I heard his tongue rub against his cheek like a piece of sand-paper. He was scared, Henry was.

"But you know which is which," Jane says. "The thing ain't fair."

"That is why," says the Professor,

"my dear Jane is goin' to shuffle them pills around each other her ownself, an' then pick out one for him an' one for me. *You* don't know which is which. An' him bein' in favor, he 's goin' to get first choice. An' if he gets the one that I want him to get, Mr. Murray will please leave the house and the premises an' get so far off in the fifteen minutes that 's left to him that he won't die near my place. Everythin' is goin' to be nice an' quiet an' respectable, an' no questions asked nowhere, because the action of this here chemical is similar to heart failure. I ain't a-goin' to have no blood nowhere without I have to," he says. Or they was words to that effect.

He 's rubbin' it in too much, I thinks, an' I wonders if I had n't better butt in and stop it. An' then I thinks: "No; it 's them three." Besides, I want to see which one 's goin' to get that loaded pill. I always been interested in games of chance of all kinds, an' when I seen the Professor was such a dead-game sport, I 'm sorry I been misjudgin' him all this time.

"I refuse," says Jane, "to be a party to any murder like this."

"Huh! You do?" says the Professor. "Well, it 's past your time to refuse now. You made yourself a party to it already. You're the main party to it. But do as you like," he says. "I'm givin' him more than I ought to. I 'm givin' him his equal chance with them pills, instead of shootin' him. An' if you want to see fair play kept up, you got to hand 'em out. *You* got to kill one or the other of us, or else I 'll kill him the other way. *You* better pick out one for him, for *I* know which is which. Or else let him pick one himself," he says.

"MR. MURRAY, ARE YOU GOIN' TO MAKE ME SHOOT YOU AFTER ALL?"

Henry he was n't sayin' nothin'. I thought he fainted. But he had n't; I seen him lickin' his lips. I bet Henry's mouth was dry inside.

Jane she took the box an' she went around in front o' Henry an' she held it out to him, an' she looked at him hard. She looked at him like she was thinkin': "For God's sake, smoke up, an' take one if it *does* kill you!" An' then she says out loud: "Henry, if you die, I will die too!"

An' Henry he took one. His hand shook. But he took it. If she'd a looked at me like that, maybe I would of took one myself. She was a peach. But I don't know. When she makes that break about dyin', I looks at the Professor. It never fazed that nut. An' I thinks again, "Maybe I better butt in an' stop this deal." An' then I thinks: "No; it 's up to them three and Providence." Besides, I 'm anxious to see who 's goin' to get that pill with the science in it. I gets to feelin' like Providence hisself was in that next room pickin' out them pills with his own hands, an' I was anxious to see what Providence's ideas o' right an' wrong was like. So far as I could see, they was all three wrong, but if I 'd a-been in there runnin' them pills in Providence's place, I 'd a let 'em all down easy.

Henry he ain't eat his pill yet. He 's just lookin' at it. The Professor reaches for his watch, and don't find none on hisself. Then he reaches over an' takes Henry's watch,

" YOU THINK I'M GOIN' TO RUN ANY RISKS OF ANY KIND FOR ANYONE LIKE HIM ?"

an' opens it, an' lays it on the table. "A quarter past eleven," he says. "Mr. Murray, are you goin' to make me shoot you, after all? I did n't want no scandal," he says. "It 's up to you whether you want to eat that pill an' get your even chance, or whether you want to get shot. The shootin' way is sure, but it causes so much talk. These pills don't implicate no one. Which?"

An' he pulls a gun.

Henry, he looks at the gun,

Then he looks at the pill.

Then he swallows the pill.

The Professor puts his gun back into his pocket, an' then he puts his pill into his mouth. But he don't swallow it. He looks at the watch, an' he looks at Henry.

"Sixteen minutes past eleven," says the Professor. "Mr. Murray will be dead at exactly twenty-nine minutes to twelve. I got the harmless one. I can tell by the taste of the chemicals."

An' he put the pieces out into his hand to show that he 's chewed his 'n up, not bein' willing to wait no fifteen minutes for a verdict from his digestive ornaments. Then he put them pieces back into his mouth an' chewed 'em up an' swallowed 'em down like he was eatin' cough-drops.

Henry 's got sweat breakin' out all over his face, an' he tries to make for the door, but he falls onto a sofa.

"This is murder," he says, weak like. An' he tries to get up again, but this time he falls to the floor in a faint.

"It 's a dam short fifteen minutes," I says to myself. "It ain't scarcely two minutes. The Professor must of got more science into that there pill than he thought he had."

An' when Henry falls the woman staggers and tries to throw herself on top of him. The corners of her mouth was all drawed down, and her eyes was turned up. But she don't yell none. She can't. She tries, but she just gurgles in her throat. The Professor won't let her fall. He catches her. "Sit up, Jane," he says, with that Sister Estelle look still onto his face, "and let 's talk."

She looks at him with no more sense in her face than a piece of putty has got. But she can't look away from him. And I 'm paralyzed too. If that fellow layin' on the floor had only just kicked once, or

grunted, or done somethin', I could of loosened up and yelled. But he ain't more 'n dropped till I 'm feelin' like he 's been there a hundred years, an' like the last word spoke was a hundred years ago.

"You 're a murderer," says Jane, in a whisper, lookin' at the Professor in that stare-eyed way, like she was tryin' to make herself feel sure he really was one.

"Murder, Hell!" says the Professor. "You think I 'm goin' to run any risks of any kind for anyone like him? He 's scared, that 's all. He 's just fainted through fright. He 's a coward. Them pills was both bread and sugar. He 'll be all right in a minute or two. I just been showin' you that fellow ain't got nerve enough for a woman like you, Jane," he says.

Then she begins to laugh and sob both at once, kind of wild like, her voice cluckin' like a hen does, and she says:

"It 's worse, it 's worse, it 's worse than murder! Some farces is more tragic than any tragedy is," she says. Or they was words to that effect.

An' if Henry had of been really dead she would n't of took it no harder than she begun to take it now she saw he was n't. But I seen she was takin' on for herself now, more than for Henry. Women is queer. When they is nuts about a man they can stand it to have that man killed a good deal better than to have him showed up ridiculous right in front of them. They will still be nuts about the man that 's dead, even if he was a crook. But they don't never forgive a lobster. You can be anything else and get away with it, but if you 're a lobster all bets is off. Women is made unlike most other animals in some ways. And when the Professor kicks Henry in the ribs, and he comes to and sneaks out, Jane she never even looks at him.

"Jane," says the Professor, when she quiets down some, "you got a lot o' things to forgive me. But do you s'pose I learned enough sense so we can make a go of it if we start over again?"

But Jane she never said nothin'.

"Jane," he says, "Estelle is goin' back to New England, next week, to stay there for good."

Jane, she begins to take a little interest then. "Did Estelle tell you so?" she says.

"Why, no," says the Professor, "Estelle don't know it yet. I 'm goin' to break the news to her in the mornin'."

But Jane still hates him. She 's makin' herself hate him hard. She would n't of been a human woman if she could of been coaxed up as easy as all that. Pretty soon she says, "I'm tired." an' she went out lookin' like the Professor was a perfect stranger. She was a peach, Jane was.

I THINKS ABOUT HENRY'S WATCH ALL UNPROTECTED ON THAT TABLE

After she left the Professor set there quite a while an' smoked, an' he was lookin' tired out too. An' they wasn't no mistake about me. I was dead all through my legs. An' when the Professor leaves I says to myself: "There is too much emotions around this here house for a quiet man, an' I better light a rag, small-pox or no small-pox." So I goes to the front window an' opens it easy,

but I thinks about Henry's watch all unprotected on that table, everybody else havin' forgot it, an' I thinks I better hunt Henry up an' give it to him. I explains to the police that my intentions with regard to that watch was perfectly honorable, but the police says it ain't natural to be seen comin' out of a front window at midnight with a handsome gold watch in your hand; an' if you 're a-huntin' the owner you are doin' it peculiar. If I 'd of been a thief, would n't I of stole the silverware a week before that? But the more I travels around the more fools I see who can't understand how a honest an' upright citizen out of a job at his own trade can get into circumstantial evidence an' still be an honest an' upright citizen.

THE PARTING

YOUTH—Youth—whither goest thou?
Thou and I have never yet been parted.
What dream is deceiving thee
That thou wilt be leaving me,
Who hast never left me since we started?

See—the road lies long before:
Look not on the byway.
Life entreats us more and more:
Let my way be thy way.

Youth—Youth—whither wilt thou wander?
Would thy feet go back into the garden?
We stole out together
Never asking whether
Time would take us back again and pardon.

See—the road lies still and white:
Do not look behind us,
For the end is not in sight,
Where the night will find us.

Youth—Youth—full fain would I follow.
Fain my feet would follow in the little paths aside,
Ah, my heart is grieving me
That thou wilt be leaving me!
Something of my joy in life has died.

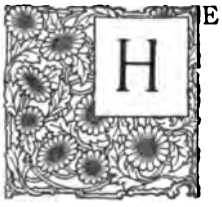
See—how long the lone road lies,
Bare and still, in truth.
Backward turn my longing eyes—
Youth—Youth!

LOUISE DRISCOLL

LESS THAN KIN

By ALICE DUER MILLER

VI



HE was unprepared for the size and magnificence of the Overton house. If he had been an older resident of Hilltop, he would have known that to visit the daughter of Balby Overton was a thing not to be done unadvisedly or lightly. It was an occasion to be dressed for, and mentioned afterward, with a casualness only apparent.

But Vickers knew nothing of this, —only knew that a pretty girl had asked him to visit her, and that an evening had soon presented itself when he found it convenient to go. Nor would he, for his nature lacked reverence, have been very much impressed at knowing that Overton was thought a great man in the neighborhood. He had begun life like all the other men in Hilltop, had skated and swum in the river with the rest, had gone to school with the other boys, and had not, as they delighted to remember, been very wise or very industrious. Afterward he had studied law and then gone into a law-office in the nearest large town. From that moment he had begun to rise; so that the old conservative firm which had consented to receive him as a clerk was now generally spoken of as "Overton's partners." He was considered the first lawyer in the state, and spoken of as the next senator. He was known, too, to have made money.

And yet he had never moved away from Hilltop. Hilltop itself expected it, and waited anxiously for the first symptom; waited to hear him complain of the heat of summer, or the exigencies of his daughter's education. He never spoke of either. Perhaps political reasons chained him, or perhaps he was not above enjoying the position of a big man in a small place, or possibly he was bound by an affection for the neighborhood where he was born and bred. In any case, he built himself a new house, and an anomalous being, whose position Hilltop never clearly understood, came and laid out the grounds —"a lands*cape* gardener," was understood to be his official title. Hilltop on the whole disapproved of him. He planted strange trees, and they asked each other why it was, "if Balby wanted trees so bad, he did n't build his house down in the woods."

But Overton himself remained unchanged—unchanged at least as far as any one could judge. He still came to town meetings and quarrelled with Dr. Briggs just as he had always done. It is true that certain people who had always called him "Balby," or even "Scrawny" (for he was thin), began now to let slip an occasional "Mr. Overton," but he still took the 8.12 train in the morning, and the 5.37 in the afternoon; his daughter still went among them like all the other daughters of Hilltop; and if he had not had a big house, and strange, obscure, but very expensive objects understood to be "first editions," no one could have laid a finger on any alteration in him.

Vickers did not of course know anything of all this, did not notice the impressive gate, or the iron palings, or anything until a large stone house loomed up before him in the moonlight. Then, after he had rung the

bell, he turned to look at the view, and as he withdrew his eyes from the soft shadowy rolling country, he saw that in the foreground was a long marble balustrade, and beyond this, marble seats and fountains that stood out sharply against a background of cedars.

The servant who answered the door said that Miss Overton was on the piazza, and led the way to the back of the house, where Vickers found that he had been anticipated by two young men, who were sitting on the steps of the piazza, looking up at the girl in her low wicker chair. It struck Vickers that the conversation had languished, for there was a decided pause as he approached. But this illusion was dispelled by Miss Overton's greeting, which was so markedly constrained, so totally different from the manner in which she had invited him to come, that Vickers did not need much perception to guess that she had been warned he was not a desirable acquaintance.

He did not allow that knowledge, however, to chill his pleasant manner. He took his place on the steps, although there were a number of luxurious looking chairs standing about. He was punctiliously introduced to both of the young men, and he remarked at once that it was very kind in Miss Overton to let him come, as he seemed to be in the way at home.

"Oh, I suppose Mr. Emmons was there," said Miss Overton; and it presently appeared that Miss Overton did not think Mr. Emmons half good enough for Nellie. One of the young men said rather gruffly that he did not think so either, and was greeted by so many sly giggles and innuendoes that Vickers gathered that he too had had pretensions in this direction.

Vickers contented himself by remarking that Emmons did not seem to him a romantic figure, and Miss Overton burst out:

"And Nellie of all people, who might have married so many nice men."

"The deuce you say," cried Vickers, and was rewarded for his interest by hearing all the gossip of Nellie's love-affairs for the last six years.

He turned to Miss Overton. "And why did not Nellie accept any of these eligible proposals?" he asked.

There was a short but awkward pause, and then Miss Overton replied in a low voice that she understood Nellie did not feel she could leave her uncle.

The answer, though not painful for the reason they thought, was nevertheless painful to Vickers. It seemed to set a new obstacle between him and Nellie. A woman might forgive you for overworking her, even for robbing her, but for coming between her and a man she fancied—never. No wonder he had not found it easy to establish pleasant relations with her. The task looked harder than ever.

He had no difficulty in thawing little Miss Overton's manner. She was a type he understood better. She giggled so delightedly every time he opened his mouth, that he felt emboldened to stay even after the two young men had risen together. As soon as they had gone the former constraint returned to the girl's manner. She asked stiffly:

"Do you find Hilltop much changed Mr. Lee?"

"I find myself changed," answered Vickers. He had no intention of losing any of the advantages of his position, nor was he going until he had drawn her back to a more friendly tone. "You see I have been living among another people. Did it ever strike you, Miss Overton, what is the distinguishing trait of the Anglo-Saxon race?"

Miss Overton, who was not quite sure what the Anglo-Saxon race was, answered that it had not.

"Why their ability to pick out another person's duty. Ever since I 've been here every one has been telling me what my duty is—except you."

"But is n't that a help, sometimes, Mr. Lee?" the girl asked shyly. She

had heard that her visitor was sometimes in need of a little advice in this matter.

"Ah, but how do they know my duty, Miss Overton? They all think they do; but do they? There are so many different kinds of duty, just as there are so many different kinds of virtue."

"But are there many?" asked Miss Overton, trying to think how many she had learned there were at school. Was it nine virtues, or nine Muses. She was sure about the seven deadly sins.

"Oh, all sorts and kinds. I had a servant once in Central America, who was the kindest little chap to animals. When my mackaw was ill, he insisted on sitting up all night with it, and yet I found out afterward that just before he came to me he had murdered his mother and grandmother, because he said they nagged him."

"What an interesting life you must have had, Mr. Lee," said the girl, for this casual mention of crimes was startling to Hilltop notions.

"And courage is a queer thing," Vickers went on; "I knew a native down there who cried when an American knocked him down, and yet when it came to sheer crazy courage—"

Just at this moment a tall figure came through the window.

"What a beautiful night," said a quiet voice.

"Father, this is Mr. Lee," said the girl, and there was a something anxious, almost appealing, in her tone.

The anxiety seemed unnecessary for Overton answered pleasantly: "What, Bob Lee? glad to see you here!" As he spoke he stepped out into the moonlight, and Vickers saw his long thin clever Yankee face. "Just going?" he went on, glancing at his guest, who as a matter of fact had no such intention. "I 'll walk a little way with you."

Vickers was surprised at the Great Man's cordiality, but his surprise was short-lived. Indeed it lasted no further than the corner of the piazza.

"I always think, Mr. Lee," Overton began at once, "that if a disagreeable thing has to be said, the sooner the better. Now I hope you will come and see me again, come and see me as often as you feel like it; but I do not desire your friendship for my daughter."

In his day Vickers had knocked men down for less, but there was something so calm and friendly and reasonable in Overton's manner that it never occurred to him to do more than ask quite mildly:

"And why this difference, sir?"

"Oh," said Overton, "I allow myself a great many things I don't permit Louisa—whiskey and cigars, and acquaintances with reformed characters. I assume that you have reformed, Mr. Lee, or else you would not have come to see us at all."

"There is something very frank about the way you assume that I needed to," retorted Vickers.

"I make it a point even in court," said Overton, "not to dispute the obvious."

It struck Vickers that there was no use in resenting insults to a past with which he was so little connected that he was in complete ignorance of its dark places. Hoping to throw a little light upon the subject he began:

"Perhaps you will tell which incident or incidents of my past you—"

Overton cut him short with a smile. "No," he said, "I won't. In the first place I don't mean to walk so far, and in the second it would n't be pertinent. The point is that you are a reformed character. In my experience there is nothing so dangerous to the young. Their admiration for the superb spectacle of Satan trodden underfoot is too apt to include an admiration of Satan himself. In short, my dear sir, I don't think you have any ground for quarrelling with me because I think you a dangerous fellow for young girls."

"It is not exactly a compliment," said Vickers.

"Either of those young sparks who have just gone would have given

ten years of his life for such an accusation." Both men laughed at the incontestable truth of this assertion, but Vickers felt it necessary to say:

"But I am a good deal older than they are."

"And a good many other things as well." They had reached the impressive gate-post, and Overton stopped. "Suppose you come and dine with me to-morrow night," and he added, in exactly the same tone, "Louisa is dining with a friend."

Vickers looked at him a moment and then exclaimed candidly: "Now I wonder why in thunder you asked me to dinner."

Overton smiled. "Let me tell you," he answered. "I must confess I was an eavesdropper this evening. Sitting in the house I could hear your voice, and I amused myself trying to guess who you could be that I could not place in Hilltop. I could not even guess your family. It was principally to satisfy my curiosity that I came out."

"Do you remember me, Mr. Overton, before I went away," asked Vickers eagerly.

"I have an excellent memory," answered the lawyer, briefly.

"Do I seem to you to have changed?"

"Physically changed, you mean?"

"Yes."

Overton looked at him reflectively in the moonlight.

"More than physically," he returned at length.

"Mentally?"

"Mentally, if you like. It seems to me, Lee, that you have changed your soul, and you will forgive my saying that it seems to me a damned good thing. Good night."

Vickers went on his way whistling. The interview had raised his spirits with its suggestion that his own personality might yet triumph over Lee's. It seemed a very fitting climax to the evening, when he saw Nellie standing at the door, most evidently looking for him.

"Ah, Nellie," he said, "you were afraid I had bolted."

"I was not," she answered firmly; "only I did not want to lock up the house, until you were in."

"Nellie," he said again, "you were most mortally afraid in the depths of that hard little heart of yours that I had run away."

"I don't know whether I am most afraid you will run away, or disgrace us by staying. Where have you been, Bob?"

Vickers looked down at her and felt inclined to refuse her the information, but seeing possibilities in telling her, he almost instantly answered:

"I have most safely engaged in a visit to Miss Overton."

"Louisa Overton? Oh, Bob, how could you?"

"But why not? I had supposed it one of the very most respectable—"

"You know that is not what I meant."

"Perhaps you will tell me what you do mean."

"You must not go and see little Louisa. She is a perfect child. She has seen nothing, and knows no one. I do not think she would even amuse you very much, Bob. She is too simple and innocent. I can not think what put it into your head to go."

"Well, one of the things was that she asked me."

"You must not go again."

"I can hardly avoid it. I am dining there to-morrow night."

"She *asked* you to dinner?"

"Certainly I did not invite myself."

There was a short pause, and then Nellie said, with determination: "Bob I am to a certain degree responsible for your being here at all."

"You are entirely responsible."

"I feel the responsibility. I feel it is my duty to make you behave rightly while you are here. It is not behaving rightly to try and acquire an influence over an inexperienced child like Louisa Overton."

"My dear Nellie, how women jump to conclusions! Is an evening visit a sure prelude to acquiring an influence?"

"Yes, for a man like you."

"Be careful, or I shall interpret that as a compliment, if you don't change the form of your sentence."

"You may interpret it as you like," returned she. "I repeat that it is quite possible that your looks, your size, your manner and your adventures might be very dazzling to a girl, who," she added relentlessly, "did not know much about you."

"But every one here seems to know everything about me, to judge by their disapproving glances."

"I don't believe that Louisa does. But I tell you frankly, Bob, if you go there again—"

"Another threat, Nellie? I never knew any one who believed so completely in government by threat."

"How else can I treat you?"

"Well, you might try being a little bit nice to me. Don't you think that would be rather more likely to make me stay at home? But to be left alone in the garden, while you and Emmons—"

"You were at liberty to join us."

"Ay, there 's a prospect to keep a man at home. Three of us, so congenial, sitting up making conversation. A dangerously alluring proposition, Nellie, upon my word!"

"You can hardly expect me to refuse to see Mr. Emmons because you have come home."

"I do not say what I expect: I ask you to be a little more civil to me. I don't make it a business proposition, and I don't make it a threat like you; but if you really want me to stay at home, and behave myself, there is only one way to do it."

Nellie looked very grave and then began to smile.

"You know that sounds rather like a threat to me," she said.

"Then you see the force of bad example. I did not use to threaten my friends."

"I am not your friend," she answered quickly.

"What are you?"

If he had expected to hear her reply "your enemy," he was wrong.

"It seems to me that for six years I have been your slave—"

"I wish I had known it."

"And now I intend that you shall be mine."

He laughed. "Well, you are frank, at least. But let me tell you, that it has never been found good commercial policy to treat even slaves too badly. Your whole position is based on the assumption that I shall always prefer this house to State's Prison. But be careful. There is many a good criminal whom I should prefer to Emmons as a companion, and a warder is tender and human compared to you, Nellie. Have a little commonsense, my dear girl. If I am to stay, you must be civil."

She turned sharply away from him, and he made no effort to detain her. They walked side by side across the hall, absorbed in their own thoughts. Nellie's were obvious. She was plainly weighing the claims of an excellent fiancé, against those of a worthless cousin. Vickers was asking himself, for the first time, whether, after all, he any longer wanted to prove to her that he was not Lee. If he had the proofs in his hand at that moment, would he show them to her? There would be one splendid scene, one instant of triumph. It would be worth a great deal to see Nellie humble; but would it be worth going away for all time? He had to choose between leaving her, a rehabilitated character, or at least partially rehabilitated, but still leaving her; or remaining to be despised. It struck him with some force that on the whole he preferred to remain.

It was at best a very pretty question.

VII

When Vickers came downstairs ready to start for Mr. Overton's, Emmons was just arriving to dine at the Lees'. The two men met at the front door. Emmons eyed Vickers suspiciously. Evidently he and Nellie had had some discussion as to the advisability of allowing the renegade as much liberty as evening visits implied. Indeed, the little man al-

most blocked Vickers's path for a moment.

"Going out?" he asked.

"Going to dine with a friend," returned Vickers. The reply made Emmons curious. In the first place he did not approve of Vickers's roaming over the country by moonlight; in the second there were few people in Hilltop who would receive Bob Lee into their houses. Perhaps it was not so much curiosity as distrust that was aroused in him. On reviewing the situation he simply did not believe a word.

"I am sure it is very nice to see you making friends so quickly," he said.

"Oh, I usually make friends quickly, if at all. And the same way with enemies. As I am a little late," he added, with the utmost geniality, "perhaps you will just step aside and let me go."

Reluctantly Emmons allowed the other to pass, but as he did so, he hazarded one more question.

"Going far?" he said.

Vickers did not answer. He was some distance down the path, and possibly did not hear; but it is irritating to be left with an unanswered question on your lips, and Emmons came storming in to Nellie, who was standing in the hall.

"Where is he going, Nellie? I don't think we are justified in letting him loose on the countryside—a man like that."

Nellie was watching Vickers's back as he swung out of sight, and she returned rather absently, "He is dining at the Overtons'." She did not at first observe the expression of surprise and annoyance that appeared upon the face of her betrothed.

"The *Overtons'!*" he exclaimed.

Now we all know that strangely petty ambitions are laid away in the minds of even the greatest; and Emmons had always cherished a secret wish to be on terms of intimacy with Overton, whom he often described as the "ablest man in New England." But, though the compliment must necessarily have been repeated, it had never won for its inventor the cordiality which it deserved.

"To the Overtons'," he repeated. "Well, you will excuse my saying that seems to be about the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"Does it?" returned Nellie. "It does n't to me. People like Bob are such a rarity in Hilltop,"

Emmons glanced at her to see what in the world she could mean, and not being very much the wiser for his glance, answered contemptuously: "A rarity! Fortunately."

Nellie appeared to be willing to take up the subject from a thoughtful and scientific standpoint.

"I don't know that I think it fortunate," she replied. "It does not seem to me that the absence of fine-looking, amusing young men is a matter for any community to congratulate itself upon."

It would have been impossible, of course, that any girl with a profile like Nellie's should wish deliberately to annoy another human being—least of all a thoroughly domesticated fiancé. Certainly such an idea never occurred to Emmons, and yet none the less he found himself distinctly irritated.

"I hardly think you would find the community improved by changing men like Dr. Briggs and the Reverend Mr. Fowler, for men of the type of your cousin."

Nellie laughed. "I only suggested that Mr. Overton would find them more amusing at dinner," she said.

"I think," said Emmons, "that you are talking without thinking."

She seemed at any rate quite willing to think without talking, and a pause fell upon the conversation. It was almost with relief that they heard the sound of the village fire-bell break in upon the silence. Ding-*dong*, ding-*dong*—a regular, terrible sound of warning, almost like a human voice calling for help in the darkness. Nellie started up. The sound brought recollections of old tragedies. Fire seldom visited Hilltop, but when it came the little town was

almost helpless. Emmons rose too, but more slowly.

Already the quiet night was full of the sounds of shouting and hurrying feet, and then the tinkle of the little hand fire-machine. The fire was at some distance, for the tinkling grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away entirely.

"Oh, let 's go, James," said Nellie.

A man may be pardoned for not wishing to take his fiancée to one of the few situations where he cannot shine. Emmons shook his head, pouting out his lips slightly.

"Oh, I don't think you want to go, my dear. It 's a long way off and the dew is heavy."

"Yes, but I do," said Nellie. She opened the coat closet, and began hunting for an old cloak.

"It 's probably nothing at all—a false alarm," he continued; but seeing that she persisted—and she could be very persistent when she wanted to—he added; "Oh, very well; I 'll go up to the corner of the road, and if it is anything worth seeing, I 'll come back for you."

Left alone, Nellie sat down on the steps of the front piazza and waited. Now that Emmons had gone so meekly, her conscience began to reproach her for her treatment of him throughout the evening. No wonder he disapproved of Bob. He was quite right to do so; she disapproved of him, herself. Yet, the result of a day's effort to be, as he had asked, a little more civil had rendered him more civil in return. Even if one did disapprove of a man's morals, one could not help noticing the extraordinary quickness with which he caught one's ideas and anticipated one's wishes. He never shut his eyes and repeated the same thing in exactly the same tone of voice—a trick of Emmons's which for the first time she noticed annoyed her excessively. It was in the small things that Bob was so considerate of her feelings; and yet there was something ludicrous in talking about a man's consideration for her feelings when he had stolen her patrimony before she had put up her hair.

At this point she began to appreciate that Emmons had had more than time not only to run, but to walk, to the corner of the road and back. She went down to the gate, and looked up the road. There was no sign of him. He had been right then. It was only a false alarm. And then to contradict this hypothesis she saw the heavens suddenly lit up with the unmistakable glare of a conflagration.

Emmons had played her false.

Nellie did not hesitate an instant. She started out by herself.

Guided first by the glare in the sky and soon by the sound of shouting, she cut across fields. Before long she came in sight of the fire. It was in the barn of a neighboring farmer. She could see the people crowding about it, and the thick rolling smoke that turned the full moon to a dull reddish brown.

Coming up from the darkness no one noticed her. Every one was watching the flames, except those who were trying to put them out. The first person she saw was Vickers. His coat was off, and from the rather dangerous eminence of a wood-pile he was playing the hose upon the roof of a neighboring stable. Among the lookers on, she observed Overton, and then the perfidious Emmons. She might be excused for a feeling of anger against her betrothed; and she was just approaching him in order to thank him for his consideration of her wishes, when her attention was distracted. Vickers, who had come down from the wood-pile, was suddenly approached by a sobbing, expostulating child, the daughter of the farmer. She had evidently escaped from parental supervision and had seized the knees of the first passer-by. Nellie saw Vickers stoop to listen, saw him lay down a bucket he had taken up, saw him hitch his trousers with a peculiarly energetic motion, and run toward the blazing building. Some one shouted to him, another caught his arm, and

was shaken off. He disappeared into the blaze. An instant later he reappeared carrying a small bundle which turned out to be nothing more than a puppy.

A voice reached her ears in the pause that followed.

"Well, I would not risk my life for a dog." And Emmons's voice replied: "A pretty even risk. Bob Lee against a blind puppy."

The sentence fell coldly on Nellie's enthusiasm. Her heart beat quickly with something very like contempt for the speaker. Nearby, the child and the mother dog were holding a solemn thanksgiving, utterly indifferent to the excitement about them. Nellie preferred their society. She had had some thought of saying a word to her cousin, but something held her back. There seemed a sort of meanness in keeping herself aloof from him at home, and then stepping out to share his public triumphs.

As she moved back she found herself near Overton, who was talking to Mr. Fowler, the Presbyterian clergyman.

"The fellow 's as wild as a hawk, Fowler," Overton was saying, "and yet I rather like him."

"It was a brave action," returned the clergyman, dubiously.

"Ay," said Overton, noting the hesitation; "a good many of the brave actions of this world have been done by those the church damned in the next."

"I think," answered the clergyman tartly, "that it takes some courage to be merely good, Mr. Overton. Morality is a kind of courage."

Overton laughed. "I 'm not so sure of that," he said; "but I rather think courage is a kind of morality."

The sentence impressed itself on Nellie's mind. She admired Mr. Overton, and was accustomed to give attention to anything he said. Of course courage was a kind of morality—Bob's kind—not so difficult and praiseworthy as a steady industry, like James Emmons's; but, oh so much more interesting!

She amused herself listening to the different comments on her cousin's action. She noticed, for the first time, how such unlikely phrases as "the young fool," or "well, if that is n't the darndest," could be made to express a very poignant form of masculine admiration. She chuckled softly to herself: "it certainly was the darndest," she repeated, deriving no little pleasure from the unaccustomed form of words.

The barn was now seen to be doomed. The flames burst out of the roof, licking it up. There was nothing more to do, except to keep neighboring buildings wet, and as there was no wind the danger to these was not great.

Seeing Mr. Overton standing alone, Nellie drew near him to ask if the loss of the farmer was serious.

No, Overton thought not. The barn was old, and fortunately there was no live-stock in it. "Except," he added with his crooked Yankee smile, "that puppy your cousin pulled out."

"I am afraid Bob was very foolhardy," Nellie replied, not quite ingenuously.

Overton laughed. "Why, so they are all saying," he answered. "But I don't know. The little girl says she had promised the old bitch to preserve one puppy when all the others were drowned. A lady's promise is a sacred thing, is n't it, Miss Nellie. Ought n't a gentleman to risk his life to help her keep her word of honor?" He looked at her whimsically.

"I don't think a gentleman need trouble himself to do anything that you don't do, Mr. Overton," she answered, "and I notice you did not rush in."

"I? Oh, dear no. I am too old and stiff, but if I had been a romantic young giant of twenty-eight or nine—"

"Bob is thirty-five," said Nellie drily. Overton looked at her gravely. "Impossible," he said. "But of course you know. All I can say is that he is the youngest-looking man

for his age that I know. I must ask him how he manages it."

"Perhaps by avoiding all his responsibilities," said Nellie, and regretted her speech the next instant. Her position was really absurd. She seemed to be equally annoyed at those who praised and at those who blamed her cousin. Whatever was said of him stirred her to contradiction.

The lights and shadows cast by the fire were very sharp, so that Nellie standing behind Overton was almost invisible when a little later Vickers himself came up.

He was quite hoarse with shouting, and was enjoying himself immensely.

"It 's a fine sight," said Overton.

"What? Oh, yes, bully. I've had the time of my life. But I am afraid it 's almost over."

Nellie moved forward. She had not forgotten Emmons's perfidy, and she said: "Will you tell me when you are going, Bob? I should like to go home with you."

"You here, Nellie? Of course I 'll take you home any time you say. Has Emmons deserted you? I thought I saw him here earlier."

"Yes I saw him, too, looking on."

"The same occupation he was engaged in when I saw him. In fact of all natural-born, first-rate spectators—"

She thought Overton need not have laughed, and she said "Bob, if you cannot speak civilly of Mr. Emmons—"

"There, there, I 'll not say another word. Where is my coat? Are you ready? Let 's be getting along. Shall we go by the road or across lots?"

Nellie chose to return as she had come. She was glad that he did not wait to be thanked, and slipped off without any notion of being missed.

They walked in silence through alternate patches of woods and moonlight. Occasionally he would offer a friendly hand to help her over a fence, but Nellie did not accept it. She had climbed fences unaided all her life. A strange impression of loneliness crept over her. She listened with a certain breathlessness to the quiet of the woods. Even the moonlight looked different; and then she realized that she had not often seen the full moon so high.

Her companion, too, was unusually silent, and it was she who spoke first. "Bob," she said, "why did you risk your life for a dog?"

"Oh Lord!" cried Vickers, "if any one else asks me that—! Every one seems to think I had a plan. I did n't. The kid asked me to, and it seemed to be up to me. I quite forgot I was risking your precious salary. It would have been a good joke to send you home my corpse to pay the funeral expenses—the funeral expenses of a total stranger."

"Perhaps it would not have been a very expensive funeral, Bob," she answered drily.

He was irrepressible, however,

"That would have been a shame, for we gave your cousin a splendid blow-out — a camelia wreath! You ought to have seen it,—equal to the best artificial. Oh, Nellie," he went on, "you don't know how the idea of your following my remains to the grave touches me. Would you wear mourning for me, Nellie?"

She would not smile. "Yes," she said, gravely. "But only because I should not wish to hurt my uncle's feelings."

"And would it be for me, or my two hundred dollars a month, that you mourned?"

"Entirely for the two hundred."

"Then mourn for it now, you cold-hearted girl," he answered, vaulting lightly over a fence beside which they had been walking; and grinning teasingly at her from the other side, he added. "I 've had enough of it and of you. Good night. Good-bye."

Nellie caught his arm in both her hands, and held it with all her strength.

"I 'll call for help, Bob. Be careful. No, no, you sha' n't slip through my fingers."

"Do you really suppose you could hold me, my dear Nellie?" he asked, looking down at her, and touching

for an instant the two hands on his coat-sleeve with his large hand.

For all answer Nellie lifted up her voice and sent as loud a call as she could achieve into the empty night.

"Oh, they 'll never hear that," said Vickers, "let me do it for you," and he shouted loudly: "Help, help help! She 's holding me against my will. Won't somebody remove this terrible young woman? Help!"

Nellie could not resist smiling at his obvious enjoyment of the noise he was making. "How silly you are, Bob," she said. Perhaps she unconsciously relaxed her grip, for the next instant he had wrenched himself free, and retreating a few paces, addressed her from a safe distance.

"Shall I really go, Nellie? Good-bye to the old house and poor Emmons, and to you and our inspiriting little scraps. Well, I rather think so. Don't be so sharp with the next victim—that 's my parting word. Good-bye!"

He waved his hand lightly and set off across a moonlit field toward the woods on the other side.

Nellie did not hesitate an instant; she climbed the fence and followed him with all the speed of a long and active pair of legs. Once in the shadow of the woods, however, he was pleased to pause—to disappear into the darkness to reappear at her elbow, to lean out and speak in her ear from behind a sheltering tree-trunk.

At last, seeing that she was getting exhausted without having the smallest intention of giving in, he stopped of his own accord, and leaning his back against a tree shook his head at her.

"Are n't you ashamed, Miss Nellie," he said, "to be out playing tag with an utter stranger at this hour of the night? What would Mr. Emmons say if he knew it? I 'm surprised at you. Come home directly." (He tucked her hand under his arm.) "You ought to have been in bed two hours ago."

And Nellie, somewhat bewildered, but very tired, allowed herself to be led home.

(*To be continued*)

DEMOCRACY AND THE MAIN CHANCE

By H. W. BOYNTON

ONE can not doubt the seriousness and honesty of intent involved in the writing of such a book as Mr. Stanton's "The Essential Life."* It bears the mark of ingenuousness, if not originality. The writer apparently believes it to be a new kind of thing, for he is rather severe upon imitators, as in the opening passage of his essay on Individuality:

"Every one by the very fact of his existence renders a second of his kind superfluous. We are the special being we are, once for all; life needs and permits no repetition. Plato precluded the possibility of all later Platos and would not himself be recognized if he were to reappear. We think to acquire greatness by imitating the great. But this is to disregard their veriest example, because their essential characteristic is their individuality. We resemble least those whom we imitate; and merely deform ourselves without acquiring their likeness. For we are only

* By Stephen Berrien Stanton. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

shaped from without; but are formed from within. We are finally ourselves, and can be no one else."

Emerson, we reflect, precluded the possibility of all later Emersons, and Mr. Stanton's utterance is but a quaintly distinct echo of the Transcendental strain. His "essential life" is (if we make it out) simply the "Trust thyself" and the "Hitch your wagon to a star" of that old master. But it is not easy to make anything distinct or consecutive out of these discourses as a whole. If Emerson was able to glorify his pop-gun method by sheer force of benignity and magnanimity, it was still a pop-gun method, and often missed fire altogether. "A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits for the fulfilment of these two in one. The ages are opening this moral force. All force is the shadow or symbol of that." Does this mean much or nothing? Emerson wrote it, but anybody can turn out sentences of the kind; each, according to the prescription, an infinitely repellent particle. It is not necessary to mean anything: witness Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Stanton does, one is sure, mean some things, but he means above all else to be oracular and impressive. He loves to feel himself upon the tripod. He exempts himself from the bondage of articulate speech, and like Emerson has his shy at consistency: "Precision is of little consequence except for petty purposes. Facts are but points along the trail of transitory truth," and so on. Lovers of this sort of bland and vague assertion, persons who batten upon the pious epigram, and prefer a mental fillip to a thought, will doubtless find satisfaction in Mr. Stanton's book. However, they might do better to reread their Emerson.

Mr. Carman is a seer of a more modern type, a poet who continually breaks into prose; in his latest manifestation a laureate of hygiene, an oracle with a health-lift instead of a tripod.* One moment he will spur you to such flights as "The music of life is written in the key of the ideal, in the time of the possible, and with the cadences of personality," or "Abandon in life finds its most opportune and appropriate field in the middle realm of the spirit, midway between high-pitched thought and low-tensioned physicality." This is lofty, this is Ercles' vein. But the next moment he is telling us how "to develop fine, straight feet, a genuine instep and calf of the leg, a neat ankle,"—an important matter, but such as would hardly have concerned, as Mr. Stanton might say, "an elder Delphi." It is clear, indeed, that the calf and ankle strain is a graft upon the original stock. There is, it appears, an authority from whom it has long been Mr. Carman's privilege to learn, and whom he describes as his co-worker in the making of this book. "From her luminous talks on the subjects of these essays, and on the humanities in general, has been taken the substance of this book, and of others that have appeared within the last decade." Surely a sweeping acknowledgment, which goes far toward explaining a character of the prose in question which may have puzzled admirers of Mr. Carman's verse; the frequently recurrent note of the female propagandist, vibrating between a vaguely energetic generalization and flat injunction. Be vital, keep yourself in touch with the eternal verities—and your pores open. What Mr. Carman wishes to expound in his present volume is that, "both fundamentally, and throughout infinite intricacies of subdivisions, the making of personality has its threefold requirement and procedure, and must depend on definite training in morality, intelligence and physique." It is not to be supposed that either Mr. Carman or Mrs. King would claim to have originated this thought, and it cannot be said that their treatment of it is particularly impressive. Mr. Carman's prose—if it be understood as his—is as clumsy and cacophonous as his verse is nimble and sweet.

* The Making of Personality. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co. 1908.

Who would expect from the author of "Pipes of Pan" such verbal lumber as this: "The muscular system, under the guidance of instinct, seeks to secure the safety of the individual by not opposing the manifold casualties of existence with an unyielding solidity—" that is only half the sentence, but it may serve. The pleasant conclusion of the whole matter, according to our author, is that we are all artists and geniuses, and need only to develop ourselves according to the "triunistic or unitranian philosophy" of Mr. Carman and Mrs. King. And as "the dictates of genius are never unsound," it follows that we only need such development to make a perfect world.

Meanwhile, we have the world as it is, a world composed largely of people who wear improper shoes and hitch their wagon to a dividend. What is really the tendency of this world? Toward what are these people in the mass moving? The question is answered, on the whole with surprising unanimity, by four deponents to whom we are just now listening. Two are English veterans in the public service, two are Americans of a younger generation, civilians of distinction. The sum of the whole matter is expressed as compactly as anywhere in a sentence of Mr. Sedgwick's*: "Our civilization is single; it centres about the conception of life as a matter of industrial energy." This is said in connection with our American motto, E Pluribus Unum, but it applies as well, if not in precisely the same way, to the England of Imperialism. "The industrial habit of thought," goes on Mr. Sedgwick, "moulds the opinion of the majority, which rolls along, abstract and impersonal, gathering bulk, till its giant figure is saluted as the national conscience." "In reality," says the essayist, "the conscience of a nation is always less sensitive than that of the individual. Upon the least combination the basis of action shifts at once. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are good husbands, honest, upright, church-going men, keeping faith and eschewing evil. The moment that they form the B. J. R. Company, impersonality enwraps them like a witch's cloak. They have done nothing but combine their goods, yet that union acts like poison. Brown waters the stock, Jones bribes the alderman, Robinson marks the nick of time to break a bargain. . . . This is the way with statesmen: they do not know that a nation has a soul." As a people we put ourselves off with phrases: "Phraseology," says Mr. Sedgwick, "is that form of art which we understand the best." This is not a palatable truth, but we may find it perfectly digestible. To how many outworn catchwords we cling when we are all together, with an air of patriotism. How readily we deceive ourselves into the belief that we believe in them! "We call our lack of manners liberty, our lack of distinction fraternity, our formless homogeneity equality. We think that industrial society, with its *carrière ouverte aux talents*, is democracy; in fact, it bears the same relation to democracy which the Napoleonic empire bore to the ideals of the French Revolution."

His "new American type," a type of physique reflecting character, our censor professes to have discovered at an exhibition of portraits, partly by eighteenth-century masters, and partly by Sargent, Bonnat, Chase, Zorn and other modern painters of the American. The contrast revealed the fact that a quite new sort of human being has been developed in America during the past three or four generations. The eighteenth-century brush in the hand of a Reynolds, a Gainsborough, a Romney, a Hoppner, made, as it were, its "happy comment on a happy life." Serenity, dignity, well-being, an honorable complaisance, distinguished these sitters, whether English or American; while restlessness, constraint, discontent, distinguish their successors, the product of our industrial society. With the women, "the thin spirit of

* The New American Type. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

life shivers pathetically in its 'fleshly dress'; and yet in the intensity of its eagerness it is all unconscious of its spiritual fidgeting on finding itself astray,—no path, no blazings, the old forgotten, the new not formed." As for our men, the testimony is not more encouraging: "These male portraits indicate that the logical, the intellectual, the imaginative, the romantic, faculties have been discarded and shaken off, doubtless because they did not tend to procure the success coveted by the nascent variety; and in their stead, keen, exceedingly simple powers of vision and action are developing." Nor are we allowed the flattering unction that such a type has only to be multiplied by the million to become the large-minded and responsible ruler of its own fates. "A nation is simply the largest of organisms; the forces which control it are primitive instincts." Hence results that appalling disparity between the theory of morality and the behavior of states, the thing we are helpless to understand being "that what is true of two men and three gathered together is true of tens of millions."

Professor Van Dyke is even more uncompromising in his attitude toward American conditions of the hour.* He professes himself at the outset a heretic and dissenter in the matter of our national "prosperity." He does not attempt constructive criticism, has no panacea to offer. "I shall be satisfied if I have pointed out where we lack, where we ail, and more than satisfied if that will make people think." He sees in every aspect of our life that mingling of avidity and discontent which Mr. Sedgwick has found in his Sargent portraits. And for this lamentable condition the unhappy worship of the money god is responsible. Professor Van Dyke is, we know of old, possessed of a vivid and tense style. He has, he says, been driven to write this book by the fact that no economist or sociologist has seen fit to undertake it. He has brought to his task that directness of vision and statement which have so well served him in the treatment of subjects of a very different nature. His chapters upon "The Immigrant," "Commercialized Professions," and "Developing the Country" are especially vigorous. As for the immense production of our fields, forests and mines, it is due, he shows, not to our superior methods, but to our amazing natural resources—resources which, in spite of abundant warning, we continue to abuse at the expense of posterity for the sake of quick profits. It is natural that a state which so conducts its internal affairs should be increasingly ruthless in its attitude toward the outside world. Our prophet does not shirk the facts: and I doubt if any of us can muster a whole-hearted smile within hearing of him.

"When a nation becomes monomaniacal, making unto itself a golden image which it falls down before and worships, when it thinks and acts and legislates for money only, when it turns the arts and sciences into machines for gain, and scorns the higher education and morality of life, when it plunders and tramples under foot the most beautiful country in the world, when drunk with its own power it revels in gluttony and becomes boastful of its own selfishness, when it forgets the goodly heritage of its history, forgets its ideals and faiths and beliefs, and starts upon a career of greed and grasp, harm whom it will or may, again, what hope is there for happiness? The pace is one leading to destruction."

Since misery loves company we may turn with a certain rueful satisfaction to the testimony of our two distinguished Britons as to the existence of a similar condition among the elder brothers of the race. With them as with us the race outline is becoming dimmed by the admixture of alien bloods, the national character is changing with changing conditions. The result is a new British type as well as a new American type; and

* The Money God. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

neither is the mere invention of the hour. Some four years ago Mr. Morley reviewed the "Democracy and Reaction" of that brilliant and thorough-going commentator, Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, and quoted with full approval his characterization of the new type. John Bull, he says, is already a myth; the typical Briton is "the-man-in-the-street," or "the-man-on-top-of-a-bus." "The-man-in-the-street" is the man in a hurry; the man who has not time to think, and will not take the trouble to do so if he has the time. . . . Nothing is new to him; it is his business not to be surprised. He knows already about any appeal you may make to the better side of him, and he has long ago chopped it up in his mill of small-talk and catch phrases, and reduced it to such a meaningless patter that the words which must be used have acquired trivial and lowering associations." This creature, we perceive, is the product of an industrial society, a society in which smart competence in the conduct of gainful enterprise is exalted to virtue. A society dominated by him is not capable of magnanimity; and not only English and American society is at present in danger of domination by him. Mr. Morley, with all his urbanity, puts the case sternly enough*: "What passes for public opinion all over Europe is penetrated by unseen, unsuspected, and not over-scrupulous influences. Your Demos, they say, is only a giant marionette whose wires are pulled from Vienna, Berlin, Paris, New York, the City of London. Demos is not a living creature, with heart, brain, conscience, or even arms and hands to be called its own; it is a puppet of banks and stock-exchanges." So at least democracy appears in its imperialistic mood —taking democracy, as we may, to mean not a form of government, but that state of society which now prevails in the civilized world.

Against the manifestation of the commercial spirit which we call imperialism no one has uttered himself more strongly during the past generation than the old war-horse of Positivism, Mr. Harrison. Thirty years ago he protested (in the *Fortnightly*, then edited by Mr. Morley) against the behavior of England in Afghanistan. A year or two later, as spokesman of the Anti-Aggression League (in which Herbert Spencer, Mr. Morley and many members of Parliament were enrolled), he assured Englishmen that they "have nothing to gain by sacrificing their blood and savings in order that more traders may carry gunpowder and brandy and loaded calicoes farther and farther into the wilds of Africa." The Boer War he characterized as "a new imperial raid, carried out in the name of our Queen, under the instigation of a combination of trading syndicates." And of the general policy of England abroad he did not hesitate to assert years ago that the real end of her succession of petty wars was merely "a sordid lust of new markets."

There is no absolutely new material in Mr. Harrison's volume.* Indeed, the earliest of these papers and addresses dates back to 1870, the latest to 1891. But the writer reprints them as giving adequate expression to his attitude toward conditions which have not changed in kind during the past decade or two. "The same forces are still dominant, and the same dilemmas are still unsolved": the nations still rage, and the people still imagine a vain thing. The same remedies are still in order. There is something fine and impressive in the firmness with which this aging enthusiast stands to his guns. "The lapse of a generation only justifies a view of events which had behind it principles and convictions maintained throughout a long life." That his warnings have been of no immediate avail, that the world has gone on its way, with wars and rumors of wars, pride of race and lust of gain prevailing still, fails to dishearten him. It is hardly an affair of his, perhaps;

* Miscellanies. By John Morley. Vol. iv. The Macmillan Co. 1908.

* National and Social Problems. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Co. 1908.

he has done his part, and now puts on record, for what it may be worth, the testimony of an active life.

The substance of his teaching is expressed in that utterance by the founder of Positivism which is the chosen motto of this book: "The essential principle of modern society is to bring all political action under the control of moral duty." This book rounds out the substance of his teachings in "The Creed of a Layman" and "The Philosophy of Common Sense." Faith, thought and action, all are equally involved in the philosophy of Comte and his followers. And the upshot of the whole matter is that social and political regeneration are to be brought about "by moral and religious, not by mechanical and religious legal agencies." Property and government are permanent and necessary elements in civilized society; they are not to be annihilated, but they may be reformed, and Mr. Harrison sees the best chance of such reformation in such a "moral and religious socialism" as inheres in the Positivist creed: "The Religion of Humanity . . . will prove equal to the mighty task of regeneration even of our corrupt industrial system, for it will have a double aspect: the one spiritual, the other material, but both entirely human and real. It will be on one side of it a social religion; on the other side of it, a religious socialism."

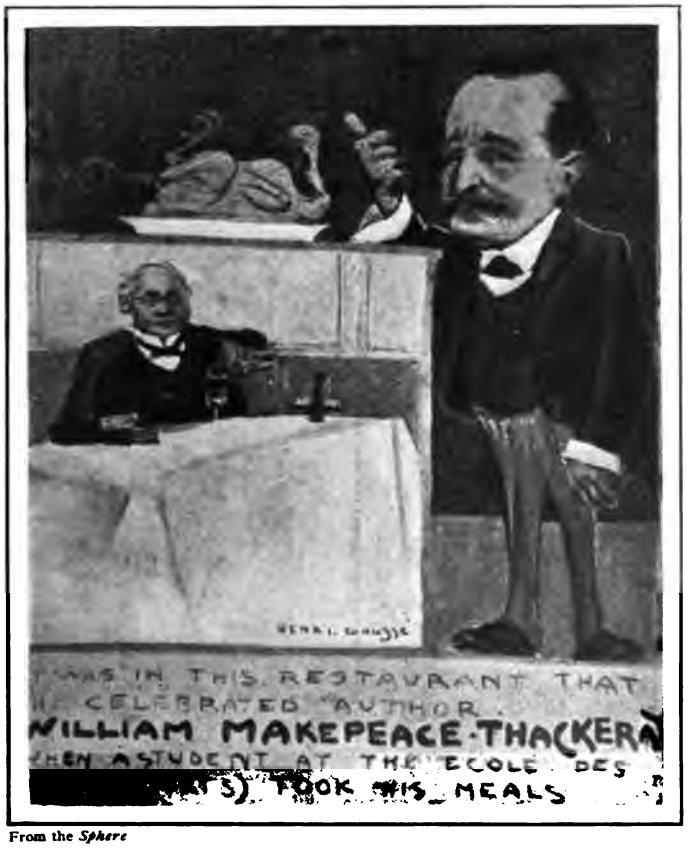
Mr. Harrison's political services have always been unofficial; his rôle has been of necessity that of protestant and reformer. Mr. Morley has been much in sympathy with him, but never quite of his way; his aim having been less radical, and his instinct to use the instrument at hand. He has had no such ready touchstone as the Positivist creed to apply to events and measures. To him life is a matter both more complicated and more hopeful as left to itself. He does not blurt things: For example, his mild comment on the Boer War: "The annexation, through military conquest, of two small states, lawfully inhabited, possessed and governed by white men, is so striking an example of reaction . . . as to deserve to be dwelt upon by the chronicler of that period." He has but moderate confidence in the rule of the many, and quotes with approval Mill's saying that the natural tendency of representative government, as of modern civilization generally, is toward collective mediocrity. He deplores, with Mr. Harrison, the readiness with which present-day democracy, that is, public opinion as influenced by the commercial idea, has adopted a Bismarckian imperialism—"the forcible establishment and maintenance of race ascendancy." He perceives the same issues at stake: "force against right; reason of state against maxims of ethics; policy against justice and truth; . . . private morals the test or not the test of public morals." It is a striking and cheerful fact, in view of the rather gloomy attitude of Mr. Sedgwick and Professor Van Dyke, that this ripe trans-Atlantic critic, this distinguished scholar and statesman, should be fond of citing America as the great achievement of democracy. We may give ourselves the comfort of listening to the conclusion of his paper on "Democracy and Reaction"—apropos of Macaulay's prophecy that America was bound to go to wreck, with a constitution "all sail and no anchor":

"Yet amid fierce storm and flood for the fifty years since Macaulay wrote, the American anchor has proved itself no mere kedge. Moral forces decide the strength and weakness of constitutional contrivance. The hunger for breakfast and dinner has not been the master impulse in the history of civilized communities. Selfish and interested individualism has truly been called non-historic. Sacrifice has been the law—sacrifice for creeds, for churches, for kings, for dynasties, for adored teachers, for native land. In England and America to-day the kind of devotion that once inspired followers of Stuarts, Bourbons, Bonapartes, marks a nobler and a deeper passion for the self-governing commonwealth."

So be it.

The Lounger

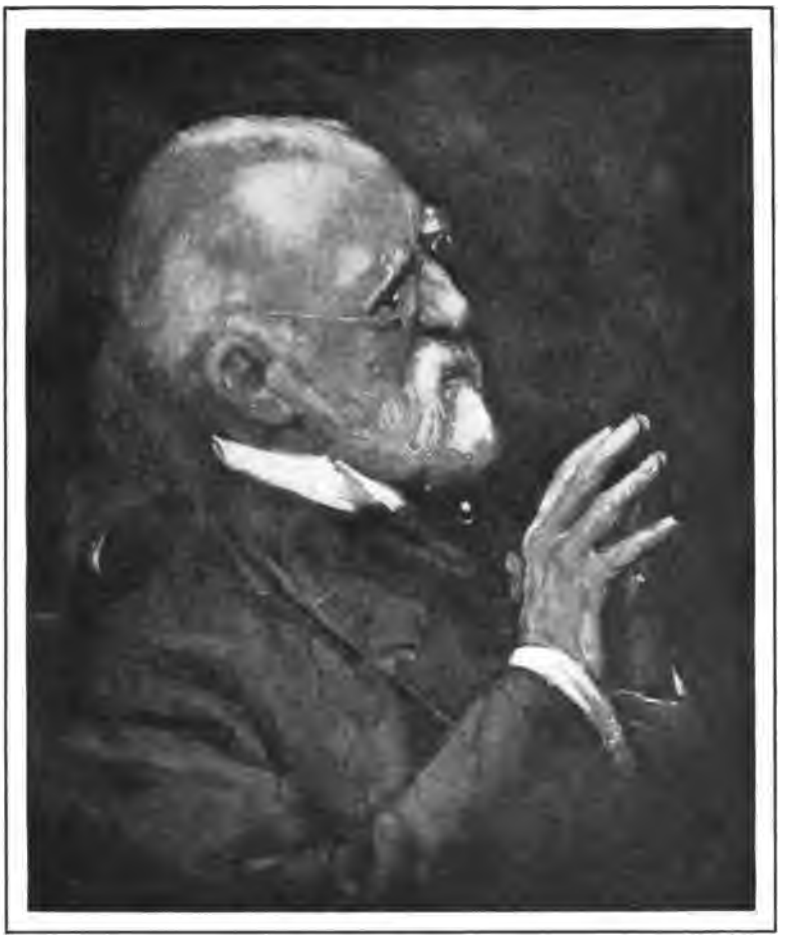
We are to have a new edition of Thackeray, on India paper, to be published by Mr. Henry Frowde in the manner of the edition of Dickens that he published some time ago. Mr. Frowde, of course, has arranged with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. who control all of Thackeray's works in England, except those on which the copyright has expired. Mr. Clement Shorter thinks that Thackeray has not held his popularity in England as well as Dickens has. I am quite sure that he has not in this country, but that argues nothing against his quality. If anyone asks me who is my favorite novelist, I unhesitatingly reply that Thackeray is. And yet there are some of Thackeray's novels that I do not care for at all, while on the other hand there are two that I care for so well that they alone would make him my favorite novelist, so far as one can have a favorite novelist. These are "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." I like "Esmond" merely for the sake of Beatrix; yet there are those who call it Thackeray's greatest novel. There are more of Dickens's stories that I care for; in fact, I cannot recall any that I do not care for—not one, including even the Christmas stories.



From the *Sphere*

A FRENCH VIEW OF THACKERAY

Poster to be seen in a Paris restaurant to-day



MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY

When Mr. Volney Streamer was visiting Mark Twain at his Redding home, a short time ago, he remarked on the picturesque appearance of a windmill in the distant landscape. It was not a windmill, however, but the tower of the Congregational church at Redding Centre. When the clergyman of that church came to see Mr. Clemens, the latter told him that one of his guests had called his church a windmill, adding, "I think that was going a little too far!"

Mr. Justin McCarthy has taken on years since he first visited this country, but he is, as will be seen by this portrait, still a vigorous and alert man. He is now one of England's —or shall I say Ireland's?—veteran authors. The portrait here given is from a painting by Mr. Harold Waite. As far as mere literature goes Mr. McCarthy has a worthy successor in his son, Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, who wrote "If I were King" for Mr. Sothern and has done another romantic play for that actor, which will probably be produced during the coming season.

The late Louise Chandler Moulton, when I first knew her, lived as much abroad as she did at home. Every spring she went to London, where she had lodgings in Weymouth Street, and where she established a sort of international salon. I have met

some of the most interesting men and women writers of England in her drawing-room, among them Mr. Thomas Hardy—before he wrote "Jude the Obscure," but not before he had written "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

I suppose that most people would call that remarkable story his masterpiece; perhaps it is, but I cannot say so with vivid memories of "Far from the Madding Crowd" in my mind. No one in London presided over a more interesting salon than this of Mrs. Moulton's. It was regarded by the literati as an institution, and there was genuine regret when it was given up. Mrs. Moulton, though classed among the literary women of America, was not a writer of the highest rank. She was an agreeable writer, however, and there are some of her poems that will live in anthologies even if they are not known to the general reader. It is because of her kind and engaging qualities that she will be best remembered by those who were fortunate enough to enjoy her friendship.

Professor Gustav Eberlein, the favorite sculptor of the Emperor William, who visited this country last winter, has been writing us up in the *Vossische Zeitung*, and what he says is not altogether flattering to our vanity; neither is it altogether true. He remarks upon the various styles of our architecture, also upon the filth of our streets. The streets of New York *are* filthy, but not, I think, in the neighborhoods that Professor Eberlein cites:

> I cannot help saying here that the filth of the streets is indescribable: not even in front of the majestic mansions of the millionaires is either the street or the sidewalk kept swept. As an enormous number of bulky newspapers circulate daily in New York, and these are carelessly thrown away when read, the streets are full of dirty crumpled paper. That alone is a horrible sight.

The Emperor's favorite sculptor goes on to remark that our art is as cosmopolitan as our architecture. He seems rather unhappy over here until he meets Sir C. Purdon Clarke. This gentleman "does not as yet appear to be infected with modernism, but to oppose it frankly and openly." Modernism is a terrible word to Professor Eberlein. He is as conservative in matters pertaining to art as the Emperor himself. The sculpture in Central Park he pronounces "appalling," and here I am at one with our critic. But I am dead against him when he proposes building "a monumental gateway, a triumphal arch, dedicated to the great men of America," at the entrance to the Park. Why add to the "appalling" monuments already there? It will perhaps be remembered that Professor Eberlein came to this country to look over the ground with a view to opening an exhibition of German sculpture in New York. On thinking the matter over he has come to the conclusion that the time is not ripe for such an exhibition. In this he is wise.

So Mr. Richard Harding Davis is a deputy sheriff. He will find it a very convenient thing to live, as he does, on a farm that is so near the outskirts of a big city as "Four Corners." To be a successful sheriff one must be a Sherlock Holmes, for the masked burglar of the suburbs is a difficult one to catch. In broad daylight four men held up Mr. Arthur Scribner's contractor and robbed him of $500 on the much-travelled Bedford road. Then they disappeared, and so did the money. If Mr. Davis, badge on breast, had only come along at the psychological moment, the highwaymen might now be reflecting on their sins behind iron bars, instead of spending their ill-gotten gains in front of gilded ones.

It is not often that I find a novel so absorbing that I cannot lay it down until I have finished it. In "The

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of "The Circular Staircase"

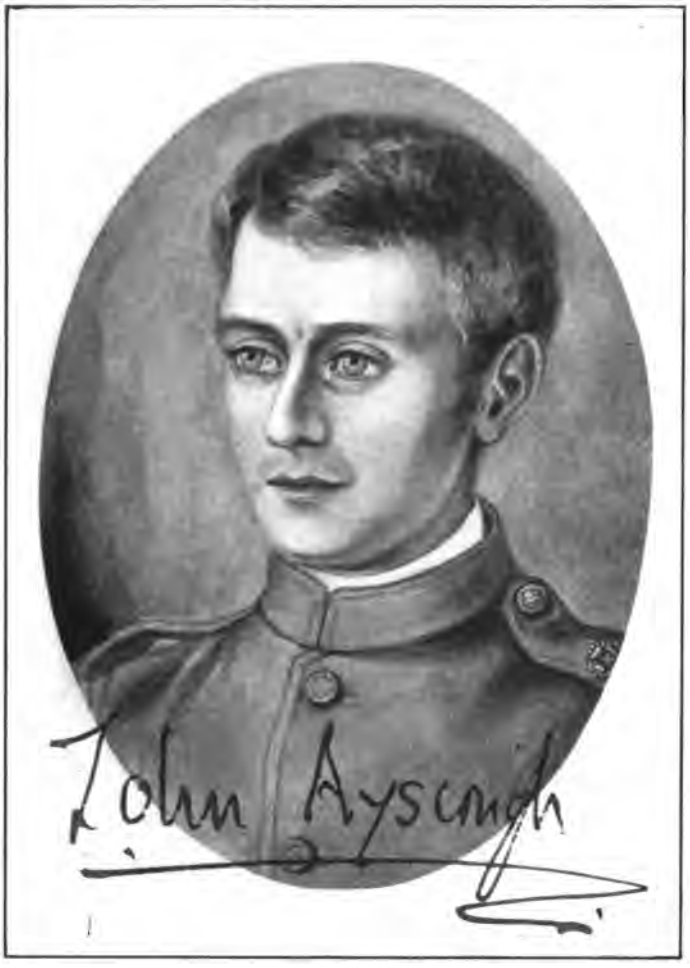
Circular Staircase," I found my Waterloo. It held me fast. There was no getting away from it. I had other things to do, but they were given the go-by until I had unravelled the plot of that thrilling tale. It is a detective story with the mystery beginning in the first chapter and giving no hint of the dénouement until the very last. Unlike most detective stories it is humorous. The humor is not hilarious, but of a gentle, percolating quality that keeps the reader quietly "chortling in his joy." The Sherlock Holmes of this tale is a lady—a maiden lady of ripe years, whom to know is to dote upon. She is the most real character that I have encountered in any story for years. If she ever gets to the stage, she should be played by Fanny Brough.

The writer of this story is Mary Roberts Rinehart, and this is her first book. I have seen this lady's name signed to short stories in the magazines, and made up my mind some time ago that she would be heard from outside of magazine pages before very long. It is, I believe, only four years since she published her first story. Mrs. Rinehart is just out of her twenties and is the mother of three boys. Her first intention was to study medicine and to that end she took a preliminary course in a hospital training-school. "There," she wrote to a friend: "I decided to study medicine at second-hand, and three days after graduation I married a surgeon on the hospital staff."

Besides stories, Mrs. Rinehart has written plays; but, like many a playwright before her, she has not been made particularly happy by their performance. I hope, however, that she will not be discouraged, for she has the qualities of the playwright. In the meantime, let us have another story with Miss Rachel Innes as one of its leading characters.

If Mr. Frank Doubleday were not an inveterate golf-player he would have missed some great opportunities in the course of his life. It was on the golf-links of St. Andrew's—our own Westchester County St. Andrew's—that he played the game with Mr. Carnegie and formed warm friendly and business relations with the famous iron-master, whose publisher he became. It was on the golf-links of a famous winter resort in Georgia that he knocked the balls with Mr. Rockefeller. In the little confidential talks after the game, that much be-written gentleman so interested the publisher in the story of his life that he persuaded him to write it out, that the world might know him as he knew himself. The result the readers of the *World's Work* already know. So you see what the leisurely game of golf has done for the hustling Mr. Doubleday.

As a matter of fact, an editor or a publisher picks up as many good things accidentally as he does by design. On shipboard, at the club, on the golf-links, he meets some one who lets a word drop that brings down as much fruit as the tree that is deliberately shaken. As a publisher's adviser, some years ago, I got upon the track of some of the most successful books almost by accident. One day I met a friend in the street who asked me if I could throw any translating in her way. I suggested Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal," and sent her a copy of the French edition. The world knows what followed. A dinner-party that I came very near not going to, resulted in Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and his Continent"; and so on down the line. The more one stirs about, the more ideas one picks up. The oldtime publisher let things come to him; the publisher of to-day moves about among men—and women too, for some of his best successes come from his women authors.



This is the only portrait I have been able to find of John Ayscough, the author of "Marotz." It shows that he is young and it shows also that he is not particularly fond of posing for his picture; for this is evidently redrawn from a photograph or it is an old photograph touched up for the purposes of the photo-engraver. "Marotz" is an unusual book. It has no hair-raising plot, it is not a "sex novel." Though in a way a simple story, no one can question its strength.

Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, who died last August, was a translator of the right sort. She translated many books, and her version of Balzac is the best in the English language. It is one of those translations that read like the original. Although she took few or no liberties with the French, as some translators do, she avoided idioms and made hard translating very easy reading. As readers of this magazine know from her description of the re-burial of Napoleon, Miss Wormeley was not a young woman. She was seventy-nine when she died, and she had led a full life. Another most interesting reminiscent paper from her pen will appear in an early number of this magazine. The work by which she will be best known is her translation of Balzac, in forty volumes.

It looks as if Mr. James Forbes, in "The Travelling Salesman," had repeated his success in "The Chorus

Lady." The new play is as innocent of novelty in plot as the older one; but it abounds no less in witticisms, gags and up-to-date slang, and laughter is provoked by pretty much everything that is said or done, from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. In selecting a hero and a title, the author showed a keen sense of business; for there are no more numerous or zealous theatre-goers than the "drummer" boys. It is not often that a manager is his own playwright, and Mr. Forbes is to be congratulated that in this particular he finds himself in the class with Augustin Daly.

The mails brought me, last summer, the following letter from Dr. Edward Everett Hale:

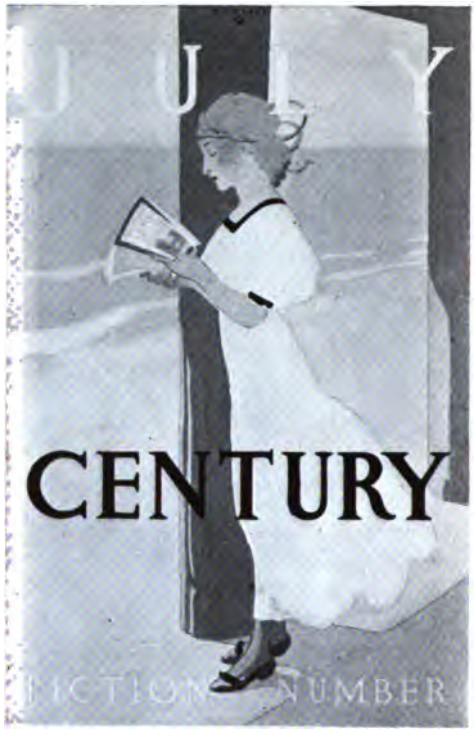
> A man in the West writes to me that you say I am "the most bored man in the United States." But why do you say this? *I* do not, tho' I know a bore as well as another. . . . And where did you say it? Certainly I am not bored when——

But the rest is too personal and too polite to be printed. If Dr. Hale was surprised to hear that I had said this of him, he was not more surprised than I was. The simplest answer to his inquiry as to why and where I had said it, was that I had n't said it anywhere, and did n't for a moment believe it. To which I added that if a man of his brains and energy and experience and pleasant surroundings was the most bored man in America, he would deserve to share the fate of Philip Nolan.

Mr. Shubert has announced his intention to found two scholarships in connection with his theatrical undertakings, to be named after his two most famous "stars," the Julia Marlowe and the E. H. Sothern. These scholarships will entitle the winners to a year of study in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and London. The scholarships are to be awarded at the end of the season to members of the Shubert companies, and the winners are to be between the ages of twenty and thirty. Mark my words: it will not be long before Mr. Lee Shubert will be called the Napoleon of the Drama, a name heretofore bestowed upon Mr. Charles Frohman. In personal appearance Mr. Shubert is much more like the great Captain than is Mr. Frohman. He is a small man, but six feet six could not hold more energy and business brains then are held in his Napoleonic frame.

The daguerreotype has handed down to us the features of our grandparents and great-grandparents, and we feel, therefore, that it must be ages old; and yet the man who is said to have saved Daguerre's invention from oblivion has only just died; and in St. Louis, too, which makes it seem all the nearer to us. The name of this man was August Brassart, and he was a silversmith in Paris when Daguerre was at his wit's end for a proper plate for his pictures. Brassart's fame as the inventor of brass plates for daguerreotypes induced an American manufacturer to invite him to this country and here he lived and died. Daguerre himself died fifty-seven years ago. He would be a hundred and nineteen years old if he were alive to-day. How old Brassart was at the time of his death I do not know, but he must have been a pretty old man, as the daguerreotype was perfected seventy-one years ago. To have been a successful silversmith in Paris, he must have been at least twenty years of age. If you add seventy-one to twenty you have ninety-one. That is a ripe old age, but there are many who have attained it. I wonder if, after all, Brassart was not something like the old gentleman who lives up in Connecticut, whose friends claim that he is the original inventor of all of Edison's inventions.

At an exhibition of posters held at the National Arts Club some time ago I was particularly impressed with the



MAGAZINE POSTERS BY ROBERT J. WILDHACK

work of Wildhack. The name was new to me and I made inquiries concerning him. I learned nothing more, however, than that he was quite young and that he had studied in the French school. While Mr. Wildhack's work shows French influences it is at the same time quite original. No idea of its quality can be given by these reproductions in black and white. His designs are always in color, two tints, seldom more. It is the swish of his brush, the *chic* and the atmosphere that gives his work its distinction.

We can never do things moderately. Scarcely a roof-garden or a vaudeville theatre, for example, but has its barefooted Salome doing the "seven veils," or some other Oriental dance. The more barefooted the greater the sensation. By the time this paragraph gets into print, all of the famous barefooted Salomes of England and the continent will be here, except Maud Allan; and these, with those already on hand, will give exhibitions that would make a ballet-dancer blush. Not long ago I saw photographic reproductions in *The Sketch* of Miss Allan's legs, from the knees down. It was not a pretty sight, for the feet were quite flat and ugly. When Du Maurier introduces Trilby's feet to us, he descants on the usual ugliness of the bare foot, and makes us believe that the exceptional beauty of his heroine's was his only excuse for giving them so important a place in his story.

When I was younger than I am to-day, there was a foreign singer at the Academy of Music who made a feature of singing "Aïda" in her bare feet. I shall never forget those foreign feet if I live to be a hundred. They were stained brown, to fit the part, and they were—well, they were anything but pretty. It was not so long ago that Miss Annie Russell played a scene without her stockings; and that was not pretty, either. Mr. Belasco

Drawn by Robert J. Wildhack

FRONTISPIECE TO 1908 CATALOGUE OF THE ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO.

wanted Miss Blanche Bates to play the famous stocking scene in "Naughty Anthony" in her bare feet, but this she declined to do. He was quite cut up by her refusal, I am told; but Miss Bates was right. To play that scene in her bare feet would not have attracted the kind of audiences that she finds her most sincere admirers among. As it was, the changing of the stockings was sensational enough.

I was reading recently in that very interesting publication *Farm and Fireside* an article against the dog. The writer, whose name I am happy to say I have forgotten, is a Kansas man, and presumably a sheep-raiser, for it is because of their depredations in the fold that he dislikes dogs and would exterminate them. There is no name in his vocabulary bad enough for them—treacherous, disease-breeding, dangerous, causing men to die the most frightful of deaths, and so on and so on. I am sorry for that man: he misses a good deal in not caring for dogs. I should like him to read Maeterlinck's "Our Friend the Dog," Dr. Brown's "Rab and His Friends" and a few other books and essays by men who have had dogs as companions. I have owned dogs that were more human than that Kansas man, if one can judge a man by his words—and more intelligent, judging by the same test. There is one lying at my feet as I write that could give him points in intelligence; and as a companion, he is worth all the sheep in Kansas.

The crusade started by Colonel Bingham against dogs in New York would delight this Kansas sheep-raiser. It is enough to make the blood of every humane person boil. Shooting down dogs in the street is not the way to prevent the spread of rabies. If we took a lesson from England in this matter we should show more sense. Over there they exterminate the disease without exterminating the dog.

I am amused by the international exchange of hotel compliments. We are planning a Ritz hotel over here, with English management, while in London they are planning a Plaza hotel, with American management. There is something to be learned from both sides of the water, but now that they have a Ritz hotel in London I cannot see why they should need a

A MINGLING OF NATIONALITIES

Plaza. If the latter is to replace Devonshire House, by the way, London will lose one of its most interesting and attractive landmarks. Meanwhile, it said that ten years must pass before London catches up with her present hotel accommodations.

Before the days of wireless telegraphy, the kodak was the greatest novelty on ocean voyages, and its clicking was as incessant as the ship's vibrations. It is still as popular with some travellers as shuffle-board and ring-toss are with others; and if all the snapshots taken at sea were as successful as the one here reproduced its vogue would not be strange. In the group of youngsters, captured in June on an outward-bound liner, are Anne Warner's daughter (Anne Hathaway French) and Jacob Riis's son ("Billy" Riis), who stand at the back, with the Captain's little Belgian valet between them. The others are Isabella Kurtz, daughter of the Director of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; an English boy who stands beside her; and two French children, incapable of English speech, who occupy the foreground of the picture.

Dr. Greville MacDonald of London, who has recently written a little book on "The Sanity of William Blake" is not only a leading English specialist, but he is the son of the late Dr. George MacDonald, the Scotch novelist and preacher. Dr. MacDonald argues that Blake was a great teacher and not a madman at all. He nourished his imagination as the philosopher nourishes his reason. The scorn of his contemporaries may have goaded, and probably did goad, him to extravagance of expression, but he was not mad. If all the men who do mad things are classified as mad, there are few who would be called sane. Some of Blake's peculiarities would to-day be attributed to "temperament." Declining to paint screens, turning his back on society and refusing royal patronage—acts such as these did not prove him a madman, but merely a genius.

Mr. Daniel C. French, Chairman of the Saint-Gaudens Memorial Committee, is seeking, by popular subscription, to secure bronze replicas of the bust of General W. T. Sherman, and a large relief of the Robert Louis Stevenson memorial, for preservation in the Metropolitan Museum, as the final action of the Saint-Gaudens committee. Those interested may address Mr. French in care of the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. The subscriptions range from $10 to $100. It is to be hoped that the necessary amount will be promptly forthcoming.

The *Studio* for September—the *International Studio* for October contains an illustrated paper on the late Homer Martin—accepted over two years ago—which has special interest

GUTZON BORGLUM'S IDEA OF NERO

owing to the fact that the work of so few American painters is discussed at any length in that magazine. The *Studio* is a purely English periodical, to which an American department is added, and the title of the whole changed to the *International Studio*, which bears a New York imprint. The writer, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, chose to publish this article in the *Studio*, rather than in the *International Studio*, in order that it might reach English and Continental readers of the magazine.

The figure of Nero designed by Mr. Gutzon Borglum and reproduced herewith, depicts the famous Emperor in a very different mood or character from that in which he appeared to Commendatore Lanciani, when he wrote the article printed in another part of this magazine. This is not Nero the art-lover and engineer, but Nero the monster—a more popular conception than the Italian archæologist's of the man who is reputed to have fiddled while the Eternal City burned. Signor Lanciani, by the way, puts a very different face on the destruction of Rome by Nero from that which the old-fashioned "history books" have caused to be commonly accepted.

I wonder if it is generally known that the Metropolitan Museum of Art was conceived and set in motion by the Art Committee of the Union League Club? Worthington Whittredge, Thomas Hicks and Henry Peters Gray were the three artist members of the Committee, and Richard Butler and George P. Putnam were the two lay members, the last-

named being Chairman, and afterwards becoming the Honorary Secretary of the Metropolitan. John Jay, the President of the Club, was the first to suggest, some forty years ago, that the Art Committee should report on the advisability of endeavoring to establish such a museum in New York. As a preliminary step, a mass-meeting was called, the list of speakers containing such distinguished names as Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Henry W. Bellows, William Cullen Bryant, E. H. Chapin and Parke Godwin. Immediately after the speech-making, arrangements were made that the undertaking should be turned over to a committee of fifty of the leading citizens of New York, who had been picked out beforehand by the Art Committee. John Taylor Johnston, who was the first of the fifty, served for many years as President of the Museum. This preliminary history does not appear in the publications of the Metropolitan, and for that reason it is as well that it should be here recorded. For the facts I am indebted to Mr. Whittredge, who—still living and painting, in his eighty-ninth year—is one of the very few survivors of those who took an active part in the foundation of the great institution in Central Park. The new wings of the Museum building, by the way, are growing apace.

At the end of his travel notes, "A Foreign Tour at Home," concluded in this month's magazine, Mr. Henry Holt, the New York publisher, refers to his return to his home at Burlington as the best experience of all. I knew that he had a beautiful place in Vermont, but I had never seen it; so I asked him to send me some photographs, which in due course were received. From five that came I have selected three for reproduction, and certainly they justify the writer's reference to "Fairholt" as "the most beautiful as well as the best beloved." No matter what natural wonders one may see on his travels in the West—and Mr. Holt has seen and described a great many,—there can have been nothing lovelier than the eastward view from

THE CROUCHING LION

View eastward from the terrace at "Fairholt," Burlington, Vermont

A ROUND-UP OF AUTHORS

the terrace of his country house. Toward the west (Trilby's other foot), the view comprises Lake Champlain and the Adirondack range. The occupants of the wagon shown in one of the other pictures are (from left to right) Miss Zephine Humphrey, author of "Over against Green Peak"; Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of "Gunhild" and stories in the *Atlantic;* Mr. Fisher; Miss Sarah L. Cleghorn, author of "The Turnpike Lady" and poems in the *Atlantic* and the *Century;* and Mr. Holt himself.

It is all right: Keokuk and I have made up. As a matter of fact, that city and I had no quarrel. Outsiders tried to bring one on by misinterpreting an allusion of mine in this magazine, some months ago, but they did not succeed. Mr. G. Walter Barr, editor of the Keokuk *Standard*, looked at the matter in the right light from the first. He knew that it was from "Mademoiselle Modiste" that I was quoting; and that it was culture clubs in general, and not any one in particular, that I referred to. Mr. Barr wants me to take a run out to Keokuk "some summer's day," and assures me of a cordial reception. He had better be careful: I may take him at his word; but it won't be "some summer's day," but when the weather is cooler than we have it in summer, or at least than we had it during the summer just past.

The Rev. Father Vaughan is a close second to the reverend Mr. Hardy, who wrote "How to be Happy though Married." He deals out wise words on wedlock, which if followed by all who listen to them ought to make London an ideal place for married couples. "Never nag, never scold," he says, which is most excellent advice; and he gives it to the husband as well as to the wife. Not to offend either sex, he does not pronounce man to be the superior, whatever he may think; but he does say that man has the mind while woman has the heart. Is this not going to

"FAIRHOLT," BURLINGTON, VERMONT

Evergreen walk, looking north from summer house

give offence to suffragettes, as well as to others? Father Vaughan cannot deceive us: he is for the man every time.

The selection of Mr. Winthrop Ames as director of the New Theatre was one of the greatest surprises that many of us have ever had. I confess that I had never heard his name mentioned in that connection. I knew that Mr. Ames and Mr. Lorin Deland had taken over the famous Castle Square Theatre of Boston and made a success of it, and that was about all I did know. I will know more sometime in 1909, or perhaps a little later. Mr. Ames has undertaken a big contract—not only big but difficult. As far as the directors are concerned, they stand ready to back him in all his undertakings; but the public and the press will be on the lookout for trouble, and he must expect to be freely criticised. From what I hear of him, I do not think this will disturb him. He is the sort of man that, having put his hand to the plow, does not look back,

WINTHROP AMES

Photograph by Matzene

LEE SHUBERT

None of the Ames family do; in this respect they are like their ancestors. Mr. Ames is credited with saying a great many things he may have said or may not have said. It is what he does, rather than what he says, that interests me.

In Mr. John Corbin, the literary manager, he has a worthy associate. Mr. Corbin is a student of the drama and, while he may be a little academic in his views and their expression, he is the right man in the right place. I am glad that Mr. Lee Shubert is the business manager of the New Theatre, because he not only knows his business but he knows it well. I should say that as a producer he belongs to the wizard class. I have always believed in Mr. Shubert, and I am glad that the directors of the New Theatre share my belief.

These photographs illustrate the fact that this is the day of opportunity for young men—and, incidentally, for Harvard men.

Photograph by Hollinger

JOHN CORBIN

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Colby, Chas. W.	Canadian Types of Old Regime.	*Holt.*
Dawson, W. J. and C. W.	Great English Letter Writers.	*Revell.*
Green, Alice Stopford.	The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing.	*Macmillan.*
Hare, Christopher.	Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance.	*Scribners.*
Holland, R. S.	Builders of United Italy.	*Holt.*
Lenotre, G.	Daughter of Louis XVI.	*Lane.*
Schultz, Alfred P.	Race or Mongrel.	*Page.*
Sichel, Edith.	Later Years of Catherine de Médici.	*Dutton.*
Williams, H. Noll.	Madame De Pompadour.	*Scribners.*

Travel and Discription

Coolidge, W. A. B.	The Alps in Nature and History.	*Dutton.*
Knock, C. Reginald.	Peru.	*Scribners.*
Mijatovich, M. C.	Servia and the Servians.	*Page.*

Fiction

Bell, J. J.	Thou Fool.	*Baker, Taylor.*
Benson, E. F.	The Blotting Book.	*Doubleday.*
Chambers, Robert W.	The Firing Line.	*Appleton.*
Connolly, James B.	An Olympic Victor.	*Scribners.*
Eggleston, Geo. C.	The Warrens of Virginia.	*Dillingham.*
Eggleston, Geo. C.	Two Gentlemen of Virginia.	*Lothrop.*
Fuller, Henry B.	Waldo French and Others.	*Scribners.*
Grundy, Mabel Barnes.	Hilary on Her Own.	*Baker, Taylor.*
Knapp, Adeline.	The Well in the Desert.	*Century.*
Mason, G. S., and Megargel, P. F.	The Car and the Lady.	*Baker, Taylor.*
Munn, C. C.	Myrtle Baldwin.	*Lothrop.*
Richards, Laura E.	The Wooing of Calvin Parks.	*Dana Estes.*
Ridgely, Newton.	By Law of Might.	*H. A. Simmons.*
Rinehart, Mary R.	The Circular Staircase.	*Bobbs, Merrill.*
Sinclair, Bertrand W.	Paw Gold.	*Dillingham.*
Smith, F. Hopkinson.	Peter.	*Scribners.*
Tynan, Katharine.	Her Ladyship.	*McClurg.*
White, Stewart Edward.	The Riverman.	*McClure.*

Miscellaneous

Bryson, Chas. Lee.	Tan and Teckle.	*Revell.*
Kuhns, Oscar.	The Sense of the Infinite	*Holt.*
Loomis, Chas. Battell.	The Knack of It.	*Revell.*
Miyakawa, Maskyi.	Powers of the American People.	*Baker, Taylor.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

There is Beauty in every Jar

The skin is an important body organ. It discharges, through its 28 miles of tiny pores, two pounds of effete or waste matter every 24 hours. Now, unless these pores are properly performing their work, this waste matter stays in the skin and makes it sallow, muddy and yellowish.

Therefore a healthy skin is necessary to a perfect complexion. Exposure to the weather, to heat and cold, to dirt and dust indoors and out, to the tainted air of the ball-room or the steam of the kitchen, makes a skin tonic an absolute necessity to the woman who values her complexion.

Milkweed Cream

is a nourishing skin food with stimulating tonic properties. Apply a little with the finger tips night and morning and it will help the little pores to perform the work nature intends them to do.

Rubbing and kneading make the skin flabby and cause large, unsightly pores. Many skin troubles are caused by rubbing stuff into the skin. Having no remedial virtue, this simply drys up and clogs the tiny pores, making the complexion worse than it was before.

Milkweed Cream is absorbed by the skin like the dry ground absorbs water. It quickly restores a faded, sallow complexion and removes all skin blemishes. It should be used regularly every night and morning in order to keep the skin healthy and to prevent the pores from becoming clogged up.

Improves bad complexions—preserves good complexions

Milkweed Cream is put up in the most dainty fashion—white jars that will be an ornament for the most exclusive dressing-table.

Liberal Sample Free Just write a note giving your name and address and enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and we will send a sample free of charge, to prove how beneficial and beautifying Milkweed Cream really is.

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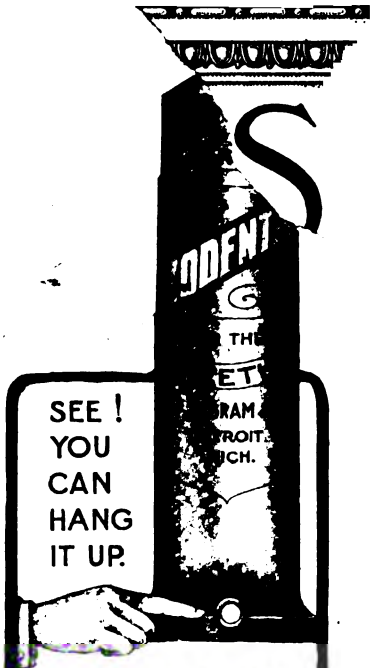

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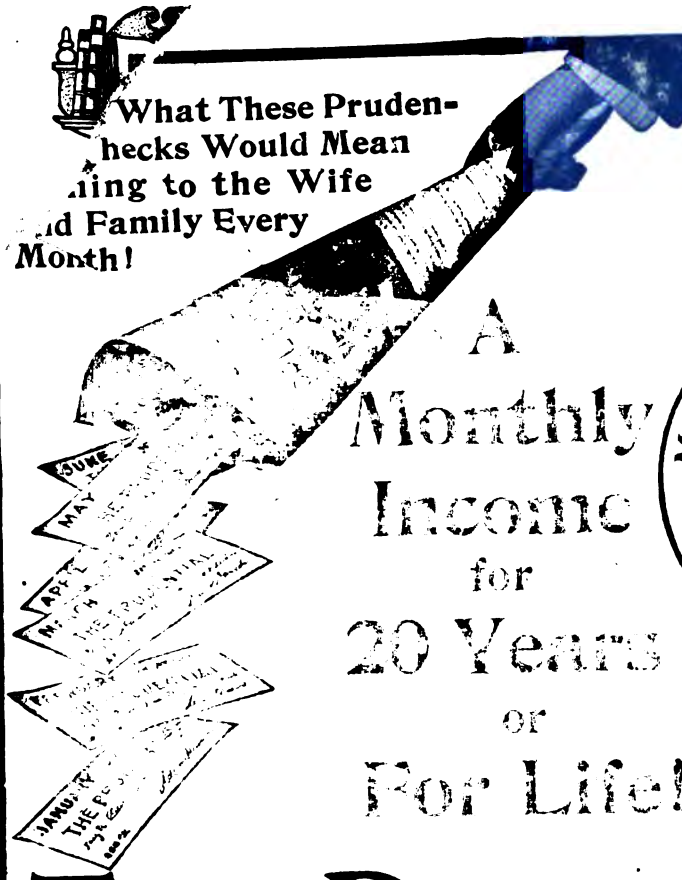

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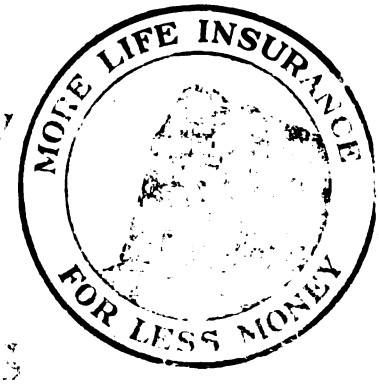

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PUTNAM'S AND THE READER

NOVEMBER

VOL. V. No 2

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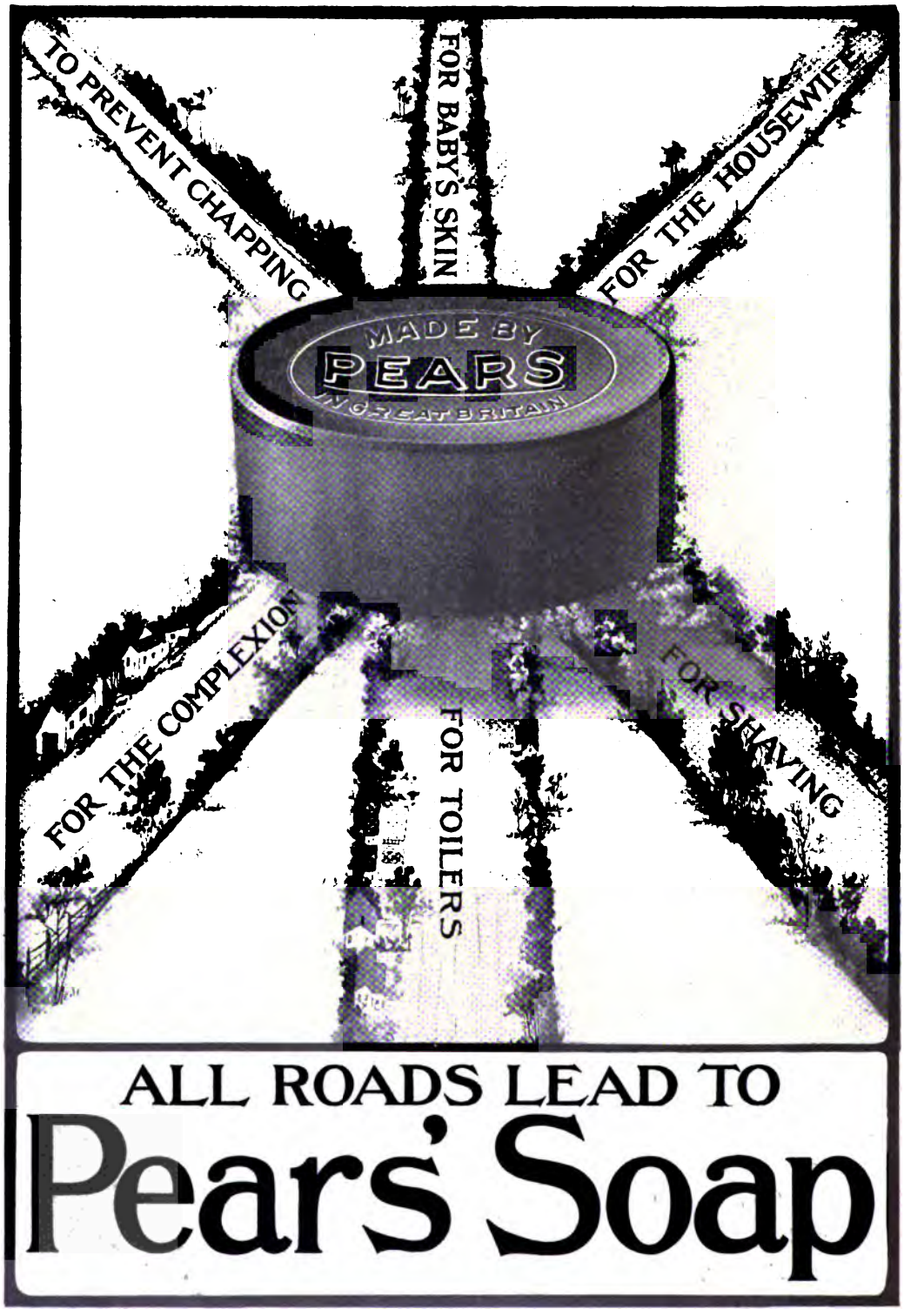

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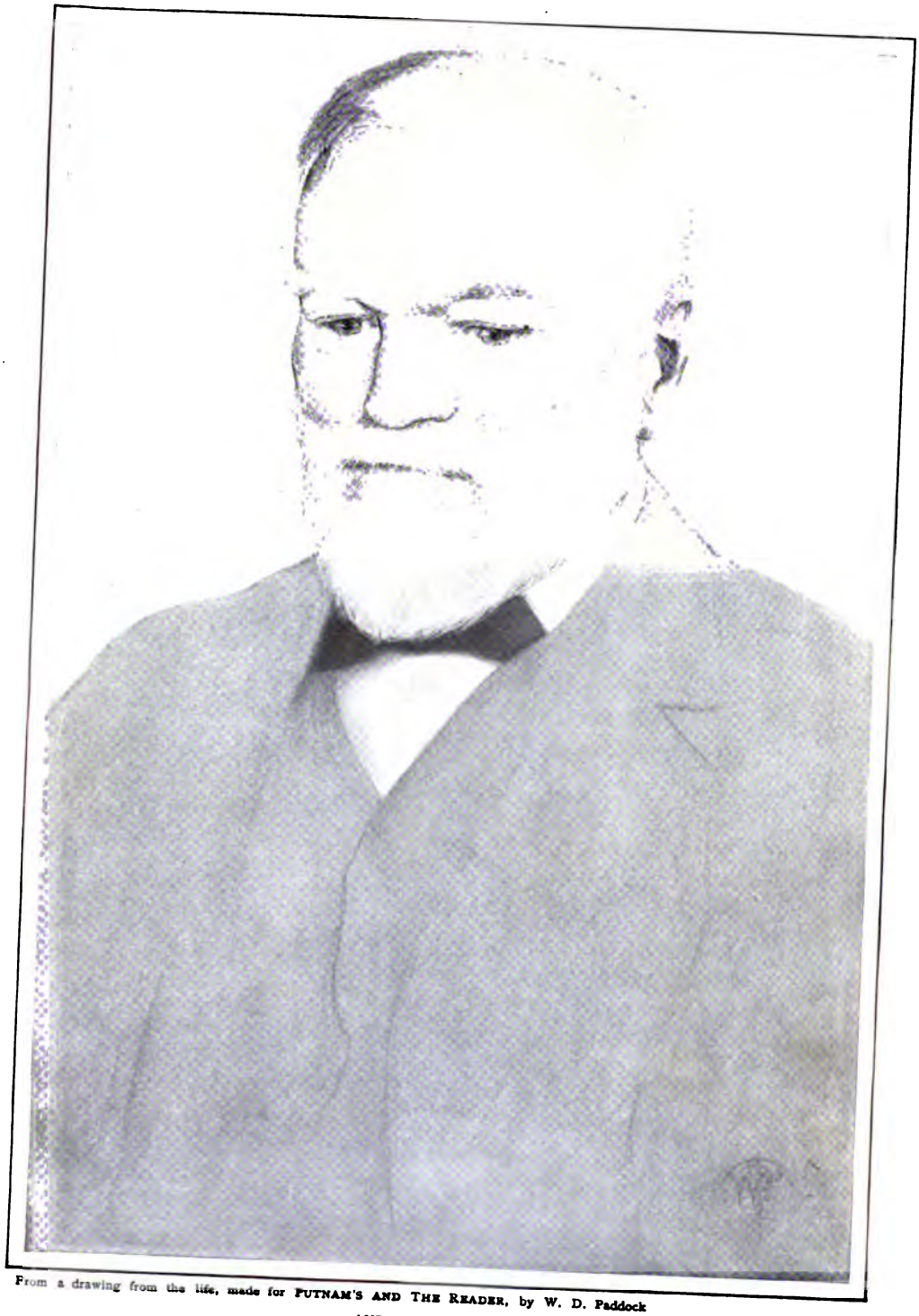

From a drawing from the life, made for PUTNAM'S AND THE READER, by W. D. Paddock

ANDREW CARNEGIE

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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY
& THE READER

VOL. V NOVEMBER, 1908 NO. 2

THE CITY OF DREADFUL HEIGHT

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS

A RECENT writer in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY remarked that New York was becoming, more than ever, a City of Dreadful Height —a happy parody of the title of Thomson's depressing poem. The Singer building (or "Singerhorn," as it is sometimes called) was then nearing completion, and the Metropolitan Tower had begun to rise from its foundations on the edge of Madison Square; but the plans for the new Equitable, outclassing both monsters, were as yet unrevealed.

The world stood amazed, not many years ago, at the six-and-twenty crowded stories of the Park Row Syndicate building; and more recently the conspicuous site and peculiar proportions of the Flatiron, even more than its height, made this triangular landmark a nine days' wonder. But when it came to be a matter of forty-five stories, and a cupola poised six hundred feet above Broadway—and when, soon afterwards, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company announced a modification of its original plans, to provide for fifty stories in all, and an extreme height nearly one hundred feet greater than that of the Singer building—the imagination of the Man in the Street was fairly staggered; and the Man himself has since spent an unwarrantable time gazing vacuously, with upturned eyes and down-dropped jaw, at one or another of these unique achievements in new-world architecture. If his simple mind cherished a conviction that they were to be the last word in sky-scrapers, great must have been the shock when he learned, simultaneously with the raising of the Stars and Stripes on the flagpole of the unfinished Metropolitan Tower, that the Equitable Life Assurance Society was about to destroy its ponderous

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and granite home, and rear in its place a sixty-two-story edifice, half as high again as the Singer building, and many times as bulky!

One is reminded by this rivalry among the insurance companies of the reckless race between "the big three," only a few years since, to reach the goal of a thousand million dollars of risks. They passed *that* post almost neck and neck; and now, perhaps, they are wondering whether the game was worth the candle. It may be that they will experience the same misgivings when they have ceased to assault high heaven with stone and steel.

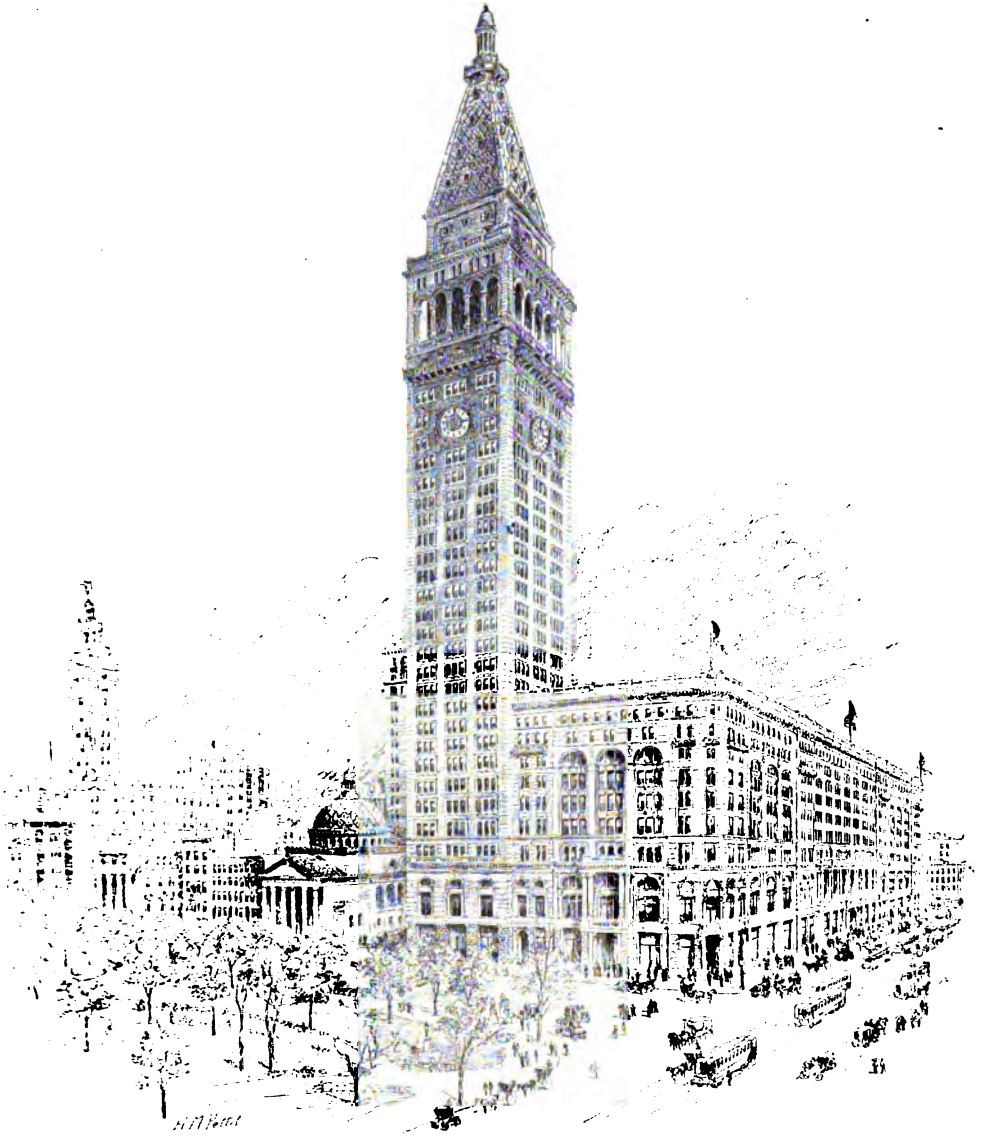
It would be idle to suppose that the end is yet in sight; I, for one, should not be amazed were the next few years to bring into being an office-building of nearly a hundred stories, rising twelve hundred feet from base to cupola. Already there is report of a thousand-foot building, to occupy in part the site of the Mills building in Broad Street; and the *Scientific American* has pointed out that the present local Building Code, by permitting a pressure of fifteen tons per square foot under the footings on a rock bottom, where caisson foundations are used, implicitly authorizes the construction of a 2000-foot building of the Singer type, capable of subdivision into a hundred and fifty stories, each thirteen feet four inches high. As the walls of a steel-skeleton building must be at least twelve inches thick for the upper seventy-five feet, and increase four inches every sixty feet below, the thickness of the walls to a height of sixty feet from the ground, in such a building, would be eleven feet eight inches. This, and the fact that such a tower, two hundred feet square, would cost about $60,000,000, may be expected to postpone indefinitely the perpetration of such a *reductio ad absurdum* of the local craze for skyscrapers. It is estimated, by the way, that the elements' rage, so far as it has ever manifested itself in this neighborhood, would be powerless to overthrow such an erection. But the present code affords no security whatever against the building of such a tower.

The present writer recalls the time when Babbitt's soap factory and Trinity Church were the most conspicuous objects in lower New York as seen from Jersey City. The former disappeared from view long years ago. As to Trinity steeple, it appears to-day at the bottom, as it were, of a wide well. Tenants of the adjoining buildings can distinguish it by leaning out of their office windows and gazing downward; but the adventurous aeronaut, sailing o'er the stormy main street of the Borough of Manhattan, would hardly be able to descry it. If it is seen in the skyline from any neighboring point of view, it is conspicuous only as the stub of a broken tooth is conspicuous in a comb.

How New York's skyline has risen within the past two generations, was graphically shown at the Congested Population exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History, last winter, in a series of drawings prepared for the occasion (here reproduced from *Charities*—see page 143). The growth during the forty-three years preceding 1885 was scarcely more noticeable, it will be observed, than that which marked the next two-and-twenty—a period only half as long. It looks to-day as if the changes within the next quarter-century would be no less radical.

At first, skyscrapers were confined to the lower end of Manhattan Island. For a few years they towered in solitary grandeur, receiving only occasional accessions to their ranks as financial houses or speculative builders saw—or thought they saw—a reasonable profit in building them. Then they came thick and fast, the later arrivals filling in the gaps in the lines of the earlier ones, and generally overtopping them.

Having conquered the lower end of Manhattan, it was only a question of time when this type of building would invade the upper reaches of the island; so the erection of the Flatiron and *Times* buildings—in situations that made them conspicuous other-



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METROPOLITAN TOWER, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

wise than because of their height—surprised no one. Then came the Belmont Hotel facing the Grand Central Station, the Gotham, St. Regis and Plaza hotels in Fifth Avenue, the 71st Regiment Armory in Fourth Avenue, with its Italian tower of red brick; and the Metropolitan, rising to more than twice the height of the Madison Square Garden tower, and thereby confirming the judgment shown by the late Stanford White in making Dr. Parkhurst's gem of a church, next door, a domed instead of a steepled structure.

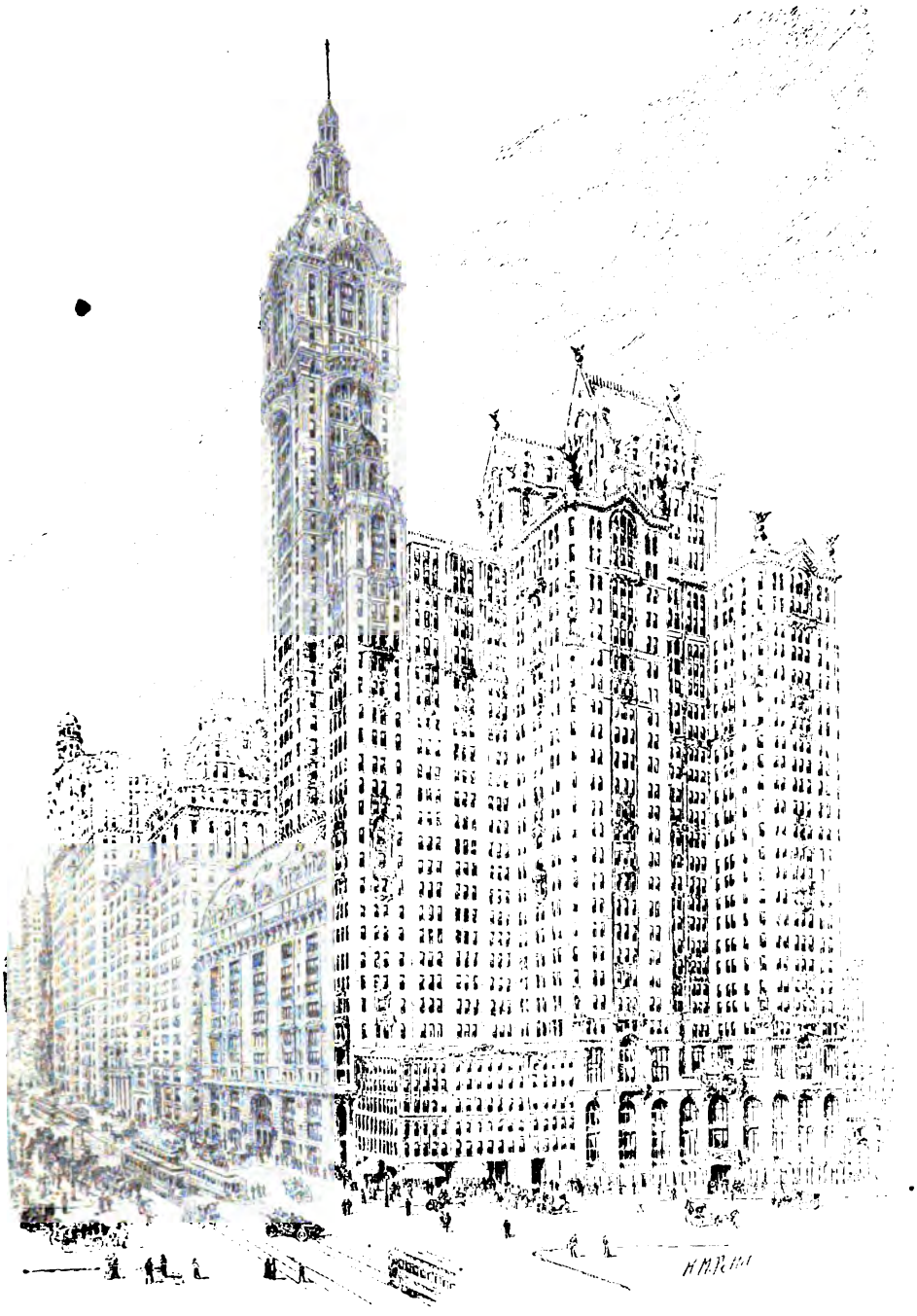
It is only twenty years since the first office-building of the modern type came into being—the so-called Tower Building, at No. 50 Broadway, near Exchange Place. This nine-storied structure (subsequently raised to eleven), being only twenty-one feet

wide, derived its name from its narrowness no less than from its height. If reared by the ancient methods, it would have had nothing on the ground floor but a contracted corridor flanked by massive walls. So the architect, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, arranged that the weight of the walls as well as of the floors should be sustained, not by the walls themselves, but by the foundations as a whole. By this ingenious solution of the problem, he made it possible for New York to become the City of Dreadful Height. Its office-buildings have become metal cages, of which bricks and stone have ceased to be the essential materials, and form merely a veneer, like the flesh that clothes the bony framework of human beings. How rapidly the world moves in "little old New York" is indicated by the fact that this pioneer, but scarcely antiquated, edifice is already going down to make room for something not only much broader, but vastly taller. The new building is to rise thirty-eight stories above the sidewalk in Broadway, and to attain a height of 443 feet, its width being eighty, while its foundations will rest on bed-rock ninety-five feet underground. It is to run through to the next street, and will occupy the sites of several buildings besides the one described above.

Some conception of the magnitude of the new type of skyscraper may be had from the figures relating to the Singer building. It is said to contain metal piping enough to extend from New York to Albany (136 miles); wires that would reach 3425 miles or three hundred beyond Paris; and steel enough, if made into a three-quarter-inch cable, to connect Manhattan Island with the city of Buenos Ayres (about 7100 miles). Into its construction enter over 1,300,000 terra-cotta blocks and over half a million bricks, and a sufficient amount of copper to make 46,208,000 one-cent pieces. The boilers will demand every year 18,000,000 gallons of water and about 8000 tons of coal. There are 16 electric elevators, the length of the highest shaft being 546¾ feet. The interior is lighted by 14,500 electric lights, and to illuminate the exterior there are 1800 incandescent lights, and 25 search-lights of 13,000,000 candle-power each, so that at night the tower is visible forty miles away.

Still larger figures are called for, in describing the Metropolitan Tower; which is not only much taller, but considerably bulkier, being seventy-five by eighty-five feet, instead of sixty-five feet square, and weighing over twice as much—about 84,000,000 pounds. This greater weight is due not only to its size, but to the fact that, whereas the Singer has central panels of metal and glass, the Metropolitan is wholly sheathed with marble. A conspicuous feature of the latter building is an enormous clock, with a face 25½ feet in diameter on each side of the tower. Colored lights will signal the quarter-hours at night; and by day the same divisions of time will be marked by the so-called Cambridge chimes, rung on four colossal bells, now making at Troy, New York. The heaviest of these bronzes will weigh 7000 pounds; the other three 3000, 2000 and 1500 respectively. It is easy to credit the claim that the tones of the largest will be unsurpassed for depth; and that the group, when perched on the four corners of the marble base running around the forty-sixth floor of the building, will be twice as high in air as any other tower bells in existence.

Gigantic as these two buildings are, they yet must yield precedence, except in the matter of extreme height, to the City Investing building, in Broadway, which, rising only thirty-three stories above the sidewalk, yet "blankets" the adjoining Singer building, so that only the upper reaches of its tower are visible from the nearest point on the Hudson River. The amount of rentable floor-space in this leviathan of metal and masonry is twelve acres. Its construction called for 13,500 tons of steel (as compared with 9200 in the Singer building); and the metal punched out and thrown



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SINGER BUILDING (MIDDLE) AND CITY INVESTING BUILDING (RIGHT)

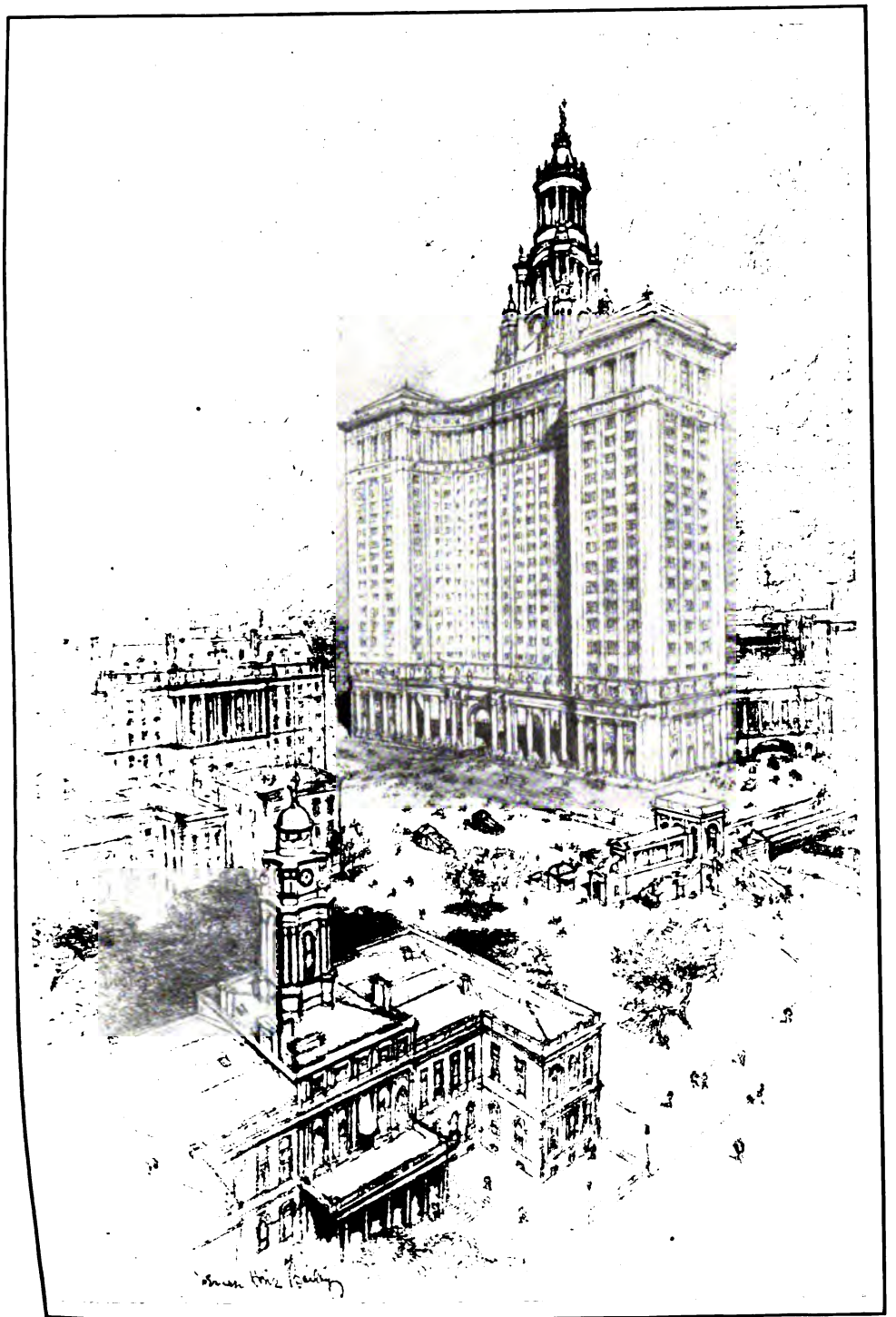
At left is the Trinity Building (cupola) with Trinity Church and the Empire Building beyond it

away in making the necessary 4,410,000 rivet holes, etc., was 297,000 pounds. In elevation, this huge edifice ranks next above the Park Row building—the first really monstrous skyscraper ever put up in New York City. Other of the latest additions to the city's architecture of this sort are the Hudson Terminal buildings, occupying the block fronts in Church Street from Cortlandt to Dey and from Dey to Fulton, and extending 275 feet westward from the sidewalk, with an aggregate available area of 44,000 square feet on each floor. The tenants of these twin office-buildings have thirty-nine elevators to ride in; 5000 windows give them light by day, and—if returning prosperity should happen to keep them at work overtime—30,000 incandescent burners by night.

Less stupendous than the least of these great buildings, yet vast enough, and conspicuous by reason of their setting, are the Empire and Trinity buildings, in Broadway, looking northward and southward respectively across Trinity churchyard and the church itself; and the Whitehall building facing southward over the Battery and the Bay. The Trinity is interesting because of the architect's adoption of a Gothic style for the façade, harmonizing fairly well, in its lighter color, with the fashion of the adjoining church; and the latter for the successful attempt to mitigate, by an agreeable color scheme, the harshness of its packing-box shape. In West Street, immediately behind the Whitehall building, is soon to rise, from West to Washington Street, a skyscraper of assorted heights—a thing of brick and marble and terra-cotta, having a central tower about ninety-five feet square and thirty-six stories (nearly 450 feet) high, showing above two wings, one sixteen, the other thirty-one stories in height—these diversities in elevation being designed to effect an harmonious ensemble with the original Whitehall building, to which the enormous new structure will be annexed.

All past attempts to spoil the classic beauty of the century-old white marble City Hall, by additions either vertical or horizontal, having been thwarted, the municipality has decided to erect a skyscraper of its own, to house sundry of its now scattered departments. A site has been chosen in Centre Street, overlooking City Hall Park; and a competition among the architects has resulted in the acceptance of the plans submitted by the firm of McKim, Mead & White, designers of the Madison Square Tower and many other notable buildings in New York City and elsewhere. These call for a structure harmonizing in a very general way (save as to height) with the City Hall itself, occupying an irregular hexagonal piece of land through the middle of which, from Centre Street to Park Row, Chambers Street will extend in the form of an arcade. The main building will have the comparatively modest elevation of twenty-three stories; but a central tower, with minarets and many columns, will carry a lantern to a height of 559 feet above the sidewalk.

As to the impressiveness of the present skyline as seen from the East River, the Hudson or the Bay, there can be no question. Nothing of its kind exists elsewhere; and one can readily sympathize with the enthusiasm to which travellers sometimes give dithyrambic expression—though one may hesitate to credit a local newspaper's headline, "Editor Strachey" (of the London *Spectator*) "says New York skins Venice!" The immense masses of masonry, hundreds of feet high, above which ascend towers and turrets conspicuously higher, produce an effect grandiose in the extreme. At night, one seems to be approaching a city set upon a hill, the innumerable lights producing, here and there, the effect of winding roads leading upward from the level waterside. And visible for many a mile, above all other objects, the shaft of the Singer building, illuminated within and without by countless lights, glows like a lily in the pool of night.



McKim, Mead & White, Architects. From *Harper's Weekly*. Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Brothers

NEW YORK'S NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Centre Street and Park Row overlooking Hall of Records (left), City Hall (foreground) and proposed Terminal of Brooklyn Bridge (right)

Reproduced from a drawing by C. McKnight Smith, by courtesy of the *Scientific American*

A 2000-FOOT BUILDING—THE MAXIMUM POSSIBLE UNDER NEW YORK'S PRESENT BUILDING CODE

Singer Building (left), Metropolitan Tower, "Lusitania," 2000-foot building, Eiffel Tower, Washington Monument, Equitable Building, St. Peter's Church

A recent writer in this magazine, whose subject was "The National Note in American Art," spoke a true and timely word on the subject of the skyscraper. Referring to the attempts originally made to disguise the height of these "monstrosities," by chopping up their surface into "innumerable and inconsequent parts" with "persistently recurrent horizontals," he went on to say:

But it occurred to some architects, who happened also to be artists in touch with their time and country, that instead of being forced to an odious task, they were offered a splendid opportunity. . . . These men . . . left behind them their artistic inheritances and sought to express

the dominant qualities of the problem before them. They no longer attempted to impose a foreign architecture upon native conditions; they ceased to babble the formulas of the schools, and boldly proclaimed in firm, recurring, vertical lines, in buoyant and declamatory ornament, the avid struggle, the extravagant energy, the aspiration and desire of power, the disregard for tradition, the irreverence—even the cruelty and sublimity—of commercial life in America.*

The same thought was expressed last spring by a writer in the *Spectator* (presumably the editor himself):

The very disadvantages of New York are also its supreme beauties. What other city is there of like size which matches it in position? It is a seaside city. The salt water laves its feet. As the traveller approaches it he thinks of Venice, rising from the sea; or he is perhaps reminded of ancient Tyre, which stood out in the sea as a hand from a wrist, and of which the houses were impressively tall.

"Impressive" is not too indulgent an expression for the skyscrapers of New York. Clean-faced, simple, original and audacious, they are characteristic of the land and the people. They are not ugly concessions to utility, but rather a grand adaptation of architecture to circumstances. The ancients, harassed with the dread of piracy, would not have dared to build a city like New York on the edge of a great harbor open to the sea. It is something which the modern world alone could have given us. It is free to the world, yet unafraid. Its roads lead everywhere because they lead to the sea. It is a million-footed Manhattan, and the mark of the old colony is still set upon the place where Broadway corkscrews quaintly through the rectangular formality of the ordered avenues.

And here is Friederich van Eeden, the Dutch novelist, poet and socialist, —who finds more to abuse in America than to praise,—going into raptures, in the *Independent*, over New York's wonderful skyline:

New York is naïvely, unintentionally, and magnificently beautiful, with its broad, yellowish-gray river sparkling in the sun, its curious conglomerate of square brick piles, delicately red and creamy white, its white panaches of steam, wafted out and dissolving into the clear, blue, transparent sky. It is all splendid because it has strong, vigorous life and character. It has the healthy style of straight necessity.

If the view of these clustering towers is one to seize the beholder's attention, no less impressive in its way is the view to be had from their summits. Here, as on a map, the second-largest of mankind's dwelling-places is spread at a dizzy depth below one's feet, not only covering Manhattan Island, but spreading out, across bays and rivers, to Long Island, Staten Island, Westchester County, and the neighboring cities of New Jersey, and including woodlands, plains and mountains, the seashore, and old ocean itself.

Apart, however, from its inherently awful, or awe-inspiring aspect, there is another sense in which New York's height may well be termed "dreadful." As a consumer of light and air, the skyscraper is malign and terrible. Once upon a time, Madison Square was a place to which one could resort, whether in the morning or the afternoon of a bright day in winter, in the assurance that he might bask there in the sun. When the Flatiron came, there was no sunlight to be had, after three o'clock, save on the extreme northern edge of the square—or rather on the sidewalk in front of the houses in Twenty-sixth Street. With the Metropolitan tower completed, and a fourteen-story office-building rising on the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there is now little or no sunshine to be had, in winter, in any part of this once popular breathing place. The Flatiron, by virtue of its great height and its triangular form, has proved to be a cyclone-breeder to which self-respecting pedestrians—especially women—must needs give a wide berth; and the Metropolitan, besides shadowing the lower end of the square in the morning hours, has so "blanketed" the Appellate Court House, several hun-

*Bayard Boyesen, in PUTNAM'S AND THE READER, May, 1908.

dred feet distant, in Madison Avenue, that an addition of forty feet has had to be made to the height of the chimney of the latter building! Yet this is one of the points at which, if anywhere in town, skyscrapers would seem to be well placed.

Some years ago, the writer remarked to Sir John Taylor, the Government engineer in charge of certain great public buildings going up in Whitehall and elsewhere, that there was one obvious reason why London could never be cursed with such heaven-kissing structures as ours. "Yes," said he—"the narrow streets." I hastened to explain that most of our skyscrapers stood in thoroughfares as narrow as those of London—originally laid out in the Dutch-English village of the seventeenth century. The reason is, of course, the dark and oppressive atmosphere of England's capital, which would make all but the top floors of such buildings unbearably dark for nine or ten months of the year. Yet by dint of massing our monstrous edifices at one end of the town, we are fast making the neighboring streets as gloomy as Paternoster Row or Chancery Lane, and in many buildings necessitating the use of artificial light in every room less than twenty stories above the curb. In London itself, the nearest approach to a skyscraper is Queen Anne's Mansions, near Victoria Street, S. W., one part of this apartment-house being eleven stories high and the rest fourteen. The Corporation of Liverpool, however (so one reads), has authorized the construction of the first structure of the modern American type in England—a three-hundred-foot office-building, to stand opposite the Prince's landing stage on the river Mersey. The London *Globe* reports the building of a skyscraper in the Rue de la Paix, but gives no dimensions, and English ideas of what constitutes a skyscraper are perhaps not ours. Paris, however, still boasts the tallest building in the world — the

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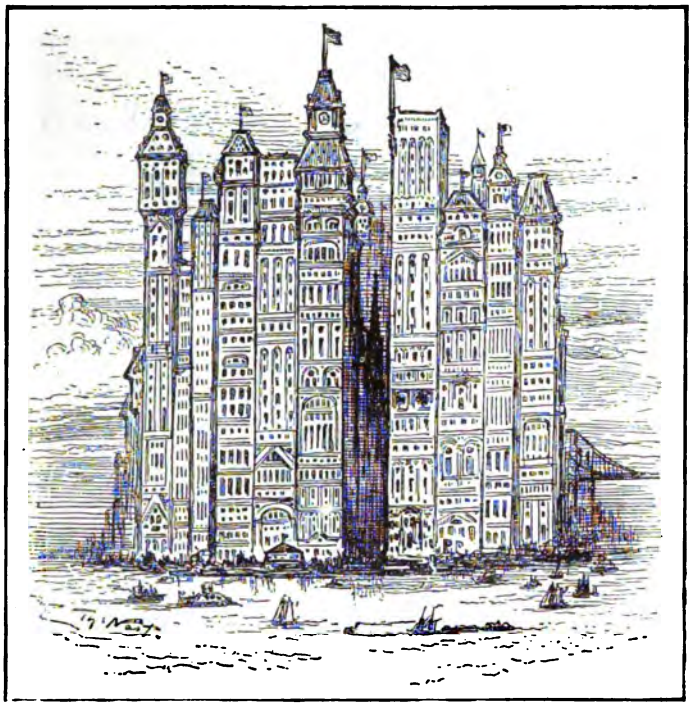
A PART OF THE SKYLINE OF LOWER NEW YORK AS SEEN FROM THE HUDSON RIVER

Singer Building, middle, City Investing Building partly hiding it at left, Hudson Terminal Buildings and a part of the Park Row Building with its two turrets. At right of the "Singerhorn" is the West Street Building; next comes the Trinity Building (with cupola). The Trinity steeple is dimly visible about half an inch from the extreme right.



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THOMAS NAST'S VERIFIED PROPHECY

Eiffel Tower; which, by the way, as originally arranged, is to become the property of the city of Paris in January, after twenty years' ownership by M. Eiffel and his heirs.

As this article goes to press, a commission appointed by the Board of Aldermen is revising the Building Code; and as it is expected that its report will recommend a limit to the height of new buildings, the recent submission of an unusual number of plans for particularly tall skyscrapers is doubtless due to a desire to get official approval of such plans before the present code has been amended in the public interest. The leading part in the movement to check the greed of sordid builders has been taken by Mr. Ernest Flagg, the designer of the "Singerhorn." The proposal he makes is that no street façade shall rise more than one hundred feet above the street; and that only one quarter of the lot on which a building stands shall be covered by any part of the building which rises to a greater height than this; and that such higher part shall come no nearer the front line of the building than that line comes to the curb. To the height of the tower itself, he would fix no bounds. If a builder wishes to devote to a tower more than twenty-five per cent. of his lot, he must induce his neighbors to waive their rights in his favor. For the principle involved in these suggestions, Mr. Flagg has secured the written approval of two hundred of his fellow architects, and his recommendations have been submitted to the commission with the official backing of the profession.

A city of dreadful height is pretty sure to be also a city of dreadful depth. Not content with soaring indefinitely skyward, the modern office-building or hotel dives proportionately deep, with basements, cellars and subcellars sunk, one below the other, to bedrock. In the basement of one of the Trinity buildings is a safe-deposit vault, directly accessible from the platform of the Subway station. An elevator built inside the

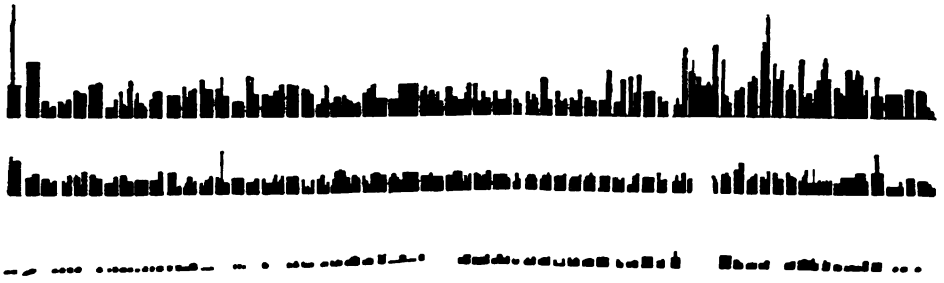
vault takes the depositor downstairs, where there is a second vault even larger than the first—both being built of heavy steel plates such as are used in the construction of battleships. Occupants of this building can go hundreds of feet along Broadway under the sidewalk, pass through a tunnel beneath the Subway, enter the basement of an office-building on the other side of the street, walk through to New Street, cross above ground to another office-building, and come out on Broad Street near the "Curb," without having been out-of-doors for more than six seconds. The new Tower building will go five stories underground in New Street and six in Broadway. Beneath the wayfarer crossing Park Avenue at 34th Street are the street cars of the Fourth and Madison Avenue line, which enter and emerge from the Park Avenue tunnel at that point. The Subway trains run in the same direction as the trolley cars, in a four-track tunnel of their own beneath that in which the street car tracks are laid; while a still lower level has been found for the Pennsylvania and Long Island railroads,

A VIEW FROM THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF "PUTNAM'S MONTHLY"
Metropolitan Tower—Madison Square, and site of the late Fifth Avenue Hotel

crossing the city a block or two farther downtown. But the profoundest depths are touched by the shafts of the "plunger" elevators; those of the Trinity building penetrating bores 295 feet deep, while those of the City Investing building go down eighty feet farther.

As I sat at my office desk, last winter, in the office of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, I could see the steel framework of the upper stories of the Metropolitan Tower rising above the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the spring the hotel was torn down, and to the din of penumatic hammering that reached my ears across Madison Square was added the noise of falling bricks and beams as the house-wreckers worked their will on the half-centuried building just below my window-sill. Then the foundations were attacked, and the bedrock on which the famous hostelry had rested since the day I was born, was cleared away to the additional depth that skyscrapers require. With this came the hissing of steam-drills, the shouts of laborers warning one another away from impending explosions; and then the boom of the explosions themselves, followed by the crash of falling tons of granite.

Already the framework of a fourteen-story office-building is rising on the site of the hotel, and for me the sharp clangor of rivet-driving drowns all other sounds in the neighborhood, and soon all other sights will be blotted out by massive walls. But, in the meantime, the view of busy Fifth Avenue and bosky Madison Square and the buildings beyond the Square rejoices my sight as much as my hearing is offended by the unspeakable racket. To see the street and the trees and the grass, I have to stand at my window; but the Madison Square Garden with its graceful Giralda tower, Dr. Parkhurst's dainty little Presbyterian Church with the Metropolitan Annex behind it, and the Metropolitan Tower itself—all these are in plain view from my revolving chair. The seven-hundred-foot tower, indeed, is visible not only when I look at it, but even when I turn away to speak to a caller, or to read a letter or a manuscript; for then it is reflected in my glasses. And the vision is by no means an unpleasant one. Though I am opposed to the skyscraper on principle, I recognize its æsthetic possibilities, and if this white marble shaft fulfils the promise it held forth when the accompanying photograph was taken, on July 31st, it may well prove to be, not only a nine days' wonder, but one of the chief architectural ornaments of the new New York.



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NEW YORK'S CHANGING SKYLINE

From 24th Street (at left) southward to the Battery, in 1842 (foot), 1885 and 1907

Drawn by Robert Edwards

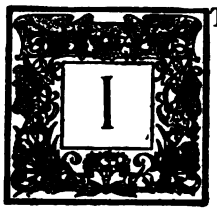
(See page 147)

'MY HUSBAND KILLED ISAAC FORD"

BREAKHEART FARM

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT EDWARDS



IT had been called Breakheart Farm time out of mind, in derision of a soil even less responsive than that of its New Hampshire neighbors; but it was only since the tragedy of fifteen years ago that the name had come to have a sinister fascination. "That's Breakheart Farm," the driver of the stage-coach would say, pointing upward with his whip, sure of the interest he created in the mind of the chance passenger beside him. "That's Breakheart Farm," the summer resident would explain to his guest, as they motored from Petersfield to Deane. And "That's Breakheart Farm," one native of the countryside would remark to another, as they drew near the red house on the hill, even though both were familiar with the place since boyhood. Breakheart Farm had become a spot that no one could go by in silence or without straining the vision to catch a possible glimpse of Judith Colomy, or her son.

"That's Breakheart Farm."

Judith Colomy did not hear the words; she only felt sure that one of the two occupants of the wagon, dragging slowly up the hill, had used them to the other. The thought made her hurry across the bit of greensward before the door, to the protecting shelter of the elms, where an old man sat, reading and drowsing in a wicker chair.

"Here's your milk, Father," she said, casting a furtive glance over her shoulder, to make sure that they were unobserved. While the old man sipped his milk, she stood, still and upright, beside his chair. She was a tall, dark woman, to whom middle-age and sorrow had imparted a certain haggard beauty. In spite of the stiff simplicity of her black dress, and the marks of work on her hands, it was clear at a glance that she belonged to the rank of rural New England gentility. The same fact was stamped on her surroundings. There were suggestions of refinement which were not those of the ordinary farm. The square brick dwelling had a comfortable, ancestral air, and the greensward about it might have been called a lawn. There were hollyhocks, dahlias and sweet-peas beyond, through which one had glimpses of climbing beans, and rows of lofty, spear-leaved Indian corn. Under the elms, a few battered wicker chairs, about a wicker table, on which lay a Bible and a copy of the *North American Review*, bespoke a household of some leisure and cultivation. The old man, who sipped his milk, wore the rusty black coat and white neckcloth of the old-fashioned minister. The Colomys had been ministers, doctors and lawyers even before New Hampshire became a State.

Judith Colomy, waiting to take the glass from her father-in-law's hand, listened to the still, shrill humming of the land, audible to the spirit rather than the sense—the *waldweben* of the forest and the farm—which is earth's response to the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*—the infinite laughter of the sea. On the silence of the August afternoon the thud of the horse-hoofs on the road broke like the beating of a pulse, while the vehicle itself creaked out a mild complaint

As the sound drew nearer it caught the old man's ear, and he half turned to listen.

"It 's two women driving by," Mrs. Colomy explained. "They 're dressed in black, and look as if they were coming from a funeral."

"Whose funeral could it be?" the old man asked. "I have n't heard of any one being dead, except Henry Wellborn, and he was buried yesterday. It 's not likely to be any of his folks."

"No it is n't," the woman returned, with significant grimness. "We have n't had so much as a look from one of them since—since our troubles began; and they 're not likely to come now—after fifteen years."

"Who knows?" he sighed, gently. "Henry Wellborn was our Arthur's nearest friend. Now that the one has gone to join the other—— "

"Father, they 're turning in here," Judith Colomy exclaimed, with a sudden catching of the breath. "What can it mean? What can they be coming for? I 'm afraid."

"No, no, daughter," he said, soothingly. "It 's nothing to be afraid of. Fear is over for us now—since what happened fifteen years ago. Perhaps, though, we 'd better send for Edward: he 's down in the wheat-field, with the reaping machine."

He rose and, with his hand shading his eyes, watched the slow approach of the wagon up the long, rutted lane. It was so rarely that any one broke in on their seclusion that the event was disturbing. Judith Colomy sped away to bid a woman servant go in search of her son, and hurried back to her father-in-law's side. The wagon was now so near that it was possible to discern the faces of the two women seated within. They were both pale, with thin, pinched features, looking the more wistful for the crape they wore. The younger drove, holding the reins listlessly, while the horse plodded along at its own pace. The elder, who had thrown a heavy veil back from her face, sat with hands clasped, and eyes gazing straight before her.

"It *is* Eliza Wellborn," Mrs. Colomy whispered. "She 's come at last. That must be Myrtle with her. I have n't seen her since—since Arthur was taken from us. She was five then: that would make her twenty now. Yes, it must be she. She's grown pretty: Edward said she had."

The wagon came to a standstill near the door, and the girl, springing out lightly, began to run the rein through the ring of the tying-post. Mrs. Wellborn climbed down more slowly, looking about her as if dazed.

"Had n't you better go forward and speak to her?" the old man suggested.

"No, no; let us wait."

Having secured the horse, Myrtle Wellborn joined her mother and pointed out the two Colomys standing beneath the trees. Mrs. Wellborn pulled down her long crape veil again, and began to stumble forward across the grass. She was a little woman of the frail, helpless order. Judith Colomy remembered her of old as a country coquette, with blue eyes, and golden ringlets, and a silly love of admiration. Myrtle Wellborn held her small head erect, and came on, with lips set, and blue eyes fixed steadily, as if to the fulfilment of some hard duty. In spite of herself, Judith Colomy went forward a step or two, and offered her hand.

"No, I 'll not take your hand, Judith Colomy," Mrs. Wellborn stammered, hastily. "I 've come to tell you something. I 'll sit here."

She dropped into a seat, and began to cry, behind the thick black veil. Myrtle drew up a chair beside her, whispering soothing, strengthening words. Old Mr. Colomy sat down wondering. Judith alone remained standing, with an expression of hard expectancy on her haggard face.

Suddenly Mrs. Wellborn, drawing her handkerchief from beneath her veil, stopped crying, and spoke.

"My husband killed Isaac Ford."

The words came out without emphasis, in the tone of some commonplace statement. They were followed by a long hush, during which one

could hear again the *waldweben* of the August afternoon. Myrtle Wellborn took her mother's hand, and held it tightly. The old man leaned forward, his lips apart, as if in the effort to comprehend. Judith stood both motionless and expressionless, like a woman turned to stone. Nevertheless it was she who broke the silence first.

"Say that again."

Eliza Wellborn, sobbing behind her veil, repeated the words, obediently.

"My husband killed Isaac Ford."

"Is this true? Or are you crazy?"

"It 's true."

Judith turned to where the old man was still leaning forward, his face as white now as his hair.

"Do you hear that, Father?"

"I hear, child; but there must be some mistake. My son, Arthur, had a fair trial. The facts were before the world. I feel bound to say it, even though I am his father. There must be some mistake."

"There 's no mistake," the woman insisted. "My husband, Henry Wellborn, killed Isaac Ford. I knew it from the first."

"Oh, my God!" Judith Colomy cried out, with sudden passion. "And I believed my husband guilty! I let him go to that awful death knowing that I thought him so."

"That was easier than what I did," Eliza Wellborn replied, her voice rising with a sharp, nervous inflection. "I let your husband go to his fate knowing he was innocent. Of us two, it was I who suffered most."

With a sudden movement she threw back the veil, lifting her tear-stained face. She was a pretty woman still, with the forlorn prettiness of a faded artificial flower. Her large, China-blue eyes, and quivering, wistful mouth, had the pleading expression before which justice is disarmed. Judith Colomy, her face hidden in her hands, could find relief only in a harsh, inarticulate groaning. It was the old man who first regained his self-command. The habit of dealing with tortured souls enabled him to detach himself from the tragedy, to think of the suffering woman before him.

He drew one of the wicker chairs close to Mrs. Wellborn, and sat down in it. Judith sank into another, her face still covered with her hands.

"You 'll tell us about it, Mrs. Wellborn, won't you?" the old minister said, gently.

"I 'll try," she murmured; but before she could go on there was a sound of footsteps among the hollyhocks and dahlias. "Here 's Edward," she exclaimed, and began to cry again.

Judith Colomy sprang up to meet her son. He opened the gate leading from the garden to the greensward, but stood for a minute, in blank surprise, before passing through. He was a tall young man, straight and stalwart, his natural darkness tanned by exposure to sun and wind. His black hair, black beard, and deep brown eyes gave him a certain foreign look, which accentuated the air of aloofness bred in him by habits of silence, and a life somewhat apart from that of the world around. After a questioning glance from one member of the group to another, his eyes rested on Myrtle Wellborn. His lips were just parting in a smile, when his mother seized his hand and dragged him forward.

"Edward," she cried, "your father died an innocent man. Henry Wellborn killed Isaac Ford."

He released himself from his mother and fell back a step or two, speechless with astonishment.

"I 've come to tell you," Mrs. Wellborn quavered, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "I always meant, if my husband was taken first, to publish everything to the world. Myrtle and I don't care for ourselves, now that he 's safe."

"I can't believe it," the young man gasped, just audibly. "You 're making some mistake."

Mrs. Wellborn shook her head.

"I 've come to tell you," she repeated. "I know you all thought your father guilty. There were only two people in the world who did n't—

my husband and myself. It was awful. I don't know how I lived through it. I could n't have lived, if I had n't loved him so."

She paused to wipe her eyes, while Mrs. Colomy again dropped into a chair. Edward Colomy remained standing, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and his heavy brows drawn together, as he fixed his eyes on the trembling little woman.

"Listen," she began, again. "It was this way: A few days before Isaac Ford was missed, something unusual happened. My husband stayed out all night. He had never done so before, and I thought it strange. He came home about five in the morning, covered with mud and looking dazed. He said he had been taken ill, on the road home from Chesterfield. He thought he must have fainted, and fallen into one of the stonepits, near the road, on the Thornton farm. It was there he found himself, when he came to. Well, I gave him something hot to drink, and put him to bed. He stayed in bed all that day, but the next day he was better, and went to his office as usual. I was worried at first, but as he seemed to get well again I stopped thinking about it. Then, a few days later, the report spread that Isaac Ford was missing. One morning, at breakfast, I read aloud what the Deane *Register* said about it. It stated that Isaac Ford had been last seen on the road near Breakheart Farm, having hot words with Arthur Colomy. Everybody knew that your father owed him money, and that Ford was a hard man to those who were in his debt. They did n't know that my husband owed him money, too. I did n't know it at that time, either. He spent his money so freely, and liked so much to see me well dressed, that I thought we were comfortably off. I was little more than a child; and you remember, Judith, how much I was admired."

At this recollection, the sobs burst out afresh, and she stopped again to dry her eyes. The four listeners remained silent, in strained attention.

"As I read," she resumed, speaking once more with sudden self-control, "my husband went on with his breakfast, and said nothing. It was only a chance remark on my part which brought about the revelation that changed me from a gay young girl into a broken-hearted woman. In speaking of the last time Isaac Ford was seen alive, I said, 'That was the night, Henry, when you did n't come home.' I meant nothing by it, I had no more suspicion than a babe. But when I saw him grow livid, and put down the cup, which he had half raised to his lips, without drinking—then, in a flash, I knew. 'He did it,' was the thought that shot through my mind; and from that second my course was taken."

"Your course was taken to let my husband die," came, hoarsely, from Judith Colomy.

"No: to let my husband live," was the retort. "I did n't know about anybody else—I did n't care. My one thought was to keep him from the knowledge that he had betrayed himself, even to me. I went on reading the paper, and we talked of things indifferent, till the meal was over. I was frenzied with the fear that they might take him from me; only it was a frenzy that kept me calm, and gave me courage and nerve and steadiness through everything. I never failed once during all the fifteen years, not even in that first year, which was so terrible. I never let him see that I knew anything. When they found Isaac Ford's body buried on Breakheart Farm, and they came and took Arthur Colomy, I persuaded my husband that no harm could come of it, and that Arthur would soon be free. Then I made him believe he was ill, and I took him for a long sea voyage. We went in a sailing ship to the Azores, and for months we were without news from America. When we came back—it was all over. We settled down to our life at Deane, and everything went on again as usual, except for what was in me. I need n't tell you about that. You 'll have to guess. I 'm not a bad woman, natu-

rally. What I 've done, I 've had to do, to shield the man I loved. I could n't let him die, whatever the suffering to others. But now that he no longer needs my protection, I am free—free to get it off my mind and heart—free to pay any part of the penalty they 'll let me pay. I want to. I want to tell every one what I did. I want the world to know that Arthur Colomy was innocent, and that Henry Wellborn was not half so guilty as I. I was the one to blame. I 'm the one to punish——"

"And you shall *be* punished," Judith Colomy said, with harsh determination. "If there 's justice in God above, or in man below, you shall have it now."

"I 'm ready to take it," the little woman faltered. "That 's what I want."

"Then, come!" Judith Colomy sprang to her feet. "Come, Edward. Come, Father. Tell them," she added, to her son, "tell them to harness both horses, and we 'll drive with Eliza Wellborn, back to Deane. The town shall know the story before night."

"Wait," Edward Colomy said, quietly, coming forward. "Wait."

Mrs. Wellborn, who had half risen, fell back into her chair again. Judith looked expectantly at her son.

"Myrtle," he went on, "what do you know about all this?"

"Mother told me last night," the girl replied faintly, "after we came home from father's funeral. I agreed with her that the first step was to come and confess everything to you."

"You believe it, then?"

"I could n't help believing it. I had guessed long ago that my father and mother were keeping some strange secret between them."

"Then, if you believe it, perhaps you 'll be less angry if I say I love you, and that I want you to be my wife."

There was a startled movement on the part of Mrs. Wellborn. Judith attempted to protest, but her son hurried on.

"I love you. I 've loved you for a long time. Because of the shadow on our name, I 've never dared to tell you; but I 've loved you. Now, if this is true, I feel I have the right to speak. Why should n't you marry me, and we 'll bury all that 's been said this afternoon in silence?"

"Edward, you 'd sacrifice your father's name, like that?" his mother cried, indignantly.

"Is it better to sacrifice the living or the dead, Mother? My father is where none of the world's judgments can affect him any more. We might proclaim his innocence on the housetops, and yet we could n't do any good to him. But these two women are in the world, exposed to all the suffering the world metes out to protect itself."

"But we 're there, too," Mrs. Colomy protested. "Who has suffered more from the world's justice than you and I? Is n't it time that those who have done the wrong should taste a little of the consequence?"

"What good would it do, Mother? Should we be any happier to know that Mrs. Wellborn was lying in a prison, and that Myrtle had become an outcast like ourselves? Would that give us peace of mind? Would it restore us the fifteen years in which we 've lived like ghosts among our fellow-men? Should any of us have the heart to go back and lead the common life of every day, as if we 'd never been outside it? You know we could n't, Mother. Father's innocence might be published from end to end of the land, and yet we 'd never be anything but the saddened family we are. Why then should we try to make what 's hard harder? If Mrs. Wellborn has done wrong, she 's paying for it dearly. No punishment human society has power to command would equal that which her own soul inflicts upon itself. She 's in God's hands; let us leave her there."

"Let us leave her there," the old minister repeated, gently.

"But Myrtle, Mother, is in our hands," Colomy continued. "It 's for us to say whether she shall be tortured, and pilloried, and shamed. We know something of the punishment borne by the innocent, and we must say whether or not she 's to

share it. She 's young, she 's blameless, and, up to a few days ago, she was light-hearted. She may never be light-hearted again, after what 's been said this afternoon; but at least we can save her from being driven to despair. No one knows as well as we do what it means to be outside the pale of human fellowship in the degree to which a great crime puts you there. You could never ask another living creature, Mother, to go through what you 've endured yourself; least of all could you ask it of the woman I love, and whom I want as my wife. I love you, Myrtle. I say it, and say it again. Marry me, and we 'll atone for the wrongs of one generation by the blessedness of another."

The girl rose from her place, and, slipping across the grass towards him, offered both her hands.

"Very well, Edward," she said, simply, "I will."

"God bless you both!" the old man murmured, tottering up to them, and laying a hand on the shoulder of each.

"Myrtle," Mrs. Wellborn sobbed, "you 're doing this for me."

Judith Colomy looked on, with anger in her eyes.

Again there was a long half-minute in which there seemed no place for speech, and the *waldweben* of the wood and field trilled on the summer silence. It was then they noticed what had been unheeded before—the quick beat of horse-hoofs in the lane. There was a simultaneous movement, during which Edward Colomy retained his hold on Myrtle's hand. A young man had already ridden up to the door of the house, and was springing from his horse.

"Oh, Myrtle!" Mrs. Wellborn cried, in alarm. "It 's Jasper Addicks. What shall you do now?"

Hot blushes rose to the girl's cheeks, and she had only time to wrench her hand away from Colomy's before the young man had secured his horse, and was running across the greensward. He was a fresh-faced, bright-eyed young fellow, whom they all knew as the most promising lawyer in Deane.

He stopped at a few paces from the startled group.

"Have they told you?" he demanded, breathlessly, addressing himself to Edward Colomy. "Ah," he went on, with an expression of disappointment, "I see they have. Well, it 's all right, only I wanted to be with them when they did it. Their trouble is my trouble, and what they have to bear, I 'll bear too. Myrtle," he added, going up to the girl, and seizing her hands, "I got your letter this morning, and I hurried after you. It 's like the brave woman you are to set me free in that way, but you might have known that it 's a freedom I don't want."

"Oh, but you must take it, Jasper," she stammered, releasing herself. "I can't marry you now. Everything is changed."

"Not for me," the young man smiled. "As long as I love you and have your love, nothing else counts with me. What sort of man should I be if I were n't proud to be by your side in everything you have to face? If there 's a place that belongs to me on earth, it 's there."

Judith Colomy tried to exchange glances with her son, but he stood passively looking on.

"I can't marry you, Jasper," the girl repeated. "Edward Colomy loves me, too. He has asked me to be his wife; and I feel that, after all that 's happened, I belong to him."

The rosy tint faded from the young man's face, and the brightness of his eyes went out.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, as if with unexpected pain. "Oh!" He receded awkwardly, a few paces, his hands nervously twitching behind him, and his eyes roving from Myrtle to Colomy and back again. Then his glance fell on Mrs. Wellborn, huddled in a black heap in her chair. "Oh!" he breathed again. "I see. I see. Of course. In that case, everything would be —arranged. Of course. Of course. Myrtle," he said aloud, "you 've done quite rightly. You do belong to him. And, Colomy, old boy," he continued, going up to Edward, "let me take

your hand. I shall ask nothing better from the rest of life than to be your friend and hers."

Colomy took the proffered hand, as though acting in a dream.

"Edward," the old minister quavered, from the background, "now is your time to speak, and show you are a Colomy."

"I know, Grandfather."

"Yes," Judith exclaimed, eagerly; "no Colomy could marry a woman who did n't love him. You 'll give her up, Edward," she added, coming forward, pleadingly, "and see justice done to your father's name."

"Yes, Mother, I 'll give her up," he returned, briefly. "Myrtle——"

"No, no," the girl broke in. "Don't give me up, Edward, if you want me. I belong to you. I 'm here for you to take. I 'll be a good wife to you, in spite of having loved someone else. I shall love you in time, I know I shall. Take me, Edward. Let me do something to make up for what you 've borne. We both want it; don't we, Jasper? It is n't only to escape—to escape what must be told, that I urge myself upon you; it 's because I 'm eager to do something that might comfort you, and help you, and bring you, perhaps, a little happiness. I did n't expect any such possibility when I came here this afternoon; but now if you would let me do it, it would be a joy to me. There 'd be no sacrifice in it, neither to me nor Jasper—would there, Jasper? You 'd feel, like me, that we were giving up only what we had no right to; and we should want to do it. Let me, Edward. I 'm young, and strong, and light-hearted, as you said just now. I could bring something into the life of Breakheart Farm that is n't there. Even you 'd forgive me, Mrs. Colomy, in time; and I should be for you, Mr. Colomy, like another child. Oh, let me come to you and try. Here I am, Edward. Take me. Take me. I belong to you —to do with as you will."

She stretched out her arms towards him, and for the first time he smiled.

"Yes, Myrtle, I take you. Since you come to me, I take you—like this." He folded her in a long, slow, close embrace, and, stooping, kissed her forehead. "You 're mine. You belong to me. You 're mine to do with—as I will. You 've said it. And what I will is this——"

He loosened his clasp from about her, and turned slowly to where young Addicks was standing with face white and lips trembling.

"What I will is this," he repeated, and forced the girl gently into her lover's arms.

"God be praised!" broke from Judith Colomy. "My husband's name will be cleared, after all. There 's no reason to be silent now."

"No," Mrs. Wellborn assented, with renewed sobs; "I shall do it: I shall go back to Deane and do it to-night."

"God be praised! God be praised!" Judith cried again.

"We 'll go with you, Mrs. Wellborn," Jasper Addicks declared, still holding Myrtle to his breast.

Colomy had begun to stride away, but he turned again.

"Don't do that," he said, speaking, from a distance, in the tranquil tone he had used hitherto. "In the first place, we don't wish it. My grandfather and I are of one mind in the matter, and my mother will agree with us when she has reflected well. In the second place, if Mrs. Wellborn were to speak, nobody would believe her. In favor of her statements she has neither proof nor probability."

"Ah!" Mrs. Wellborn gasped, as if indignantly. Myrtle raised her head to listen.

"It 's possible," Colomy went on, "that for fifteen years Mrs. Wellborn has lived under a delusion. She has had no reason for believing her husband guilty other than the fact that she thought him so. He never confessed to her, by word or sign; she pieced her theories together from impressions that were weaker than the air."

"Ah!" The little woman cried out, as if someone had struck her.

"Henry Wellborn lived an honorable life," Colomy pursued, "and she lived complacently beside him. No wife could have carried herself as she

has done if she had been in possession of such a secret. It would n't be the first time that a woman has suffered from just that touch of madness that keeps her living in a kind of dream. Nor would it be the first time that the grief of widowhood has so turned a woman's wits that the wildest fancy seemed to her like truth."

"How dare you?" Mrs. Wellborn protested.

"In any case," Colomy ended, "it will be well for her to know that if such a story gets abroad, we, as a family, will be the first to discredit it, while she herself can scarcely help falling into ridicule. Myrtle, you have nothing to be afraid of, you have no cause for unhappiness. As for us, Mother, my father's honor is in God's keeping, and we can wait His time to clear it."

He turned away as he spoke, without bidding any one good-bye, while Mrs. Wellborn lifted her faded face, and glanced about, as though seeking for protection.

"How could he speak to me like that," she wept aloud, "when I had come here to make atonement!"

There was no reply, for all eyes were gazing after Colomy, who had passed through the wicket, and was disappearing down the rows of hollyhocks and dahlias, back to the reaping from which he had come. Over Breakheart Farm there fell again the August hush, vibrating with the still, shrill humming of the land, audible to the spirit rather than the sense—the *waldweben* of the forest and the field—which is earth's response to the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*—the infinite laughter—of the sea.

JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

CHAPTER XVII

IT was a case of walking typhoid. Judith and old Jephthah got Creed home between them, making a bed in the bottom of the wagon, and carrying the unconscious man to lay him in the great four-poster that was the main ornament of the front room at the Turrentines'. Jephthah was a competent sick-nurse, and Judith put all her native skill and tenderness into the tending upon Creed, all the passion of her remorse that she had ever faltered in her expectation of his return.

It was strange to have him lying there under their hands, staring at them with eyes that recognized nobody, babbling all those inconsequent words, unable to tell them by what devious and strange paths he had won back to his own doorstep that wild autumn midnight. And then came Iley, a baby on her hip and war in her eye, to demand that the returned wanderer should tell her where Huldah was, and that Judith should find out whether Creed and Huldah had been wedded.

Jephthah put a stern negative on all exciting topics and any inquiries whatsoever; visitors were kept out of the sick-room; yet the question Iley had asked tormented Judith day and night and, so close is the sym-

pathy between nurse and patient, it could not fail to torment Creed through her. She had promised Iley that she would ask, and on the first flutter of returning reason she questioned eagerly,

"Whar 's Huldy?"

"I don't know," returned Creed tremulously. The blue eyes in their great hollows came up to her face in a frightened gaze. Instantly they filmed with the look of confusion that had been in them from the first.

"You 're married to her—ain't you?" choked Judith, horrified at what she had done, loathing herself for it, yet pushed on to do more.

"Yes," whispered Creed miserably. "Sit down by me again, Judith. Don't be mad. What are you mad about? I forget—there was awful trouble, and somebody was shot—oh, how they all hate me!"

The fluttering moment of normal condition was gone. The baffled, confused eyes closed; the thin hands began to fumble piteously about the covers; the pale lips resumed their rapid motion, while from between them flowed the old, swift stream of broken whispers. Judith had quenched the first feeble flame of intelligence that flickered up toward her. She remained for a moment staring down at her handiwork, then covered her face and burst out crying. An ungentle grasp descended upon her shoulder. Her uncle, standing tall and angry behind her, thrust her from the room.

"Thar now!" he said with carefully repressed violence, lest his tones should disturb the sick man. "You've raised up a pretty interruption with my patient. I 'lowed I could trust you, Jude. What in the world you fussin' with Creed about? For God's sake, did you see him? You 've nigh-about killed him, I reckon. Did n't I tell you not to name anything to him to werry him?"

"He says he 's married Huldy," said Judith in a strangled voice.

"Says! He 'd say anything—like he is now," retorted her uncle, exasperated. "An' he 'd shore say anything on earth that was put in his mouth. I don't care if he 's married forty Huldys; what I want is for him to get well. Lord, I do wish I had Nancy here, and not one of these fool young gals with their courtin' business, and their gettin' jealous and havin' to have a rippit with a sick man that don't know what he 's talkin' about," he went on savagely.

But high-spirited Judith paid no attention to the cutting arraignment.

"Do you think that 's true—oh, Uncle Jep, do you reckon he did n't mean it?" was all she said.

"I don't see as it makes any differ," retorted her uncle, testily. "Marryin' Huldy Spiller ain't no hangin' matter—but hit 'll cost that boy his life ef you fuss with him and git him excited and all worked up."

Judith turned and felt her way blindly up the steep little stair to her own room. That night she prayed, not in a formulated fashion, but to some vague, over-brooding goodness that she hoped would save her from cruelty to him she loved.

After that there was a continual struggle on her part to treat her patient with the natural tenderness which would have been but too ready to overflow in his case. Considering her temperament she did well; but on the fourth day came a strange, unexpected, unsolicited answer to all the questions which she had longed to ask, but had denied herself. When she went into the sick-room with a bowl of broth, Creed greeted her with a half-terrified smile.

"Did you meet her goin' out?" he asked.

"Did I meet who, Creed?" inquired Judith, setting the bowl down on a splint-bottomed chair, spreading the clean towel across the quilts, and preparing for his breakfast. "Has there been somebody in here to see you a'ready?"

"It was only Huldah," whispered Creed. "She just slipped in a minute after you went out."

Judith straightened up with so sudden a movement that the contents of the bowl slopped perilously.

"Which way did she go?" came the sharp challenge.

"Out that door," indicating the way which led directly into the yard.

Judith ran and flung it open. Nobody was in sight. Heedless of the sharp wintry air that blew in upon the patient, she stood searching the way over toward Jim Cal's cabin.

"I don't see her," she called across her shoulder. "Mebbe she 's in the house yet."

She closed the door reluctantly and came back to the bedside.

"No," said Creed plaintively, "she ain't here. She allowed you-all were mad at her, and I reckon she 'll keep out of sight."

"But she had to come to see you—her wedded husband," accused Judith sternly.

He moved his head on the pillow with a motion of assent. The broth stood untouched, cooling on the chair.

"Is she stayin' down at Jim Cal's?" came Judith's next question.

"She never named it to me where she was stayin'," returned Creed wearily. As before, Judith's ill-concealed anger and hostility was as a sword of destruction to him; yet now he had a little more strength to endure with. "She just come—and now she 's gone.'" He closed his eyes, and the white face looked so sunken that Judith's heart misgave her.

"Won't you eat your breakfast now, Mr. Bonbright?" she said stiffly.

"I don't want any breakfast, thank you. I can't eat," returned Creed in low tones.

Judith pressed her lips hard together to refrain from mentioning Huldah again. She was in terror lest she had injured Creed, yet for the life of her she could not get out one word of kindness. Finally she took her mending and sat down within sight of the bed, deceiving herself into the belief that he slept. The next day an almost identical scene pushed her strained nerves to the verge of hysteria.

The continued distress and agitation of his patient showed old Jephthah plainly that Judith was no fit nurse for the man she loved. Laying the most solemn injunctions upon her as to care and caution he left and went down to the valley settlement after Nancy. On the second morning of her uncle's absence, Dilsey Rust brought another message from Blatch who had been sending word that he wanted to see Judith—he had something to tell her. The girl caught at this feverishly. She put a shawl over her head and ran swiftly down through the raw November weather to the draw-bars, where, in the big road outside, Turrentine slouched against a post waiting for her. The man spoke over his shoulder.

"Howdy, Jude—you did come at last."

"Ef yo' goin' to say anything to me, you 'll have to be mighty quick, Blatch," she notified him, shivering. "I got to get right back."

"They 's somebody new—and yet not so new—a-visitin' in the Turkey Tacks that you 'd like to know of," he prompted coolly. "Ain't that so?"

"Huldy," she gasped, her dark eyes fixed upon his gray ones.

He nodded.

"I 'lowed you 'd take an intrust in that thar business, an' I thort as a friend you ort to be told of it," he added virtuously.

"Where 's she at?" demanded Judith.

"Over at my house," announced Turrentine easily, with a backward jerk of his head.

"At *yo'* house!" echoed Judith: "At *yo* house! Why, hit ain't decent."

"Huh," laughed Blatch. "I don't know about decent. She was out thar takin' the rain; she had nobody to roof her; and I bid her in, 'caze I 'm in somewhat the same fix myse'f."

"No one to roof her?" repeated Judith. "What 's henderin' her from comin' over this side the Gulch?"

"Well, seein' the way she 's done Wade, I reckon she 'lows she 'd better keep away from his pap's house. She 's at the outs with Iley—Jim Cal's lady sont her word she need n't never show her face thar ag'in. She gives it

out to everybody that 'll listen at her talk that she 's skeered o' you 'count o' Bonbright."

Judith studied his face with half-incredulous eyes.

"How long has she been there?" she interrogated keenly.

Turrentine seemed to take time for reflection.

"Lemme see," he ruminated, "she come a Wednesday night. Hit was rainin', ef you remember, an' I hearn something outside, and it scairt me up some, fer fear it was revenuers. When I found hit was Huldy, I let her in, and she 's been thar ever sence."

Wednesday night! It was Thursday morning that Creed had first announced the visit of his wife. Oh, it must be true. Judith trembled all through her vigorous young body with a fury of despair. As always, Blatchley had found the few, simple words to bid her worser angel forth. She even felt a kind of hateful relish for the quarrel. They had tricked her. They had made a fool of her. She had suffered so much. She longed to be avenged.

"Judy," murmured Blatch softly, bending toward her but not laying a hand upon her, "you white as a piece o' paper, an' shakin' from head to foot. That 's from stayin' shet up in the house yonder nussin' that feller Bonbright night an' day like a hirelin'. W'y, he never did care nothin' for you only becaze you was useful to him. Ye stood betwixt him an' danger; ye he'ped him out when he needed it wust. An' he had it in mind to fool ye from the first. Now him and Huldy Spiller has done it. Don't you let 'em. You show 'em what you air. I 've got a hoss out thar, and Selim 's down in the stable. I 'll put yo' saddle on him. Git yo' skirt, honey. Let 's you and me ride over to Squire Gaylord's and be wedded. Then we 'll have the laugh on these here smart folks that tries to fool people."

He leaned toward her, all the power of the man concentrated in his gaze. Perhaps he had never wanted anything in his twenty-seven years as he now wanted Judith Barrier and her farm and the rehabilitation that a union with her would give him. Once this girl's husband, he could curtly refuse to rent to Jephthah Turrentine, who had, he knew, no lease. He could call into question the old man's stewardship, and even up the short, bitter score between them. He could reverse that scene when he was sent packing and told to keep his foot off the place.

"Judy," he breathed, deeply moved by all this, "don't ye remember when we was—befo' ever this feller come—Why, in them days I used to think shore we 'd be wedded."

Judith rested a hand on the bars, and, lips apart, stared back into the eager eyes of the man who addressed her. Blatchley had always had some charm for the girl. Power he did not lack; and his lawlessness, his license, which might have daunted a feebler woman, liberated something correspondingly brave and audacious in her. He had been the first to pay court to her, and a girl does not easily forget that.

For a moment the balance swung even. Then it bore down to Blatch's side. She would go. Yes, she would! Creed might die, or get well. Huldah might be his wife, or his widow. She, Judith Barrier, would show them—she would show them. Her parted lips began to shape a reckless yes. The word waited in her mind behind those lips, all formed. Her swift imagination pictured herself riding away beside Blatch, leaving the sick man, who had caused her so many humiliations, to his fate. Blatch, watching narrowly, read the coming consent in her face. His hand stole forward toward the draw-bars.

Her salvation was in a very small and commonplace thing. The picture of herself riding beside Blatch Turrentine brought back to her, with an awakening shock, the recollection of herself and Creed riding side by side, her arm across his shoulder, his drooping head against it. How purely happy she had been then—how inno-

cent—how blest! What were these fires of torment that raged in her now? No, no! That might be lost to her; but even so, she could not decline from its dear memory to a mating like this. Without a word she turned and ran back to the house, never looking over her shoulder in response to the one or two cautious calls that Blatch sent after her.

Judith's day was mercifully full of work. When Creed did not require her, Dilsey demanded help and direction, and one or two errands from outside kept her mind from sinking in upon itself. It was nightfall, Andy was lending her his awkward aid in the sickroom, when Jeff came in and beckoned the two of them out mysteriously. Blatch, he said, had sent him word that Huldah was in the cabin on the far side of the Gulch, and that if the Turrentines wanted her they could come after her. The head of the clan was absent, Jim Cal and his wife had gone on a day's visit to Pap Spiller's, Wade was away working on the railroad; it was left for the twins and Judith to decide what must be done. Judith rose to the better part, and told them they must go and fetch the girl, lest her good name be tarnished or some harm befall.

They went at once; but passing the still on their way to Blatch's house, they were suddenly set upon from behind by their cousin and Scalf, the new town partner he had taken in Jim Cal's place, bound, and dragged into the cave. Blatch had failed in his last desperate effort to win Judith; his uncle had cast him out, disgraced and disowned; his lease would expire in a few weeks; the marshal at Hepzibah was close upon his tracks. He had made up his mind to go, but to have revenge before he left. He was drinking heavily to-night, and he quarreled savagely with Zeke Scalf over the trussing up of the two boys; then, reckless as he always was with liquor in him, left the man to guard Jeff and Andy, while he went to get the team to move his belongings from the cave. Zeke, angry and offended, walked away swearing; and when Blatch returned he found his prisoners gone and the place deserted. Puzzled, aghast, he was hurriedly snatching up such articles as he wished to take with him, when Haley, whom he himself had warned to apprehend the boys, came with his posse and arrested him.

And so Blatch Turrentine passed temporarily from the knowledge of his Turkey Track kindred, going down the mountain side with the triumphant Dan Haley, having fallen into his own trap.

CHAPTER XVIII

Meantime, back in the quiet sickroom, while Creed slept, Judith sat by the window and stared out into the black November night. There had come a sort of peace over her tumult, a stilling that was not mere weariness. She was like a woman who has just been saved from a shipwreck, snatched away from the imminent jaws of doom—chastened, and wondering a little. Intensely thankful for what she had escaped, she sat there in the silent room, Judith Barrier, safe from the sin of a godless union, from the life that would have been hers as Blatchley Turrentine's wife.

With remorseless honesty she went back over her years. Always in the past months of suffering she had blamed this or that extraneous circumstance with her undoing; now she saw and recognized and acknowledged that nothing and nobody had brought disaster upon her but herself. It was not because Blatchley Turrentine was a bad, lawless man, not because the boys were reckless fellows, led and influenced by him, that all this trouble had come. If she, Judith Barrier, had dealt fairly and humbly by her world, she might have had the lover of her choice in peace as other girls had—even as Cliantha and Pendrilla had. But no, such enterprises as contented these, such standing as they had in the community, would not do her. She must seek to cast her spells upon every eligible man within her reach.

She must try her hand at subjugating those who were difficult, pride herself on the skill with which she retained half a dozen in anxious doubt as to her intentions concerning them.

Her forehead drooped to the window-pane and her cheeks burned as she recollected times and seasons and scenes that belonged to the years when Blatch was building up his firm belief that she loved him, and would some time marry him. It had been a spirited, dangerous game to her then; nothing more.

Her passionate, possessive nature was winning to higher ground, leaving, with pain and travail of spirit, the plane on which her twenty years had been lived. The past months of thwarting, failure and heart-hunger had prepared for this movement; to-night it was almost consciously making. She was coming to the place where, if she might not have love, she could at least be worthy of it. The little clock which had measured her vigils that night of the dumb supper slanted toward twelve. She got to her feet with a long sigh. She did not know yet what she meant to do or to forbear doing; but she was aware, with relief, of a radical change within her, a something developed there which could consider the rights of Creed—even of Huldah; which could submit to failure, to rejection—and be kind!

Slowly she went and knelt down beside the bed and looked fixedly at the sleeper. With the birth of this new spiritual impulse the things Blatch Turrentine had said of Creed and Creed's intentions dropped away from her as fall the dead leaves from the bough of that most tenacious of oak trees which holds its withered foliage till the swelling buds of a new spring push it off. He was a good man. She felt that to the innermost core of her heart. She loved him. She believed she would always love him. As for his being married to Huldah she would not inquire how that came about, how it could have happened while she felt him to be promised to herself. There was—there must be—a right way for even that to befall. She must love him and forgive him, for only so could she face her life, only so could she patch a little peace with herself and still the gnawing agony in her breast.

Who that knows even a little the wonders of the subjective mind, who that has tested the marvellous communication between the mood of nurse and patient, will doubt that the sick man, lying passive, receptive, got now Judith's message of peace and relaxation. The girl herself—powerful, dominating young creature—had been fought to a spiritual stand-still. She was at last forced to her knees, and the atmosphere which her passionate struggles had long disturbed grew serene about her. Even a wavering note of something more joyous than mere peace, a courage, a strength that promised happiness, must have radiated from her to him. For Creed's eyes opened and looked full into hers with a wholly rational expression which had long been absent from their clear depths.

"Judith—honey," he whispered, fumbling vaguely for her hand.

"Yes, Creed—what is it? What do you want?" she asked tremulously, taking the thin fingers in her warm clasp.

"Nothing—so long as I've got you," he returned contentedly. "Wont you sit down here by me and talk awhile?"

She gazed keenly at her patient. Was it the dim candle-light, or did he look better?

"I've been sick a long time, have n't I?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl replied, drawing up a chair and seating herself. "Hit 's more 'n six weeks that Uncle Jep an' me has been takin' care of you."

He lifted her hand and stroked it.

"A body gets mighty tired of a sick fellow," he said wistfully.

Judith's eyes filled at the pitiful little plea, but she could not offer endearments to Huldah's husband.

"I ain't tired of you," she returned in a low, choked voice. "I most wish 't I was. Creed—"

She slipped from her chair, dropping on her knees at the pillow.

"Creed, I want to tell you now while I can do it that the boys is gone to get Huldy. She can take care of you after this—but I 'll help. I ain't mad about it. I was aimin' to tell you that the next time she come in you should bid her stay. God knows I want ye to be happy"—the dark eyes swam, the red lips trembled piteously —"whether it 's me or another."

Bewilderment grew in the blue orbs regarding her so fixedly.

"Huldah?" he repeated. And then in a lower, musing tone, "Huldah."

"Yes—yo' wife, Huldy Spiller," Judith urged mildly. Don't you mind namin' it to me the first time she slipped in to visit you?"

An abashed look succeeded the expression of bewilderment. A faint, fine flush crept on the thin white cheek.

"I—I do," whispered Creed, with a foolish little smile beginning to curve his lips; "but there was n't a word of truth in it—dear. I 've never seen the girl since she left Aunt Nancy's that Saturday morning."

"What made you say it then?" breathed Judith wonderingly.

"I—I don't know," faltered the sick man. "It seemed like you was mad about something; and then it seemed like Huldah was here; and then—I don't know, Judith—did n't I say a heap of other foolishness?"

The simple query reproved his nurse more than a set arraignment would have done. He had indeed babbled, in his semi-delirium, plenty of "other foolishness." This was the only point upon which she had been credulous.

"Oh, Creed—honey!" she cried, burying her face in the covers of his bed. "I'm so ashamed. I 've got such a mean, bad disposition: nobody could n't ever love me if they knew me well."

She felt a gentle, tremulous touch on her bowed head.

"Jude, darling," Creed's voice came to her, and for the first time it sounded really like his voice, "I loved you from the moment I set eyes on you. I did n't sense it for a spell, but I come to see that you were the one woman in the world for me. There never was a man done what went more against the grain than I the night I parted from you down at the railroad station and let you go back when you would have come with me—so generous—so loving—"

He broke off, and Judith raised her head in a sort of consternation. Were these the exciting topics that her Uncle Jep would have banished from the sick-room? she wondered. But no, Creed had never looked so nearly a well man as now. He raised himself upon his pillow.

"Don't!" she called sharply, and, springing up, slipped a capable arm under his shoulders, laying his head on her breast. "You ort not to do that-a-way," she reproached him. "I 'll lift you when you want anything."

"I don't want a thing, but this," whispered Creed, looking up into her eyes. "Nothing, only——"

Judith read the mute prayer aright, and tears of exquisite feeling blinded her. As she looked at him, there was loosed upon her soul the whole tide of passionate tenderness which had gathered there since first she saw him standing—eager, fearless, selfless—on the court-house steps at Hepzibah. The yellow head lay on her arm now; those blue eyes which, in many bitter hours since that time, had seemed as unattainable to her love as the sky itself, were raised to her own, they were pleading for her kiss. She bent her face; the full red lips met Creed's. The weary longing was satisfied; the bitterness was washed away.

They remained quietly thus, Creed drinking in new life from her nearness, from her dearness. When she would have lifted her head, his thin hand went up and was laid over the rounded cheek, bringing the sweet mouth back to his own.

"I 'll need a heap of loving, Judith," he whispered,—"a heap. I 've been such a lone fellow all my days. You 'll have to be everything and everybody to me."

Judith's lavish nature, so long choked back upon itself, trembled to its very core with rapture at the

bidding. It seemed to her that all of heaven she had ever craved was to do and be everything that Creed Bonbright needed. She answered with an inarticulate murmur of tenderness, a sound inexpressibly wooing and moving. All that she had felt, all that she meant for the future, surged strong within her—was fain for utterance. But Judith was not fluent, she must content herself with doing and being—Creed could speak for her now. She cherished the fair hair with loving touch, nestling the thin cheek against her soft warm face.

The beautiful storm-rocked craft of Judith's passion was safe at last in Love's own harbor; the skies were fair above it, and only Love's tender airs breathed about its weary sails.

"We 'll be wedded in the spring," Creed's lips murmured against her own. "I 'll carry home a bride to the old place. Oh, we 'll be happy, Judith."

CHAPTER XIX

Over the shoulder of Yellow Old Bald up came the sun; bannered and glorious. The distant ranges glowed in his splendors; the sere fields about the place were all gilded. The small-paned eastern window of the sickroom let in a flood of morning light.

Back and forth in the puncheon-floored kitchen trudged old Dilsey Rust's heavy-shod foot, carrying her upon the appointed tasks of the day.

In the sickroom, where the low, alternating voices had subsided into an exchange of murmured words, suddenly Creed dropped his head back to stare at his nurse with startled eyes.

"Judith!" he exclaimed. "Where are the boys?"

He glanced at the window, then about the room.

"It 's broad day. That word Blatch sent was a decoy; Huldah Spiller is n't on the mountain. Somebody must go over there."

Judith rose swiftly to her feet.

"My Lord, Creed! I forgot all about 'em," she said contritely. "Ye don't reckon Blatch would harm the boys? And yet yo' right—it does look bad. I don't know what to do, honey. They ain't a man on the place till Uncle Jep comes. But maybe he 'll be along in about an hour."

She hurried to the window and stared over toward the Gulch; and at the moment a group of people topped the steep, rising into view one after the other out of the ravine, and coming on toward the house.

"Here they are now," she said with relief in her tones. "Andy—Jeff—Pendrilla—why, whatever—the Lusk girls is with 'em! They 's another—Creed, they *have* got Huldah! And that last feller—no, 't ain't Blatch—of all things—it 's Wade! They 're comin' straight to this door. Shall I let them in?"

"Yes," said Creed's steady voice. "Let them right in."

She ran swiftly to slip an extra pillow under her patient's shoulders, straighten the covers of the bed and put all in company trim. Her light hand swept back the fair locks above his transparent brow; her lips brushed his cheek, murmuring as they crossed it, "Creed, I love you"; and the next moment somebody rattled the latch.

"Come in, folks," Creed called, speaking out with a roundness of voice that it did her heart good to hear.

They came hesitatingly into the room, the boys shouldering back a little.

Creed looked past the timid girls to where Andy and Jeff halted.

"Well?" he asked, with a man's directness, "how did you-all make out?"

Andy opened his lips to answer, when there was a clatter of hoofs outside. As they all turned to the window, Jephthah Turrentine's big voice, with a new tone in it, called out to somebody,

"Hold on thar, honey—lemme lift ye down."

"Ain't Uncle Jep goin' to be proud when he sees how well you air?" Judith, stooping, whispered to Creed. "He went off to get somebody to he'p

nurse you, because he said I done you more harm than good."

"Your Uncle Jep don't know everything," returned Creed softly.

No mountaineer ever knocks on a door, but Jephthah Turrentine made considerable racket before he entered the room.

"Oh—you air awake," he said cautiously, "an' got company so airly in the mornin'." He glanced from the others to his patient. "You look fine—fine!" he asserted with high satisfaction. Then turning, over his shoulder, "Come right along in, honey—Creed 'll be proud to see ye."

He paused on the threshold, reached back a hand and entered, pulling after him Nancy Card—who was Nancy Card no longer. A wild-rose pink was in her withered cheeks under the frank gray eyes. She smiled as Judith had never imagined she could smile. But even then the young people scarcely fathomed the situation.

"Creed," cried the old man, "I 've brung ye the best doctor and nurse there is on the mountings! Nancy she run off and left us, and I had to go after her, and I 'lowed I 'd make sartain that she 'd never run away from me again, so I 've jest—we jest—"

"Ye ain't married!" cried Judith, sudden light coming in on her.

"We air that," announced old Jephthah radiantly.

"Well, Jude, I jest had to take him," apologized Nancy. "Here was him with the rheumatics every spring, an' bound and determined that he 'd lay out in the bushes deer-huntin' like he done when he was twenty, and me knowin' in reason that a good course of dandelion and boneset, with my liniment well rubbed in, would fix him up—why, I jest *had* to *take* him."

"She did that," agreed Jephthah.

"Well, I think you done jest right," said Judith heartily, and all the others echoed the dictum.

Suddenly Nancy spoke again: "Whilst we are a-namin' sech, honey, won't you jest run out to my saddle and bring me the spotted caliker poke off 'n hit—hit 's got my bundle of yarbs in it. I 'll put on a drawin' of boneset for you befo' I set down."

"All right, Nancy—but I reckon I 'll have to clear these folks out of this sick-room fust," responded old Jephthah genially. "We 're apt to have too much goin' on for Creed."

But, as they were marshalled for going, Judith checked them a moment and explained the occurrences of the past night.

"We-all talked it over, Uncle Jep, and as you was n't here we made out to do the best we could, and the boys went."

"After Huldy!" cried Nancy. "An' her an' Wade wedded, an' livin' in Booneville!"

"Well, Blatch had us hog-tied right thar' in the still, an' waitin' for the marshal to come an' cyart us down and send us to the penitentiary," Jeff set forth the case. "But you know how Blatch is, always devillin' folks; he made old Zeke Scalf mad, an' when Clianthy an' Pendrilly met the old man out on the road soon this mornin', he told 'em to take a knife and come up to the cave an' they could keep what they found."

"I never was so scairt in my life," Clianta asseverated. Her china blue eyes had not yet resumed their normal size or contour, and the assertion was easily believed.

"Nor me neither," agreed Pendrilla. "I says to him, says I, 'Now you Zeke Scalf, do you 'low we 're crazy? We ain't a-goin' one step.' An' he says to me, says he, 'Gals, hit 'll shore be the worse for Andy an Jeff Turrentine ef you don't git yo'-selves up thar, an' get up thar quick.' An' with that he gives us his knife out of his pocket, 'caze we did n't have none, and we run the whole blessed way, and cut the boys a-loose."

"I was that mad when I seen 'em tied up that-a-way," chimed in Clianta, "that I would n't 'a' cared the rappin' o' my finger ef old Blatch Turrentine hisse'f had been thar. I 'd 'a' stood right up to him an' told him what I thort o' him an' his works." There are conditions, it is said, in which even the timid hare

Drawn by George Wright (See page 162)

SHE KNELT AGAIN BESIDE HIM

becomes militant, and doves will peck at the intruder.

"Well, I reckon I got to get you folks out of here now for sartin," said Jephthah, as she made an end. "Nancy, honey, is the yarbs you wanted for Creed in with them you 're a-goin' to use on me?"

The little old woman felt of Creed's fingers, she laid a capable hand upon his brow. Then she flashed one of her quick, youthful smiles at her husband.

"You named it to me about Jude and Creed being at the outs," she said frankly; "but I see they 've made up their troubles. The boy don't need no medicine."

Jephthah stared at his transformed patient, and admitted that it was so.

"Well, he does need some peace and quiet," the head of the house maintained as he ushered his clan into the adjoining room.

"Uncle Jephthah," called the sick man's quiet voice, with the ring of the old enthusiasm in it, as his host was leaving the room, "do you remember telling me that the trouble with my work on the mountain was I was one man alone? Do you remember sayin' that if I was a member of a big family—a great big tribe—that I 'd get along all right and accomplish what I set out for?"

"I say sech a lot of foolishness, son, I cain't recollect it all. Likely I did say that. Hit mought have some truth in it."

"Well," said Creed, carrying the hand he held to his lips, "I reckon I 'll be a member of a big tribe now; maybe I can take up the old work and do some good."

"Creed," spoke out the old man in that deep powerful voice of his, "Creed, boy, what you set out to do was a work for a man's lifetime; but God made you for jest what you aimed then to do and be. Yo' mighty young yet, but you air formed for a leader of men. To the last day of its life an oak will be an oak and a willer a willer; and yo' head won't be gray when you find yo' work and find yo'self a-doin' it right."

"Pap Turrentine!" called Andy's laughing voice from the kitchen, "Maw wants ye out here!"

The door swung wide; it showed a vision of Nancy Turrentine, flushed, bustling, capable, the crinkled gray hair pushed back above those bright eyes of hers with a prideful hand, entering upon the administration of her new realm. Oh, it had not been easy for one of her spirit to be a poor little widow, living out on the Edge, with nobody but slack Doss Provine to do for her.

"All right—I 'm a-comin'," declared Jephthah; then, with the door in his hand, turned back, meaning to finish what had been in his mind to say to Creed.

Jephthah Turrentine was himself that day a bridegroom, wedded to the one love of his life; he appreciated to the full that which had come to Creed. He had thought to say to the boy that now was the opening of great things, to remind him that one must first live man's natural life, must prove himself as son, brother, husband, father, and neighbor, before he will be accepted or efficient in the larger calling. He would have said that life must teach the man before the man could teach his fellows.

But the words of homely wisdom in which he would have clothed this truth remained unspoken. As he looked back he saw the dark head bent close above the yellow one; Judith was giving her patient a drink of water. As she held the glass to his lips her rich brown beauty glowed and bloomed before the steady, blue fire of his eyes. She set down the tumbler and knelt again beside him. Their lips were murmuring, they had forgotten all the world save themselves and their love. He looked at the rapt young faces; they were on the mount of transfiguration; the light ineffable was all about them.

"Lord, what 's the use of a old fool like me sayin' ay, ay, yes or no to sech a pair as that?" he whispered as he went out softly and closed the door.

THE END

LETTERS OF WALT WHITMAN

To His Mother and an Old Friend

THESE letters were not addressed to well-known literary men or women, but to the poet's mother and his intimate friend, Mrs. Abby Hills Price, and her daughter Helen. Mrs. Price was born at Windham, Conn., in 1814, and married Edmund Price of Brooklyn, Conn., in 1838, two sons and two daughters being born to them. In 1842 the family moved to Hopedale, Mass., to join a community founded by Adin Ballou. For the next ten years Mrs. Price took an active part in the work of the Association. She wrote several columns weekly for its organ, the *Practical Christian*, preached on the fourth Sunday of each month in the little chapel, and lectured frequently in the neighboring villages on Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Dress Reform, etc. In 1852 she was an officer of a Woman's Rights convention held at Syracuse, N.Y., whose proceedings she reported for the New York *Tribune*. The next year the family moved to Perth Amboy, N. J., and thence in 1855 to Brooklyn, N. Y., where she became acquainted with Whitman in 1856. Her death occurred on May 4, 1878.

WALT WHITMAN JUST BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

The letter to Miss Helen E. Price is one of a number received by his old correspondent's daughter and other members of her family after their mother's death. It is through her that we are permitted to print the letters which follow.

Miss Price, whose present home is at Woodside, L. I., writes to the editors: "I was sure you would feel, as I do, that nothing that has been printed regarding Walt Whitman shows him in so winning and attractive a light. And it must be the true man, too; for we all saw him in his home in Brooklyn, as well as in our own, for many years, and we never saw anything in him in any way inconsistent with the character revealed in these letters—generous, sympathetic, affectionate and proud."

The poet's

stationery is of all sorts; and some of the letters are carefully dated, while others have nothing at the top but the printed form, "Department of Justice, Washington.... 187.." The handwriting is the bold chirography familiar to nearly all who know his work; and the punctuation is thorough, though rather whimsical, consisting chiefly of dashes. None of the letters was written before 1860, nor later than 1876, with the exception of the one addressed to Miss Price.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON.....187..

Friday evening—after 6. Mama dear, I believe I must send you a line for Saturday though I have little or nothing to write about—I am sitting here alone in the office, writing by my lamp—I went over to Baltimore last evening for a little trip—saw Mr. Emerson—he lectured there—John Burroughs wanted to go over and hear him —it was not interesting to me at all—but we had a pleasant little jaunt—got back about ½ past 11.

Nothing different in the office—I expect to go over in the Treasury Building, in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury, as I told you. The new Attorney Gen'l., Mr. Williams, has assigned me there—but several important bits of work have had to be done just now, & to-day & yesterday I have had to do them—(as the old ladies say "I guess they 'll miss me a good deal more than they 'spected"—) so I have been held on to here so far.—Mama Dear I hope this will find you well of your cold—and that you 'll have a good Sunday.——— Congress convenes again next Monday—I met a man who saw Jeff [Whitman's brother] about nine days ago in St. Louis. Good bye for the time. Dear Mother—

WALT.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON.....187..

Thursday night—½ past 8

DEAREST MAMA, I will write you a line, to begin my letter, before I leave the office—I have been sitting here alone for a couple of hours, having a good time, all by myself, nobody in the building besides me, but the watchman—Mama dear, I suppose you got the order in my last—I have also sent you the old Franklin Almanac—write if it arrived safe—There is nothing new or special—I am well, & only hope your cold is better—I sometimes think a bad cold is about as aggravating as anything one can have—I saw Grant to-day on the avenue, walking by himself—(I always salute him, & he does the same to me.)

* * * * * * *

WALT.

I send you a couple of Washington papers.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1871.

DEAREST MOTHER,

There is nothing special to write about to-day. The new Attorney General Mr. Williams has been in once or twice—he is a tallish, western sort of man, wears a stove-pipe hat—is rather spare & a little round shouldered—sallow complexion—long legged—seems quite plain in his talk—Ashton says he is a good man—we will see —He takes his seat about the 10th Jan.

½ past 10 forenoon.—Mama, your letter has just come—It is too bad to have such a puppy as Stanton annoying you. He is one of the Heyde sort, it always seemed to me—

Mother write to me how it turns out—whether they leave or not.

I see you have it very changeable there too. After the severest cold spell ever known here so early, we are just now having it mild and warm enough for spring—it rained here this morning, but it is now bright & pleasant.

I suppose Lou will be with you now—I should like first rate to just drop in on you all.

Mama Dear, I hope you will have a pleasant holiday week, what 's left of it. Don't let Stanton annoy you, the dirty scamp. Love to you Dearest Mother, & to George & Lou & all.

WALT.

Write by next Sunday if convenient, and tell me if the order comes safe.

Mother give the enclosed $1 to the letter carrier, if you think proper.

There is nothing egotistical in the foregoing letters. They merely go to show that, though a poet, and made much of by a circle of clever people, he was not an egotist—at least not yet; and he was only one in an amiable way, later, as we find in this letter written while making his first visit to Boston.

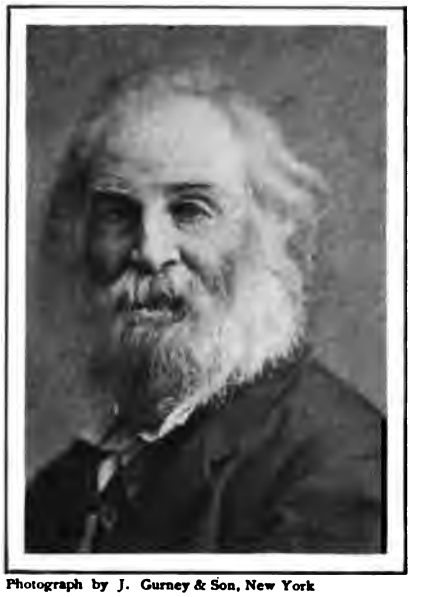
TO MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

BOSTON, Thursday night, March 29.

As I know you would like to hear from me, my dear friend, I will not yet go to bed — but sit down to write to you, that I have been here in Boston, to-day is a fortnight, and that my book is well under way. About a hundred and twenty pages are set up—it will probably make from six to seven hundred pages,—and of a larger size than the last edition. It is to be very finely printed, good paper, and new, rather large-sized type. Thayer & Eldridge, the publishers, are a couple of young Yankees—so far very good specimens, to me, of this Eastern race of yours. They have treated me first rate—have not asked me at all what I was going to put into the book—just took me to the stereotype foundry and gave orders to follow my directions. It will be out in a month—a great relief to have the thing off my mind.

I am more pleased with Boston than I anticipated. It is full of life, and criss-cross streets. I am very glad I came, if only to rub out of me the deficient notions I had of New England character. I am getting to like it, every way—even the Yankee twang.

Emerson called upon me immediately, treated me with the greatest courtesy—kept possession of me all day—gave me a bully dinner, &c.



Photograph by J. Gurney & Son, New York

WALT WHITMAN AT END OF THE WAR PERIOD

I go on the Common—walk considerable in Washington street—and occupy about three hours a day at work in the printing office. All I have to do is to read proofs. I wish you lived here—I should visit you regularly every day—probably twice a day. I create an immense sensation in Washington street. Everybody here is so like everybody else—and I am Walt Whitman!—Yankee curiosity and cuteness—for once is thoroughly stumped, confounded petrified, made desperate.

Let me see—have I anything else to say to you? Indeed, what does it all amount to,—this saying business? Of course I had better tear up this note — only I want to let you see how I cannot have forgotten you—sitting up here after half past 12, to write this precious document. I send my love to Helen and Emmy. WALT.

In one of these letters we find Whitman expressing his belief in Lincoln at a time when all were not of the same mind. He writes: "I believe fully in Lincoln—few know the rocks and quicksands he has to steer through." The President was a great helmsman and brought his ship safe and sound, though badly battered, into harbor. Whitman believed that he would, and so did others; but there were doubters all along the line, and many of them got in the way and had to be thrown aside. Some of them bobbed up serenely again; others went down.

It seems that the ladies wrote to the poet about ruffles and things, just as they might have written to a brother, and it is amusing to see how he mixes up domestic matters and Washington news in this letter:

TO MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I rec'd your first letter of about a month ago, (March 9,)—I enquired of a friend in the revenue office, about the tax under the new law.—& whether ruffles would be exempted, &c.—& on or about the 11th March, I wrote you what I had learned—viz: that they were to be exempted—& also all the gossip and news,—about the O'Connors, & about myself, literary matters with me, and how I was situated here, and about things in general—*of course* a mighty interesting letter it must have been—and a dreadful loss not to get!—for I infer by your second letter April 7, just rec'd, that you did *not* get it—which I deeply regret, for I don't like to be supposed capable of not responding to those that are almost the same as *my own folks*. (I put both the old & new No's on the address—perhaps that made it miscarry.)—but let them go.

The changes in the Attorney Gen's office have made no difference in my situation—I have had the good luck to be treated with "distinguished consideration" by all the Attorney Gen's.—Mr. Speed, Mr. Stanberry & the present one Mr. Browning. I could n't wish to have better bosses—& as to the pleasantness & permanency of my situation here, it is not likely to be affected, as far as at present appears, unless Wade coming in power, should appoint Harlan, or some pious & modest Radical of similar stripe, to the Attorney Generalship—in which case, doubtless, I should have to tumble out.

My dear friends, I often think about you all—Helen & Emily in particular, & wish I could look in upon you—Sunday afternoons—I warmly thank you for your hospitable offers.

Give my best respects to Mr. Arnold & Mr. Price—I shall have a piece in the Galaxy for May—it will be called "Personalism"—is a continuation of the piece on Democracy—shall have a poem soon, (perhaps in May No.) in the Broadway magazine—I am well as usual—the Impeachment is growing shaky—it is a doubtful business—I am writing this at my table in office—as I look out it is dark & cloudy with a chill rain, but the grass is green & I see the river flowing beyond. With love,

WALT WHITMAN.

It is not an uncommon thing for people who did not know Whitman very well to say that he was a "sponge," a man who would accept money and favors from his friends without giving the matter a thought. It is true that in his old age and helplessness he accepted support from friends who insisted upon aiding him, and who esteemed it a pleasure and a privilege to care for him in his last days, when he had nothing (at best, his income from his writings was infinitesimal). In these three letters to Mrs. Price we find him making a particular point of paying his way. No doubt, being his friends, they wanted him to come to them as a guest, but Whitman would none of it: pay, or stay away, was his cry, and he meant it.

TO MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have just received your letter, & respond immediately, because by what you have written, it may be that you can do me a great favor—I have obtained leave of absence, & am coming to New York, principally to bring out a new & much better edition of Leaves of Grass complete—that unkillable work!

Mother's apartments in Pacific st. are very limited, & I had decided to get a lodging room in N. Y. or Brooklyn, so as not to incommode my folks at home—taking my meals at the restaurants, &c., &c.—leaving my time free for my work &c.—Now *have you such a room for me*, at a fair price?—I hope you have, for that would be very agreeable—your going off for a week or two would not make any difference—as a lodging is my main object.——Write *immediately* & let me know, as my leave of absence will probably date from Monday next, 6th inst.

Mrs. O'Connor has gone West, with her mother, for the summer—Wm. O'Connor is

From a reproduction by the Heliotype Ptg. Co., Boston, from a daguerrotype taken about 1855

WALT WHITMAN'S MOTHER, NÉE LOUISA VAN VELSOR

well—We all speak of you—The weather is almost perfect here now-a-days.

I am writing this by my window in the South front of the Treasury building, looking down the beautiful grounds in front, and across & down the Potomac for miles, & across to the green hills all along Arlington Heights, very beautiful & cool—a view of great expanse, & very comforting every way—also a pleasant breeze coming in steadily from the river.

I have an agreeable situation here—labor moderate & plenty of leisure—My principal work is to make (from rough drafts) the letters, answers, law opinions, &c. that go from the Attorney General to the President, or to the Secretary of State, & the other Heads of Departments—The rule is that none but such officers as just named have a right to require information from Attorney Generals—So you see I have to do only with the big men.

There is one regular Soldiers Hospital left here, in K Street—I go there once or twice every week—it is still a great privilege to go—you would be amazed as well as distressed, to know how many old wounds are lingering along yet—youth & hope struggling against fate—but the latter, alas! almost always conquering at last—it is indeed a great privilege to soothe the lingering days & months of many of these cases. Mother is quite well, & comfortable—considering her age—brothers, sisters & the children all well at last accounts.

WALT.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, Monday, Sept. 14, 1868.

DEAR ABBY,

I shall come on in the train that leaves here in the middle of the day, to-morrow Tuesday, 15th, & gets in New York at 10 at night—so I shall be up there by or before 11 to-morrow night—(*to-night* for you reading this).

I am really pleased that you can accommodate me, & make great reckoning of being with you, & of my room, &c—but wish to have it distinctly understood, in all friendship, that I *pay* for *my room, &c.*, just the same as any body else—*positively* I will not come on any other terms—& you must just let it be as I say this time—I have lots of money—in fact *untold wealth*—& I shall not feel right if you undertake to alter this part of my programme—I am feeling well & hearty—I wish you to read my piece in the "Broadway London Magazine," just out—it was written for you among the rest—In a few hours I shall be with you.

WALT.

From a photograph by H. S. Wyer, Yonkers, N. Y.

MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

In the letter which I quote next he expresses the same views, though it was written six years later, when he was getting well along into his invalid days.

431 STEVENS ST., COR. WEST.,
CAMDEN, N. JERSEY.
Sunday afternoon—4½—[1874].

DEAR ABBY & DEAR H.,

Not forgetting E. & all.

As I am sitting here alone in the parlor, the sun near setting pleasantly and brightly, (though cold to-day,) I just think that I ought to write you, even if but a line,—that I am neglecting you—that perhaps you will be glad enough to hear from me. Well, I am still here—still alive, after quite a many pretty hard pulls and pressures—maintain pretty good spirits—which *would* be quite *first rate & good*—but every day and every night comes the thought of my mother.—I am not despondent or blue, nor disposed to be any more *ennuyeed* than ever—but that thought remains to temper the rest of my life.

I am probably improving, though very slowly—go out a little most every day—go over to Philadelphia—get along pretty well in the cars & crossing the ferry, (the car fellows and ferrymen are very kind & helpful—almost all know me, I suppose instinctively)—Appetite fair—rest at night tolerable—general strength better than at any time (it is now just a year since I was paralysed). Can't use my left leg yet with any freedom—bad spells in the head too frequent yet—then, with all these, I am certainly encouraged to believe I am on the gain. (But I am not out of the woods yet.) I write some—(must occupy my mind). I am writing some pieces in the *Weekly Graphic*—my reminiscences of war times—first number appears in *Weekly Graphic* of Jan. 24—three or four others to follow.

We are in the new house my brother has built—very nice. I find myself *very lonesome* here, for all social & emotional consolation—(Man cannot live on *bread alone*—can he?)—I want to come & see you—*must* do so before long—want to pay a moderate board (same as I do here), if convenient for you to have me.—*Shall not come on any other condition.*

Well, Abby, I have just scurried rapidly over the sheet, & will send it to you just as it is, with love, WALT WHITMAN.

When Dr. Bucke was preparing his "Walt Whitman," in 1881, he wrote for information to Miss Price, and she in turn wrote to the poet and asked for information as to Dr. Bucke. His reply follows:

431 STEVENS STREET, CAMDEN,
NEW JERSEY.
April 21, '81.

DEAR HELEN PRICE,

Your good letter has come & I am glad

indeed to hear from you & sister & father, & have you located.—All sorrowful, solemn, yet soothing thoughts come up in my mind at reminiscences of my dear friend, your dear mother—have often thought of you all since '73 the last time I saw you so briefly—so sadly—[At his mother's funeral].

About Dr. Bucke (he is a long-established medical doctor & head of the Asylum for the Insane at London, Ontario, Canada)—you can write to him freely & send him what you feel to—he is a true & trusted friend of mine—I know him well—I have just returned from Boston where I have been the past week—went on to read my annual *Death of Abraham Lincoln* on the anniversary of that tragedy—I am pretty well for me—am still under the benumbing influences of paralysis, but thankful to be as well as I am—still board here (make my headquarters here) with my brother & his wife—Eddy my brother is living & well, he is now boarding ab't 40 miles from here—Yes, Helen dear, when I come to New York, I will send you word sure—Best love to you, Emmy, father & all—especially little Walter.

WALT WHITMAN.

Miss Price has preserved the eleven letters addressed to her between the fall and winter of 1872 and the spring of the following year by Louisa Whitman, the poet's mother, who died in May, 1873. These familiar epistles evince a strongly affectionate nature, but make it very clear that Walt Whitman did not inherit his literary gifts from the spindle side. Not only do they show no sense of composition, but the spelling, punctuation, etc., are undeniably crude. The fourth of the series runs as follows:

MY EVER DEAR HELEN:

I have just received your letter and will write a few lines to tell you Walt is bad enough, but I hope, dear Helen, he will get over it. It is two weeks next Thursday night since he had the stroke of paralysis in the left side, arm and *leg* (the worst), but his mind is as clear as ever. He has to lay in bed as he can't move without help. . . . The doctor says he is doing very well. He thinks it is caused by his accident of the cut and inflammation of his arm when in the hospital. He had a very slight attack soon after the war, but it seemed to pass over. . . . But O! Helen dear, how it has worried me. If he boarded it would n't be so bad, but he only lodges there. . . . Mrs. Ashton wanted him brought to her house immediately. [Ashton was a former Attorney General.] Walt said they live in such very great style that he thought he would rather stay where he was.

The tone of Mrs. Whitman's letters is rather pessimistic. She was old and rather infirm—a victim of rheumatism; and could not get reconciled to living in Camden (where she occupied two rooms in the house of her son George) instead of in Brooklyn (where she had had a house of her own). The next to the last of her letters to Miss Price, written in the month before her death, sounds a characteristically despondent note:

MY EVER DEAR HELEN:

You must not think I am the worst of all your correspondents, but I would own up to being bad enough. But O! Helen dear, I feel sometimes as if I could n't write—not even to Walt. I am very nervous at times; it comes on me and I can't shake it off, as I have no one to talk to who feels any sympathy for me. I get very much down-spirited, as there is no one here that I care about. Everyone seems so different and formal, and unlike our New York and Brooklyn friends. Such kind of half city places as Camden [are] generally quiet as this place is; but I would n't mind being here if I had a place of my own. But this living with [?] and not being boss of your own shanty "ain't the cheese."

Helen dear, I care very little for style in these days. I think sometimes if I only had two rooms and could have things my own way, I would be much happier, but maybe not; I think if Walter had n't had such a pullback, he would have had things quite different; but he had a long spell and is far from well yet. He can't do much at his work yet, but his salary goes on. . . .

MADEMOISELLE GENÉE

The Danish Dancer who Revives Memories of Taglioni

By EMILY M. BURBANK

MADEMOISELLE GENÉE, the greatest dancer the world has seen for half a century, or since Taglioni, returns to our shores from the Empire Theatre, London, where she has practised her art with unabating success since she left us in the spring, as well as for many years before she first visited us. She is to tour the country in "The Soul Kiss," dancing for ten weeks in Chicago and four weeks in Boston. She will, of course, appear in New York during the season.

Mlle. Genée should feel well satisfied with her season in New York, for by her exquisite art she created in one winter a demand for classical ballet, and the Metropolitan Opera Company announces, to quote from a musical periodical, that

> there will be classical ballet performed at the Metropolitan, which has not been seen heretofore. In every well-known opera-house there is a classical ballet. We know nothing of it in the opera in this country. The classical ballet is laid out on lines of the dance development. It is as old and as substantial in its traditions as the opera itself. . . . It is the expression of an art through rhythm, which is the very foundation of music.

In reply to the remark that many thought her French, others English, and still others Belgian, Mlle. Genée said: "Yes, and soon I shall be called an American, for already one of your newspapers has written 'Our Genée!' I was very complimented; but I am a Dane on both sides, and for many generations back. My birthplace was in Jutland, where my family have always figured as 'country people'—no professionals among them, with the exceptions of an uncle, Alexander Genée, who is an accomplished master of ballet, and with his wife, a Hungarian dancer, the only teacher I ever had. When I was three years old, my uncle and aunt, chancing to visit my parents, discovered that I possessed all of the physical requisites of a dancer, so it was proposed that I be sent to them to train when I should be old enough.

"Few understand that just as the great singer must be born with a voice, so the great dancer must be born with a 'perfect' body, her upper arm, forearm, wrist, ankle, lower leg, upper leg and hip properly formed and joined. It goes without saying that to be knock-kneed is to be unqualified as a dancer; but there are countless other points to be considered and passed upon, in the preliminary examinations to which each candidate for Terpsichorean honors is submitted. At the age of eight, I began systematic training for the ballet, and during the twenty years which have intervened, I have never, until this winter, been separated from my foster parents. They love me, and they watch my work so closely, that I know I cannot go far wrong at any time. I made my pro-

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios

Mlle. Genée

IN THE BALLET "THE DEBUTANTE"

IN THE "BALLET COPPELIA" BY DÉLIBES

fessional début at the age of nine and a half, at Christiania. Shortly after that I danced in Copenhagen—then, of course as an "infant prodigy," so that it was with unusual satisfaction that I returned to the same opera-house a few years ago and triumphed as a mature artist."

Mlle. Genée is frequently asked if she ever thought of being an actress. She did, at one time, but that was before she had fairly "arrived" as a dancer. A careful consideration of the matter persuaded her that she would never be as good an actress as dancer and the idea was relinquished forever.

The *première danseuse*, like the *prima-donna*, must constantly practise self-denial. Mlle. Genée never indulges in sports, because all exercise, with the exception of walking and dancing, are injurious to her muscles. Take one point alone: the constant and unvarying effort of every dancer is to turn out the toes; therefore skating and bicycling, where one "toes in," are taboo. Riding, for the same reason, is quite impossible; yet those who have seen Mlle. Genée in the Hunt Dance—her own invention—are slow to believe she has never hunted. She is familiar with riding as an interested observer only. She practises two hours every day, even when dancing on six nights and two afternoons in one week. The details of this practice would lead to a technical treatise upon the art; suffice it to say that the "finger exercises" or "scales," which form the foundation of a dancer's technique, are the so-called "five positions," each of which has a different combination of poses for head, body, arms, hands, legs and feet. This artist rarely takes a holi-

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. GENÉE IN "THE SOUL KISS"

day, because to do so, even for two weeks, means a hardening of the muscles and, in consequence, excruciating pains in every part of her body when she resumes her work.

When asked if she would like to dance at our opera-houses, she replied: "That is difficult to answer, without explaining that the ballet has been degenerating during fifty years. To-day the *première danseuse* is not more than—what shall I say? A little piece of dust! She appears for one moment—and does nothing! In Munich, at the Royal Opera, I danced thirty-three times in one year, and that was called a good season! In the opera-houses to-day, I must dance what the manager wishes, and dress as I am told to. Why do I dance where I do? Because in London at the Empire, and here at the New York Theatre, I dance *every night* and at matinées, which means not only very much more money (no opera in the world would pay so much to-day), but the ambitious artist has a greater chance to grow in her art, through its constant testing as well as practice. Under these conditions I have a chance to be a 'great artist,' inventing dances, carrying out my own convictions, and dressing my parts as I think best. Much depends upon dressing the dance. One reason I am able to get certain results in grace of line is due to the fact that I wear my skirts much longer than the modern ballet-dancer. It is impossible to use the arms freely in the very short full skirts."

Mlle. Genée's dressing-room is far more picturesque than that of the prima-donna or actress, for her costumes, owing to their fluffy perishableness, are suspended from a rack at safe distances one from the other, and present the appearance of flowers of myriad hues into which this Spirit of the Dance is sooner or later to flit, whirling in first one and then another of them, out through the file of dancers, and down to the footlights, amid thunderous applause.

"Every one thinks that dancing is

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. GENÉE IN THE HUNT DANCE

so easy, that one can dance anywhere, at any time! I have been asked to dance in private houses," Mlle. Genée continued, "people explaining to me that the floor was of polished wood and 'perfect' for dancing. No one understands that in two minutes I should be flat on that floor. I must have one especially adapted to my own purposes, of natural, unpolished wood. Before I came to the New York Theatre a floor was put down for me, and the lights had all to be lowered. Abroad, the stages slope from the back down to the footlights, because our stalls are on a level floor. In this theatre matters were reversed, the orchestra seats being elevated at the back. I found it difficult to accustom myself to the flat stage, which requires a different position of the body. On the slanting stage I hold myself perfectly erect; on this flat stage I had to learn to *lean* forward, in order to go forward! No, the dancer can no more dance without her floor than the pianist can play without his piano!"

TAGLIONI

The famous dancer with whom Mlle. Genée is often compared

Mlle. Genée has danced at the Royal Opera-Houses of Copenhagen, Munich and Berlin; and the Paris Opera-House has negotiated to secure her for a part of its season. She announces with much satisfaction, that her uncle, M. Genée, will come over to manage her production of "Coppelia."

Two facts make her devotion to her art seem worth while to Mlle. Genée: she has chosen to consider her mission that of restoring to its former position by the side of Music and Verse the art of Dancing (not posturing), and *she loves her art.* "I become a different person when I hear the music," she explains; and that is how it is possible for this dignified, sensitive, keenly intelligent and deeply serious young woman to turn from her favorite pastimes—a thoughtful conversation, a stroll in the Park to watch the squirrels, or her Danish embroidery—and reveal to the world, with the authority of a Taglioni, "a new form of dancing, a virginal and diaphanous art, instinct with an originality all her own, in which the old traditions and time-honored rules of Chorography are merged."

One can say of Mlle. Genée, as Paul de St. Victor did of Léontine Beaugrand, half a century ago: "Her movements might inspire a designer of fine and dainty ornament; all she does is exquisite, minute and delicate as a piece of fine lace-work." Mlle. Genée creates very much the same atmosphere of artificial and romantic sentiment and coquetry that pervades Watteau's sylvan scenes, St. Aubin's Maypole-Dance in 1763, Lancret's Carmargo dancing in a woodland glade, or Grisi in the "Ballet of the Peri." It would require but a change of costume to transform her into one of Fra Angelico's dancing spirits! This remarkable artist recalls Victor Hugo's famous description of La Carmargo, Queen of the Paris opera in 1730:

Ah Carmargo, que vous êtes brillante!
Mais que Sallé, grand Dieu, est ravissante!
Que vos pas sont légers, et que les sien
sont doux,
Elle est inimitable et vous êtes nouvelle!
Les nymphes dansent comme vous
Et les Grâces dansent comme elle!

This art, as practised by Mlle. Genée, has little in common with modern theatrical dancing, even when one takes into consideration the opera-houses on both sides of the Atlantic. *Genre* dancers, such as Loie Fuller, Carmencita, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, make no claims to be mistresses of the technique of traditional dancing.

Mlle. Genée is the artistic descendant of Carmargo, Sallé, Maria Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Fanny Elssler, Léontine Beaugrand and Lucille Graham. How many have exclaimed, at her first entrance, the moment she flashed upon the scene, against the red velvet curtain, "Ah, Taglioni!" for in appearance she is an exact reproduction of a well-known lithograph of that famous dancer, in the Bibliothèque National. She wears the same style of costume (1830), the same coiffeur—tiers of little curls on each side of the blond head, whose shapeliness is emphasized by a Psyche knot; one notes that there is much the same cast of features (Taglioni's mother was a Swede), the same animated countenance, the same exquisitely slender figure. Taglioni's is poised in midair, as though flying, at the moment of representation; but even so, this pose is no exaggeration of one of Mlle. Genée's favorite exits, after having flitted about the stage light as thistle-down or a whirling snowflake! One is deluded into the belief that her *entrechats* ("cuts") cost her no effort, and (as the father of a famous dancer once boasted of his son) that her only reason for lighting on the ground at all, is to prevent the humiliation of her fellow dancers!

Spirit, Mlle. Genée is, even when clad in conventional habit and boots for her Hunt Dance. None tires of watching her bound upon the scene, poise herself on the toes of her dainty riding-boots for a moment, then swiftly fall into the various gaits of the horse, passing, without a pause, from trot to canter, and from a run to a jump, never once failing to pantomine the posture of rider, the requisite hold on the reins, her ever moving, laughing, winsome form in black thrown into relief by a background of autumn reds and browns, and the gray of a tumbling brook! A pack of yelping hounds, and the chorus in habits and "pink" coats get applause; but it is Genée, always Genée, who puts one in the mood of the hunt!

At each performance, as the curtain drops for the last time one turns away reluctantly, stirred by a quality of emotion which only the great among artists are capable of evoking.

ALDRICH

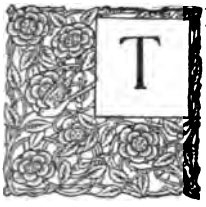
Herrick and Landor, Keats and Tennyson,—
Polish and grace, true genius and true art:
And when the gods fused these four into one,
They gave to Aldrich his song-happy heart.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

BETWEEN ALPHA AND OMEGA

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH



THE hired man put the steers in the stock-yard, tartly asked the depot agent when the cars would be spotted at the chute for loading, and sat down on a truck. The agent said that he did n't know; and both men gazed in silence out across the tracks at the miles and miles of dark-green cornfields, picked out here and there with vivid red where huge barns glowed through the leafage like great scarlet blossoms. The air was fragrant of drying clover. A creeping west wind went through the tall corn, which rustled its broad blades and whispered of peace and plenty.

"There's no place like old Iowa!" said the agent.

The hired man scorned direct reply. He gave the agent one of the three cheroots for which he had paid a nickel, replaced one in his pocket, and lighted the third. Then, like another Ulysses, he spake.

It narrows a man [said he] to stick around in one place. You broaden out more pan-handling over one division, than by watching the cars go by for years. I 've been everywhere from Alpha, Illinois, to Omega, Oklahoma, and peeked over most of the jumping-off places; and Iowa is not the whole works at all. Good quiet State to moss over in; but no life! Me for the mountains where the stealing is good yet, and a man with genius can be a millionaire!

I 'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE FROM ALPHA, ILLINOIS, TO OMEGA, OKLAHOMA

I was in one big deal, once—the Golden Fountain Mine. Pete Peterson and I worked in the Golden Fountain and boarded with Brady, a pit boss. Ever hear of psychic power? A medium told me once that I have it, and that 's why folks tell me their secrets. The second day Brady told me the mine was being wrecked.

"How do you know?" said I.

"They 're minin' bird's-eye porphyry," said Brady, "purtendin' they 've lost the lode."

"Maybe they have," said I.

"Not them," replied Brady, who never had had any culture. "I can show you the vein broad 's a road an' rich as pudd'n!"

" BEAUTIFUL INJURY," SAID THE LAWYER, THUMPING A HUSKY HUN ON THE LEG

I did n't care a whoop, as long as they paid regular; but Brady worried about the widows and orphans that had stock. I said I had no widows and orphans contracting insonomia for me, and he admitted he had n't. But he said a man could n't tell what he might acquire. Soon after, a load of stulls broke loose, knocked Pete Peterson numb, and in the crash Brady accumulated a widow. It was thought quite odd, after what he 'd said.

The union gave him a funeral, and then we were all rounded up by a lawyer that insisted on being a pallbearer and riding with the mourners, he and Brady had been such dear friends. The widow never heard of him; but unless he was dear to Brady, why did he cry over the bier, and pass out his cards, and say he 'd make the mine sweat for this? It did n't seem reasonable, and the widow signed papers while he held in his grief.

Then we found he had awful bad luck losing friends. A lot of them had been killed or hurt, and he was suing companies to beat fours. We were going over our evidence, and another bunch was there with a doctor examining to see how badly they were ruined.

"Beautiful injury!" said the lawyer, thumping a husky Hun on the leg. "No patellar reflex! Spine ruined! Beautiful! We 'll make 'em sweat for this!"

He surely was a specialist in corporate perspiration. I asked what the patellar reflex was, and the doc had Pete sit and cross his legs, and explained.

"Mr. Peterson," said he, "has a normal spine. When I concuss the limb here, the foot will kick forward involuntarily. But in case of spinal injury, it will not. Now observe!"

He whacked Pete's shin with a rubber hammer, but Pete never kicked. His foot hung loose like, not doing a blamed thing that the doc said it would if his spine was in repair. The doc was plumb dumbfoundered.

"Most remarkable case of volitional control—" he began.

"Volitional your grandmother!" yells the lawyer. "Mr. Peterson is ruined also! He was stricken prone in the same negligent accident that killed dear Mr. Brady! His doom is sealed! A few months of progressive induration of the spinal cord, and breaking up of the multipolar cells, and—death, friend, death!"

The widow begun to whimper,

and the lawyer grabbed Pete's hand and bursted into tears. Pete, being a Swede, never opened his face.

"But," said the lawyer, cheering up, "we 'll make them sweat for this. Shall we not vindicate the right of the workingman to protection, Mr. Peterson?"

"Yu bat!" said Pete. "Ay bane gude republican!"

"And vindicate his right," went on the lawyer, "to safe tools and conditions of employment?"

"Ay tank we windicate," said Pete.

"Nobly said!" said the lawyer and hopped to it making agreements for contingent fees and other flim-flams. It was wonderful how sort of patriotic and unselfish and religious and cagey he always was.

We quit the Golden Fountain, and I got some assessment work for Sile Wilson. Pete would n't go. He was sort of hanging around the widow, but his brains were so sluggish that I don't believe he knew why. I picked up a man named Lungy to help. Sile's daughter Lucy kept house for Sile in camp, and in two days she was calling Lungy "Mr. Addison," and reproaching me for stringing a stranger that had seen better days and had a bum lung and was used to dressing for dinner. I told her I most always allowed to wear something at that meal myself, and she snapped my head off. He was a nice fellow for a lunger.

When I had to go and testify in the Brady and Peterson cases against the Golden Fountain, old Sile was willing.

"I 'd like to help stick the thieves!" he hissed.

"How did you know they were thieves?" asked I.

"I located the claim," said he, "and they stole it on a measley little balance for machinery — confound them!"

"Well, they 're stealing it again," said I; and I explained the lost vein business.

"They 've pounded the stock away down," said the lunger. "I believe it 's a good buy!"

"Draw your eighteen-seventy-five from Sile," said I; "and come with me and buy it!"

"I think I will go," said he. And he did. He was a nice fellow to travel with.

Well, the Golden Fountain was shut down, and had no lawyer against us. It was a funny hook-up. We proved about the stulls, and got a judgment for the widow for ten thousand. Then we corralled another jury and showed that Pete had no patellar reflex, and therefore no spine, and got a shameful great verdict for him. And all the time the Golden Fountain never peeped, and Lungy Addison looked on speechless. Our lawyer was numb, it was so easy.

"I don't understand—" said he.

"The law department must be connected in series with the mine machinery," said I, "and shuts off with the same switch. Do we get this on a foul?"

"Oh, nothing foul!" said he. "Default, you see——"

"No showup at ringside," said I; "9 to 0, eh? How about bets?"

"Everything is all right," said he, looking as *worried*. "We 'll sell the mine, and make the judgments!"

"And get the Golden Fountain," said I, "on an Irish pit boss and a Swede's spine?"

"Certainly," said he, "if they don't redeem."

"Show me," said I; "I 'm from Missouri! It 's too easy to be square. She won't pan!"

"Dat bane hellufa pile money f'r vidder," said Pete when we were alone. "Ten thousan' f'r Brady, an' twelf f'r spine! Ay git yob vork f'r her in mine!"

"You wild Skandihoovian," said I, "that 's *your* spine!"

"Mae spine?" he grinned. "Ay gass not! Dat leg-yerkin' bane only effidence. Dat spine bane vidder's!"

I could n't make him see that it was his personal spine, and the locomotor must be attaxing. He smiled his fool smile and brought things to comfort Mrs. Brady's last days. But she knew, and took him to Father

AND THERE WAS THAT YELLOW-MOUSTACHED NORSKY HOLDING THE WIDOW ON HIS LAP

Mangan, and Pete commenced studying the catechism against the time of death; but it did n't take. The circuit between the Swedenwegian intellect and the Irish plan of salvation looks like it 's grounded and don't do business.

One night the lawyer asked me to tell "the Petersons," as he called them, that some New Yorker had stuck an intervention or mandamus into the cylinder and stopped the court's selling machinery. "We may be delayed a year or so," said he. Pete had gone to the widow's with a patent washboard that was easy on the spine, and I singlefooted up, too. And there was that yellow-moustached Norsky holding the widow on his lap, bridging the chasm between races in great shape. He flinched some, and his neck got redder, but she fielded her position in big league form, and held her base.

"Bein' as the poor man is not long f'r this world," said she, "an' such a thrue man, swearin' as the l'yer wanted, I thought whoile the crather stays wid us——"

"Sure," said I. "Congrats! When's the merger?"

"Hey?" says Pete.

"The nuptials," said I. "The broomstick-jumping."

The widow got up and explained that the espousals were hung up till Pete could pass his exams with Father Mangan.

"Marriage," said she, "is a sacrilege, and not lightly incurred. Oh, the thrials of a young widdy, what wid Swedes, and her sowl, an' the childer that may be—Gwan wid ye's, ye divvle ye!"

Now there was a plot for a painter: the widow thinking Pete on the blink spinally, and he soothing her last days, all on account of a patellar reflex that an ambulance chaser took advantage of—and the courts full of quo-warrantoes and things to keep the jackleg from selling a listed mine, with hoisting-works and chlorination-tanks!

The depot agent took the cheroot from his lips, looked at a wisp of smoke far down the tracks, and moved to the window where he could better hear the sounder.

"I don't see much head nor tail to that story, Bill," said he, "but there come your cars."

I got this letter from Pete, or the widow, I don't know which [said the hired man, taking out a worn piece of paper], about the third year after that. Here 's what it says:

"Ve haf yust hat hell bad time, savin' yer prisence, and Ay skal skip for tjiens of climit to gude pless Ay gnow in Bad Lands. Lawyer faller sell mine fer 10 tousan to vidder, an thin, bad cess to him, sells it agin to Pete fer 12000$ an git 2 stifkit off sheriff an say hae keep dem fer fees, an Ay gnok him in fess an take stifkit. Hae say hae tell mae spine bane O K all tem, an thrittened to jug Pete, an the back of me hand and the sole of me fut to the likes of him, savin yer prisence, an Fader Mangan call me big towhead chump an kant lern catty kismus an marry me to vidder, an Pete, God bliss him, promised to raise the family in Holy Church, but no faller gnow dem tings Bfour hand, an Ay tank ve hike to dam gude pless in Bad Lands vun yare till stifkit bane ripe an Mine belong vidder an Ay bane Yeneral Manager an yu pit Boss vit gude yob in Yune or Yuly next, yours truely, an may the Blessid Saints purtect ye, PETER PETERSON.

"P. S. Vidder Brady mae vife git skar an sine stifkit fer Brady to lawyer fallar like dam fool vooman trik an sattle vit him, but Ay tink dat leg-yerkin bane bad all sem an yump to Bad lands if we dodge inyunction youre frend. PETE."

"So they got married," said the depot agent.

Just the way I figured it [said the hired man].

Well, this lunger sleuthed me out when I was prospecting alone next summer.

"Hello, Bill," said he, abrupt-like. "Cook a double supply of bacon."

"Sure," I said. "Got any eating tobacco, Lungy?"

"Bill," said he, after we had fed our respective faces, "did you ever wonder why that Swede received such prompt recognition without controversy for his absent patellar reflex?"

"Never wonder about anything else," said I. "Why?"

"It was this way," said he. "The crowd that robbed Sile Wilson found they had sold too much stock, and quit mining ore to run it down so they could buy it back. Some big holders hung on, and they had to make the play strong. So they went broke for fair, and let Brady's widow and Pete and a lot of others get judgments, and they bought up the certificates of sale. D'ye see?"

"Kind of," said I. "It 'll come to me all right."

"It was a stock market harvest of death," said Lungy. "The judgments were to wipe out all the stock. This convinces me that the vein is hidden and not lost, as you said."

"I thought I mentioned the fact," said I, "that Brady showed me the ore-chute."

"That 's why I 'm here," said he. "I want you to find Pete Peterson for me."

"Why?" I said.

"Because," answered Addison, "he 's got the junior certificate."

"Give me the grips and passwords," I demanded; "the secret work of the order may clear it up."

"Listen," said he. "Each certificate calls for a deed to the mine the day it 's a year old; but the younger can redeem from the older by paying them off—the second from the first, the third from the second, and so on."

"Kind of rotation pool," said I, "with Pete's claim as ball fifteen?"

"Yes," said he; "only the mine itself has the last chance. But they think they know that Pete won't turn up, and gamble on stealing the mine with the Brady certificate. Your perspicacity enables you to estimate the importance of Mr. Peterson."

"My perspicacity," I said, giving it back to him cold, "informs me that some jackleg lawyer has been and bunked Pete out of the paper long since. And he could n't pay off what 's ahead of him any more 'n he could buy the Homestake! Come, there 's more than this to the initiation!"

"Yes, there is," he admitted. "You remember Lucy, of course? No one could forget her! Well, her father and I are in on a secret pool of his

friends, they to find the money, we to get this certificate."

"Where does Lucy come in?" said I.

"I get her," he replied, coloring up. "And success makes us all rich!"

I never said a word. Lungy was leery that I was soft on Lucy—I might have been, easy enough—and sat looking at me for a straight hour.

"Can you find him for me?" said he, at last.

"Sure!" said I.

He smoked another pipeful and knocked out the ashes.

"Will you?" said he, kind of wistful.

"If you insult me again," I hissed, "I 'll knock that other lung out! Turn in, you fool, and be ready for the saddle at sunup!"

We rode two days in the country that looks like the men had gone out when they had the construction work on it half done, when a couple of horsemen came out of a draw into the canyon ahead of us.

"The one on the pinto," said I, "is the perspiration specialist."

"If he don't recognize you," said Lungy, "let the dead past stay dead!"

Out there in the sunshine the Jackleg looked the part so I wondered how we come to be faked by him. We could see that the other fellow was a sheriff, a deputy-sheriff, or a candidate for sheriff—it was in his features.

"Howdy, fellows!" said I.

"Howdy!" said the sheriff, and closed his face.

"Odd place to meet!" gushed the Jackleg, as smily as ever. "Which way?"

"We allowed to go right on," I said.

"This is our route," said Jackleg, and moseys up the opposite draw, clucking to his bronk, like an old woman.

"What do you make of his being here?" asked Lungy.

"Hunting Swedes," I said. "And with a case against Pete for robbery and assault. I hope we see him first!"

We went on, Lungy ignorantly cheerful, I lost-like to know what was what, and feeling around with my mind's finger for the trigger of the situation. Suddenly I whoaed up, shifted around on my hip, and looked back.

"Lost anything, Bill?" asked Lungy.

"Temporarily mislaid my brains," said I. "We 're going back and pick up the scent of the Jackleg."

Lungy looked up inquiringly, as we doubled back.

"When you kick a covey of men out of this sage brush," I explained, "they naturally ask about anything they 're after. They inquire if you know a Cock-Robin married to a Jenny-Wren, or an Owl to a Pussy-cat, or whatever misdeal they trailing. You don't mog on like it was Kansas City or Denver."

"Both parties kept still," replied Lungy. "What 's the answer, Bill?"

"Both got the same guilty secret," said I, "and they 've got it the worst. They know where Pete is. So will we if we follow their spoor."

We pelted on right brisk after them. The draw got to be a canyon, with grassy, sheep-nibbled bottom, and we knew we were close to somewhere. At last, rolling to us around a bend, came a tide of remarks, rising and swelling to the point of rough-house and riot.

"The widow!" said I. "She knows me. You go in, Lungy, and put up a stall to keep 'em from seeing Pete alone first!"

I crept up close. The widow was calling the Jackleg everything that a perfect lady as she was, you know, could lay her tongue to, and he trying to blast a crack in the oratory to slip a word into.

"I dislike," said Lungy, "to disturb privacy; but we want your man to show us the way."

"Who the devil are you?" said the sheriff.

"My name—" began Lungy.

"Whativer it is, sorr," said the widow, "it 's a betther name nor his you shpake to — the black fardown, afther taking me man and

"DAT BANE LIE!" SAID PETE. "AY YUST BROKE YOUR YAW!"

lavin' me to shtarve wid me babbies he robbed iv what the coort give! But as long as I 've a tongue in me hid to hould, ye 'll not know where he 's hid!"

And just then down behind me comes Pete on a fair-sized cayuse branded with a double X.

"Dat bane you, Bill?" said he casual-like. "You most skar me!"

I flagged him back a piece and told him the Jackleg was there. He ran, and I had to rope him.

"You 're nervous, Pete," said I, helping him up. "What 's the matter?"

"Dis blame getaway biz," he said, "bane purty tough on fallar. Ay listen an' yump all tem nights!"

"How about going back for the mine?" I asked.

"Dat bane gude yoke!" he grinned. "Ay got gude flock an' planty range hare, an' Ay stay, Ay tank. Yu kill lawyer fallar, Bill, an' take half whole shooting-match!"

"Got that certificate?" I asked.

It was all worn raw at the folds, but he had it. The Jackleg had an assignment all ready on the back, and I wrote Addison's name in, and made Pete sign it.

"Now," said I. "We 'll take care of Mr. Jackleg, and you 'll get something for this, but I don't know what. Don't ever come belly-aching around saying we 've bunked you after Lungy has put up his good money and copped the mine. These men want this paper, not you. Probably they 've got no warrant. Brace up and stand pat!"

So we walked around bold as brass. The widow was dangling a Skandy-looking kid over her shoulder by one foot, and analyzing the parentage of Jackleg. Lungy was grinning, but the sheriff's face was shut down.

"Ah, Mr. Peterson!" said the lawyer. "And our old and dear friend William Snoke, too! I thought I recognized you this morning! And now, please excuse our old and dear friend Mr. Peterson for a moment's consultation."

"Dis bane gude pless," said Pete. "Crack ahead!"

"This is a private matter, gentlemen," said Jackleg.

"Shall we withdraw?" asks Lungy.

"No!" yells Pete. "Yu stay—be vitness!"

"I wish to remind you, dear Mr. Peterson," said he as we sort of

settled in our places, "that your criminal assault and robbery of me has subjected you to a long term in prison. And I suffered great damage by interruption of business, and bodily and mental anguish from the wounds, contusions and lesions inflicted, and especially from the compound fracture of the inferior maxillary bone——"

"Dat bane lie!" said Pete. "Ay yust broke your yaw!"

"He admits the *corpus delicti!*" yelled the lawyer. "Gentlemen, bear witness!"

"I did n't hear any such thing," said Lungy.

"Neither did I," I said.

"I figure my damages," he went on, "at twelve thousand dollars."

Pete picked a thorn out of his finger.

"Now, Mr. Peterson," went on the lawyer, "I don't suppose you have the cash. But when I have stood up and fought for a man for pure friendship and a mere contingent fee, I learn to love him. I would fain save you from prison, if you would so act as to enable me to acquit you of felonious intent. A prison is a fearful place, Mr. Peterson!"

"Ay tank," said Pete, "Ay brace up an' stand pat!"

"If you would do anything," pleaded the Jackleg, "to show good intention! Turn over to me any papers you may have, no matter how worthless—notes, or—or certificates!"

Pete pulled out his wallet. Lungy turned pale.

"Take dis," said Pete. "Dis bane order fer six dollar Yohn Yohnson's wages. Ay bane gude fallar!"

"Thanks!" said the Jackleg, piouslike. "And *is* that long document the certificate of sale in Peterson *vs.* Golden Fountain, etc.?"

"Dat bane marryin' papers," said Pete. "Dat spine paper bane N. G. Mae spine all tem O. K. Dat leg-yerkin' bane yust effidence. Ay take spine paper to start camp-fire!"

It was as good as a play. Lungy turned pale and trembled. The lawyer went up into the air and told the sheriff to arrest Pete, and appealed to the widow to give up the certificate, and she got sore at Pete, and called him a Norwegian fool for burning it, and cuffed the bigger kid, which was more Irish-looking. Pete dug his toe into the ground and looked ashamed and mumbled something about it not being his spine. The sheriff told Pete to come along, and I asked him to show his warrant. He made a bluff at looking in his clothes for it, and rode away with his countenance tight-closed.

Lungy and I rode off the other way.

That night Lungy smiled weakly as I started the fire with paper.

"Bill," said he, "I shall never burn paper without thinking how near I came to paradise and dropped plump——"

"Oh, I forgot," said I. "Here 's that certificate."

Lungy took it, looked it over, read the assignment, and broke down and cried.

"How did it come out?" asked the agent.

Oh [said the hired man] Lungy waited till the last minute, flashed the paper and the money, and swiped the mine. The company wanted to give a check and redeem, but the clerk stood out for currency, and it was too late to get it. He got the mine, and Lucy, and is the big Mr. Addison, now. Here 's the freight crew! No, me for where you can carry off things that are too big for the grand larceny statutes. This business of steers in car-lots is too much like chicken-feed for me!

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

THE recent publication of Dasent's "Life of John Delane" will recall to Americans of the older generation the part played by Delane and the London *Times* during the strenuous years of the Civil War, 1861–65.

During these years (and for not a few years both earlier and later), the *Times* and *Punch* were accepted as the most typical and the most influential of the exponents of public opinion in England. I do not say in the British Islands, because Ireland possessed then, as now, a public opinion of its own, which, being fiercely antagonistic to things English, was quite ready, irrespective of any considerations of reasonableness, of the weight of the arguments, or of wise policy, to denounce whatever England supported, and to approve whatever England opposed. It would also be inaccurate to use the term Great Britain, for the liberalism of Scotland maintained then, as now, views on affairs international, as well as on many matters of domestic policy, which were, as a rule, not in accord with the opinions and decision of the groups that controlled the policies of the British administration of the time—views decidedly opposed to the preferences and prejudices of the clubs and social circles of London.

But it was precisely the opinions and prejudices of London clubs and of London society that found expression in the cartoons of *Punch* and in the editorials and correspondence of the *Times*. During these years, in which Palmerston was the controlling influence in the Cabinet, and also the popular idol of the voters in England, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the administration of the time was the administration of the *Times*—that is, of John Delane. We know now that a great part, probably the greater part of the people of England, and certainly a substantial majority of the people of Scotland, were in sympathy with the cause of the North, and were heartily opposed to the use of the influence and power of Great Britain to help to establish a nation founded on slavery. But it was undoubtedly the case that the statesmen who, in 1861, controlled her Majesty's Government, were ready to welcome the breaking-up of the troublesome republic of the West, and were looking forward with cheerful expectation to the opportunity of adjusting, and if needs be of enforcing, the terms of the separation.

It is equally true that the opinions and the prejudices of the club circles and of society in London and of the great country houses, and even of a great part of the scholars of the universities, were expressed generally, and often bitterly, in opposition to the North and in admiration of "the grand fight for freedom" that was being made by the Southern States.

Among the more important of the opponents of the North may be mentioned Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, Lowe and John Delane. Disraeli seems to have expressed but little interest in the contest, and may

be described as neutral. The chief friends of the Northern cause were Prince Albert, the Duke of Argyll, John Bright, Richard Cobden, James Bryce and John Morley. The last two were at the time but youngsters whose careers were still in the future. Prince Albert was able before his death, at the close of 1861, to render an all-important service (which will be referred to later) in helping to prevent the capture of the *Trent* from being made the occasion or the pretext for war.

The Memoirs of Palmerston and of Louis Napoleon give evidence that the British Minister was in substantial accord with the American designs of the Emperor, and was ready to do all in his power to secure for these designs the support of England. The French and English fleets were to act in co-operation in bringing the "fratricidal strife" to a close, and while Great Britain was dictating in Washington the terms of separation, Louis Napoleon was to be left with a free hand to carry out his schemes of domination in Mexico.

It was my fortune to secure in a personal record an interesting confirmation of the keen interest taken by Palmerston in the success of the Confederacy. In 1861, some months before the appointment as emissaries of Mason and Slidell, the South had on the other side of the Atlantic three representatives, more or less official. Of these the best known was Yancey of Mississippi. The names of the other two were, I believe, Ross and Mann, the latter being from South Carolina. Some years ago, I met, as a fellow passenger on the trip to Liverpool, a judge from South Carolina, who told me that in 1861 he had been in London acting as secretary for his father who was at the time serving as Commissioner for the Confederacy. To his father's office (which was in Suffolk Street, just off Pall Mall East) Palmerston was in the habit of making frequent visits. He came on foot, possibly having thought best to leave his carriage some streets distant; but his tall characteristic figure was, of course, easily to be recognized by his fellow Londoners. The Commissioner made a practice of sending the young secretary out of the office during the Minister's visits, but he confided later to his son some at least of the matters that had been under discussion.

"On one afternoon in November," said the Judge, "my father came into the office in such a state of elation that for a time at least he was oblivious of his usual diplomatic reserve. 'We 've got them, my boy,' he called out. 'Those fools of Yankees have captured a British vessel. This means the co-operation of England in our struggle, and the recognition and the independence of the Confederacy.'

"That night," continued the Judge, "Palmerston came early to the office, and this time, my father, still excited by the prospect of immediate success for the Confederacy, did not send me out of the room. I have in my mind," he continued, "the picture of the two tall figures standing before the map of the States (never, of course, referred to by us as the United States), and deciding together where the British fleet could strike to best advantage. One force was to threaten New York, while a second was to operate on the Potomac, in co-operation with General Johnston, for the isolation and capture of Washington. Great was my father's disappointment," continued the Judge, "when a few weeks later came the news that the Yankees, not as great fools as we had hoped, had decided to surrender the envoys. He was still, of course, confident of our final success, but he felt that in the loss of this chance of immediate action on the part of England (action with which the French Emperor was more than ready to join) a great opportunity had been lost for the immediate establishment of the Confederacy, and that a long and exhausting struggle was now inevitable."

The record of the despatch demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell is now a matter of history. As first drafted by Palmerston and

Russell, the demand was worded in a form in which no self-respecting government could have received it. The despatch had been written with the expectation and intention that the demand should be refused, and refusal meant war, and war on the part of Great Britain meant the independence of the Confederacy and the breaking up of the United States. This was the result for which Palmerston and Louis Napoleon had been hoping and scheming, and it looked as if the opportunity for the success of the scheme had been given by the rash act of Captain Wilkes. War was prevented only through the wise counsels of Prince Albert, backed by the firmness of the Queen. The responsibility for the final wording of the demand for the surrender rests (as the Memoir of Albert makes clear) with the Prince, although it is stated that, by reason of Albert's weakness (he was already a very ill man), the memorandum itself was in the handwriting of the Queen. Curiously enough, it is on record that the law officers of the Crown reported that, according to the principles of international law laid down by Lord Stowell, and enforced by Great Britain, a belligerent had the right to stop and to search any neutral, not being a ship of war, even on the high seas, if such neutral were suspected of carrying any despatches. "Consequently," reports Palmerston, in a letter to Delane (see the "Life," volume ii, page 36), "this American cruiser might, by our own principles of international law, stop the West Indian packet, search her, and if the Southern men and their despatches and credentials were found on board, either take them out, or seize the packet and carry her back to New York for trial."

Notwithstanding this opinion of the law officers, the British Government prepared for war, and war was, as said, only avoided because the despatch was rewritten in such shape that the demand of Great Britain could be assented to by the American Government without loss of dignity. Lincoln, in fact, was able to score a small diplomatic triumph. The American administration was well pleased that "her Majesty's Government had assented to the old-time American contention that vessels of peace should not be searched on the high seas by vessels of war." This contention was, it may be recalled, one of the causes of the War of 1812–1815, but in the Treaty of Ghent, which brought this war to a close, no formal abrogation had been made by Great Britain of the right of search, the American and British Commissioners having simply agreed, as between gentlemen, that the right should no longer be exercised upon American vessels.

The great journals, headed by Delane's *Times*, placed themselves, with hardly an exception, on the side of the South, *Punch* and the *Saturday Review* making a close second to the *Times* in the bitterness of their sneers and misrepresentations. The North had the support of the *Daily News*, under the direction of John Robinson, the *Spectator*, conducted by Richard Holt Hutton, the Manchester *Guardian* and some of the leading journals of Scotland. Delane, the able managing editor of the *Times*, was undoubtedly, during the period in question, the most powerful manipulator of public opinion in Great Britain, and for Delane (and I may refer for confirmation to the pages of his Life) Palmerston was the ideal statesman and ruler for the Empire. The pages of *Punch* make clear that its managers shared Delane's enthusiasm for the self-sufficient, genial, truculent, autocratic, popular Minister, and accepted him as fairly representing the typical and dominant spirit of his generation of English voters and of English society.

The rôle of a journal like *Punch* is, in form at least, that of a mirror of the impressions and prejudices of society rather than of a leader or shaper of opinion, but the reiterated presentation of cleverly drawn cartoons depicting the shrewd, handsome Palmerston playing the game off his

own bat and easily getting the better of his adversaries, and of the brutal bully Lincoln devising fresh schemes of oppression and atrocity, really created, rather than reflected, the public opinion of the day. From the outset of the war, the *Times* took the ground that the attempt of the North to preserve the national existence was a futile absurdity, and that this attempt, as continued, became a crime. Through these same years, the clever cartoonists of *Punch*, working obviously in accordance with a general editorial policy,—devoted their pencils to emphasizing in every way possible the futility and the wickedness of the cause of the North, and in ridiculing and abusing the boor Lincoln and the despicable Yankee leaders generally. Confederate successes were emphasized and exaggerated and were made the text for reiterated sermons on the wickedness of the North in continuing the "fratricidal struggle," while Northern victories were either ignored or dismissed as untrue or exaggerated. Gettysburg and Vicksburg, for instance, the decisive victories of July, 1863, which marked the turning-point of the war, were not even referred to in *Punch*, whereas full measure of space had been given to Confederate triumphs. While the *Times* mentioned both events, its references can hardly be considered as examples of fortunate military criticism.

Every cartoon of Lincoln in *Punch* was drawn in a spirit of malevolence. He is presented as a boor, a churl, a sharper, a braggart, a poltroon, amusing himself with a book of Joe Miller's jokes, while his minions carry desolation into civilized communities. The references in the editorials of the *Times* are in full harmony with the cartoons in *Punch*. The influence of the *Times* and of *Punch* in shaping public opinion was, of course, not confined to Great Britain. *Punch* was to be found in the club-rooms of the leading continental cities, and was on the exchange list of their journals, and not a few of its cartoons were reproduced in Paris and in Berlin.

It is proper to remember, however, that on the arrival of the news of the President's death, Mark Lemon, who had been the controlling editor of *Punch* during the war, permitted the publication of a beautiful poem on Lincoln by Tom Taylor, which did much to offset the long series of abusive cartoons and references.

It is not too much to say that, during these years, for Europe generally the *Times* was British opinion. It was accepted, and on good grounds, not only as expressing the opinion of English society, but as indicating the policy of the administration of Great Britain. The long series of falsifications brought into print in its "leaders," and in the letters of its New York correspondent, undoubtedly delayed for years any correct understanding throughout Europe of the causes and purposes of the war, of the actual progress of campaigns and of the extent of the resources available for meeting the national indebtedness. The loss to the North in the obstacles placed in the way of the distribution of its loans, and the further loss in the higher interest that had to be paid on these loans, caused by the deliberate misstatements and vilifications of the *Times*, must be estimated at many millions of dollars.

With the group of the influential friends of the North must be named a young don of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, who was at the time hardly known outside of his University, but who was to take rank later among the leading authors and essayists of his generation. Leslie Stephen, whose first wife was a daughter of Thackeray, had become keenly interested in American affairs, first through correspondence with certain New England friends—Lowell, Holmes, Norton and others—and later, as a result of two sojourns in the States, and of a careful study of the history and conditions of the war. He now became convinced that the *Times* had, partly as a result of a definite policy for the breaking up of the Union, but largely also through sheer ignorance, bumptiousness and slovenliness, foisted upon England

and the Continent a mass of misinformation in regard to the causes of the war, the record of the campaigns, the character, the resources and the acts of the combatants, and the probable result of the struggle.

At the close of the war, in 1865, Stephen printed, under the title of "The *Times* and the American Civil War," a wicked little pamphlet in which he summarized some of the most flagrant and characteristic of the inconsistencies, blunders and absurdities in the statements of "fact," the descriptions and conditions of the record of "events" and the prophecies of results, that had found place in the correspondence and editorials of the Thunderer during the four years 1861–65.

It will, of course, be understood that neither Leslie Stephen nor the writer of this paper would have contended that a belief in the rightfulness of the cause of the South, or an expression of sympathy with the pluck and gallantry of its fight for independence, was in itself pernicious or even reprehensible. The argument for the constitutional right of secession was held to be well founded not only by a substantial majority of the Southerners who were ready to risk their lives in its support, but by not a few students of history on both sides of the Atlantic. The skill of the military leaders of the South and the pluck and devotion of their soldiers were deserving of the admiration they secured from all students of the war, and most of all from their Federal antagonists.

The appreciation given by such a student as Leslie Stephen, or by a Federal veteran like the writer of this paper, to the characters and to the brilliant campaigns of leaders like Lee and Jackson, could not, however, prevent either student or veteran from believing that it was to the advantage of the whole country and of the world at large that the cause of the South should fail—a belief that is held today by not a few of the Confederate veterans themselves. Stephen and others of his group in England were indignant, not that England should favor the cause of the South, and should rejoice at the prospect of the destruction of the republic, but that responsible leaders of opinion, like the *Times*, *Punch* and the *Saturday Review*, should utilize in support of their contentions misstatements of fact, falsifications of the record of events and vilifications of the characters of the Northern leaders. Stephen and his friends were in a position to realize how widespread was the influence of these journals and how serious was the mischief brought about by them to the cause of the North and to a right understanding in England and on the Continent of the great issues at stake; and they felt keenly the serious injury caused to the future relations between England and the United States. It has required the lifetime of a generation to outgrow the cleavage between the two nations due to the malicious mischief of Delane and his friends.

The issues of 1861 are now matters of ancient history. The relations of England and the United States, bound together as they are by increasing common interests and purposes, are closer and more satisfactory than had before been thought possible. There is no more reason to-day for bitterness or excitement on the ground of the foolish utterances concerning Lincoln and the Civil War, than in regard to abusive language used a century earlier concerning Washington and the other leaders of the Revolution. I had thought, therefore, that the Americans of the present generation might be interested in having brought before them as a matter of history some specimens of the comments of the *Times* on the events of 1861–65 as preserved by that loyal friend of our country, Leslie Stephen. I think that they will agree with Stephen that the great English journal made a sad misuse of its responsibility, and that England was badly served by John Delane.

Stephen says that "the *Times* was during the years in question supposed to be in possession of a political know-

ledge profounder than the knowledge of any private individual, if not than the knowledge of statesmen, and that the public acquiesced in the right arrogated by the *Times* of speaking in the name of the English people." The authority thus ascribed in England was not unnaturally accepted in America, and the Americans understood that "the *Times* was the authorized mouthpiece of English sentiment, and that it expressed the mature opinions of the most educated and reflective minds of England." Finding in the *Times*, says Stephen, "a complete perversion of matters transatlantic, the American naturally attributed such aversion to malice rather than to ignorance. He could not believe that such pretended wisdom covered so much emptiness; and he attributed to wilful falsehood what was at worst a desire to flatter its readers."

The *Times* undertook from the outset to inform and guide English and Continental opinion in regard to the conditions of the war. It begins with some rather noteworthy prophecies.

Nov. 26, 1860: "It is evident, on the smallest reflection, that the South, even if united, could never resist for three months the greatly preponderating strength of the North." May 9, 1861: "The reduction of the seceding States is an almost inconceivable idea."

The character of the philosophic bystander seeing things more clearly than was given to the foolish and pig-headed Northerners who persisted in going their own way, was perhaps that in which the *Times* most delighted to appear.

Aug. 27, 1861, it appears in this character, modified by a stronger dash of the profound philosopher. England, it says, might as well attempt to conquer France, or, indeed, better; for the Northerners are not agreed amongst themselves. The only parallel in history is the French invasion of Russia, but Napoleon had far greater resources than the North, and the South is far stronger than Russia. The *Times* never could learn, though incessantly burning its fingers, to keep clear of these dangerous historical parallels. May 3, 1864: "The present prospects of the Confederates in this fourth year of the war are brighter than ever before." Sept. 14, 1864: "The great fact that we asserted from the first is now [six months before the end of the war] placed beyond the reach of controversy. We said that the North could never subdue the South, and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion." March 6, 1865: Sherman's "unexampled successes expose him to a serious embarrassment. . . . The Federals have really made but little progress towards the conclusion of the war." April 19, 1865: "The catastrophe seems complete," it is now admitted, "and is calculated to impress people with the feeling that the work is accomplished, and that the Civil War is really at an end."

In the first months of the war, the *Times* accepted as well founded the Northern contention in regard to the main issues, including slavery. In January, 1861, it says: "We cannot disguise from ourselves that there is a right and wrong in this question, and that the right belongs to the States of the North. . . . The North is for freedom of discussion and the South resists freedom of discussion with the tar brush and pine faggot." Later in the month, it takes still stronger ground: "South Carolina has as much right to secede from the nation called the United States as Lancashire from England." By March 12th, it has found out that "protection is as much the cause of the war as slavery." It inclines to the South, because it has heard that the South is for free trade. Yet on June 26th it refers to the uprising of the Northern people after the fall of Fort Sumter as simply "an expression of wounded vanity." September 19, 1862: "Slavery is no longer a point at issue, and will not be interfered with, after peace is restored." October 7, 1862: "We are in Europe thoroughly convinced that the death

of slavery must follow as necessarily upon the success of the Confederates in this war, as the dispersion of darkness upon the rising sun." March 26, 1863, appeared an elaborate article, in which it is proved that, if the war for the Union fails, the South will become a great slave empire. The *Times* had now taken the position that the South was fighting for slavery, and that slavery was a good thing, and that the South would, therefore, win.

October 14, 1862: The Emancipation Proclamation is an incitement to assassination. "In truth, it is nothing else, and can mean nothing else." October 21, 1862: "Is the name of Lincoln ultimately to be classed in the catalogue of monsters, wholesale assassins, and butchers of their kind?" January 19, 1863: "The whole affair is a piece of hypocrisy intended for foreign consumption."

The American correspondents of the *Times* were not much more successful than the "leader" writers in the attempt to present an accurate or trustworthy account of events and of conditions, or in the ability to avoid abusive and malevolent statements. The letters present one long effort on the part of these correspondents to shut their own eyes and the eyes of their countrymen to the existence of any heroic qualities whatsoever in the Northern people. Every patriotic action is explained as having originated in corruption or selfishness. Scandal after scandal is raked up and exhibited as an average specimen of American affairs. If the writers were to be believed, the whole political and social machinery was rotten at the core and was worked by the most degraded motives; America is peopled by an unprincipled mob, sprinkled with charlatans and hypocrites, and governed by pettifogging attorneys. The Yankees had "hired other men to fight because they had no adequate loyalty of their own, and were prepared to abandon their liberty because they were wanting in courage."

It is impossible that these letters could have been brought into print in the *Times* during the years in question except in accordance with the general policy, if not the specific instructions, of the manager Delane. They constituted the raw material out of which were manufactured a large portion of the "leaders"; and this was the more serious, because, as said, their statements eked out a good many hints left judiciously vague in the leading articles.

July 24, 1861, the *Times* discovered that the "volunteer force was becoming a standing army and as such dangerous to liberty." On August 12, 1861, it announced that a military dictator was not improbable before twelve months were over. January 29, 1862, it informed us that "the clank of the sabre was already heard in the halls of the Legislature." May 27, 1863, America was "about to offer the last vestige of her liberties at the shrine of that Moloch of slaughter and devastation [a playful term for Mr. Lincoln] which they have set up to reign over them." November 22, 1864: "Future historians will probably date from the second presidency of Mr. Lincoln, the period when the American Constitution was thoroughly abrogated, and had entered into that transition state through which republics pass on their way from democracy to tyranny."

In regard to the matter of the foreign element in the army of the Northern States, the statements of the *Times* are varied and curious. Having repeatedly asserted that the Northern forces consisted of not "very respectable" natives, reinforced by "myriads of German and Irish mercenaries"—"wretched emigrants drugged with whiskey," when pressed into the service, and kept from desertion by the fear of being shot, if they "skedaddled,"—it at last admitted that scarcely a family in New England lacked representation in the army, and that eighty per cent. of the soldiers were native Americans!

The military criticisms of the *Times* were no more fortunate than its reports of general conditions.

Even as late as April 18, 1865, after the evacuation of Richmond by Lee, its correspondent remains faithful to his hopes. He writes that the "closing victory was rather theatrical than substantial," and that when it took place, "Lee was retreating on a preconcerted plan." The last utterance of this logical correspondent was an attempt to prove that "Texas might still hold out for years." This letter was written after the last Texas general had surrendered!

On December 31, 1863, after speaking of the "foolish vituperation of England," which "had been fashionable with the American press," the *Times* added, with superlative calmness: "The entire absence of retaliation on the English side can scarcely be claimed as a merit; the spectator is naturally calmer than the combatant, nor is he tempted to echo his incoherent cries." It is doubtless the case that in the New York *Herald* and other American papers of the day there was plenty of unguarded and even abusive language in regard to England. No one paper of this group, however, could properly be referred to as an organ of public opinion, or as a shaper of public opinion, in the sense in which such description could be applied to the *Times*.

It may also be admitted that the provocation for sharp language from this side of the water was pretty serious. In September, 1862, the *Times* had taken the ground that the pretext made by the North that the war was an anti-slavery war was a mere pretext to blind foreigners; so far as a desire for emancipation meant anything, it meant to cover designs of diabolical malignity; it was intended to lead to the organization of "a series of Cawnpores," or to "the total extirpation of every white male in the South." "The suggestion of emancipation was introduced into the war as an afterthought." It served as "a thin superficial varnish to vulgar, and sometimes to atrocious motives." "In pursuing a wild will-of-the-wisp, the Northern armies, utterly unable to conquer the South, overmatched in statesmanship, generalship and courage, had made an easy conquest of their countrymen's liberties." "The free, self-governing nation of English blood had become the humble slave of a despotism at once oppressive and ridiculous. Mob law had suppressed all that was noble and exalted in the nation, and was leading them to a fearful abyss of bankruptcy and ruin." Such as the war was, the North would not fight in it themselves. They "scraped together the refuse of Europe and stole the Southern negroes." "Every boast which they had ever made was proved to be empty"; every taunt which they had aimed at Europe might be retorted upon themselves. "The republic had rotted into the Empire and the gangrene had burst." This language, paraphrased by Stephen from a series of *Times* leaders, will recall to us some of the provocation which served as the texts for the fierce articles of the elder Bennett and of other American editors of the time. The space available for this article will not permit further citations from the Stephen pamphlet. The monograph constitutes a sufficiently valuable addition to the history of the time to deserve reprinting in full.

The historian Freeman was on the whole friendly to the cause of the North, but, misled by the information and authority of the *Times*, he had arrived at the conclusion that the national existence of the United States had come to an end. He brought into print, at the close of 1861, a historical study, the title page of which carried the following wording:

A HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, FROM THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ACHAIAN LEAGUE TO THE DISRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

In the second edition of the book, printed some years later, the wording of the title was altered.

Delane was typical of a certain

group of Englishmen of his generation. He was not a believer in representative government—that is, in a government selected by the people at large and representing the ideas and the interest of the people. His idea of a well-ordered state was of a state controlled by a close corporation of autocrats. He shared the admiration of his friend Palmerston for Louis Napoleon, and was not repelled by the governing methods that had been found necessary by that successful conspirator. Delane had no sympathy with, and practically no understanding of, ideals, and he distrusted and disliked men who were willing to fight for ideals, and who held that only through such fighting could there be progress for humanity. He was honestly incapable of appreciating the point of view of men like Bright and Cobden, and had nothing but sneers for their methods and aspirations; and he had no sympathy with and no appreciation of the best of the great legislative undertakings of Gladstone, those which have stood the test of later history.

Delane seems to have had no objection to slavery, and he distinctly approved of government by class domination. At the time when that wonderful epic of the defense of Rome was being enacted by Garibaldi and his associates, men willing to give their lives for their ideals, Delane expresses the hope that "some well-directed bullet will relieve Italy and Europe from that nuisance of a Garibaldi."

Englishmen of Delane's generation (who, irrespective of political preferences or prejudices, were doubtless desirous of securing the best return for their investments) had good reason for complaint against the *Times* for its bad counsel in regard to American securities. It was largely on the ground of the American information given by the *Times* and of the anti-Northern views emphasized in its correspondence and in its leaders that Englishmen refused to purchase either the seven-thirty or the five-twenty bonds, and lost the profit that they would have secured through such purchase. The largest investments in these Civil War securities were made by the Hollanders, who secured a very good return indeed on their outlay. A certain group of English investors might also have debited to the *Times* the very serious losses incurred by them through their ill-advised faith in the value of the Confederate cotton bonds.

Delane was a man of exceptional capacity, and he was for years the trusted counsellor of Palmerston and of other statesmen of Palmerston's group. The Memoir makes it clear that Lord Palmerston depended very largely upon Delane for information and counsel on American affairs during the years of the Civil War. Under Delane's management, the *Times* became the greatest journal not only of England, but of Europe, and, as before stated, its influence was for a long series of years of first importance in shaping public opinion, or at least the opinion of the ruling classes, in Great Britain and on the Continent. The responsibility that thus came upon the director of the paper was great, and it is my contention that this responsibility was in large part badly used. The *Times* did much to bring about an unworthy standard of thought and of action for the Englishmen who accepted its guidance, and it was responsible for much of the unsatisfactory relations between Great Britain and the rest of the world; while (as an American with a loyal affection for Great Britain may properly remember) it was chiefly responsible for the bitterness between Great Britain and the United States, a bitterness which it has taken a generation to outgrow. In the use made by him of his influence and of his exceptional opportunities, England, and the world at large, were badly served by John Delane.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL

The Civilization-Builders at Work

By HUGH C. WEIR

IN the darkness of the Panama night, a row of ghost lights blinked at me, as I lounged on the second-floor veranda of the Cristobal Y. M. C. A. building. They were the electric bulbs of the half-circle of Government quarters at my left, blurred and shadowed by the haze of the mosquito netting stretched before them.

Over in the distance, I could see the moon-silvered Atlantic. The jangle of a cab-driver's bell sounded sharply at my elbow. A khaki-clad policeman paused in a stray beam of light and fanned himself with his broad Stetson hat. A Jamaican negress, bedecked with red ribbons, flaunted past him. It was my first night in the Canal Zone, and I was curious.

A sudden burst of shouts behind me brought me round abruptly, again conscious of the sweltering November heat of the Isthmus.

Through a long, open window of the gymnasium, I could see the climax of a vigorously waged basket-ball game, the perspiring contestants apparently oblivious of the humidity which had wilted two collars for me during the day. Dodging, leaping, squirming, the lithe figures were massed now around one goal, now around the other,—the bouncing leather ball a thing of life in their surging midst. I was watching Uncle Sam's Canal-builders at play.

A few hours before, the darting men in the "gym togs" might have been seen among the "steam shovel" or "dirt train" gangs of the Isthmus, in the Panama Railroad shops or bent over a desk in any of the score of Government offices within a two-mile radius. These are the men—the young men—who are digging the biggest canal in the world's history, against odds which the American nation, of the three that have tried, alone has conquered. These are the men whom the average resident of "the States" pictures as lying on the red Panama mud, half dead with malaria or yellow fever, dodging snakes and eating decayed rations!

I was seeking the real life of the Canal, not that darkened by the sombre hues of the pessimist nor yet that brightened by the rose tints of the optimist, but the every day conditions of work and play of the every day man—yes, and woman and child—associated with the digging of the "Big Ditch." Was this a typical sample?

A youth, seated at a corner piano, was drumming through the strains of a late Broadway hit when I stepped back into the building. The basket-ball contestants had dispersed to the shower-baths. Across the corridor, a long row of men were turning the files of recent magazines. It was the conventional Y. M. C. A. scene at any of the compass points at home. And this was—the Panama jungle!

Downstairs, we stopped at a modernly equipped soda fountain for an iced drink, and the secretary, M. J. Stickel, stepped across to a well-filled cigar case.

"We have all brands here, for all

tastes," he said smiling. "Which will you have?"

"Is this your wilderness?" I queried. The secretary laughed grimly, as he flashed the prompt reply:

"You 'll find that easily enough, perhaps more than you care to see of it! The jungle is vividly real to us down here—blacker even than it is painted—possibly to emphasize the more——"

"This?" I finished, nodding toward the inviting reception-room behind me.

"Oh, this is but a small fraction of the civilization we are building—in order to build the Canal. The 46,000 persons on the Government pay-roll cannot live in a wilderness, therefore, we must civilize the wilderness. We can't move the jungle but we can move home comforts—and we are trying to dove-tail the two. The Y. M. C. A. club-house is only a link in the chain. Yes, the jungle is here—we never forget it!—and the story of its taming is quite as wonderful as that of the digging of the Canal, only the public has n't heard it."

The red-underscored emphasis merited by this statement I was soon to discover. As yet I was only on the rim of the true Panama—the pulsating details of the twentieth-century battle with the wilderness and the type of homes, schools, churches, stores, amusements which it has built. As we pause, let me give you a budget of items from my Panama notebook, which came to me in a rapid-fire fusillade in the night-and-day itinerary that followed.

Through a belt of land, ten miles in width and fifty miles in length, spanning the Isthmus of Panama from ocean to ocean, the American flag is dominant with the exception of two points. In the records of the War Department, this territory is entered as the "Canal Zone"—the course of the proposed waterway subdividing it almost evenly. At one extremity squats the colorless town of Colon—at the other, the historic streets of Panama rear their picturesque buildings, the only points of the Canal territory which do not owe allegiance to the Federal Government. Between the two, the thin line of the Panama Railroad wends its winding jungle-course, through a color-splash of cannas, orchids and coleus plants—in three hours carrying passengers in its grimy, dusty cars

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON TOUR OF INSPECTION AT EMPIRE

from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance requiring three months to traverse by the present water route.

Dotted through the narrow land-ribbon are twenty-seven mushroom villages and wayside stations, some nearing the dignity of a thriving American county seat, others little more than a cluster of houses perched about a telegraph office. And on both sides, stretching away for hundreds of miles, is the deep, dark, dismal underbrush of the jungle.

Under American jurisdiction, is a population of 54,325 people, dependent on the Government for food, shelter, clothing, to whose necessities, comfort and recreation Uncle Sam caters in the heart of a wilderness two thousand miles from the base of supplies.

In this population are included forty nationalities, ranging from Austrians to Canadians, from Chilians to Chinese, from Jamaicans to Scandinavians.

Of the total number of residents, nearly 20,000 are fed at Government mess tents and hotels, making a monthly average of one million meals which Uncle Sam must serve! To meet the diversified tastes of the patrons, literally a world-restaurant must be maintained—in the tropical underbrush.

CANAL ZONE PRISONERS

From the ten-cent rations of the West Indian negro and the twelve-and-a-half-cent meal of the European laborer, the scale ranges upward to the thirty-cent menu of the Government hotel—and not one pound of the tons of provisions consumed is obtained from the Isthmus itself. A transportation problem of nearly twenty-five hundred miles must enter into the preparation of every meal.

Further, the Government must supply provisions to those residents who do not board at Federal quarters. The commissary department carries a pay-roll of 524 employees and its monthly expenses total $350,000. Entries such as the distribution of fifteen tons of rice and three tons of sugar a week are common in this wilderness department-store.

In the shadow of the jungle, have likewise been established a Federal

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CLUBHOUSE AT CULEBRA

cold-storage plant, with a capacity of 620 tons, from which 435,000 pounds of beef alone are distributed each month,—an artificial ice factory, producing sixty tons daily, seven days in the week,—and a Government bakery turning out 18,000 loaves every twenty-four hours, with no Sunday rest!

In the same list, follow a Federal laundry and a printing office, with plans under way for macaroni, coffee-roasting, pie-and-cake-baking plants, and even a tailoring establishment!

A jungle police force with 208 members has been formed, eleven fire-engine stations have been erected, twenty-four schools have been organized on this Central American frontier with 1000 enrolment, and the Canal Commission has lately added to its pay-roll eleven chaplains.

American energy has even installed 800 telephones in the wilderness!

Staggered, are you? And yet these facts do not include one mention of the Canal, the central feature of Panama. This summary belongs es-

OFFICES OF THE DIVISION ENGINEER AT CRISTOBAL

A HUT IN THE PANAMA JUNGLE

sentially to the Civilization-builders, —the work of the Canal-builders is another story.

The great jaws of the jungle swallowed a village a few years ago,—during my Isthmus-roamings it was forced to disgorge. Buried under a mass of tropical vegetation, with outreaching talons like a devil-fish, the settlement was unearthed by the Government engineers after days of back-cramping labors, where even the blade of the machete seldom found room to strike. Thirty-two solidly constructed buildings—nine married quarters, twenty-two barracks and a machine shop dating from the glory of De Lesseps—were uncovered beneath the tangled tons of foliage, which had hidden them so completely that their existence was entirely unsuspected. As dusty pigeon-holes unfolded the history of the settlement, it developed that it had disappeared from the records of men when the French had been routed from the Canal Zone a generation ago—with millions of francs in useless equipment behind them and millions of francs in useless debt before them. It had needed but twenty-five years for the talons of the jungle to bury a village large enough to shelter a thousand men!

This is the wilderness, that for hundreds of miles has not known the foot of a white man, through which Uncle Sam's Civilization-builders are stretching a twentieth-century wonder-chain.

A slow-speaking, bent-shouldered young man, who has an unobtrusive habit of talking little and listening much, smiled at me across a big, paper-littered desk when I sought the leader in this jungle-battle. Had it not been for that smile, I would have been disappointed in my first view of the man, who had been described to me as the "Backbone of the Canal."

Jackson Smith, chief of the Isthmian Department of Labor and Quarters and seventh member of the Canal Commission, has worked too hard at Panama to be prominent in the public eye in its roster of celebrities. With the silence of the man who does big things, he has laid the foundation upon which others have built. Feeding, clothing, sheltering the army of peace that is worming the Canal-course from ocean to ocean is the giant task he has faced and con-

quered—in cold figures, a greater problem than the maintaining of the entire United States regular army!

With a curiously growing enthusiasm, I probed for details. "How have you done it?" I queried without preamble, to which he made characteristic answer thus:

"By organizing a small army of experts for taking care of human beings!"

Silence stretched over the next sixty watch-ticks. Outside, the mid-morning Panama sun splashed a yellow radiance down onto the rain-washed red clay.

"And every one of these experts was made in the thick of action," continued Mr. Smith as easily as though he had not paused. "They are men who have been taught what to do and how to do in the shoulder-to-shoulder school of experience.

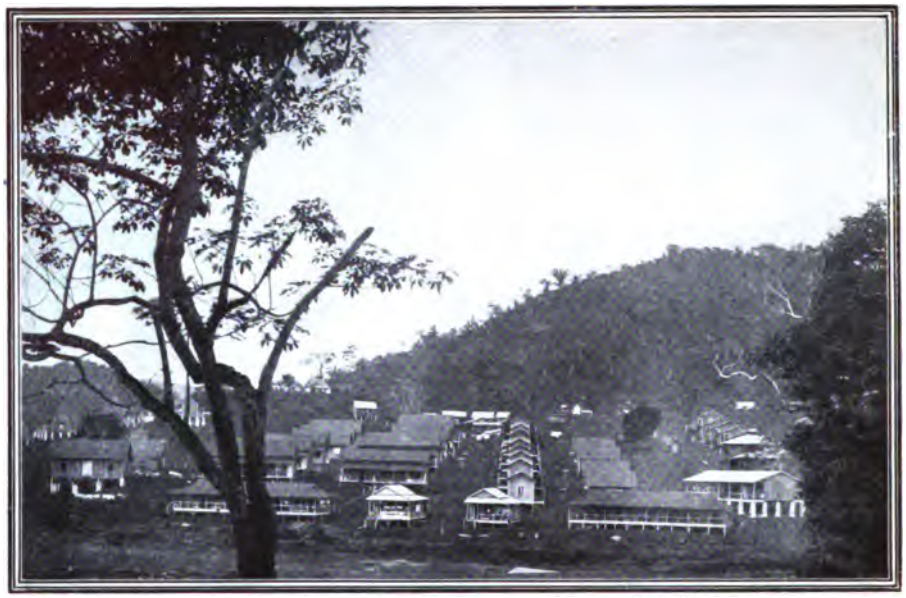
"Somebody has said that the Panama-Canal is the dumping-ground for other countries' cast-off citizens. This is true and not true. The good in our consignments of men outweighs the bad: a half-man could not do the man's work the Isthmus is showing.

"Our experts must know men, know them as they would know a text-book. The man from Italy cannot be handled like the man from the West Indies or the man from Milwaukee. The Italian has been raised on macaroni. The juiciest beefsteak would not appeal to him if you banished his macaroni. The West Indian thrives on rice—and nothing will take its place. The man from the States is the only resident on the Isthmus who will eat anything and everything—except Panama cooking!

"We must have the menus of Spain and Italy and France and China and the West Indies—and the other thirty-four countries from which Uncle Sam's Canal-builders are gathered. It is an international menu we must serve down here, for we are really feeding the globe!

INTERIOR OF THE BAKERY AT CRISTOBAL

"Last year," Mr. Smith smiled as he circled around another bend of his subject, "3570 men were employed



QUARTERS FOR THE MARRIED AT PARAISO

in our building department. During the twelve months, 588 houses were finished—in the heart of the jungle, if you please!—with the supply always below the demand. In addition, eighteen new mess halls, four Y. M. C. A. club-houses, two lodge halls, four school buildings, one church and four post-offices were erected—by the men whom the public never hears anything about!

"Nearly 2500 electric lights were installed in Culebra alone during the year. In the twelve months, over 1,000,000 pounds of lead were used by our house painters. Paint is a central detail of house-building in the tropics. We do not use plaster or wall paper in Panama owing to the climatic effects, and the interior as well as the exterior of the dwelling consequently must be thoroughly painted. The temporary nature of most of our buildings makes it necessary to paint the floor-joints also, so that a four-room structure on the Isthmus will require as much paint as would be used on a fourteen-room building at home.

"Our work is not completed, however, even when the last nail of the dwelling has been driven, and the last plumbing fixture installed. We must furnish as well as build the house. It is clearly impossible for the Canal-employees to bring their household furnishings with them. Therefore, the Government finds itself confronted with another civilization-problem, and answers it by supplying furnished houses.

"Uncle Sam is the most generous landlord that ever delighted a tenant's heart. Not only does he give quarters rent-free, with a liberal furniture allowance absolutely gratis, but he donates the electric-light service as well! With the items of rent and light eliminated from a family's expense account——"

"Perhaps the increased cost of living in other respects is not so heavy?" I finished, cynically.

Mr. Smith silently fumbled about his desk. He was studying a typewritten table of figures when he looked up.

"I have here New York market prices for October," he said quietly, "and those of the Government commissaries in the Canal Zone. In thirty-seven items in a list of sixty-four, the shopper could buy cheaper at Panama than in the stores at home! In eight cases, the market prices here and in the States were equal, in nine-

teen instances the American stores offered slightly better bargains. Digesting the list, we find that there was an actual net saving of $1.50 in favor of the Panamanian markets in the sixty-four articles, an average saving of 2⅓ cents per item! And this in spite of the fact that the New York merchant sells at home, while we must consider a transportation expense of more than 2000 miles in the cost of every item, with the exception of our fruits."

As Mr. Smith paused to explain that the commissary department is now under the control of the Panama Railroad—like the Canal, a Government-owned institution,—I jotted down sundry items of those vividly emphasized market quotations. In battle array they follow:

		New York	Panama
		cts.	cts.
Beef, stew	per lb.	14	10
Beef, corned	" "	12–15	10–14
Steaks, porterhouse	" "	25	22
Steaks, tenderloin	" "	22	22
Veal, loin	" "	22	12
Veal for stewing	" "	16	8
Mutton, short-cut chops	" "	22	19
Lamb, entire fore-quarters	" "	14	11
Sausage, pork	" "	25	16
Turkeys	" "	24	26½
Eggs, fresh	dozen	35	34
Bacon, strips	lb.	25	23
Lard, 5-lb. tins	each	85	65
Butter prints, prime quality	lb.	39	38
Cheese, cream	each	23	22
		cts.	cts.
Oranges	dozen	60	12
Bananas	"	15	5

Dove-tailing neatly into the exhibit, is the column of figures given me by S. M. White, the Government storekeeper at Colon, as sharp-teethed illustrations of the volume of business surging through the channels of Uncle Sam's giant department-store, with its output of eighty tons of supplies daily:

WHAT THE ISTHMUS EATS IN A SINGLE MONTH

435,000	lbs.	beef
15,000	"	mutton
12,000	"	veal
14,000	"	ribs
2,000		turkeys
20,000	"	butter
5,000	gals.	milk
5,000		fowls
2,000		chickens
5,000	lbs.	liver
30,000	"	pork
20,000	"	beef loins
20,000	"	macaroni
70,000	"	coffee
468,000		loaves bread.

Fifteen freight cars are needed every twenty-four hours to deliver the orders of the jungle Commissary department. Five cars of ice and cold-storage supplies leave Colon every morning—their wares coming as a godsend in the tropical wilderness. Two more cars are loaded to their greatest capacity with the daily output of the American bakery. One car is filled with fresh vegetables,

INTERIOR OF ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION MESS-HOUSE, CULEBRA

CATHEDRAL PLAZA, PANAMA

and seven cars with staple groceries from the mammoth warehouse every evening, ready to begin their journey across the Isthmus soon after midnight.

This is how the Americans are winning at Panama—in the blackened trail of other nations' failures.

At the wayside stations, bordering the Panama Railroad, modernly equipped commissary wagons are waiting, ready to carry to the purchaser the list of goods, large or small, ordered the day before. A twentieth-century delivery system in the recesses of the wilderness!

Through ten branch stores the commissary department is extended through the jungle—and in not one station can a purchase be made for cash! A system of coupon-books has been established, whose checks range from one cent upwards in value. These only are accepted for Government purchases. One book may be used at any or at all stores, and is listed at a cash basis of $15.00, individual accounts being kept with employees in good standing, when their books are exhausted before the monthly pay day. To prevent a possible conflict in prices at the various commissary branches, a general price book is issued every thirty days, and oftener in the case of the grocery department, which enables the purchaser to know in advance what his week's or month's provisions will cost him, whether they are bought on the Pacific or the Atlantic coast.

In vivid comparison with these strides of progress, is the story that only a little more than three years ago it was necessary to knock the old French machinery of the Canal apart to obtain nails for the erection of bunks!

Those were the "early days" as reckoned by the old-timers—1904!—when mirrors were at a premium and men were forced to shave by the aid of the window-panes, when the deadly black scorpion was an all-night bedfellow, and a man was allowed only one hand to eat, using the other the

while in a frantic effort to keep the mosquitoes at bay!

Like a fantastic nightmare these conditions appear to-day to the man who, for thirty cents, may order a menu like the following at any of the fifteen Government hotels:

Oyster stew; roast turkey (stuffed), with cranberry sauce; beef à la mode; sliced tomatoes, sugar corn, mashed potatoes, rice fritters with vanilla sauce, asparagus on toast; banana custard, cake, watermelon; tea, coffee and cocoa. Or this sample:

Mixed pickles; Rhode Island clam-chowder; lobster with mayonnaise; roast young turkey (stuffed), with cranberry sauce; French toast with fruit sauce; asparagus with melted butter; potatoes in cream; chocolate ice-cream; jelly cake, cheese, crackers; tea, cocoa, coffee.

Can you surpass these meals—served in the shadow of the Panamanian jungle—for the same figure at an American restaurant?

As a business proposition, does it pay? During the month of September, 1907, there was a loss of roughly $3000 from the $150,000 receipts of the subsistence department. The month of October, on the other hand, furnished a profit of practically the same figures. As the balance sheets of the two months were spread before me, Superintendent J. M. McGuire, of Ancon, explained that the additional one day in October was responsible for the difference—so close is the margin of the department that a month of thirty-one days will show a gain, while a month of only thirty days will indicate a corresponding loss. Uncle Sam does n't make any profit, but he gives his men good meals!

A PANAMANIAN "WASH LADY"

In the city of New York, the death-rate is estimated at the ratio of eighteen persons to the thousand. Among the white employees of the Panama Canal, the death-rate during the month of August, 1907—the worst season on the Isthmus—was only 8.57 to the thousand, less than half of the New York figures!

And yet this is the plague spot, which at various times during the early eighties wiped out forty per cent. of the Canal employees of the old French régime!

Negro residents at Panama furnish the bulk of the mortality, although here again the amazing work of Colonel W. C. Gorgas and his superb sanitary department is conspicuous. Five years ago, the death-rate among the blacks was 120 per 1000. To-day it has been reduced to one quarter of that figure.

In New Orleans, Venice, St. Petersburg and Moscow, the rate of mortality ranges from 22 to 28 per 1000, in all cases higher than the average at Panama; in Alexandria, Cairo, Calcutta and Bombay, it ascends from 30 to 48 per 1000. In Madras, it even reaches the height of 58 per 1000. It is apparent that the Canal Zone has become the most healthful spot which the tourist can find throughout the length and breadth of the tropical belt of the globe—a triumph of

American sanitary methods, which only the Panamanian of yesterday and to-day can fully appreciate.

Last year, the postal service of the Canal Zone transmitted $2,318,965 in money orders. The bulk of this amount, $1,724,382, represented the savings of the 5000 American employees, forwarded to their families or to banks at home!

The Civilization-builders at Panama believe, as a fundamental principle, in working with the right kind of material—and men.

The women at Panama?

They are there, in quantity and quality. The Labor and Quarters Department has over 500 applications for married quarters on its waiting list at the present time, and the last census of the Canal Zone showed 982 white women and 758 children already established under Panamanian rooftrees.

It is related that an overworked justice of the peace at Colon married eight American couples in less than eleven minutes! The brides were newly arrived from "the States" and the wedding ceremonies were performed on the dock, the young women ready to follow the flag in its wilderness path from ocean to ocean—fit helpmates for the heroes who are not soldiers, the khaki-clad men of the Panama jungle.

THE INTELLIGENT MUSIC-LOVER SELF-REVEALED

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

OR years have I stood in secret awe of the intelligent music-lover. If there were moments when I ventured deep down to question if he were truly getting a higher enjoyment than I, a disdainful look from the eye that tore itself for an instant from the score before it, promptly relegated me to the humble place which I deserved. If I had a suspicion that in order to get the full flavor of a musical performance it was not imperative to be able to recognize a diminished fifth from a perfect fifth, or the Authentic Modes from the Plagal Modes, I kept that suspicion carefully to myself; for while Music is with me a passion, I have never yet attained to those heights of appreciation whereon music is "a well-ordered language."

But at last the intelligent music-lover has spoken in a language to which I am no stranger. He has come out into the open, away from the maze of metaphor; he has dropped his talk of Diatonic Scales, of Inversion, and Primary Harmonies, and has sought to elucidate his theories by entering into the realm of poetic literature. Into this realm I have no qualms about following him. One may stand "at gaze" when solemnly informed that "*it is not enough* to have keen delight in observing changes of color, contrasts of harmony, conquests of technical difficulties, and all the other outward characteristics of a musical performance."* But there is no doubt what is meant when one is admonished as to "the only proper way to enjoy Shakespeare." Let the author speak for himself:

* "Musical Education and Automatics," by Leo Rich Lewis, *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1908.

The lover of literature, if he seeks acquaintance with a play of Shakespeare, must first decipher the meaning of many a richly significant or ornate period. He must interpret for himself many an archaic phrase. . . . He takes a scene from a Shakespearian play, reads it slowly, frequently halts and re-reads, looks up unknown words, traces allusions to their sources, compares one passage with another; and thus, by a process frequently laborious. builds for himself a conception of the work. This conception is subject to extensive revision under the suggestion of a great commentator or of a great interpreter.

At last! I have long suspected it, but was unable to prove it. The intelligent music-lover is henceforth to be identified with him of the Literary Concordance, with him of the "little notes barking at the text." Stripped of all the confusing musical phraseology, he stands naked and unashamed, the studious student of literature, the little Jack Horner of poetry, the worshipper of the annotator, the delver into roots and sources. Lover of literature, forsooth! Lover of the dry bones of literature's grave-yard! "How readily," says he, "we get the maximum effect of the spirit, when we have understood the verbal substance of the utterance!" But do we? It is just this false premise that is responsible for the average college boy's loathing of poetic utterance. As well tell me that the full beauty of a doll can be realized by the child only when the yellow sawdust oozes from its collapsed form!

No, I know I love my Shakespeare. I know I get more from him than he who approaches by a "process which is frequently laborious." I love my Shakespeare for the sheer joy of the story, which holds at the twentieth reading as well as at the first; and for the joy of the beautiful word; I am as keenly interested in the outcome of the choice of Portia's lovers to-day as at the beginning. I delight in the sparkle of Rosalind, in the brave pride of Hermione, in the exquisite imagery of passages like that of Julia's, beginning

The current that with gentle murmur glides

as intensely as on my first reading. But I really do not concern myself whether the idea of Caliban came from Eden's "Historye of Travaile," or from a play by Greene; nor am I greatly curious to know whether "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was borrowed from the Portuguese or the Italian.

No, never again shall I quail before the Intelligent Music-Lover. I shall be able henceforth to enjoy my concerts with a light heart; for verily I shall even come to pity that worn figure drooping painfully over the heavy volume on its knee!

A WOMAN TO HER HAND MIRROR

(SUGGESTED BY A FRENCH SONG OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

Am I,—tell me,—am I fair?
Youth were wont in other days
These eyes, these lips, this brow to praise,
And all this wealth of golden hair.
Yet now—ah, tell me,—am I fair?

HAROLD S. SYMMES

A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

A Postscript

AVING travelled my "Foreign Tour at Home" over again in the publication of the notes, I find myself wanting to say two things.

The first is that the Western civilization is far beyond anything I had anticipated. Except that, as already remarked, Seattle's homes have not kept pace with the wonderful development of her business buildings, houses in all the cities were about as in Eastern cities of the same size, and hotels and restaurants better; the people were as well-dressed and well-mannered; and the ways generally, except in one particular, as "up to date." There 's more refinement about the treatment of Mount Tamalpais, especially in the unobtrusiveness of the site of its hotel, than about any similar Eastern matter that I can recall; and as I think over the very best-mannered men I have known, one, who comes up perhaps oftenest, is a Californian. These cannot be solitary instances.

But (and this is the second thing I want to say), under it all, here and there crops out the crudeness of a new civilization, especially in an excessive sensitiveness to criticism. Crudity not only hates criticism, but is always on the alert for it; people who have "arrived" are comparatively indifferent to it; and those of the highest development welcome it.

Regarding comment from the East, there is not unknown among Western editors a tendency to carry a chip on the shoulder, and, no matter how far the comment may come from fairly knocking off the chip, the editor himself is apt to wriggle it off, and find cause of offence where none was meant. Here are some illustrations:

Speaking of the Eastern newspapers, I remarked that as far back as the Chicago Exposition in '93, I noticed that they did not abound in that city as they did in '62. Whereupon the following comment was made by a minor Western editor, in an article headed by the old joke: "New York Provincialism"—which, by the way, whatever it may be, is not the incontestable provincialism of supersensitiveness to criticism:

> It does not occur to the dear old gentleman that Chicago and other Western papers, since 1862, have developed into journals that are quite as good in every respect, except to a New Yorker, as the metropolitan papers, and that Western people have no need for New York papers in order to get the news. Probably he would not believe this if he were told. Provincialism as deeply ingrained as it commonly is in the born New Yorker cannot be cured by one easy lesson.

I don't know where, unless under his chip, he got the evidence that "it does not occur" to me. Few things have occurred to me more distinctly for several years past—so distinctly as to have materially affected some of my business arrangements.

Still another chip was wriggled off by a San Francisco editor, who said: "Mr. Holt, by the way, does not think we are rebuilding 'as fast or as well as those whose sole information is from . . . newspapers . . . suppose.' We are led to infer from Mr. Holt's estimate of our rehabilitation that his own Boston would have done much

better." This inference is, of course, purely gratuitous—as gratuitous as giving me any ownership in Boston. And after his deprecation of my comment on the building, he went on to confirm it by making excuse for the slowness which I had intimated myself! This article was headed, "A Badly informed Critic," and it began: "Henry Holt, the Boston publisher and author, has been 'discovering America.'" (Chip again.) Of course I am not the one to judge whether a critic who thus locates a "publisher and author" in the wrong place should have a little charity for "A Badly informed Critic," especially when the only instance of bad information that the critic's critic quotes is a confusion of the California names Flood and Fair. In addition, however, he does find matter of criticism in some of the legends which the editor put under illustrations of his own selection.

Nearly all of this sort of editorial comment has related to trifles, while regarding my account of quite possibly the most important circumstance in the United States to-day—Los Angeles's handling of its graft and trade-union problems,—I have not seen a word. The nearest approach is a statement that I "hit upon Los Angeles for a typical California city, notwithstanding the fact that Los Angeles is purely Eastern in every phase." As I hit upon nothing of the sort, and agree regarding Los Angeles's Easternness (except that the city has a stir that the East does not dream of), this fling is simply another illustration of the chip.

Now for a few more samples of the general attitude:

In the first bunch of the notes, I dropped the remark that there was not an Havana cigar to be had in my Kansas City hotel. That cigar that was n't there seemed to set the State on fire, and the conflagration spread, here and there, throughout the entire West. Somebody in the aggrieved city at once wrote to the editor that I had "stopped at a third-class hotel," or was "a liar." I authorized the answer that if the absence of Havana cigars made a hotel third-class, I had stopped at a third-class one; but it was the best they had—and a very good one. I had forgotten the name of the hotel, and some citizens demanded profound researches to nail the slander of the State. In time word came from a special investigator that, notwithstanding the organized attention that had been devoted to the subject, he could not find an Havana cigar in *any one of the best three* hotels in the place.

But the cigar did not raise as much smoke as some other matters in the first article. I ventured to suggest that to the Garden of the Gods had been given a name that its impressiveness hardly justified, and I expressed inability to admire some of the sandstone freaks in and near it, or even to derive from Pike's Peak the class of emotions inspired by the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. A Colorado Springs paper honored me with a column which has probably given more amusement, at least to my friends and myself, than anything I have been able to say about the trip. The editorial was called, "Impressions of a Dyspeptic," and said that,

judging by the skill with which Mr. Holt managed to see all the disagreeable things about each place and the country *en route*, and to shut his eyes to their pleasanter aspects, he must have had just the kind of fun that appeals to a man with a disordered liver—the joy of hunting up disagreeable things. . . .

My readers know whether I have been incapable of admiring anything else in the trip. I sent the funny article to an eminent author and nature-lover of California, who wrote me:

This is almost too good. You will remember that I warned you. I had a good laugh when I read your article, over what I imagined would be the consternation of the natives when they read it. As this Garden of the Gods is the Holy of Holies to Colorado, and the railroad has so long driven the idea home that it is really one

of the great wonders of the world, it is nothing short of murder to attack it.

Another friend, for whom the name of the Garden of the Gods had secured a disappointment, went so far as to say: "I 'm glad somebody has spoken out about that humbug at last." I should hardly call it a humbug, and if I have made any implication of the kind, it was regarding the label, not the goods.

Funnier than the Colorado editor, however, was the bookseller, who wrote to the publishers of this magazine, enclosing the funny article, declaring that he would no longer deal with people who could publish such stuff as mine, and shrieking as his culminating plaint: "He criticized the hotel in Denver, but had not a single word for our splendid 'Antlers,' the pride and glory of our town," or words to that effect. I did *not* "criticize" the hotel in Denver (though it presented the most able-bodied bill I met in the course of the trip), but praised some features of its architecture; and had I been writing a guide-book, I should have praised the Antlers too, though possibly not its architecture. But, although my book-world colleague probably wanted me to praise its architecture, I hope it will be some balm to his wounds for me to declare that I felt, perhaps, more at home there than at any other hotel on the trip. I fear, however, that with the views some of our Western friends take of me, they will regard that as likening the hotel to the infernal regions.

I am glad of the opportunity to say here that I did write more about things that pleased me in Colorado than the editor of PUTNAM'S found space for.

One adverse comment was of a very different class from those I have noted. In response to my remarking that the apparent indifference to home attractions in the prairie countries seems to indicate a low grade of civilization, I was told that "it might interest Mr. Holt to learn that the percentage of illiteracy in that section is so infinitely lower and the per capita wealth so much greater than in his beloved New York, that comparisons would be odious." As if that meant anything more than that the prairie countries are not burdened as New York is with illiterate and pauper immigrants!

Of course there have been many gibes at "discovering the small part of the country west of the Hudson," "a new country beyond Jersey City," etc. Now nearly everybody of any consequence at the East has seen such a country, but comparatively seldom west of the Mississippi, and more seldom, perhaps, north of Chicago. That places like Seattle (where the American Bar Association has recently held its annual meeting) and Portland can be what they are, it has not entered into the mind of many of us who have not been there, to conceive.

Regarding this ignorance I have made confession, and avoidance—if I may confuse Court and Church—avoidance not merely negative, but positive and laborious, in the long journey; but instead of getting absolution, I have had a degree of reprobation strangely at variance with the generosity and broad-mindedness our Western friends manifest regarding everything but criticism.

I end these notes as I began them, by intimating that they will have failed if they do not lead some other Easterner to similar avoidance. The pleasure and instruction of the tour will abundantly offset all disadvantages. Outpourings of wrath may descend upon the traveller if he ventures into candid print, but to print is to live it all over again; and I may even hint that the outpourings of wrath will not be among the least amusing elements of a rich and wonderful experience.

HENRY HOLT.

LESS THAN KIN

By ALICE DUER MILLER

VIII

EMMONS stopped at the Lee house the next morning on his way to the train. Vickers, fortunately, had already left. Emmons came in reality to explain, but like so many of us, he made the mistake of thinking that his explanation would be strengthened by a little reproach.

"Well," he said, "I came to find out whether you got home safely. I was really alarmed, Nellie, when I heard you had been at the fire after all. I don't at all like the idea of your running about the country by yourself after nightfall."

"I don't think there was much danger, James."

"You don't? Let me tell you we are all very much afraid something dreadful happened after the fire. Several of us heard hideous screams in the direction of Simm's woods."

"What did you do?"

"We went there, of course, but we could not find anything. They ceased in as mysterions a way as they began. Some of the men went out at sunrise to-day to search the woods. I have not heard whether they found anything. But you will see the folly of imagining a place safe just because you have always lived there. I have been anxious all night. I kept imagining it might be you—"

"Bob took me home," she answered quickly.

"Well, as long as you 're safe that 's all I care about. I just stopped in," he ended, moving slowly down the steps, but at the foot he could not resist adding:

"I suppose you saw that grandstand play of your cousin's?"

"Yes."

"And what *did* you think of it?"

He looked at her insisting on an answer, and after a moment got it:

"I thought, James, that you would never had done anything so foolish."

"I most certainly would not," he returned; and he had walked as far as the corner before it struck him that as an answer it was not entirely satisfactory, but it seemed too late to go back.

Later in the morning she had a visit from Louisa Overton, who drove over from her own house, in her umbrella-topped phaeton with the bay cobs which her father had so carefully selected for her. She came, as she explained, to welcome her dear Nellie, but her dear Nellie noted with uneasiness the unusual promptitude of the visit. There could not of course be the smallest chance of seeing Bob at that hour, but Nellie's heart sank as she observed how often her cousin's name was introduced into the conversation. It seemed to grow up spontaneously like a weed, and yet Nellie was sufficiently experienced in the peculiarities of her own sex, to know it was a danger-signal. She wondered if the time had come for delivering the warning against her cousin which Emmons had advocated. She felt strangely adverse to delivering it.

She tried a new mode of attack as the girl rose to go, after a final comment on Vickers's conduct at the fire.

"Upon my word, Louisa," she said, good-temperedly, "Bob seems to have made a most flattering impression on you."

Miss Overton smiled. "He is a charming person," she answered. "A-propos, Mrs. Raikes says that the three best things in the world are a good novel, a muskmelon, and a handsome cousin."

"She has not the last, or she would not value it so highly," Nellie returned.

Miss Overton did not immediately answer. They had walked to the front door, and as she climbed into her trap, she observed that it was warm.

Nellie put up her hand to her face. It was warm. She hoped her own heightened color had not suggested Louisa's remark.

The heat, she could see, wore on her uncle. He looked older and frailer than ever. Even Vickers showed it after three almost sleepless nights; and Emmons's temper, she thought, was not quite as smooth as usual. He scolded her about Overton's manner to Bob. The great man had actually sought him out in the train and had been seen walking along the platform with a hand through his arm. Emmons thought it a mistake to show approval of such a person as Bob.

"Really, I think you are a little too severe, James," she answered; and all she could say for herself was that she showed less irritation than she felt. "It seems hard if as long as Bob is behaving well he should be denied all human companionship."

"Oh, if you consider that Bob is entirely rehabilitated by two or three weeks without actual crime—"

Nellie turned away. She thought the heat was affecting her temper, too. Mr. Lee's slavish devotion and Emmons's continual criticism of her cousin alike angered her. She found herself wondering whether James were not rather a trying employer—whether he did not take it out of Bob down town. For the first time she felt a little sorry for her cousin. At least he never complained.

He did not complain, but a steady contempt for Emmons grew in his mind—a contempt which would have been hatred, if he had really been as bound down as Emmons thought him. As it was, he still played daily with the idea of flight. Certainly, he told himself, he would wait no longer than to get the farm on its feet under a new farmer. To make the situation more trying his friendship with Overton had not been without results. He and the great man had had several long talks over the farm and the condition of Mr. Lee's affairs. Overton had been impressed. The morning after Louisa's visit to Nellie, he had offered Vickers a position of some importance. The offer gave Vickers satisfaction. As the Lees' lawyer, Mr. Overton must know all about Bob Lee's past. Vickers felt that at last his own individuality had overcome Bob's. Nevertheless he had declined. The position would have taken him to another city. He saw that Overton was puzzled and not very much pleased at his refusal.

"If the difficulty is with your father," he said. "I think I could arrange that for you."

Vickers said that it was not with his father, and Overton said no more. Vickers was sorry to see that he had lost ground.

He came up by a later train than usual. He felt put out with life and with himself, and stood frowning on the station platform looking for the trap that would take him to the house, when suddenly he saw that not the coachman, but Nellie, was driving it. For an instant his heart bounded. He looked round to see if Emmons were there, too. But few people patronized the late train. He was alone on the platform when Nellie drew up beside it.

"If anyone had asked me in the train," he said, "what was the most unlikely thing in the world, I should have answered 'that Nellie should come and meet me.'"

To his surprise she assented quite gravely. "I wanted to see you before you went home. There is a man at the house asking for you."

"What sort of a man?"

"A very queer-looking man, Bob.

—an old man. He speaks very little English, and has very dangerous-looking eyes."

"What 's his name," said Vickers. He had begun to be nervous about Lee's past. He could not tell what was about to overtake him.

"He won't give his name. He just bows, and says to tell you a gentleman. He keeps calling you Don Luis, and then correcting himself and saying Meester Bob Lee."

"The deuce," said Vickers. He thought for a moment that the Señor Don Papa and the lovely Rosita had found him out. "Is he old?" he asked

"Yes,—middle-aged, or more." Then seeing his obvious anxiety, Nellie went on quickly: "And so I thought, Bob, if it were anything very bad—I mean if you did not want to see him, that you might go on to Mr. Overton's, and I would tell him you had gone away."

"Tell a lie, Nellie?"

"Oh, don't be stupid and irritating, Bob. My uncle has not been well lately. He could not bear anything more. It is of him I am thinking. It would be too terrible, if, if—"

"If they jugged me at last. Well, I don't think that they will."

His light-heartedness did not entirely relieve her mind, and at their own gate, she stopped again.

"Do be careful. Think before you go in, Bob," she said; and then, seeing him smiling, she added, "Oh, I almost wish you had never come back at all."

"What!" he cried, "am I more trouble than the two hundred dollars a month is worth?"

"Yes," she answered crossly.

"Perhaps if you tell that to Emmons, he will raise my salary."

She was not at all amused. "Bob," she said as she drew up before the door, "don't go in. I really do not feel as if I could bear another scandal. Don't be foolhardy. This man is terribly mysterious."

"Why, you excite my curiosity," he said, and gently putting her out of his path, he went into the house ahead of her and found himself confronted by Doctor Nuñez.

The ensuing conference was long. Dinner came and went; but still Vickers was shut up in the little library with his strange visitor. Mr. Lee had gone to bed, Emmons had long since arrived, but his fiancée gave him but a strained attention. She sat listening for the opening of the library door. If the voices within were raised enough to become audible, she thought that a quarrel was in progress; if they sank, the silence terrified her more.

"Now some people like a straight southerly exposure," Emmons was saying, "but give me a southwesterly. You get the sun in—"

Nellie suddenly stood up. "What can they be doing?" she said. "That queer-looking man has been here over three hours."

"Up to no good, the two of them, I have no doubt," said Emmons, and added, "I hope you don't keep much money in the house."

She turned on him sharply. "How absurd you are, James. You can't suppose—" but she was cut short by the opening of the library door, and the sound of the two men's voices, as they crossed the hall.

"Do you know any Spanish, James?" she asked quickly.

Emmons shook his head.

"I speak no language but my own," he answered proudly.

As the front door shut, Nellie left him unceremoniously, and went out to the front piazza, where Vickers was standing after having said good-bye to his visitor. His head was bent and his hands were in his pockets.

Nellie came and stood silently beside him. She was conscious of being nervous. She could feel her heart beating. She felt that something important had happened. They stood like this for several seconds, and then fearing that Emmons would join them before she had heard, Nellie said:

"Bob?"

The monosyllable was plainly a question, but he did not answer it. He merely took her hand and drew it within his arm and continued to

stare meditatively at the boards at his feet.

Driven to desperation by the thought of the shortness of her time, Nellie at length asked:

"Was it very serious?"

He looked at her.

"Pretty serious, Nellie."

She felt frightened.

"I don't want to be too curious, but you must tell me. Are you in danger?"

"I am in danger," he answered, "of the only thing which at the moment I fear. I am in danger of having to leave you."

She withdrew her hand quickly, and stepped back. He made no effort to detain her.

"Yes," he said, "go back to Emmons, or we shall have him ramping out here to know what the matter is. I am going up to the Overtons'."

Nellie turned and went into the house.

Emmons was sitting with his elbows on his knees, tapping his feet up and down so as to give a rocking motion to his whole body. He did not like being left alone.

"And where is Bob?" he asked.

"Gone out," and Nellie, added more candidly: "Gone to the Overtons'."

"Oh, of course, naturally," retorted Emmons. "And may I ask who his visitor was?"

"He did not tell me."

"He has gone, I suppose, to confide it to Louisa Overton."

Nellie looked at him quickly. She had not phrased the notion quite so clearly to herself, and yet it had been there. Bob had never mentioned Louisa Overton's name, and yet his cousin could not be ignorant that he was at the Overtons' house almost every day. She glanced at James. Would anyone turn to James in a crisis? She thought all this before she became aware that he was saying:

"I think we shall have to inquire into this a little more. There is something behind these constant visits to the Overtons', if I am not very much mistaken. Why a clever man like Balby Overton allows it, is more than I can see. Is it possible that Miss Louisa can have taken a fancy to him? Is it possible that any decent girl could take a fancy to him?"

There was a long pause. Perhaps Nellie was not listening, for he had to repeat his question before he got an answer.

"Very possible, I should think."

The answer did not please Emmons.

"Well, not so very possible," he said contemptuously. "I am afraid the kind of man he is sticks out plainly enough. Inexperienced as she is, I fancy she can see his game—an heiress and so young. I should feel responsible if any thing happened, unless I had said a word to Overton. Oh, yes, I know. You *suppose* that he knows all about Bob's record, but in a case as serious as this we have no right to suppose. It is our duty to speak plainly, and if you wont, I will."

"I am the person to do it, if it must be done," said Nellie.

"I am not so sure of that. There are very pertinent little incidents in your cousin's past, which I hope you don't know, but which you certainly could not repeat."

"I know quite enough, I 'm afraid," she answered with a sigh.

"Oh, well, don't sigh over it," said Emmons. "If you feel so badly about it, I 'll go myself."

"No," she returned firmly, "I will see Mr. Overton to-morrow. I promise you I will, James."

There was a short pause.

"Now about that bay-window," Emmons began; but glancing at his betrothed he was surprised to observe tears in her eyes. She rose to her feet.

"Suppose you go home, James," she said not unkindly. "I feel tired. I think I 'll go to bed."

"I can see that blackguard worries you," said Emmons; but he obeyed.

Yet strangely enough after his departure she did not go to bed, but sat on in the little parlor trying to read. But her chin was often raised from her book to listen for footsteps. At eleven she went up-stairs, but she was still awake when after midnight she heard Vickers return.

IX

Procrastination is the thief of more than time;—it is only too often the thief of opportunity. Vickers, who knew very well that he might have made his escape any time in the course of the last month, if only he had been sure he wanted to, now saw before him the prospect of making a more hurried flight than suited his purpose. He had allowed himself to drift, had asked how the present situation was to end without attempting any answer. And now he had to give an answer within a few days.

He found Overton in his library. Books, mostly in calf-skin covers, stood on shelves that ran almost to the ceiling. Overton was reading—not one of those heavy volumes, but a modern novel in a flaming cover.

"Well, young man," he said, looking up without surprise, for it was no longer unusual for Vickers to come in like this, "I warn you that I am in a romantic mood. I don't know that I care to talk to common, everyday mortals like you. I wish I had lived when men wore ruffles and a sword. Then you got romance at first hand."

"Well, I 'll tell you what it is, Balby G. Overton," said Vickers, "there is just one place you don't want romance, and that is right here in your own life, and that is where I have got it at the moment, and I 've come to you to help me get it out."

"You talk as if it were a bad tooth," returned Overton.

"Will you extract it?"

The other smiled. "Not a little of a lawyer's business," he said, "is extracting romance from the lives of his clients."

"It 's a lawyer's business, too, to know when people are lying, and when they are telling the truth, is n't it? I hope so, for I am going to tell you a yarn which sounds uncommonly impossible."

"You encourage me to think it may be amusing."

Vickers laughed. "Well, it begins well," he said. "In the first place, I am not Bob Lee."

"Indeed," said Overton. "Let me congratulate you."

It was impossible to tell, from his tone, whether he believed the statement or not, and Vickers made no attempt to determine, but went on with his story.

He told, with a gravity unusual in him, of the death of Lee, and the incidents which had led him to assume the dead man's personality. When he had finished there was a pause. Overton smoked on without looking at him, until at last he observed:

"Vickers—I was once counsel for a railroad that had a station of that name, I think."

"Vickers's Crossing. It was called after my grandfather, Lemuel Vickers. The name is well known in the northern part of New York."

"But there is still one point not clear to me," said Overton. "Why is it that you did not come home under the interesting and well-known name of Vickers?"

"Is that really difficult for the legal mind to guess?"

But Overton would not guess. "A desire for change?" he suggested; "an attraction to the name of Lee?"

"The simple fact that I had committed a crime."

"Of which a jury acquitted you?"

"I had not sufficient confidence in the jury to leave it to them."

"What! You ran away?"

"I did."

"And what was the crime?"

"I had killed a man."

Nothing could be calmer than Overton's expression, but at this he raised his eyebrows. "Murder?" he said, "manslaughter? homicide? With what intention?"

"With none. I did not mean to kill the fellow; I knocked him down in a good cause."

"A woman, of course."

"At the earnest entreaty of his wife, whom he was chasing round the room with a knife."

"And is it possible," said Overton, "that the juries in the northern part of the State of New York are so un-

chivalrous as to convict a man who kills in such circumstances?"

"So little did I suppose so," returned Vickers, "that I gave myself up as soon as I found the man was dead."

"But later you regretted having done so?"

"You bet I did. The lady in the case went on the stand and testified that my attack was unprovoked and murderous—"

"These people were your friends?"

"Well, the woman was."

"I understand. That made it more awkward."

"Oh, lots of things made it awkward. You see I had broken in a window when I heard her screams. Besides, everyone wanted to know how I came to be passing along an unfrequented road at one o'clock in the morning. In short, I saw that there was only one thing for me to do, if I wanted to save my precious neck. I broke jail one night, and slipped over the Canadian border, and from there managed to get to Central America."

"You still had some friends left, I see," said Overton with a smile. "I suppose it is for legal advice that you have come to me."

"No, you are wrong," answered Vickers. "I have not finished my story. I came north with a real desire to settle down—with a real enthusiasm for a northern home. I thought I should like to jolly an old father, and a pretty cousin, for the rest of my life."

"How did you know she was pretty?"

"Well, I was n't mistaken, was I? But what happened? Lee turned out to be a rotten bad lot. I have been very much disappointed in Bob Lee, Mr. Overton. He is not a pleasant fellow to impersonate, I can tell you."

"His record is not a desirable one, I believe," answered the lawyer.

"I don't know whether you have heard that, among other things, he stole the small capital left to his cousin," Vickers went on."

"Yes, I have heard it rumored."

"As you may imagine, that did not help the home atmosphere. It did not tend to make Nellie cordial. In fact, you must often have wondered at my indifference to your offers of better positions. Nellie had threatened to have me arrested as a thief if I should attempt to leave Hilltop; and though it would not have been very difficult to prove that I was not Lee, it would have been confoundedly awkward to defend myself as Vickers, and be extradited back to New York."

"Yes, it is a pretty predicament," said Overton, "but there are still some minor points I do not understand. For instance, why have you not told your cousin—Miss Nellie, I mean—that you are not Lee?"

"Why, I have. I did at once. She laughed in my face and intimated that I had always been an infernal liar. You see one of the troubles is that as soon as I told them that I was Lee, everyone remembered me perfectly. Why, sir, it was like a ray of light when you said you found me changed. No one else did."

"I see," said Overton. "And now one thing more. Why did n't you bolt at once?"

"I 've just told you."

"What, a threat of arrest? Hardly strong enough as a motive for a man like you. You have taken bigger risks than that, in your time. Why did you not take the chance now?"

Vickers paused, and a slight frown contracted his brow. "It would be hard to say—" he began, and stopped again. The two men looked at each other and Overton smiled.

"Might I offer a possible explanation?" he said.

"Oh, very well," returned Vickers. "Yes. I don't want to leave her. Is that so odd?"

"So natural that I guessed before you said it. You are, in fact, in love with her?"

"I suppose that is about what it amounts to," the other said; and added with more vigor, "and if I stay here another day, I shall do bodily

violence to the man she is engaged to."

"In that case," remarked Overton, dispassionately, "I advise you to go. Emmons is an honest, able little fellow, who will take care of her, and her life has not been an easy one."

"Don't say that to me," said Vickers; "the mere idea of his taking care of her sickens me. For that matter, I could take care of her myself."

"Possibly," said Overton, "but by your own showing you would have to choose your State."

Vickers rose and began to walk up and down the room. "Well," he observed at length, "if you advise me to go without even having heard the offer that tempts me— This evening a very good old friend of mine turned up from Central America. It seems they have been having an election down there—an election which bears some resemblance to a revolution. A fellow called Cortez has been elected—"

"Odd," murmured the lawyer. "I read the item in the paper, without the smallest interest."

"I have known Cortez for some time, and served him once or twice. He sends up to offer me a generalship in his little army—a general of cavalry. But I must take Saturday's steamer."

"Plenty of time. This is only Monday."

"Plenty of time—if I am going."

"Is it a pretty uniform?"

"I tell you the offer tempts me," retorted Vickers.

Overton rose, too. "My dear fellow," he said, "of course you are going to accept it. Heaven knows I shall be sorry to see you leave Hilltop, but no good will come of your staying. Go to-night—at once. Be on the safe side. Let me see." He drew out his watch. "The last train has gone a few minutes since, on this road, but there is a branch about five miles from here that has a train about ten. You can catch that. Get into my trap, and I 'll drive you over there with one of my trotters."

"Why the deuce should I go to-night," said Vickers, stepping back as if to avoid Overton's enthusiasm.

"The sooner the better. If you don't go now, how do we know you will ever go?"

Vickers did not look at his friend. "At least," he said, "I must go back to the house and get my things."

"My dear man, she won't be up at this time of night."

"I don't expect to see her. I don't even know that I want to see her again. But I must get some money and clothes. I won't trouble you. I 'll walk the five miles." He moved toward the door.

Overton held out his hand. "Good-bye," he said with a good deal of feeling.

"Good-bye, sir," said Vickers, and he added: "By the way, did you believe that story of mine?"

"Yes," said Overton, "I did."

After the door closed, he repeated to himself: "Yes, by Jove, I did; but I wonder if I sha'n't think myself a damned fool in the morning."

But the processes of belief and disbelief are obscure, and Overton, so far from finding his confidence shaken, woke the next morning with a strong sense of the reality of Vickers's story; so strong, indeed, that he turned a little aside from his shortest road to the station in order to drive past the Lees' house, and see if there were any signs of catastrophe there.

There were. Nellie was standing at the door, and though to the casual observer she might have seemed to be standing calmly, to Overton's eyes she betrayed a sort of tense anxiety. He pulled up.

"Anything wrong, Miss Nellie?"

"My uncle is ill—very ill, I 'm afraid," she answered, and then as he jumped out of his brougham and came to her side she went on. "It 's his heart. The doctor is not very hopeful."

"Dear, dear," said Overton, "I am very sorry to hear that"; but inwardly he was wondering whether he had not advised Vickers wrongly. If the old man died, he would have

been free to go openly under the name of Lee. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked aloud.

"No thank you," Nellie answered. "My uncle is asleep now, and Dr. Briggs will be back before long." And then, a sudden thought striking her, she asked. "Have you a spare minute, Mr. Overton?"

He said that all his time was at her disposal.

"Then you can do something for me. Come into the house. I want to say something to you. If my uncle had not been taken ill, I should have come to pay you a visit to-day."

"I am sorry I was done out of a visit from you," he returned. He signalled to his man to wait, and followed her into the little library where only the evening before Vickers had had his interview with Nuñez.

She shut the door, and though she smiled a little as she did so, plainly it was only to relieve the effect of her fateful manner.

"It was n't going to be just a friendly call," she said. "I have something to tell you, and I hate to say it." She hesitated and then went on again. "You have been very kind to Bob, Mr. Overton."

Overton's conscience gave a twinge. Did she know that he had advised his escape? "Oh, I don't know about that," he said. "I have had an extraordinary amount of pleasure out of his company."

"He is a pleasant companion," said the girl, "but I do not know whether you know much about his real self."

Overton laughed. "Why, Miss Nellie," he said, "I was just thinking that same thing about you."

"Yes," she agreed, "of course it must be absurd to you for me to be offering advice, considering your knowledge of the world and my ignorance—"

"Knowledge of the world," said Overton, "is not entirely a matter of experience. I should often prefer to trust the opinion of the most innocent women to that of experienced men. Am I to understand that you entirely distrust your cousin?"

How was it possible that she could be ignorant of Vickers's escape? Or had it failed?

"No," answered Nellie. "I don't distrust him entirely. But you see in small superficial things Bob has such unusually nice qualities that one forgets. Last night when my uncle was taken ill—"

Overton looked up. "Oh, your uncle was taken ill last night, was he? At what hour?"

"About one, I think. I went and called Bob and asked him to go for the doctor—I was very much alarmed at my uncle's condition—and in the most surprisingly short time Bob had dressed and gone out and come back again. It was like a conjuror's trick. And he has been so kind throughout this dreadful night; and yet—" She paused, and gave a little sigh.

"Where is Bob at this moment?" said Overton.

"Oh, with his father. Uncle Robert will not let him leave him for an instant."

Overton did not answer. He felt unreasonably annoyed with Nellie for her attitude toward Vickers. The younger man's avowal of love rang in his ears. She ought to be able to tell a man when she saw one, he thought.

He stood up. "Well, I suppose I can't see him, then."

His tone did not please Nellie, nor the ease with which he dismissed her warning.

"But I have not finished what I wanted to say," she returned.

"Forgive me. You wished to warn me still further against the contaminating influence of your cousin?"

"I wanted to do nothing so futile," said Nellie, with spirit. "I had not come to the point yet. It was of Louisa that I was thinking."

"Of Louisa?" he repeated.

Nellie nodded. "I do not think that he is a good or safe friend for Louisa. You may say it is none of my business, but I am largely responsible for his being here, and James and I both thought I ought to speak to you."

"Am I to understand that Emmons thinks your cousin likely to attract Louisa?"

"James? Oh, I don't know whether James's opinion on that point would be very valuable. But I do."

"You surprise me," said Overton.

"I know. It must surprise you to realize that women should ever be attracted by men they cannot respect, and yet it does sometimes happen, Mr. Overton. For myself I cannot imagine it, but I know there are girls to whom a man's mere charm—"

"Oh, but you misunderstand me entirely," said Overton. "Of course I have seen quantities of just such cases as you have in mind—handsome scoundrels who fascinated every woman whom they came in contact with. But surely you do not think your cousin such a person."

"Very much such a person."

Overton wagged his head. "Well, well, you surprise me," he returned. "A jovial, amusing fellow—a favorite with men, perhaps. But what would you say a girl could see in him?"

His malice was rewarded as malice ought not to be.

"Why," said Nellie rather contemptuously, "think a moment. In the first place his looks. Any girl, at least any very young girl, might easily be carried away by such striking good looks."

"Humph!" said Overton, pushing out his lips dubiously. "You think him good-looking?"

"Don't you?"

"A well-built figure," he answered, yielding a point.

"An unusually well-shaped head, and a wonderful line of jaw," said Nellie. "I may be prejudiced against Bob, but I never denied him looks."

"Well," said Overton, "we 'll grant him looks. Has he anything else?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "the fact that he is amusing. Seeing him as I do, day in and day out, I realize how unfailingly pleasant and kind he is—in small things. And then he has another quality more difficult to define—a sort of humorous understanding of another person's point of view, which leads to a kind of intimacy whatever your intention may be."

"Bless me," cried Overton, "you begin to alarm me. I fear you are describing a pretty dangerous fellow. My only consolation is that Louisa has never mentioned his name, nor indeed done anything to make me think she was interested in him."

Nellie did not look relieved. "Perhaps," she answered, "it is not the sort of thing that a father is the first person to know."

Overton shook his head sadly as he rose to go.

"Perhaps not," he agreed. "Perhaps one is not always the first person to know it oneself." And he hastily took his departure.

As he was going out he met Emmons, who stopped him, and after a brief interchange on the subject of Mr. Lee's illness, observed that he had been wanting a few words with Mr. Overton for some days.

"About Bob Lee, Mr. Overton. Do you know his past history?"

"I do," said Overton. He held up his hand and signalled to his coachman.

To so simple an answer Emmons for a moment could think of nothing to say, but feeling that so important a matter could not be so quickly settled he went on:

"Oh, of course in that case I have nothing to say. It is no business of mine."

Overton was pulling on his gloves and did not reply.

"But have you ever thought, Mr. Overton, what sort of example your friendship with such a man offered to the community?"

"A very good example, I should think."

Again Emmons was confused. "Of Christian charity?" he asked.

"Of an even rarer virtue, Mr. Emmons—common-sense." And the great man got into his brougham and drove away.

(To be concluded)

A PLEA FOR CRITICS

By EUGENE WENDELL HARTER

AN American author has recently said that her books, those children of the mind, were more entirely hers than her flesh and blood children. She never knew what traits the latter might evince. Their feelings and instincts were often alien to her. But her books were the full expression of her entire being. They were all that she would lovingly make them. She had toiled and suffered for them, but they were very part of her. She probably gloried in that feeling of sole parentage which Zeus felt in the case of Athena. And such are the beings—these children of the soul—that are exposed to the tender mercies of that monster the critic. One would surely be justified in remonstrating with a fiend for putting out the eyes of one's child, but one must accept with what Spartan fortitude he can muster the impaling of each beautiful shining thought, the product of one's heart's blood, on the pen of a critic. The despairing writer looks upon the critic as a creature who tears the heart out of a book and casts it, warm and palpitating, at the feet of an indifferent public.

But in this day, when the fiends of history are all being more or less successfully whitewashed, when Nero appears as an unappreciated genius, Henry the Eighth, with Froude's help, as an unfortunate and henpecked but worthy monarch, Mary, Queen of Scots, as the incarnation of chastity, and Catherine de' Medici as the victim of regrettable circumstances and not as a demon's spirit in a woman's body, can we not venture with propriety to say a word for that universally execrated creature, the critic?

Many writers have exulted in Disraeli's epigram: "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art." But in the first place we must remember that the author of this sentiment had written some of the very worst novels in the English language, and the speech betrays pure resentment. Then, even if it were so, it should excite our sympathy and not a smug satisfaction.

A man who has a passionate love for literature, one who has been vouchsafed many talents but who has somehow missed the last supreme gift, that of creative genius, is to be pitied when he has put forth his every endeavor—and has failed. The very keenness of his appreciation of his own failure should increase his ability as a critic, enabling him often to do full justice to the point of view of a writer. No one who has that final spark, the ability to create, to produce the highest kind of literature, would doom himself to play perpetually the part of major-domo in the world of letters. Yet Matthew Arnold, some of whose poetry has the last essential touch of distinction, is probably a greater critic than poet. And criticism must be allotted a very high position even if it can never attain to the highest. It is almost amusing to see how impatient of criticism some of our modern gods are. They resent any suspicion of fault found with the nectar and ambrosia they deign to place before mortals. It is a bit surprising to hear how that great critic Ruskin looks upon criticism. He is giving "the notions of

a man who has dabbled in it many years." "I believe," he says, "that criticism is as impertinent in the world of letters as it is in a drawing-room. In a kindly and well bred company, if anybody tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if anybody tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play or sing or what not, but they don't criticise. For the rest, a bad critic is the most mischievous person in the world, and a good one the most helpless and unhappy—the more he knows the less he is trusted. A strong critic is every man's adversary—men feel that he knows their foibles—and the art of correction, which he has learned so laboriously, only fills his hearers with disgust." Dr. Holmes puts the same thought succinctly: "Good breeding never forgets that *amour propre* is universal." In the "Battle of the Books" Swift pictures with some bitterness the Goddess of Criticism, with Ignorance and Pride for her parents, Opinion for her sister, and for her children Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill-manners.

Emerson shows us how few even of the great books of the world a man can read in a lifetime. And so the critic is invaluable in presenting us with the menu of the possible feast and suggesting as a tried butter the delicacies which he believes are suited to our tastes. It is inevitable that we should accept some mentor. Imagine what it would mean to be cast adrift on the vast sea of literature with no pilot and no compass to direct us! There might indeed in some cases be the delight of personal discovery, but what a reckless waste of time! How many books manage to put on an attractive appearance and lure the unsuspecting to an unprofitable perusal, whereas the critic with one incisive sentence can put the worth or worthlessness of a book clearly before us. As the yearly output of books gets more enormous, the value of the critic becomes indisputable.

The critic is born, *then* made. He must by birth and heritage be endowed with the gift of keen observation and appreciation. We have heard a pupil of Leschetizky say that it was torture for her to listen to music as a rule because of her too exquisite appreciation of the inadequacy of the usual interpretation. It is something of this sensibility which a critic must possess. Then the education of the critic must be the broadest. Henry James declares that a novelist must know everything. How much more essential is this in the case of an adequate critic. Some would go as far as to declare that no one can attempt an appreciation of Dickens unless he is an authority on the picaresque novelists, or venture to criticise George Ade or Mr. Dooley with authority unless he is conversant with the wit of Aristophanes and can compare modern essays in slang with the *argot* of the Athenian of the age of Pericles. The doctrine of "the continuity of ancient and modern literature" is receiving a new impetus in England at present. One prominent English journal says: "To instance one or two famous efforts of literary imagination —who can fully appreciate More's Utopia or Gulliver's Travels without reference to Plato or Lucian? Who could omit Greek philosophy from the influences that color Wordsworth or Shelley, or Homer, Virgil and Theocritus from a classical appreciation of Tennyson?"

We are to expect then from a critic the wisdom of the ages combined with a simple impressionable nature upon which the most delicate stroke may tell as a zephyr upon an Æolian harp. This combination is naturally a rare one.

We like to picture the ideal critic as a benevolent, genial-looking, omniscient old fellow with an abundance of sympathy and a keen eye for the discovery of possible beauties. The budding geniuses of to-day, however, are so rampant that the gentle hints of such a censor would be like to go unheeded. This is not the age when the critics can kill a sensitive poet

with a stroke of the pen, as it was claimed they did in the case of Keats. We do indeed have an ebullition of wrath on the part of the author at times which reminds us vaguely of Byron with his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It seems almost incredible now to conceive of the *Quarterly Review* so stultifying itself as it does when it speaks of "Mr. Keats, if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody. The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligent—almost as rugged, twice as diffuse and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." This is almost as bad as Byron on the same subject when he exclaims: "There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin."

It was the critic who sent George Eliot back to prose after her disastrous excursion into poetic fields. It was the critic who proved to Thackeray his unfitness for work of any final value in art and sent him to literature. Had Shakespeare not been condemned as a bad actor, he might not have become the best of playwrights.

Many a list has been collated of the anomalies of criticism and the interest they excite usually arises from the surprise they occasion. It would be flippant of course to hint that it might be on the principle "Set a rogue to catch a rogue" that many of our literary gods are so hypercritically minded towards their brethren. Matthew Arnold in discussing the peculiar atmosphere of England declares that it tells unfavorably on men of genius and "may make even a man of great ability either a Mr. Carlyle or else a Lord Macaulay." Carlyle, in turn, with his usual lack of gallantry, says that George Eliot is "simply dull," and the only unpleasant spot in the Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant is her incurable antipathy to George Eliot, from both a personal and artistic standpoint. George Eliot combines a sly dig at the sterner sex with an entirely unfeminine impersonality of view when she says, "As an artist, Jane Austen surpasses all the male novelists that ever lived." Madame de Staël could not endure "the commonness" of Jane Austen, while on the other hand another French critic declares "Tout ce que sa plume traçait était parfait." What is a mere layman to think! A recently published letter of Ruskin's contains some decidedly radical criticism and is startling enough to bear repeating. In speaking of books which he considers rubbishy and poisonous, he speaks as follows of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire": "No one but the malignant and weak study the decline and fall of either state or organism"; and again, "Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or wit; his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid." Against Voltaire he fulminates thus: "His work is in comparison with good literature what nitric acid is to wine—literary chemists cannot but take account of the sting and the stench of him, but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him, and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl."

Voltaire in turn insisted that if any one read Dante any longer, he would soon be dislodged from the position he holds, while Horace Walpole calls the famous Italian "a Methodist parson in Bedlam." Southey with characteristic density says that "Coleridge's ballad of 'The Ancient Mariner' is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw."

Who does not remember Sydney Smith's *mot* on Macaulay?—to the effect that his conversation, was relieved by occasional flashes of silence! Pepys declared "Romeo and Juliet" to be "a play of itself the worst I ever heard."

Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber did not rest content with criticising

Shakespeare as did Samuel Johnson. To fit their own ideas of dramatic art they altered and polished him. And what are we to think of Emerson, when he calls Poe "a jingleman" and "The Marble Faun," "mush"? Whistler declares that Ruskin's "high-sounding, empty things would give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic offered his opinion." Even in regard to criticism itself, our critics do not agree. Taine declares that "True criticism is a high calling"; Wordsworth calls it "an inglorious employment."

The list of qualities which we demand of a critic is certainly a comprehensive one. With a keen, penetrating intellect he must remain as impressionable as a child. He must feel the perfect joy that the *juste mot* gives and be ready to do full justice to any Sentimental Tommy who is willing to forfeit the prize if he but find it at last. He must be ready to say with de Senancour, "Pour moi, je ne pretends pas vivre, mais seulement regarder la vie." In his bird's-eye view of the world's literature present and past, he must be quick to detect similarities and to announce anything which has about it anything unique or even novel. He must widen the view of his audience and show them that because mutton is good, a dinner should not consist entirely of courses of mutton variously served.

With all his breadth of view, he must not fail in definiteness or in incisiveness. He must delight in the whimsical mood of a Lewis Carroll, and not miss a point of the preciosity of a Browning. M. Brunetière tells us that criticism to be valuable must be impersonal and scientific. We listen with respect to the French on this point, for they unquestionably produced the most valuable criticism of the nineteenth century and have really revolutionized and given form to English criticism. But however important certain laws of criticism may be, to insist on the excision of the personal element would deprive us of some of our most delightful and valued criticism. As Henry James says, "Criticism *is* the critic." It is the record of a soul. Why are we eager to read a new militant critic on some old subject? It is not always or often that we really hope to get valuable light or information. It is the effect of genius on some unique fresh personality which charms us. Anatole France says, "We know only ourselves. Whatever you are trying to explain, you are only explaining yourself." Faultlessly scientific criticism is, according to this view, an impossibility. Still it is true that the flood of irrelevant, ill-digested criticism makes us view with respect any attempt at defining and confining the profession within legal bounds. The efforts of some pigmy to give us his Lilliputian impressions of some Colossus of literature would raise inextinguishable laughter, were it not for the fact that often these effusions are received by an impressionable public in perfect good faith and with a solemn awe.

The intimate friends of an author are often quite sure that they can unerringly tell just what kind of literature and even what subject he could undertake most successfully. Some of these suggestions are happy, others less so.

We are glad that Longfellow got the story of Evangeline from Hawthorne, as it was a theme he was eminently fitted to treat. George Lewes made no mistake in directing George Eliot to the fields of fiction, but Frederic Harrison admits that he was less fortunate when he advised the same author to attempt the form which she gave us in "Theophrastus Such."

An anecdote is told of the famous actor Frederick Lemaître in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and repeated by De Bury. His friends had great confidence that he would make a great Tartuffe, and urged him to undertake the part. He was asked if he had ever thought of playing the rôle. "*Mon dieu*, yes," replied the artist, "but I have made up my mind that I won't play it." "Why?" "Because I prefer that minds like

yours should continue to think, 'What an admirable Tartufe Frederick would have made had he wished!'"

This repression, this diffidence of greatness, is conspicuous for its absence in contemporary letters. The least suspicion on the part of a man that he has talent is enough to launch him headlong on the sea of letters, and we find him rushing in where angels and geniuses fear to tread. It is to the critic alone that we must look to check all this. For a true critic is the surgeon of the world of books, cutting away the noisome growths which would injure or destroy the body literary.

The critic on the hearth is perhaps the most difficult to please and the most tonic in effect. Writers from time immemorial have found their friends and relatives quite ready in their perfect candor to tell even a little more than the brutal truth about the weaknesses which their officious microscopes have discovered in the work of their ugly duckling with swan-ward aspirations. We quite wonder what the emotions of Solomon were if he ventured to submit the proof of his "Song" to the tender mercies of a critical harem.

With feelings of awe we approach as a fitting climax to this discussion the subject of the editor-critic. This is a sphinx-like creature, preferring usually to keep to his lair, where with hungry and baleful eyes he employs himself in sucking the marrow from the bones of would-be contributors. This monster, if ever brought to light, would instantly be torn to bits by furious authors of rejected addresses. But seriously, what reading the confessions of an editor-critic would make. Rousseau and Mary Adams entirely discounted! We would suggest that there should be appended to the confessions a collection of the letters accompanying manuscripts. Nothing surely could so effectually reveal the banality of human nature at its slyest. But what a clearing-house for the world of contemporary literature that identical editorial sanctum proves! How much in time and patience it has saved us! La Fontaine's ass was delighted to find that when he breathed on the flute he succeeded in eliciting some sound, and exclaimed, "Moi, aussi, je joue la flute!" It is this fatuous attitude that we look to the editor-critic to correct or discourage.

THE BRANDED

THEY pass me ev'ry day with furtive glance
From hollow eyes that once were clear and fair;
Their feet move slowly with a hid despair—
The feet that once tript lightly in the dance.
One paid to Appetite a price too dear;
One shunning Poverty enslaved her soul.
The Past from out their lives the rarest stole;
The Future's clouds hang pitiless and drear.

I would not curse them tho' they branded be;
I would remember we are common dust.
He lifted you, O Mary, from your lust,
And it is He Who gives you purity. . . .
Great Master, guard me lest I cast a stone,
Who should for sordid sins myself atone!

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

VI.—MRS. DOWE CONGRATULATES THE HAPPY PAIR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS

MRS. JARED DOWE paused as she closed Aunt Polly's gate just long enough to be able to join Miss Wilson who was walking up the shaded avenue.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dowe; what a perfect day this is!" began Miss Wilson cheerfully, as she moderated her rapid stride to the leisurely pace of our friend.

"Yes, Olive, it is a lovely day, it certainly is; and, my dear child, how happiness has added to your beauty—for of course you must be happy. I certainly do hope you will be happy, Olive. June and youth and love are all yours now. June will soon be gone, but it will come again; youth will never come again, but love may last always—I certainly hope it will last, Olive. I was just telling Aunt Polly how surprised I was to hear you and Percy Hamlin are engaged. Of course, it 's natural for young people to fall in love—especially in June; and we should expect it; but this time I declare I am surprised, but—" seeing the look of consternation on the young girl's face she added—"if you are still keeping it a secret, you may trust me, Olive, with your confidence."

"But, Mrs. Dowe, I don't understand how," interrupted Miss Wilson—"how could any one dare to——"

"You don't say so, Olive; well, I am relieved. Of course, if it had been true I should have felt it my duty to congratulate you; but seeing it is n't true, I will tell you, in confidence, I am relieved. You know how wild every one says Percy is. You know Colonel Dowe never speaks ill of any one, but last night he certainly spoke regretfully about Percy. I declare I wonder if Percy ever remembers his heritage—you know what a long line of noble ancestors he has,—and all such good men, too. Why, Percy is named for his great-uncle, who was the pastor of our church for fifty years. I certainly was grieved when I heard some one say that on election night Percy Hamlin was intoxicated. I never would say it myself, Olive, not unless I had seen it, because I never repeat gossip—and then the things I heard about his trip to Atlanta! They do say the way he carried on in Atlanta last month was scandalous—but of course I can't even repeat what I heard about that to you, and as you are not engaged you won't feel the same interest in it as if you were going to marry him.

"But, Olive, I will tell you confidentially I am relieved it is n't true. I want you to know just how relieved I am, Olive, and to feel sure that when I hear any more stories about you and Percy, I will repeat every word you have said to me this morning—yes, every word, Olive; you can trust me: you will have one friend to take your

MRS. JARED DOWE PAUSED AS SHE CLOSED AUNT POLLY'S GATE

part. Well, I declare, this is my corner. You are so entertaining I nearly walked by; you certainly are entertaining, Olive. I see Percy coming, and of course he will walk back home with you. You see I know young people, and I certainly do sympathize with their feelings and enjoy their confidences. Good-morning, Percy—Good-bye, Olive; it certainly is a lovely day."

And Mrs. Dowe passed quietly and slowly on her homeward way, leaving the young people together. She had scarcely seated herself on her own veranda, however, when she saw Percy Hamlin, flushed and indignant, coming rapidly up the walk. He began impetuously: "Mrs. Dowe, I am going to ask you to tell me just what you heard about Miss Wilson and me, and who said it, and——"

"Yes, Percy, my boy, certainly. Let 's sit down here on the gallery; we can talk so much better when we are comfortable, and we have so much to say to each other. I declare it 's a real grief to me not to see you oftener. You know, Percy, how Colonel Dowe loved your father—he certainly was a gallant soldier; and then, Percy, your great-uncle baptized me; so naturally I am very fond of you." Seeing the color gradually fading from his face, Mrs. Dowe drew her chair nearer and continued softly: "There 's no one I enjoy talking to more than I do to you. You always understand. You know, Percy, we always think the same thing about people; that's one reason I was so surprised when I heard you and Olive Wilson were engaged.

"Percy, confidentially, I will say it 's a real joy to me to know it is n't true. Now, Percy, my boy," noting his returning color, and putting her hand tenderly on his arm, she continued: "I know just how chivalrous you are, and naturally I expect you to say just what you want to say, and I want you to know I approve of your

saying it. Your chivalry makes you want to put every young lady you are devoted to in the position of continually rejecting you. You certainly are like your father, Percy. He was a great beau. When you came in the gate, I could n't help thinking how like your father you are; but now you are looking at me with your dear mother's eyes. You can't remember her, my son, but I can; and I grieve for her every day of my life."

Mrs. Dowe's voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears. Percy Hamlin, bewildered and irresolute, waited silently. After a moment she continued:

"I certainly do appreciate your manliness in coming to me with your confidence, Percy—it was a graceful thing for you to do. I shall tell Olive just how honorable you are; and, Percy, remember—I am always ready for your confidences; you know how willingly I would always take your part. Why, when Olive tried to talk about you, this morning, I never allowed her even to begin when she wanted to repeat something she had heard. Colonel Dowe was speaking of you last evening when you passed by—you remember little Bettie was down by the gate. 'Well,' Colonel Dowe said, 'Kate, that boy makes me long for a son of my own'; and would you believe me, Percy, that is the first time Jared ever said anything about having a son. You know how proud he is of the girls. I know you agree with me that they are beautiful.

"Now, I must ask you to excuse me—it 's such a warm day, and I always make Jared's mint-juleps myself. He says they are more refreshing when I make them. You are too much like your great-uncle for me to offer you one; and then you know I never do offer anything intoxicating to young men. After a man is married, though, I do think it 's different for his wife to make a mint-julep for him on a warm day. It 's an old Southern custom, and I love to conform to old Southern customs, and to think about my husband's comfort. Percy, my girls are going to be just like me, I feel sure they are."

Now he was standing and gathering himself for a last word, when she also arose, and continued:

"Yes, Percy, you may trust me with your confidence—I certainly am glad you came to see me, and I always do enjoy seeing you and listening to you talk. We were so interested in your success in the county election, and the speech you made on election night Colonel Dowe said was the wittiest piece of oratory he 's heard in many a day. You certainly did elect Joe Waters, and it just shows what a loyal friend you are, Percy: that 's one reason we are so congenial, for you know how loyal I am—loyalty certainly is a Southern trait. I was thinking this morning of how your father really died from a wound he received when he was a drummer-boy at the battle of Gettysburg. After that his health never was what it would have been, and he carried that bullet to his grave. It did seem to me to be a curious coincidence that Olive Wilson's father fought in the Northern army. Of course, her mother 's a Southerner and naturally came South as soon as he died: but, Percy, Olive Wilson's father, for all we know

PERCY HAMLIN, FLUSHED AND INDIGNANT, COMING RAPIDLY UP THE WALK

or ever will know, may have been your father's murderer. Knowing your loyalty to the South and how you worship your brave father, I knew you would never even think of marrying a girl whose father may have fired that bullet. No, Percy, no one could ever make me believe that. I 'll see Olive at Mrs. Garnett's tea, this afternoon—I declare I had forgotten all about that tea. I certainly am obliged to you for reminding me of it. There comes Jared now, and I must go. Do come to see me real soon. Good-bye, Percy; I certainly have enjoyed every word you said."

Mrs. Dowe was gone and Percy Hamlin walked slowly away—wondering.

It was late when Mrs. Dowe, accompanied by Sallie Potts, arrived at Mrs. Garnett's reception. After greeting her hostess and stopping to speak to a number of her friends *en route*, she made her way to the alcove where Miss Wilson, surrounded by half a dozen girls, was busily pouring tea.

As Mrs. Dowe approached, she saw the significant glances Miss Wilson exchanged with her friends and knew (Mrs. Dowe was not the last to judge a situation) what was expected of her, and that she was not unequal to the task.

"Good-evening, Olive. I declare you are even more lovely than you were this morning, and speaking of this morning reminds me: that dear boy, Percy Hamlin, came right to see me as soon as he left you. I certainly was charmed to see him. Of course, it was natural for you to speak to him about that report of your engagement. When he told me about it I could n't help thinking about Miss Lancaster and Captain Roberts. You remember, Sallie Potts, I told you how it all reminded me of the time they became engaged." (Sallie, as usual, was by her mother's side.)

"I told Sallie Potts the story coming over here. It certainly is interesting. Miss Lancaster heard, or said she heard, that she and Captain Roberts were engaged and was very indignant, or said she was, anyway; so she went straight to the Captain. Well, Captain Roberts said he never thought of courting anyone, and certainly not Miss Lancaster, and he told her so. Then of course they both said a lot more, and it all ended by their being engaged that very day, and they were married the next month. But of course, Olive, you know the story better than I do, because Miss Lancaster was your mother's second cousin—I declare, I never once thought about that: it certainly was romantic. But naturally Percy is n't like Captain Roberts. Percy is such a beau, and Captain Roberts was a confirmed old bachelor, and said he never in his whole life had talked to any woman as much as he did to Miss Lancaster the day they became engaged. So naturally this time it all ended differently. As I was saying, Percy came straight to me—it was a handsome thing for him to do. After he told me the whole story I could see how perfectly impossible it was for you ever to be engaged to each other.

"I felt that all the time, but I was surprised—you know how surprised I said I was, Sallie Potts—when he was so indignant. A girl always is indignant when people say she is engaged before she is, but a man, and especially a Southern gentleman—and you know, Olive, in spite of all you said this morning about him, Percy Hamlin is a Southern gentleman—Olive, he was indignant. You remember how indignant I said he was, Sallie Potts. It certainly did surprise me, Olive, to see how indignant he was. When he left me he went straight to see Aunt Polly, and she said Mrs. Green told her; then he went to see Mrs. Green, and she said Dr. Peyton told her; so he went to see Dr. Peyton, and Dr. Peyton said Miss Vergie Moore told Mrs. Peyton, and Miss Moore said she heard it from a friend in Atlanta who said she saw it announced in an Atlanta paper, but she could n't remember which paper it was. And so it 's all ended, and of course everybody is talking about it and wondering why Percy was so in-

dignant. Of course it 's only natural people should wonder, but it certainly is embarrassing for you, Olive—it certainly is."

As Mrs. Dowe paused a man's voice began. "I can tell you why he was indignant, Mrs. Dowe," and Mrs. Dowe turned to look into the handsome face and laughing eyes of Percy Hamlin. Before she had time to speak he continued:

"You see I promised Olive not to tell anyone until after she made a visit in Savannah and—"

"Well, Percy, I am charmed. You know after our talk this morning how dear your happiness is to me, and I am flattered to be the first to congratulate you. But it was only natural; you always do confide in me, Percy."

Mrs. Dowe's expression matched her soft words, which fell like oil. She took Olive's face in both hands, kissed her tenderly and said:

"I certainly do congratulate you, Olive, I certainly do. You remember, I said this morning how I regretted not being able to congratulate you then, and it 's a great joy to me to do so now—and you too, Percy. What a beautiful romance it has all been—is n't it romantic, Sallie Potts? You know how I always do enjoy a romance. I know you are both going to be happy, and I do feel proud of the part I 've had in bringing you together. A tender, motherly interest is always so helpful to young people and, Percy, this morning I tried to talk to you as your dear mother would—I certainly did try to be a mother to you this morning, Percy. I know you won't forget anything I said. It is a real joy to me, and you and Olive are so congenial. You both had soldiers for fathers and that 's sure to be a bond. You remember we talked about that this morning, Percy. I shall never forget your coming to me with your confidence, Percy, and allowing me to be the very first to congratulate you.

"Come, Sallie Potts, it 's getting late and we must be going and I have n't had any ice-cream yet. I declare, I was so interested in this romantic engagement I forgot all about the ice-cream, and Sallie Potts, you know how I do love ice-cream."

MORE OF MORE

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

TIME and trouble and woe
  Over the heart of her pass;
She that hath loved the overflow
  And the merit of early grass.

Wail and worry and death
  Into the grave they go;
Craftily heavy with wavering breath
  Caught in the afterglow.

Into the rush of life
  Into the lonesome years,
Heart of my heart with potency rife
  Quiet my sin-born fears.

I have put Miss Ruyter Little More's latest poem at the head of this review because I could not myself say anything as striking.

Miss More is getting to be a master —or shall we say mistress?—of lilt.

There are those among the poets who carry us along as if we were riding in a tumbril at a joggling, nerve-racking pace: there are others whose meter is smooth as a Pullman flying through the night. Miss More of old affected the tumbril rhythm, nor has she yet attained the absolute

ease of the midnight flyer: rather is her present meter to be likened to the free flow of a midsummer brook across a meadow whose fall is slight but regular. Her lines water the parched heart of the yearner after poetry; and he says "Away with sense; let sound be now my guide." A sound guide.

For in poetry it is the ear rather than the eye that should be ministered unto. A waterfall is just as musical when its waters are muddy as when crystalline purity is its content. If you paint me dainty pictures in verse and torture my ear the while, I will go to the landscape painter for my next meed of poetry. Before correct ears had been fastened to men's heads there was no such thing as metrical poetry. If this be treason make the most of it.

But we have wandered far afield. Let us hasten back to the one who does ravish our ears and who lets the sense go hang. Why should we seek to get at the heart of Miss More's meaning? When a lawn hose bursts and sends a jet of iridescent water athwart the green background of oft-cropped grass, we do not (if we are true lovers of the beautiful) seek to explain why a break in a rubber pipe should cause beauty—we accept the beauty with thankfulness.

Miss More's pipe—her pan pipe—has burst, and she treats us to a lyric display of softly falling words that have a magic power to soothe and quiet and lull.

> Time and trouble and woe
> Over the heart of her pass.

A greater poet (if Miss More will pardon us) has said:

> She shall be the heir of sorrow
> All to-night and all to-morrow.

We do not wish to be considered as for a moment insinuating that Miss More is not original—she may never have seen the lines just quoted but the likeness is remarkable. But if a poet stopped to ask himself whether the line he is about to pen has ever been approximately penned before, how much of loveliness had ne'er seen the light.

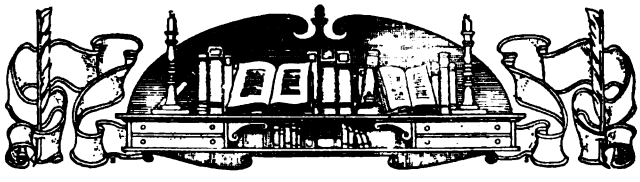
Miss More does not stop to ask—she outs with it. Let earlier comers look to their laurels. So Shakespeare poached; and, brethren, we are poachers all; and it is the Sir Thomas Lucys and not the encroachers that are held up to condemnation. Miss More's work may resemble that of others even more gifted, but she always manages to arrange her mosaic of words just a little differently and the variation of a single stone makes a new pattern. Precious are the stones that go to make up Miss More's glittering bursts of song.

A forgotten poet once said:

> Who brings not to a poem, or a picture, or a song an open sympathy,
> For him the poet, and the artist, and the singer did not strive.

If you do not understand Miss More (and her only meaning is sound) then hasten to the examiner of bumps. She sings for those who cannot choose but hear, and her song is woven of twilight and singing birds and crescent moons in vapory clouds and "tossels of spring" and splintered gems from plashing oars and "cabbages and kings."

> Sing on sweet More,
> Sing as thou sangst of yore,
> You have the floor
> Once more.



AN ILLUSTRATED ARGUMENT

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

WHILE it is sometimes advisable for a fire insurance adjuster to make a secret investigation, the general rule is that he shall not enter the burned building except in company with the assured or some representative of the assured. The property passes from the control of the owner when the fire takes place. The fire department is supreme first, and then the insurance company has control until the loss is adjusted. The representative of the company is privileged to enter and make such investigation as he deems necessary, but it is only in exceptional cases that he does this alone, for it may give the assured an opportunity to charge that trickery is practised to escape the payment of a loss. Gifford Oakes had made the mistake of investigating alone once, thereby incurring an unnecessary loss for his company, and he was determined that his evidence should be conclusive thereafter.

"The next time, I 'll have a way of clinching the evidence that no tricky scoundrel can beat."

He was further strengthened in this resolve by the fact that, in another case, certain things had been shifted after he and the assured had first viewed them. Some one had secured entrance to the building after his first visit and had so changed things that evidence upon which he relied was sadly weakened. Thereupon the whole matter became a question of veracity between himself and the owner, and he had won his point only after much trouble.

After these two experiences, Oakes, the outwardly careless and confident, became taciturn and depressed. Although both Deckler and Randall, his superiors, were extremely considerate, recognizing that no man is infallible and that Oakes had an exceptional record of successes, these things seemed to him a reflection on his work, and he gave much thought to devising a method of recording actual conditions in some incontrovertible way. Then it was that the use of the camera occurred to him.

"They can't go back on a picture very well," he decided.

At the office they joked him a good deal about abandoning insurance for photography. He said nothing about his plan, and it was not generally realized that the photography was in any way related to his insurance work, but every one knew that he was giving a good deal of time to experimenting with a camera. Many men do that as a diversion, however. So far as outward indications went Oakes had taken the thing up for amusement, for he was too wise to attempt to make business use of it until he had mastered every detail of its operation. He deviated not at all from his previous methods of work, except to be more careful, but he fitted up a dark room in his home, and his leisure was given to taking, developing and printing photographs. He did not seem to go in much for pictures of individuals, to which amateurs usually give most of their attention, but he took views of the office, of various buildings and of every room in his own house. These he developed painstakingly, some with fair success and some with no success at all, but in time he became

fairly expert. Then his old confidence returned.

"You watch the camera," he told Deckler one day. "I don't intend to let anybody shift the evidence on me again."

"Going to adjust losses by photograph?" asked Deckler.

"That 's exactly it," asserted Oakes.

"Well," Deckler conceded, "photographs occasionally have been of great value in adjusting fire losses, but, except when a professional has been engaged now and then, they usually have not been photographs taken for that express purpose. Hope you get the value of your camera out of it."

Oakes was too big a man in his profession for others to make a burlesque of him, but there was some good-natured joking over the way he toted his outfit around, and for a little time this seemed to be justified: he had no occasion to take a picture that was of the slightest value. In the case of an honest loss there was really no use for it; only when there was evidence that the goods were not as specified or that the origin of the fire indicated arson could it be used to advantage. But his chance came finally.

"Go to Salmah," he was instructed, "and investigate the Anderson fire. It was a residence property, quite heavily insured, and the local agent telegraphs that there are suspicious circumstances. Perhaps your camera will do you some good there."

The agent at Salmah was very positive in his belief that the house had been deliberately burned, but he had only the flimsiest circumstantial evidence to support his claim.

"Anderson's domestic troubles have been notorious here for some time," he explained. "There has been promise of divorce proceedings, but they finally settled on a basis for separation without going into court. This agreement was that they were to divide their joint possessions equally, but this had not been done and they were still living under the same roof when the fire occurred."

"Well?" queried Oakes, as the local agent paused.

"It is easier to divide the insurance than it was to divide the house," said the agent significantly. "The house and lot and furniture represented more than three fourths of all they had to divide. Neither had the cash to buy the other's interest in this real property, and the house and lot could not well be separated. After agreeing to divide, they quarrelled over the method of division as fiercely as they had quarrelled over other things before. Both of them have discussed the matter with other residents of the town."

"Why did n't they sell and divide the cash?" asked Oakes.

"They have been trying to sell for three months," answered the agent, "and they have been unable to find a purchaser. The fire solved the difficulty for them."

"They must have been desperate," remarked Oakes. "Fire does not provide the best way to get the full value of property—unless it is over-insured."

"They *were* desperate," returned the agent. "I don't think the property was over-insured."

"I 'll go up and take a look at it," said Oakes. "Can you get some one representing them to go along now?"

"I think they will both insist upon going," laughed the agent. "They don't seem to place much confidence in each other."

To Oakes's surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson gave no indications of the strained relations that were said to exist, when they arrived in response to a telephone message. There was nothing of affection in their bearing toward each other, but there seemed to be some sort of an understanding. Something had brought them together temporarily, and they helped each other out in all explanations.

"Which seems to give force to the theory Beggs has advanced," thought Oakes, Beggs being the name of the agent.

The house had been badly damaged, the upper floors being completely wrecked; but much of the lower floor had been left, and there could be no question as to where the fire started. There were evidences of kerosene on the charred rug in the parlor.

"A lamp upset," said Anderson.

"Where 's the lamp?" asked Oakes.

"I threw it out of the window," replied Anderson, "but the oil had spilled and the fire was started."

Oakes stepped to the window and looked out at the lawn beneath it.

"There 's no lamp out there."

"Somebody must have taken it away as a relic," suggested Anderson, but he gave his wife a quick, uneasy look.

"Possibly," conceded Oakes, as he turned and gave further attention to the room.

The fire had spread from the parlor to the hall, from which it had reached the upper stories and the dining-room at the end of the hall. It also had spread from the parlor to the library, through the folding-doors, but had done less damage in the library than anywhere else. Oakes glanced into the various rooms, but he was principally interested in the parlor.

"I think I 'll take a photograph of this room," he remarked at last.

Anderson and his wife exchanged glances again, but naturally they could not object, and Oakes arranged his camera. He took two views of the room, and then went into the library, where Mrs. Anderson had preceded him. He found her looking sadly at the scorched books. As some question as to the extent of the loss here might arise, he took another photograph. Then, glancing out of the window, he noticed a lamp partly imbedded in the soft earth beneath. He glanced quickly at Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, but neither seemed to be noticing him.

"Perhaps that is the lamp that did the business," he suggested.

Mrs. Anderson was at his side in a moment.

"Why, of course it is!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember, Alonzo, the parlor window was closed and you ran into the library."

"Did I?" returned Anderson in a dazed way. "I was excited and everything happened so quickly. I thought it was the parlor window."

"No," said Mrs. Anderson decidedly. "I remember it distinctly now. You ran to the library window with the lamp, and the rug was all blazing when you got back. I don't think I did anything but scream."

Oakes said nothing, but went down and picked up the lamp. It was a small affair of cut glass, supported by a bronze figure. The glass part had a large crack in it, but was not shattered, and there was no sign of a chimney or a shade. There was broken glass in the parlor, where the lamp was said to have been upset, but nothing that seemed ever to have been part of a lamp chimney. The pieces appeared to be parts of gas globes and window panes.

"It is remarkable," commented Oakes, when he had completed his investigation and was returning with Beggs to the latter's office, "that no trace of that chimney can be found and that the lamp apparently had no shade. The chimney naturally would have broken in the parlor, where the lamp upset."

"The firemen were tramping through that room a good deal," suggested Beggs. "A lamp chimney is about as fragile as anything in the glass line and the pieces might have been ground up too small to show the shape of the original chimney."

"I have thought of that," returned Oakes, "but there ought to be something recognizable left."

"For my part," said Beggs, "it seemed to me that the finding of the lamp threw a different light on the affair."

"It would have thrown a stronger light," retorted Oakes, "if there had been more oil in it. In view of the position in which it was lying, I can't see how all the oil ran out, and, as it only cracked and did not explode, it seems impossible that the parlor rug could have got all the oil before

the lamp was thrown out of the window. On the other hand, there are indications that the rug got more oil than the lamp could possibly contain."

"You don't like the looks of things?"

"I do not, but there is nothing legally convincing in any of the suspicious features discovered."

"The discovery of the lamp almost allayed the suspicions I had previously entertained, even if there were some peculiar features about it."

"Mrs. Anderson was in the library alone for a few minutes, while I was busy with the camera," said Oakes. "The lamp fell on soft earth, and no glass was shivered in a way to make a noise. Anderson remembered that he had thrown it out of the library window only when reminded by his wife, and she remembered only when the lamp was found."

"But you found it," said Beggs.

"I found it," admitted Oakes, "but it may be that Mrs. Anderson was merely wise enough to give me the chance. Did you see a lamp in the library when we first went in there, before I took any pictures?"

"No."

"Neither did I." Then, after a brief pause: "I think I 'll throw that camera away. It has merely distracted my attention when I ought to have had my eyes open for other things." He walked along moodily for a few minutes, and then asked: "Did the Andersons keep a maid?"

"Yes."

"I 'd like to see her."

The maid, however, when found, could give little information that was of value. She remembered the lamp and she knew that it was sometimes in the parlor and sometimes in the library. She also remembered that the shade had been broken a short time before and never replaced.

"That disposes of one question," commented Oakes. "Do you remember when the lamp was last filled?"

"Mrs. Anderson was very particular about that lamp," answered the maid. "She always filled it herself. There were several things about the house that she never trusted to me."

"Did they use it very much?"

"Mrs. Anderson used it some for a reading lamp, but Mr. Anderson never used it at all," explained the maid. "They did n't often sit in the same room. They did n't get on very well together."

"But they seem to have got together for the fire," commented Oakes with a glance at Beggs.

The maid did not know whether they were both in the parlor at the time of the fire or not, as she had gone to bed.

Before returning to headquarters Oakes made one unsuccessful attempt to overwhelm Anderson and his wife. He hurled at them the story of their intended separation, their quarrels, the unsuccessful attempts to sell, the missing chimney and shade, the lack of oil in the lamp, and the apparent excess of oil where the fire started. They admitted the proposed separation, corroborated the maid in the matter of the destruction of the shade and the care of the lamp, denied knowledge of any oil except that spilled from the lamp, and again claimed that the failure to remember where the lamp had been thrown was due to the confusion and excitement of the moment. They also explained that they were together for the purpose of discussing their differences and had just reached an amicable agreement when the accident occurred. The explanation was not convincing, but there seemed to be no way of disproving it. The amount of oil spilled could not be definitely determined: Oakes's suspicion rested upon the apparent course of the fire, it having burned deeper than elsewhere along an almost direct course to the hall—the quickest way to get it to the upper floors.

All in all, it was a very puzzling case, and Oakes so reported it.

"I am morally certain that the place was burned for the insurance," he explained, "but there is no legal certainty of it. A jury is n't going to find people guilty of arson just

because there was n't much oil in a lamp and the pieces of a broken chimney can't be recognized in a lot of broken glass. The facts connected with the proposed separation and division of property show a motive, but they *prove* nothing. There are a number of things that are suspicious, but nothing that is legally convincing; and, if they did n't burn the house, they are entitled to the insurance. Everything else is perfectly regular."

"How about your boasted camera?" asked Deckler.

Oakes laughed without much merriment.

"I am afraid I took the wrong picture first," he said. "I did n't get a picture of the library until after Mrs. Anderson had been in there. I was more interested in the room where the fire started. But I am going to finish the pictures. There is no man whose eyesight is so perfect that he may not overlook some trifling but important detail. That 's the advantage of having the scene for future study."

"Theoretically, you may be right," conceded Deckler, "but in practice it does n't seem to work out."

A few hours later Oakes disconsolately returned with his prints.

"Nothing there," he reported. "I am so sure there is fraud that I think the case is worth fighting, on the chance that we may uncover something more at the trial or while preparing the case. The Andersons may weaken. But the photographs show nothing. I thought possibly I might locate that missing chimney with a microscope."

"Let 's see them," said Deckler.

"There were two views of the parlor," explained Oakes, as he produced the prints, "but one of them blurred a little. I left that home, for the other covers everything in the room, although from a slightly different point of view, and is unusually distinct. It 's the library that interests me, anyhow. Thunder and guns!" with irritation, "I know the story of that fire, but I can't prove it."

"What we can't prove does n't help us much," laughed Deckler, as he picked up the picture of the library.

For an hour he and Oakes went over the photographs with a magnifying-glass, looking for something that would help to substantiate the theory evolved. Then Oakes went sadly back to his house, fully realizing that some of the other men were privately joking about the photographer who got the wrong picture. Once at home, he picked up the blurred print, to which he had given little attention before, and examined it critically.

"If I had taken only this picture of that room," he mused, "I would always think there was something there that could have been discovered in a clear print."

While it was not a perfect picture, it was far from an absolute failure. It was a trifle out of focus, and most of the objects were blurred, but they still could be distinguished, and the more distant ones were fairly clear. Oakes went at it with his magnifying-glass in an idle sort of way.

Fifteen minutes later he jumped up from his seat excitedly and called for his "grip," which, from the nature of his business, was always packed and ready for him.

"I 've got it!" he exclaimed. "I 've got that fire now."

"What fire?" asked his wife.

He looked at his watch, unheeding her question.

"I 've just time to catch a train," he said. "Telephone the office that I 've gone to Salmah to knock spots out of the Anderson case."

Oakes was usually reasonably calm, but this case had troubled him a great deal, and his discovery was entirely unexpected. However, he regained his composure by the time he was in a cab, and at Salmah he went about his business in a quiet, methodical way. His first visit was to a local photographer, his next to Anderson.

"I wish," he said to Anderson, "that you and your wife would come to Mr. Beggs's office at three o'clock this afternoon. I have finished my

investigation of your fire, reported to headquarters, received my instructions, and I think we can now settle the matter."

Then he mystified Beggs by informing him that he had arranged for a little dramatic entertainment there that afternoon.

"I don't go in for the drama in business very much," he explained, "but sometimes it helps to clinch a case, and the Andersons have annoyed me so much that I would like to do the thing up right."

At two o'clock he appeared with a copy of his photograph, very much enlarged, which he fastened to the wall behind a closet door. The enlargement had accentuated the blurring, but the objects were more easily distinguished because of their increased size. He did not explain to Beggs, and Beggs saw nothing in it to in any way affect the Anderson case.

A little before three the impatient Andersons arrived.

"As a matter of form," said Oakes, "I wish you would write out briefly a statement of the origin of the fire."

They were surprised and puzzled, but Anderson wrote the statement, telling where the lamp stood, how it had been upset and how he had rushed to the library window with it because the parlor window was closed.

"Now describe the lamp," instructed Oakes.

"You saw it," objected Anderson.

"But it will expedite the settlement of this case to have it described," insisted Oakes. "No need of minor details; just a general description."

Anderson hesitated, but both he and his wife were unfamiliar with insurance forms, and, for all they knew, this might be the customary method of procedure. So, prompted by his wife, he described the lamp.

"Was that the only lamp of its kind in the house?" asked Oakes.

"Yes," answered Anderson.

"Put that in your statement."

It was done.

"Now, sign it."

Anderson pushed the paper away.

"What 's all this for?" he asked.

"Sign," insisted Oakes; "both of you sign, if you are telling the truth."

"Of course we 're telling the truth," asserted Anderson aggressively.

"Then sign," said Oakes. "You surely can't object to signing a true statement of the facts, and the company is entitled to it."

They looked at each other, hesitated, and then signed.

"Now," said Oakes, pushing the closet door shut and disclosing the photograph, "please look at this picture."

"The picture you took of the parlor!" exclaimed Anderson.

"An enlarged copy of it," corrected Oakes. "Come closer, please. I want to show you an interesting little detail." He used his pencil as an indicator. "I took two pictures from different points of view. This seems to have been the right point of view. It shows a part of the library through the folding-doors. It shows a bookcase in the far corner. On top of the book-case are some books and magazines. Partly concealed by these books and magazines is a lamp. In the original picture it was almost indistinguishable to the naked eye, but it is easily recognized in this—a lamp without a chimney, a glass lamp supported by a bronze figure, the lamp that started the fire, the lamp that was thrown out of the window; and this picture was taken after the fire but before Mrs. Anderson slipped into the library. Do you understand the situation?"

Anderson and his wife were both pale, but she flushed suddenly and turned on him.

"You always were a fool!" she declared. "You forgot about the lamp we had fixed, and carried it out, after the fire, with some other things. I never knew about it until too late."

"I—I thought I smashed it," returned Anderson weakly. "I was excited after the fire started; it spread so fast."

"Well, it 's the divorce court for us!" she declared angrily.

"Or jail," Oakes added grimly.

PROBLEMS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

By CHARLES DeKAY

ANXIETY regarding the inevitable term to one's life, alarm concerning the conditions to be met with after its conclusion, as pictured to saint as well as sinner by the votaries of many religions, despair at the thought of all those whom one loves better than life going through the same experience, have embittered the generations of men and have contributed largely to suicide, the habit of drink, the filling of insane asylums, and cowardly flight from the battlefield of life. Speculations and experiments which tend in the main to lessen these horrors of the imagination (which seem confined to mankind alone among the vast crowd of sentient beings on earth) are certainly to be received and examined without religious or scientific bias, for they deal with problems that no intelligent person can ignore.

In an age which looks, or pretends to look, with concern upon the slaughter of mankind in wars, establishes Peace Congresses, and at the same time allows the people to divert the enormous taxes under which they groan from beneficent investments to those which augment the number of engines of destruction, it is, to say the least, somewhat inconsistent that these same people should be deeply concerned as to the shortness of their lives. In an age that experiments with automobiles and flying cars at the expense of human lives, until the death list rivals that of famous battles, is it not somewhat incongruous to see attacked, as never before, the problem how to prolong man's days on earth? Never was there so much murder, suicide and reckless taking of chances of sudden and horrible death as at present. Yet even the most unscrupulous and self-seeking nation adopts the tone of moral reform when preparing to invade a neighbor state, or to wrest from some weaker people its commerce or its land. And along with a passionate anxiety to discover the means of staving off inevitable death goes a craze for enjoyments which leave behind them a trail of the dead and maimed.

Professor Metchnikoff approaches the question* whether the average age of mankind should not be greatly prolonged, by a careful study of the phenomena that appear with old age in plants and animals, including man, and takes up various theories which have been mooted to explain the advances of senility. He points out that the human mechanism appears to be naturally calculated to last far longer than it does in fact. There are many centenarians alive to-day, and it should not be uncommon for people to live to the age of one hundred and fifty years, as exceptional persons have already done. That such longevity is comparatively rare must be due to some defect in the machine which may be discovered and corrected, so that persons of naturally good constitution may look forward to a term of years twice that of the scriptural threescore and ten. Few there are,

* The Prolongation of Life. Optimistic Studies by Élie Metchnikoff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and they commonly persons of shattered constitution and ruined nerves, who do not long to remain alive in a world however much contemned.

Like certain animals which are not very long-lived, human beings are so arranged internally as to offer ample room for the waste material from food where dangerous bacteria develop and poison the system. In other words, the digestive and excretory apparatus of mankind is far from perfect, however that statement may offend those who have accepted as a finality that man was made in the likeness of God. Experiments on persons who have had to undergo certain operations involving a discontinuance of function in part of the alimentary canal, go to prove that we have inherited from remote ancestors a digestive system which may have met the requirements of their savage life, but does not meet ours.

We carry about with us in the large intestine a focus and abiding place for grievous and sometimes fatal bacteria, which some animals escape owing to a simpler and better internal organization. It would be inconvenient for us to remove this portion, though we might be the better for its absence. The alternative is to fight the deleterious bacteria with such means as experiments have shown to be efficacious. Professor Metchnikoff believes that a remedy has been found and that thereby a decided prolongation of life may be attained.

The excellent health and the vigor in extreme old age of pastoral peoples who live largely on sour milk have been observed by many travellers. Careful experiments on animals and men confirm this fact and explain it. Sour milk contains bacteria that eat up or neutralize those which produce putrefaction in the lower intestine, poison the system and are chiefly instrumental in setting up those evils from which old people suffer. The lower classes of Russia, who furnish a surprising number of robust centenarians, live largely on rye bread which contains lactic acid, on "kwass," a drink of which sour black-bread forms the principal part, and on soured milk as a drink or in the form of cheese. The Balkans furnish the largest proportion of centenarians to the population, and there, too, the people live on soured milk. The latter is the staple food of Asiatic pastoral people and of Africans who enjoy long lives. Experiments on the Bulgarian drink of this sort called "yahourth" have shown the existence of a peculiarly active lactic bacillus. It coagulates milk rapidly, giving it a strongly acid flavor and often also a disagreeable taste. The milk is skimmed of cream to reduce the fats, then boiled and rapidly cooled, and pure cultures of the "Bulgarian" microbes are introduced. Fermentation lasts for some hours, varying according to the temperature, "and finally produces a sour, curdled milk, pleasant to the taste and active in preventing intestinal putrefaction. This milk, taken in quantities of from 300 to 500 cubic centimetres, controls the action of the intestine and stimulates the kidneys favorably." Persons who can not take milk can take the bacilli in a pure culture with some sweet food, such as a jam, or in a vegetable broth to which sugar has been added, or in the form of powders or tabloids.

A reader who has little knowledge of such matters may be surprised by my recommendation to absorb large quantities of microbes, as the general belief is that all microbes are harmful. This belief, however, is erroneous. There are many useful microbes, amongst which the lactic bacilli have an honorable place. Moreover, the attempt has already been made to cure certain diseases by the administration of cultures of bacteria.

For more than eight years I took as a regular part of my diet soured milk, at first prepared from boiled milk inoculated with a lactic leaven. Since then, I have changed the method of preparation and have adopted finally the pure cultures which I have been describing. I am very well pleased with the result and I think my experiment has gone on long enough to justify my view. Several of my friends, some of whom suffered from

maladies of the intestine or kidneys, have followed my example and have been well satisfied. I think, therefore, that lactic bacteria can render a great service in the fight against intestinal putrefaction.

This is the practical part of Professor Metchnikoff's book, which deals directly with the means for attaining great age by a careful attention to diet. And before passing to other sections it may be noted that he rejects the teaching of Fletcher and others regarding prolonged mastication of food, and passes over such whims as nut food, grass food and the condemnation of meat as deleterious to man.

It would be a great mistake if the reader were to suppose from the foregoing that Professor Metchnikoff's book is a dry treatise or a medical work. It is a series of very readable essays on old age, longevity as shown in the animal kingdom and investigations on "natural" death—that is, on the slow and painless extinction of persons and animals who have not suffered from disease or accident. He shows that "natural" death is an agreeable sensation in lieu of the terrible thing our imagination pictures it. Another essay answers the question, "Should we try to prolong human life?" It is from this essay that the above extracts were given.

Even more stimulating is the essay on psychical rudiments in man, with a consideration of somnambulism and hysteria as mental relics from a previous existence as animals, including the "psychology of crowds." Professor Metchnikoff is an evolutionist and often uses the habits and natures of apes and other animals for comparisons. His work includes interesting chapters on the social animals, on insect societies and the position of the individual in the human race. Essays on pessimism and optimism lead up to a very striking analysis of the development of Goethe's mind as shown in the first and second parts of "Faust." The young Goethe reflected himself in Faust as the betrayer of Margaret and a pessimist; he did the same as the lover of Helena, in a Platonic way and as an optimist, in his old age. Certainly the famous dramatic poem in its two incongruous parts has never been explained from so novel a viewpoint as this. Nor can it be denied that if one accepts the essayist's theory as to the more common existence of pessimism among the young, but of optimism among the old, and follows his explanation of such phenomena in the human mind, a great deal that is obscure in the second part of "Faust" takes form and purpose. It is only one of the surprises this book contains.

Four years ago, Professor Metchnikoff published in English "The Nature of Man," in which he took a decidedly optimistic view of things here below, when compared with the gloomy predictions of good people laboring under the shadow of mediæval forms of religion. Those who have read the earlier work will not find so much novelty in the present one, as will others who are fresh to the subject. This is a sequel and is addressed rather to the rising generation than to old people; but both classes of readers will enjoy its simple, straightforward statements, its avoidance of polemic, and its always interesting though unsensational presentation of facts.

Dr. Pearce Kintzing offers a very different book on the same general theme, for while Metchnikoff only incidentally gives advice, leaving it to the reader to consider the ways and means, the Maryland Medical College professor produces in "Long Life and How to Attain It"* a *vade-mecum* for those who look forward with anxiety to the end of life. It is, in fact, a little handbook for the elderly, though it speaks to all. A great deal of solid and useful advice is packed into its 285 pages. Once in a while there is a slip on some unimportant point, as when (p. 100) Dr. Kintzing speaks of the North American Indians as neither agricultural nor pastoral, and of the Mexican Indians as both agricultural and pastoral, whereas neither our In-

* Long Life and How to Attain It. By Pearce Kintzing. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

dians nor the Mexican were shepherds when the whites arrived, yet both sections were agricultural. Safe and sane are the remarks of Dr. Kintzing regarding the best methods of preserving health; but the limits of the handbook would hardly permit him to go thoroughly into any one department of a very large question. Like Metchnikoff he has little good to say of the popular fads which would reduce our food to one or two objects with the idea that our ancestors lived perforce on a very simple diet and are supposed to have attained thereby great physical power and longevity.

The question of long life depends largely on the constitution a person inherits from his parents and the ancestors of his parents. Professor Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen University has prepared a very useful account of the latest discoveries bearing on the inheritance of radical characteristics and more superficial traits, illustrating his story with colored and other charts and pictures taken from recent authorities. "Heredity"* is the name he chooses for a very painstaking, thorough bit of work. He makes a distinction between heredity and inheritance, the former meaning the relation one generation bears to another. Environment is of great importance to the results of life, and function or training no less; but heredity means far more, since it is the fixed factor in one generation after another from the human being back to the earliest form of life on the globe. Professor Thomson makes room for the different theories which have reinforced, corrected or deeply modified the ideas of Darwin and Wallace and Haeckel; but it is evident that among all the scientists since Darwin he is most drawn toward Weissmann and his profound modifications of the earlier theories of evolution. "We do not know of any instance of the transmission of an acquired character."

It must be confessed that Weissmann is far more a destructive than a constructive philosopher, and the careful reader of "Heredity" is likely to feel that the author has followed him in weakening the bridge of speculation as to the origin of life on the planet, without adding any material props. Theories of evolution are only hypotheses. They are stones laid down to allow the mind to cross the mire of uncertainty, and it is therefore of little value to laymen if another scientist comes along, pries out a stone here and there and fails to put anything solid in its place. He leaves one with the idea of an unbroken chain of cells stretching from the earliest thing of life on earth down to man, and of these cells practically uninfluenced by all the experiences met with on the way. Not that such negative results should be blamed, for to the scientist it should not make any difference what effect his reasoning on experiments and observation of living things may have on laymen. But it must be confessed that the public looks at such matters from a different point, demanding results that tend to make the situation clear, instead of provisos, shadings, refinements on previous statements; and—very unreasonably perhaps—expecting definite and comprehensible statements from men of science just because they are such, and not dreamers.

However, Professor Thomson has not written a book to expound his own or Weissmann's ideas, but to present a fairly complete picture of the situation to-day. As he modestly puts it, the book is intended as an introduction to the study of heredity. While it is not meant for scientific readers, it is yet not calculated for the merest beginners, but rather for the fairly well read, who are interested in the greatest problem of science and can follow the argument. His discussions are fair and unbiassed and revolve mainly round these three methods of investigating the process of life: the study of the germ cells under the microscope, the use of statistics and the employment of experiments. The volume, if not quite so readable and

* Heredity. By J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

full of suggestion as Metchnikoff's, is yet of more immediate application to the problems that confront them. It might be added that believers in revealed religion, who reject the modern ideas as well as the ancient regarding the appearance and progress of life, will find no lack of interesting points developed in a spirit of courtesy such as is conspicuously absent from certain fiery militant men of science, like Professor Haeckel.

A DREAM-CHILD

WHERE tides of tossed wistaria bloom
Foam up in purple turbulence,
Where twining boughs have built a room
And wing'd winds pause to garner scents,
And scattered sunlight flecks the gloom,
She broods in pensive indolence.

What is the thought that holds her thrall,
That dims her sight with unshed tears?
What wounded heart-songs droop and fall
In broken music on her ears?
What wakened voices thrill and call
From half-remembered, happier years?

She dreams 't is not the winds which pass,
That lisp along the shaken vine;
Whose footsteps stir the rustling grass
None else that listened might divine;
She sees her child that never was
Look up with longing in his eyne;

Unkissed, his lifted forehead gains
A grace scarce earthly, and more rare,
For since her heart but only feigns
Wherefore should love not feign him fair?—
Put blood of roses in his veins,
Weave yellow sunshine for his hair?

All ghosts of little children dead
That wander wistful, uncaressed,
Their seeking lips by love unfed,
She fain would cradle on her breast
For his sweet sake whose lonely head
Has never known that tender rest.

And thus she sits, and thus she broods,
Where drifted blossoms freak the grass;
The winds that move across her moods
Pulse with low whispers as they pass,
And in their eerier interludes
She hears a voice that never was.

DON MARQUIS

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

Browning's "Old Yellow Book."

THE Carnegie Institution at Washington is not to be confounded with the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg; the close similarity in the names of the two foundations is, however, a natural source of confusion, and regret must be felt that a more distinctive title was not chosen for the former, which is the junior concern and was established for quite different purposes from those the Ironmaster had in view in establishing the latter. The Institution, so called, was richly endowed to aid in the prosecution of researches too costly to be borne by individuals or even by establishments constrained, as most establishments are, to consider the necessity of making ends meet. Hitherto it has confined itself somewhat strictly to the pursuit of scientific ends, and the present publication is the chief, if not the sole, undertaking of a literary character in which it has engaged. What it has done, in the present case, is to reproduce in photographic facsimile the 260 pages of type and script (mainly the former) comprised in the pamphlets bound up together in the vellum-covered book on which Robert Browning based his poem, "The Ring and the Book"; and to supplement this with an English translation thereof—complete save as to the legal authorities cited at the trial of Count Guido Franceschini and his companions for the murder of his wife Pompilia and her putative parents. Next come a translation of a contemporaneous account of the execution of the assassins, from the Philobiblon Society's reprint of the Italian text, as given in a pamphlet found in London and presented to the poet, by whom it was used as a secondary source-book; and a translation of a somewhat later pamphlet, rehearsing the crime and its punishment, which was embodied in a volume (somewhat similar to the "Old Yellow Book") which was discovered a few years ago in the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome, but was never seen by Browning, though it confirms his conjectures in certain matters where definite data were lacking. These reprints and translations are followed by an essay on "The Making of a Great Poem"; and there are 541 "Topical Notes" and a comprehensive index.

The frontispiece is a photogravure from R. Barrett Browning's portrait of his father, clad in his robes as an honorary Fellow of Balliol College, and holding the original "Book" in his hand—a painting which hangs in Balliol Commons, Oxford, the book itself being the property of the college library, to which it was given by the poet. The other pictorial illustrations reproduce a pen-sketch of Franceschini, supposed to have been made in Rome shortly before his execution; and the coat-of-arms of the impoverished nobleman's family. This sketch belonged to the poet, to whom it was presented by some one who happened to come upon it at a sale in London; and the coat-of-arms—copied for him, in water-colors, by Baron Kirkup—is now pasted in the book.

Watching a Poet at Work

It is not to be supposed, of course, that this work was prompted by the institution whose imprint it bears. As a matter of fact, we are primarily indebted for it to Mr. Charles W. Hodell, of the Woman's College, Baltimore; who, at the instance of Professor Hiram Corson of Cornell, made an intensive study of Browning's poem some fifteen years ago, and embodied the result in his thesis for a doctorate. His interest in the literary problems raised by this study led him to examine, at the first opportunity, the data to which the poem owed its

existence; and as "The Ring and the Book" is the only poem of magnitude and importance whose original source is not only accessible but has been used by only a single literary craftsman, he found irresistible the temptation to base upon it an enquiry into the creative process of turning the plain prose of sordid facts into a master work of the imagination. Having made this inquiry for himself, it was but natural that the student should wish to offer its results to his fellow-lovers of literature; and this could best be done by presenting with the study itself the materials on which it was founded. The poem being within the reach of all, it remained to render accessible the documents from which it sprang; and while, for the general reader, a translation was to be preferred, scholars could hardly be satisfied if the Italian and Latin originals were withheld. The possible loss or destruction of the unique "Book" was an additional incentive to its duplication; and of course no other copy could have the same value as a photographic reprint. As the work could not be undertaken on a commercial basis, Mr. Hodell applied to the Directors of the Carnegie Institution, who agreed to assume all the expenses of the work—a work which must reflect lasting credit on American scholarship and on the Institution itself.

It was characteristic of Browning that he should take as the subject of his most important poem—in many respects the most remarkable English poem of the nineteenth century—a true but unknown story, which probably would never have emerged from the obscurity in which it had lain for over a hundred and fifty years, had it not chanced to fall into the poet's possession. How faithfully he has retold the tale in his own way, the world has hardly guessed till now; and the editor of the present volume refrains from answering the question he himself raises, as to the wisdom of adhering so closely to the facts and the text as Browning did—a fidelity that has caused many a passage in the poem to be merely a paraphrase of the documents in the poet's hands, the very words, in certain cases, being literally rendered from the original. To trace the relation between the old yellow "Book" and the golden "Ring" which Browning fashioned from it, is a fascinating as well as an instructive task. In putting at our disposal the means for tracing it, Mr. Hodell —who, by the way, is equally happy as translator and commentator—has linked his name inseparably with that of one of the greatest poets of the century just passed. One's only regret is that the circumstances of the book's publication prevent its coming into the possession of many who would be glad to own it—unless one may regret also that the volume is printed on such handsome and heavy hand-made paper, that it is a laborious task to cut the pages!

Mr. Woodberry's "Defense" of Sir Philip Sidney

It would be safe to say that no American critic of to-day could be trusted to write so sound, so heartfelt and so eloquent a eulogy of Sidney's "Defense of Poesie" as Mr. George E. Woodberry contributes as an introduction to a reprint of that essay which appears in the fourth volume of the Humanists' Library, edited by Mr. Lewis Einstein, copyrighted by D. B. Updike and issued under the imprint of the Merrymount Press. The book contains Henry Olney's preface to the essay, "Foure Sonnets written by Henrie Constable to Sir Philip Sidney's Soule," Philip's "Letter to Queen Elizabeth" on her prospective marriage to "Monsieur," and his defense of the Earl of Leicester. Mr. Woodberry finds in this perfect knight—best remembered by giving to a dying soldier the water he himself so sorely craved—a complete example of the modifying power of Italian humanism on the genius of England. Already at twenty he had travelled widely and well on the Continent, imbibing "language, literature and knowledge in many kinds" and

"fitted to become one of the best masters of learning in the kingdom. . . . He was as inquiring as he was observant; and his mind had singular adhesiveness—everything stuck to it. He had more than intelligence; he was as quick with sensibility and imagination. He was more than assimilative; he was naturally imitative, and a creator in his turn. He was a stimulating presence, an agitating influence; everything, where he was, became a living question." Though his famous "Defense" is a compendium of Continental thought on the subject, he has made it an English classic of criticism—the first in date as in renown. According to Mr. Woodberry it owes its vogue, not merely to its beauty, or to the fact that it is a panegyric on the poet's art, but to the fact that "it contains the truth about poetry." Whether for its truth, its beauty or the author's point of view, there can be no doubt that it has become "a precious volume to later English poets, one of the few books which it is reasonably certain that they all have read." As only 303 copies of the present edition of the "Defense" have been printed, it will fall into the hands of few who are unfamiliar with the essay; so there is no harm in its retaining the old-time spelling. For those, however, who have not read Sidney before, a reprint in which the spelling is modernised would be preferable, as removing an obstacle to the immediate apprehension and enjoyment of the author's thought.

Miss Sherman on "Coincidences"

It is sad to be considered obtuse—and not only to be so considered, but to be so called—by so clever a woman as Miss Ellen Burns Sherman, whose "Words to the Wise and Others" are addressed to me, only so far as I am one of the unwise for whom, according to the title, they were partly written. I am made aware that I am not of the wise, but of the otherwise, by her characterization of those who fail to see at the extremity of the long arm of coincidence the fine Italian hand of their subconsciousness. In an essay on "Serendipity" is told an anecdote of a journalist who wished to find a certain quotation from Abraham Lincoln, and "happening (?)"—the interrogation is the author's—into the room of a fellow-boarder within less than a week, the day being Lincoln's birthday, saw the quotation on a calendar that chanced (?) to be hanging there. Several such anecdotes are told—another of this same subconscious newspaper-man, who when he wanted to find a serviceable cover-paper "happened (?)" to be shown "several large books of sample cover-paper" by another fellow-boarder—this time (strange to say) "a little girl." (If I were "Mr. W.," I should certainly "stick to my last," in the matter of boarding-houses.)

Miss Sherman regrets that, although hundreds of such extraordinary "happenings" as this might be cited by her readers, there is some difficulty in collecting "phenomena" of this kind, because of "the habit most people have of either ignoring the significant incidents of their experience or obtusely dismissing them, when noticed, as 'coincidences'." So there we are—docketed and pigeon-holed as obtuse. A happier lot is reserved for Emerson and Thoreau: "On the other hand, wherever we find the powers of observation and wonder especially keen (as in Thoreau and Emerson), there we shall find the gift of serendipity highly developed." Emerson, by the way, is a King Charles's head to Miss Sherman. Inapt as I am to note the significant facts of my experience, I have yet observed that there is scarce an essay in her book in which he is not formally or casually cited as a witness for the proponent.

But she is bright enough when she lets her subconsciousness (and ours) severely alone, as she does in the greater part of these "Words"; and in "Modern Letter-Writing" she clearly proves her argument that the art of epistolary correspondence is not yet a lost one, despite the typewriter, the telephone, "canned" speeches and wireless telegraphy.

The Lounger

In celebrating Count Tolstoy's eightieth birthday the Russian newspapers concerned themselves with their distinguished fellow-citizen's literary rather than with his political fame. They discussed his novels, and some of them went so far as to call him "the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century," and his "War and Peace" they pronounced the Russian "Iliad." His novels, they said, will live when his attacks upon nationalism will be forgotten. At eighty a man may not be a very formidable foe, so the government is inclined to forgive much in an enemy whose fangs and claws it considers no longer dangerous. At the same time it restricted the celebration to the author, not the socialist. More than two thousand telegrams were sent from all over the world and extra operators were despatched to Zaseika, the nearest station, to cope with the increased business. It was a great day in Russia. No other country could get up such a celebration over a writer who was principally a novelist. France might have done it in Victor Hugo's day, and for the same reason; for Hugo was as violent a republican as is Tolstoy.

From *L'Illustrazione Italiana*

TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE AT HOME

By permission of the Authorities of University College, London

PEARL CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBES")

A medallion of the late Mrs. Craigie was unveiled, early in July, in the library of University College, London, where the distinguished author had once been a student, and a sum of money was handed over to the Treasurer for the foundation of the John Oliver Hobbes scholarship in modern English literature. On the occasion of the unveiling Lord Curzon of Kedleston made a sympathetic address that would have been most gratifying to Mrs. Craigie could she have heard it. Considering that Mr. Alfred Drury, who made the medallion, never saw his subject he has been most successful.

The *Century Magazine* has been most fortunate in securing the Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. Since this series began there has not been a dull instalment. In the September issue there was much about the late Mrs. Craigie, whom Lady Randolph knew well, and to whom she pays a deserved tribute. "I often wonder," she writes, speaking of that meteoric quarterly the *Anglo-Saxon*, "how I should have succeeded without Pearl Craigie's intelligent help and advice." Then she goes on to say what every one who knew Mrs. Craigie will agree with:

> A woman of great sympathies, her unselfishness was realized by all who ever came in contact with her. Her valuable time was always at the disposal of any one she could help. . . . A brilliant and clever talker, she could hold her own with all manner of men, and yet, in the more frivolous company which she often frequented and thoroughly enjoyed, she never talked over people's heads. She had the art of drawing people out and making them appear at their best, so different from some clever women writers I have met.

In reply to a letter written by Lady Randolph to Mrs. Craigie, the latter says:

> You are quite right—*too* right, my dear, about the squalid side of literary life. Sometimes I get so sick of it that I long to retire to some lonely hill top and meditate upon the Four Last Things. But—after all—we cannot make terms with existence: we must cultivate our garden and a sense of humor; and for the rest, Almighty God and the devil can deal with *that*.

Mrs. Craigie lived up to her belief, for she certainly cultivated her garden and a sense of humor, which latter she had developed to a degree not common with women writers.

Lady Randolph has a sense of humor, or perhaps I should say wit, as exemplified in a short passage at arms with Mr. Bernard Shaw. She wrote a polite note to that gentleman asking him if he would come to a luncheon party; to which he curtly replied:

> Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack upon my well-known habit?

To which she answered:

> Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners.

To this telegram Mr. Shaw wrote a long letter excusing himself on the ground that he did not eat "the unfortunate dead animals and things" that were usually provided for luncheons. As one always expects Mr. Shaw to be amusing, even at the expense of politeness, one is seldom disappointed.

If the indifference of the public to the Fluffy Ruffles of the stage succeeds in driving that ubiquitous young woman out of print the play will have done a good work. When Miss Carolyn Wells introduced Fluffy to the readers of the *Herald* she did so in humorous lines and ingenious conceits, but when other hands took up the wondrous tale the spice was gone. It is doubtful if even Miss Wells could have kept up forever the pace that she set, and it is forever that the Sunday newspapers want their Buster Browns, Foxy Grandpas, Yellow Kids and other creatures of the comic-supplement zoo.

From the *Rystander*

SKETCHED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Mr. Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows," is one of his fantasies, though perhaps not quite so fantastic as "Peter Pan." There are those who do not like it, as there are those who do not like any of Mr. Barrie's plays that are less obvious than "The Little Minister"; but there

are so many who do like them that every one he writes proves a gold mine to all concerned. Of course, "Peter Pan" did not take in Paris. No one supposed that it would—not even Mr. Charles Frohman, I imagine.

There ought to be a law for the suppression of unauthorized snap-shots. Because there is no such law the most abominable pictures of distinguished people appear in print. Take President Roosevelt, for example: he has been snap-shot-at in every conceivable attitude and with every inconceivable expression on his face. To one who did not know him, who had never seen him as he actually is, it would be easy to imagine him always with his teeth showing and his eyes squinted up by the sun's rays. The most flagrant case of snap-shot distortion is in a recent picture of Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Henry James. These two well-known authors are supposed to be walking somewhere in London. The picture of Barrie is not so bad, but that of Mr. James is atrocious. His hat is a size too big for him, he is all bent over and his mouth hangs open. Altogether he looks so flabby and knock-kneed that if I did not know what manner of man he is I should think that he was incapable of walking and that Mr. Barrie was taking him home by the shortest cut. Such a picture is an insult to a man of Mr. James's distinction and fine appearance.

Photograph by Beresford

MR. J. M. BARRIE

M. Hugues Le Roux is attracting more or less attention to himself by his wholesale criticisms of American women. He says that the ocean is white with the skirts of American women who cross the water in search of titled husbands. Evidently someone has been guying M. Le Roux. The ocean is black with the coat-tails of impecunious noblemen crossing the water in search of rich wives. It is very seldom that an American heiress goes abroad to find a titled husband. It is quite unnecessary, for every coronet that needs regilding is brought to this country for that purpose. There is one thing that can be truthfully said and that is that no American heiress visits Europe without having impecunious noblemen thrust upon her. It is by no means an uncommon thing for American girls to flee the pursuing title. When an American girl wants to exchange her gold for dross she can do so without crossing the water. Her opportunities are many — too many, sometimes, for her peace of mind. After all, the number of international marriages is very small compared with the number of marriageable heiresses. There are thousands of rich American girls and there are not thousands who have married European titles. Another thing to be remembered is that all international marriages have not turned out unhappily—nor a much larger proportion of them than of national marriages, if we are to judge from the number of divorces granted here in America.

Those who are interested in pathology will be absorbed in the case of the late Professor John Churton Collins, the English critic and educator, who was found lying dead in sixteen inches of water in a dyke in Suffolk some weeks ago. The jury rendered a verdict of accidental death. That Professor Collins was suffering from great mental depression is proved by extracts from his diary published after his death. It is a tragic and remarkable showing:

Aug. 26.—I am at Dr. Daniel's, at Oulton Road, having had for nearly a month one of the worst attacks of depression I ever experienced. It began in London, got worse at Cardiff, and reached its climax at Oxford. The doctor insisted I must leave at once, and it was arranged I should come here, where I have been better, but am still suffering terribly at times. I can trace the cause of the attack to great stress of work and its sudden cessation. This undoubtedly set it up. My agony at times has been intolerable.

Aug. 26.—Slept well, but soon became depressed. Toward evening, quietly smoking on the porch, I thought without horror of future work—a good sign. God grant I may do my duty, and may He give me peace.

Aug. 27.—Much better; then came a reaction for the worse. I am now in the extreme of misery and depression.

Aug. 28.—Complete collapse again—intense depression.

Aug. 29–30.—Wretched time, with occasional alternations, but nothing lasting. I can sleep well, God be thanked, and then wake up depressed.

Aug. 31.—Fearful depression, sensation that I was worn out mentally, fearfully sleepy. What will become of my children if I get worse?

Sept. 2.—I am now in a dead, dull, suicidal misery.

Sept. 3.—Very good news—rest from awful depression. Then came on a terribly acute attack.

Sept. 4.—Woke up as usual without depression, but it soon began.

Sept. 5.—Miserable depression all day till about 6, when the cloud lifted and I got peace and began to think contentedly about future work.

Sept. 6.—Terrible in morning; better as day advanced.

Sept. 7.—Very mixed day.

Sept. 10.—Last night I was so calm and contented when I went to bed I thought I was out of the woods. I felt perfectly well; but, alas! morning came and I had a terrible relapse into utter depression. Better after breakfast. Now, sitting on the porch at 12 o'clock, I feel calm.

The last entry has no date.

I have been through an awful time. My nerves are completely shattered. I have taken a drug this morning to get a good sleep and appease my agony.

On the inner side of the cover of the diary the professor has written this quotation from Voltaire: "Après tout, c'est un monde passable."

A friend travelling in the Austrian Tyrol sends me this note:—"The ancient Romans bathed in the waters of Bad-Gastein for the good of their nerves, and modern scientists claim that they contain radium. True it is that they come hot from the earth up here among the snowy mountains and a glacier—at least these are a part of our 'stage-setting.' Among the noted artists 'curing' here are Paderewski's master, Theodore Leschetizky of Vienna, now aged about eighty, with his former pupil and present wife (his fourth, by the way), aged five and twenty—herself a professional pianist, as well as a very pretty and fascinating woman. Sonnenthal, the great Viennese actor, is also here; and so was Mr. Dippel, the Managing Director of the Metropolitan Opera House. Though professedly resting, Mr. Dippel worked almost all day long with three people. He comes here every year. Franz Josef, the Austrian Emperor, has visited the baths: and hither Kaiser Wilhelm I. was wont to come annually."

MR. H. G. WELLS

Mr. H. G. Wells has departed from his usual manner in his new book, "First and Last Things." It is the final—that is to say, the present—version of the writer's personal religion and social creed. In his preface Mr. Wells says:

The frank confession of what one man of the earlier twentieth century has found in life and himself, a confession just as frank as the limitations of his character permit; it is his metaphysics, his religion, his moral standards, his uncertainties and the expedients with which he has met them.

So the managers have combined against the first-nighters, whom we take to be the playgoers who are sufficiently interested in new plays to subscribe for their seats weeks in advance. These are not dead-heads, mind you, but lovers of the stage who find it interesting to assist at the first performances of new plays or the débuts of new actors. "The death-watch" is the affectionate name by which these patrons of the drama are called by the managers of the theatres whose shows they patronize. No more favors to the "death-watch" say Messrs. Frohman and Mr. C. B. Dillingham. So far as I am able to learn the "favors" consist in permitting these people, men and women of society and others, to put their names down for first night performances, more or less as subscribers.

This privileged class must buy its tickets in the open hereafter. "First come, first served," says Mr. Charles Frohman. When asked the objection to the first-nighters, Mr. Dillingham said that they do not laugh. They sit through a play without as much as a smile, which is enough to damn the performance and blight the actor. They give no encouragement to actor or manager; in other words, they turn first nights, which should be nights of gayety, into nights of gloom. What the managers want is an audience composed of people who seldom go to the theatre, who know nothing about acting, who will roar with joy at the stalest jokes and down whose cheeks the tears will run in streams at every line of mawkish sentiment. An audience of "Rubes" would be altogether to their taste. As a matter of fact, I have always found the average first-night audience the most easily pleased of any class of people. Many a play has been applauded, even cheered, by a first-night audience that second-night audiences have condemned to oblivion. It has seemed to me after many years of experience, that first-night audiences are the soul of amiability. They will call an author before the curtain when he should be ashamed to come and they will applaud a play that the next night is hissed off the stage. Miss Mary Mannering and Mme. Alla Nazimova add their valuable testimony to that of the managers against "the first-night death-watch." It will be interesting to see how the old guard of the front orchestra stalls take this attack upon their faithfulness to the theatre and its stars.

There has been a good deal of talk in and out of the newspapers on the subject of ticket speculators. Managers wish us to believe that they are fighting the evil tooth and nail. They advertise that they are and we are bound to believe them. The *Times* in an editorial on the subject blames the people who buy of the speculators:

> The idea of some New York theatre-goers seems to be that there is a sort of distinction in purchasing seats for a play at an advanced price, and that the seats thus bought must be better than cheaper ones.

I dislike to differ from a journal whose editorials I enjoy as much as I do those of the *Times*, but I think that the writer of this editorial has the wrong idea. It is not that the people who purchase their tickets from speculators enjoy doing so, it is because they are better served. They go to the box-office only to find that there are no good seats left and they go to the hotel speculator and find that they can get the best from him by paying fifty cents extra. This happens so often that they open an account with the speculator and buy all their tickets through him. It saves time and temper and is therefore worth the additional price. When the general public finds that it can be served at the box-office as well as it is served at the hotel ticket-office the speculator trouble will be remedied, but not until then.

Last month I gave a French caricature of Thackeray; this month I reproduce a famous French caricature of Dickens. It was made by André Gill in 1868 and originally appeared in a paper called the *Eclipse*. The cut from which I have taken this picture is from the *Sketch*, to which paper it was loaned by M. Paul Hemon, of St. Brieuc.

A FRENCH CARICATURE OF DICKENS

Apropos of the fifty-seven varieties of Salomes now gyrating before the public I quote these lines by a poet who does not sign his name. Looking over the first volume of the lamented *Chap-Book* I came across them. The writer refers to Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for Oscar Wilde's drama:

He drew the bold, bad Salomee,
The Biblical daughter of glee,
With ludibrious smile
As she danced to beguile
Poor Herod, the king of Judee.

In a manner remarkably free,
With her dancing skirt up to her knee,
She astonished the King
With a marvellous thing,
Half modern, half ancient Chaldee.

It is all very well in Judee
For a hypnotized, doting grandee
To order a dance
And pay in advance
With a holy man's head for a fee;

But the monarch was simple, you see,
And wily was young Salomee,
By her mother well-schooled;
So the monarch was fooled,
And the saint was dished up to the three.

Yes, Herod was "pinched" to agree
To a very unrighteous decree.
What a lesson to men
Is the good prophet, then,
Done up by an impudent she!

The *Chap-Book* was the first "magazinelette" of its day. Its editors, Messrs. Stone and Kimball, set the pace. Many others followed, but they were miles behind in wit and wisdom. After gaining a wide circulation in its miniature size it enlarged to the size of the *House Beautiful*, and that was its undoing. Up to the day of its death, however, the *Chap-Book* was a unique publication. I wish that we had something like it to-day. It was at times flippant, but it was never dull, and one can excuse a lot for the sake of brightness. In the *Chap-Book* there was sure to be some clever criticism and not too much of it, some striking verse, a witty essay and a discovery. The names of the men and women who are now well-known writers that were seen in their vigorous youth in the pages of the *Chap-Book* are legion. The only other periodical ranking with it in this particular was the *Critic*; but the

Critic, with all its brilliant writers, was never quite as original, or should I say bold? as the *Chap-Book*. It was more serious, on the whole, and more scholarly, as any list of its contributors will show. It is of the *Critic* as a weekly that I speak.

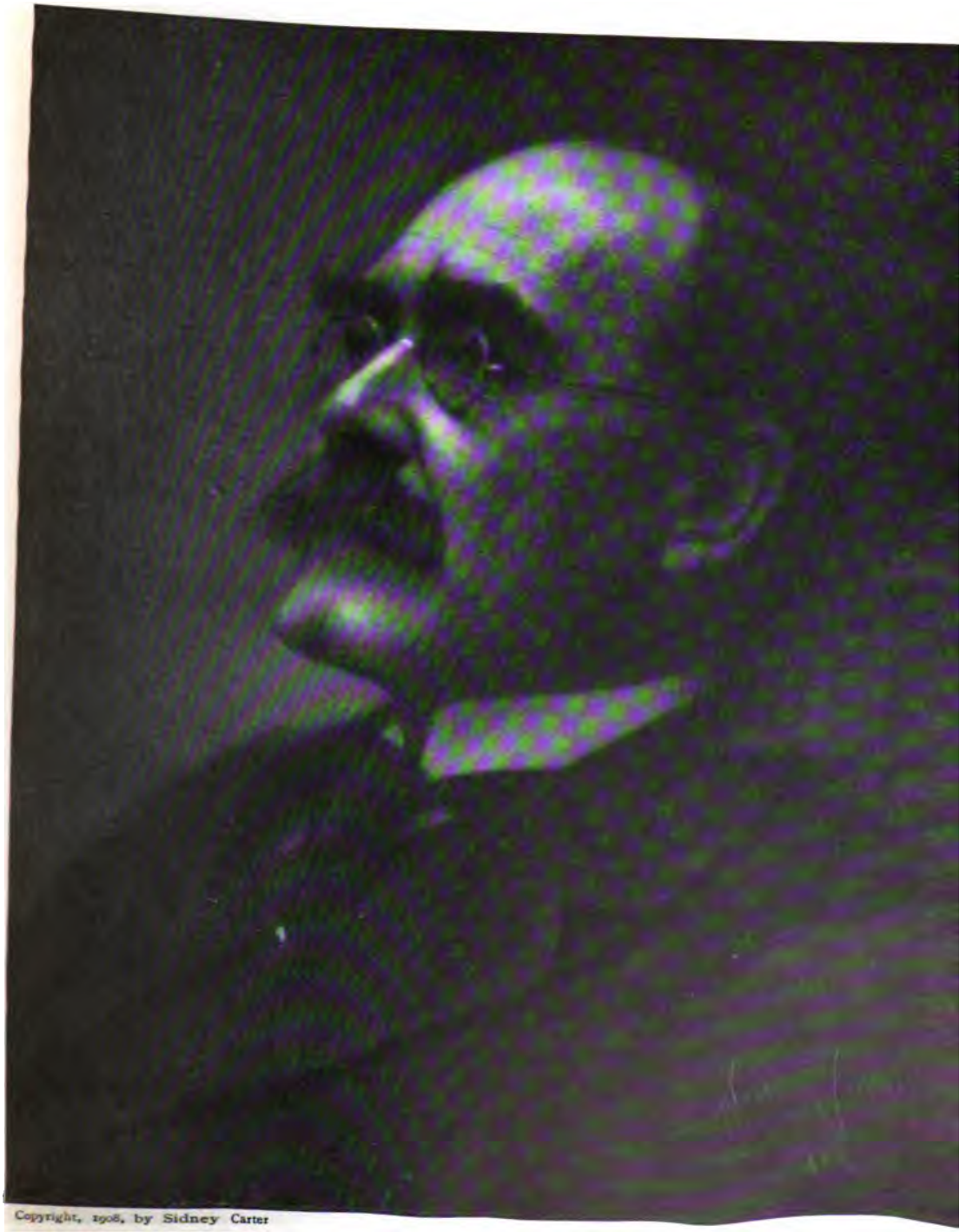
I quite agree with an editorial in the New York *Times* that "music, as an aid to digestion, is not to be despised when it is soft and remote, but that a blaring band in a restaurant is a nuisance." And yet most of the music in restaurants is of the blaring kind, and most of the people who eat in restaurants are of the blaring kind. Of course the majority of these people are not epicures. They do not choose their eating place because of the quality of its food, but rather because of its quantity and the surroundings in which it is served. They are in the main noisy folk and they like noise —blaring bands, high-pitched voices, "loud" dressing, and "loud" decorations. Your true epicure eats his dinner where there is no music, or if any it must be soft and low. He likes to talk as he eats, for talk at meals is the true aid to digestion, and he does not want his talk drowned by noisy bands playing cake-walks or waltzes.

Such restaurateurs as the founder of the house of Delmonico, or the less well-known Sieghortners of Lafayette Place, would have died of indigestion if forced to eat against such music as is served to customers in most of our fashionable eating places. Their surroundings were simple, but their food was of the best, as we who remember it can testify.

Like Delmonico, Sieghortner was a Swiss. He looked more like a well-fed priest than a cook, for he was smooth-shaven and always dressed in black broadcloth. I remember once being on a Sound steamer where I was to join the late "Uncle Sam" Ward, an epicure of international fame, for we were both bound for the same country house. I had not seen Mr. Ward for several years but I picked out a certain man who, I thought, must be he. At the same time I saw Sieghortner coming down the deck. If that is "Uncle Sam," I said to myself, he will nod to Sieghortner. As the old man came along I saw the face of my suspect light up and in a moment the two men were shaking hands like old friends. Then I knew that I had found the famous lobbyist, who was also the inventor of many dishes and many drinks.

The greatest scientific shock that we have received since the late Charles Darwin told us that we were descended from monkeys comes from his son, Francis. In an address delivered at Dublin this savant looked his audience squarely in the eye and declared that plants must be classed as animals! He said that he could prove that plants have memory, can develop habits (good ones, let us hope) and that they have moods the same as other people. Apparently they have "temperaments" also, for he went so far as to say that they have a nervous system very much like that of animals, and that in them "there exists a faint copy of what we call consciousness in ourselves." I have always known that there was such a thing as a "sensitive plant," for it is quite common, but a nervous plant is entirely new to me. It seems a pity that there should be such things as nervous plants, for they seem to live such quiet lives with nothing to do but grow and flower, if they happen to be the flowering kind.

This is one of the best portraits of Mr. Kipling that I have seen—certainly one of the very best photographs of a much-beportraited "celebrity." The famous author has been famous for so many years that it is hard to realize he has not yet celebrated his forty-third birthday.



Copyright, 1908, by Sidney Carter

RUDYARD KIPLING

The request to omit flowers at funerals is quite common, but never until recently did I hear of the request to omit presents at a wedding. At the wedding of Colonel Edward Turner of the Royal Artillery to Miss Clara Philip of Kingston-on-Thames, there were no wedding-presents by request of the bride and bridegroom. When one receives an invitation to a wedding, it is usually couched in these words: "Mr. and Mrs. —— request the honor of your presence at the wedding of their daughter," etc. The "presence" in this case is safely interpreted as "presents" and the hint acted upon. It may be that the fact that wedding-presents are exhibited and that lists of the gifts with the donors' names are printed in the newspapers induces people who cannot afford to make expensive presents to strain a point and make them. In England the custom has become such a nuisance that Colonel Turner determined to make a decided stand against it. If he has started a permanent reform of this abuse, a statue in a public square is the least recognition that can be given him. The next reform should be in the giving of Christmas presents. If one cut out all the perfunctory presents he makes he would save himself a lot of time and money.

Apropos of wedding-presents, I see by the papers that the record of those received by Mr. and Mrs. Winston Spencer Churchill filled two columns of fine type as reported in the daily papers. As Mr. Churchill is a writer, as well as a statesman, he received twenty-two inkstands; and as he is a smoker he received a round dozen of cigarette-cases. Not only were his presents duplicated, but they were repeated many times over. Would it not be a good idea for the friends of prospective brides and bridegrooms to meet at some time before the wedding and decide upon the gifts, so that there would be more variety? A man, even though he be a writer, does not need twenty-two inkstands, particularly in these days of typewriting and stenography. A dozen cigarette-cases he might manage; this would give him one for every change of the day—you know that Englishmen wear as many suits of clothes in a day as an American wears in a week. The duplicating of canes, clocks, candlesticks, etc., was of small moment. A newly married couple is supposed to have an insatiable appetite for clocks, so that a dozen more or less hardly counts. It used to be that an enterprising silversmith of our own Bowery made a specialty of buying duplicate wedding-presents, but he has been out of the business for a long time. Usually givers of wedding-presents make arrangements with the jeweler or silversmith from whom they buy them to allow the recipients to exchange them if they desire. An embarrassment goes with this plan, as the price of the gift becomes known to the recipient. Sometimes the giver is pleased when this discovery is made, at others he is chagrined. I know of an instance where an ornate piece of silver was taken back to the silversmith without instructions from the giver. It had been marked, so the receiver argued with the salesman, that another monogram could be substituted and that he, the receiver, might in turn give it to a friend who was going to be married in a distant city. The salesman took it to the manager for final verdict, and the word came back that the monogram had been changed so often that the name-plate was worn too thin for any further changing! The recipient raised his eyebrows and whistled softly as he left the store, while the gentlemanly salesman looked at his counter-mate and winked.

Sarasate was a disappointment to me. From what I had heard of him and from what he looked like, I expected a violinist all fire and flame. On the contrary his performance was to me cold and technical. He looked as wildly passionate

PABLO DE SARASATE

as anything that his country ever produced, but I found his playing passionless. In this particular Wilhelmj, although from a country supposed to be much calmer in its temperament, was all that one could desire; and to come down to a later day there is Kubelik, whose performance has all the fire that one expects in a musician of his poetic appearance. Those whose knowledge of music is much more profound than mine were satisfied with Sarasate's art, but I prefer fire to technique; that is why I preferred Rubinstein's playing to von Bülow's; but there were many who did not—and most of them lived in Boston.

Every one who knows West Point and every one who knows anything about early American fiction knows Constitution Island. This little island is in the Hudson River opposite West Point, between Cold Spring and Garrisons. It is not only rich in historic memories but has a literary interest that will keep its memory green, for there lived for many years Miss Susan Warner and her sister Miss Anna Bartlett Warner. Miss Susan, who was born in 1819, died there in 1885. Miss Anna lives there still and is now in her eighty-ninth year, having been born in 1820. These two ladies were the most popular American novelists of the early fifties. Miss Susan was the author of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy." Together the sisters wrote "Say and Seal," while "Dollars and Cents" and a host of other books were written by Miss Anna alone. Except "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I doubt if any American novel has reached the sale of Miss Susan Warner's first two. The eye of more than one person has been on their tight little island and although the money would have been welcome to Miss Anna Warner, she declined all overtures from those who wanted the place for commercial purposes. Mrs. Russell Sage did a gracious and patriotic act when she bought this island and presented it in her own name, and that of Miss Warner, to the United States Government. Miss Warner is to occupy her old home, "Martlaer's Rock," until the day of her death—a wise provision of the deed of gift.

CONSTITUTION ISLAND, IN THE HUDSON RIVER, OPPOSITE WEST POINT

I wonder why mediums when they want to prove that they have been in communication with departed men of letters do not hire some one of intelligence to write the prose or verse that they would have us believe comes from the spirit world. Fancy, for instance, the cultivated Frederic W. H. Meyers writing such doggerel as has been attributed to him:

Friend, while on earth with knowledge slight,
I had the living power to write;
Death-tortured now in things of might,
I yearn to you and cannot write.

The ghost of Martin Farquhar

Tupper could not have done worse than that. Such things would be amusing if they were not the subject of serious discussion. If anything would bring a man of Professor Meyers's refinement and culture back from the grave it would be such vilification as this. Unfortunately for his reputation he coquetted with mediums and such-like when living, and this is what they do to him when he is dead and cannot answer back. It would be better for the cause of spiritualism if its adherents did not prove the departed to be imbeciles. I have never yet seen a communication from the dead that was not crass nonsense and usually illiterate, no matter what the spirit's scholarship when living.

It is a curious as well as an interesting fact that one of the most successful likenesses of Lincoln should have been made by a Frenchman. The medal, by Edward Roiné, here reproduced, is destined to become famous, and it was a happy thought to select it for perpetuation in book form. A bronze duplicate of the original will be imbedded in every copy of a volume of selections from Lincoln's memorable utterances, introduced by an essay from the pen of Professor George N. Olcott of Columbia University on the origin and symbolism of medals. The design was made for Mr. Robert Hewitt, of Ardsley on the Hudson, whose collection of Lincoln medals is already well known.

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THE ROINÉ LINCOLN MEDAL—OBVERSE

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THE ROINÉ LINCOLN MEDAL—REVERSE

Mr. Charles Major has discovered "the youngest authoress in the world." She is a baby, three years of age, whose letters he has edited for publication and served up with an introduction by himself telling how they came to be written. Of course the child authoress, if I may use a disagreeable word, did not write them with her own hand, but she composed every line of them and some one else took them down. This baby writer is younger than any child whose letters have been considered worth publishing. There is a child of seven, or one who was when her first book was published, who has written some remarkable verse, but young as is seven it is four years older than three.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Anderson, Galusha.	A Border City during the Civil War.	*Little, Brown.*
Crawford, M. C.	St. Botolph's Town: An Account of Old Boston in Colonial Days.	*Page.*
Greenslet, Ferris.	Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.	*Houghton, Mifflin.*
Hind, Lewis C.	Augustus St.-Gaudens.	*Lane.*
Lovett, Jas. De Wolf.	Old Boston Boys and the Games they Played.	*Little, Brown.*
Neumann, Angelo.	Personal Recollections of Wagner.	*Holt.*
Trowbridge, W. R. H.	Seven Splendid Sinners.	*Brentano.*
Waddington, Mary K.	Château and Country Life in France.	*Scribner.*

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Furness, H. H., Jr.	New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: The Tragedy of Richard the Third.	*Lippincott.*
Lanier, Sidney.	Poem Outlines.	*Scribner.*
Mackaye, Percy.	Mater.	*Macmillan.*
Repplier, Agnes.	A Happy Half Century.	*Houghton, Mifflin.*
Swinburne, Algernon Charles.	The Age of Shakespeare.	*Harper.*
Van Dyke, Henry.	The House of Rimmon.	*Scribner.*
Wendell, Barrett.	The Privileged Classes.	*Scribner.*
Winter, William.	Other Days.	*Moffat, Yard.*

Fiction

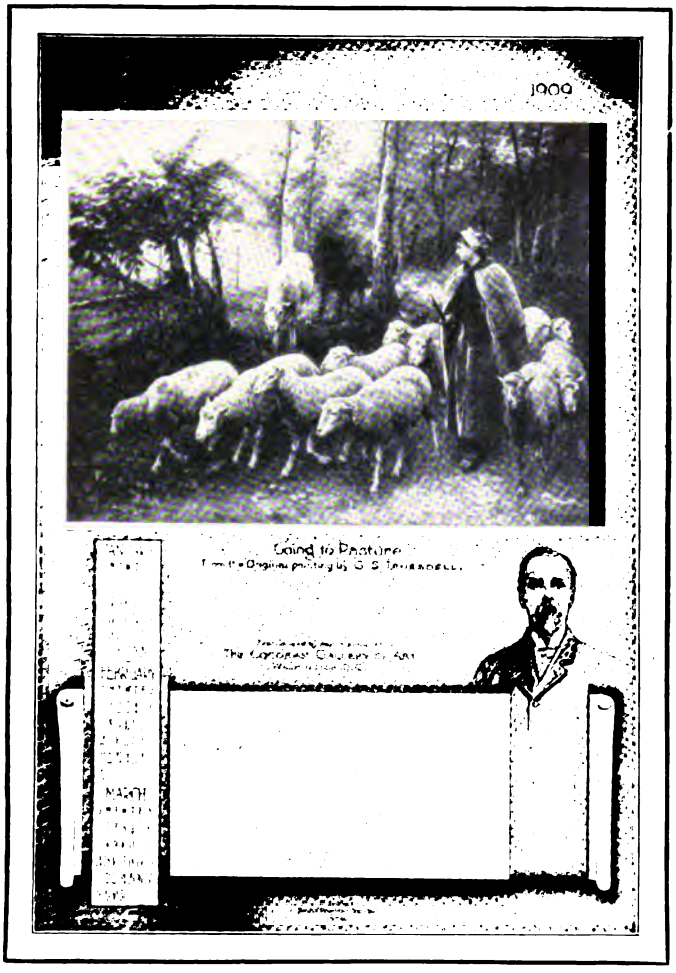
Cena, Giovanni.	The Forewarners.	*Doubleday, Page.*
Eddy, Arthur J.	Ganton & Co.	*McClurg.*
Hooker, Brian.	The Right Man.	*Bobbs, Merrill.*
Jerome, Jerome K.	The Passing of the Third Floor Back.	*Dodd, Mead.*
Johnston, Mary.	Lewis Rand.	*Houghton, Mifflin.*
Lancaster, G. B.	The Altar Stairs.	*Doubleday, Page.*
Loomis, Charles Battell.	A Holiday Touch	*Holt.*
Nicholson, Meredith.	The Little Brown Jug at Kildare.	*Bobbs, Merrill.*
Oppenheim, E. Phillips.	The Long Arm of Mannister.	*Little, Brown.*
Parrish, Randall.	Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel.	*McClurg.*
Peple, Edward.	The Spitfire.	*Moffat, Yard.*
Phelps, Elizabeth S.	Though Life us do Part.	*Houghton, Mifflin.*
Sinclair, May.	The Immortal Moment.	*Doubleday, Page.*
Thurston, Katherine C.	The Fly on the Wheel.	*Dodd, Mead.*
Ward, Mrs. Humphry.	The Testing of Diana Mallory.	*Harper.*

Miscellaneous

Lodge, Sir Oliver.	Science and Immortality.	*Moffat, Yard.*
Stone, Alfred Holt.	Studies in the American Race Problem.	*Doubleday, Page.*
Upton, George P.	Standard Concert Guide.	*McClurg.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

Swift's Premium Calendar 1909



Consists of four subjects taken by special permission from famous American Art Galleries, as follows:

"Going to Pasture"—*Truesdell.* In Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

"All's Well"—*Winslow Homer.* In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

"Song of the Lark"—*Jules Breton.* In Art Institute of Chicago.

"The Sisters"—*Bouguereau.* In Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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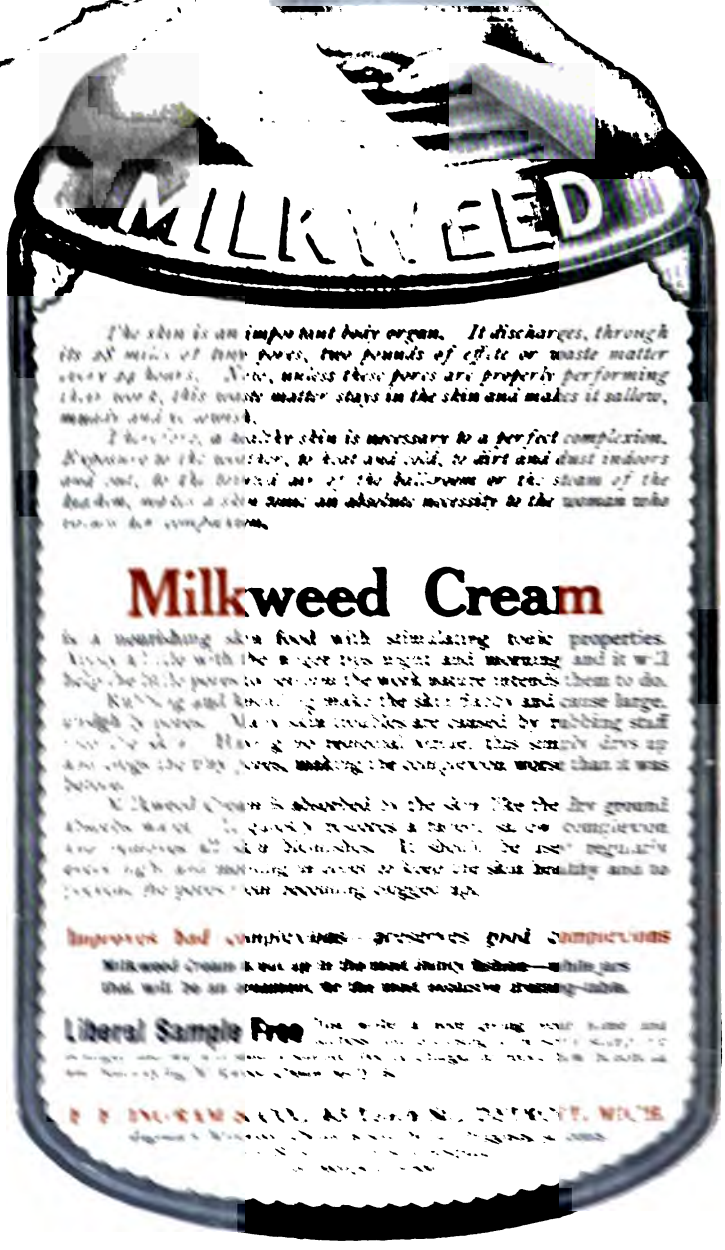

The skin is an important body organ. It discharges, through its 28 miles of tiny pores, two pounds of effete or waste matter every 24 hours. Now, unless these pores are properly performing their work, this waste matter stays in the skin and makes it sallow, muddy and wrinkled.

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PUTNAM'S AND THE READER

DECEMBER

VOL. V.
No 3

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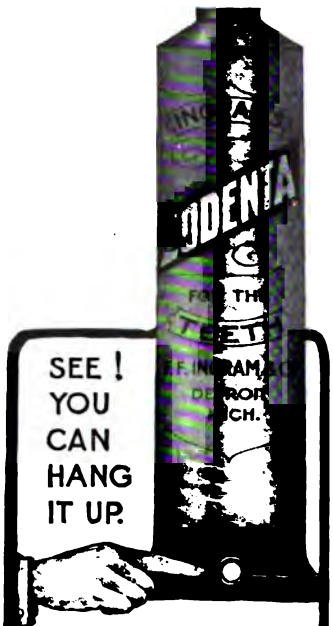

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From the painting for PUTNAM'S MONTHLY by S. Lee Schwartz

THE RAINBOW AT SEA

THE RAINBOW AT SEA

By EDITH M. THOMAS

CHILD of the old Sea-Wonder
  And of the Soul of the Air,
That buildest and breakest asunder
  The bridge that thy own feet wear!—

Child of the old Sea-Wonder—
  I, in my swift light bark,
Sometimes would think to pass under—
  Thou beck'ning above from thine arc!

I saw the red flash; the thunder
  Loud-crashing I heard without start;
But, Child of the old Sea-Wonder,
  Thy *Beauty* has troubled my heart!

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

I

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire

JOHN MILTON

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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY
& THE READER

VOL. V DECEMBER, 1908 NO. 3

BULGARIA: A NATION REBORN

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WHEN Ferdinand of Bulgaria proclaimed himself Tsar of all the Bulgars, in the Church of the Forty Martyrs at Tirnova, the world called it the birth of a new nation. In a way, the world was right. The statement is as correct as that the Japanese are a new nation. But, as a matter of fact, in both instances the curious spectacle has been presented of nations as old as history, almost, being reborn.

For over five hundred years Bulgaria slept, shackled by the might of the Ottoman Empire. Shut off from the rest of Christian Europe by Roumania, Servia and Transylvania, Turkish provinces for generations, it was not until long after they began to stir with revolt against the Moslems that a similar spirit manifested itself practically in the Bulgarians. Then, too, the Bulgarians have ever been a stolid race, intensely stubborn and not over-fond of change.

Seldom, perhaps, has a race been so crushed to earth as were the Bulgars, only to rise triumphant in the end. The Japanese, throughout their long sleep, kept intact their national liberty and their literature, arts and customs. They were still Japanese, harvesting their efforts for a grand coup. But the Bulgars were turned into mongrel Greeks through the efforts of the Phanariote clergy, foisted on them by the Turks.

In 1394, the see of Tirnova, seat of the patriarch of the Bulgarian Church, was abolished and the Church placed under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Constantinople. From that time on, the country was in the hands of Greek bishops, Greek priests and Greek teachers; the Bible and secular literature—what there was of it—were printed in Greek. The Cyrillic alphabet was all but forgotten, and the Greek clergy confiscated most of the treasures of Bulgarian literature stored at Tirnova and in the monasteries, consigning them to the bonfire and the rubbish-heap. To all intents and purposes

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THE TSAR OF THE BULGARS

From 1887, until he crowned himself in October, 1908, he was Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria

Bulgaria as a nation ceased to exist.

Yet, despite their efforts, the conquerors were unable wholly to obliterate the traces of the civilization of that elder day. Throughout the ages of Bulgaria's slavery, there were men, few and scattered, who remembered with pride that there had been a time when their country ranked with the great powers of Europe and dominated the East. These men kept alive the magic spark of nationality. Who were they? Nobody knows, exactly. Some were priests, of lonely mountain monasteries that had escaped the general devastation; some were pure-minded patriots who revolted against the Greco-Turkish rule and took to the mountain fastnesses. Whoever they were, it is largely due to them that Bulgaria stands to-day ready to enter the lists as a free kingdom.

Like the land of to-day, the old Bulgarian Empire passed through many vicissitudes. There was one period, one hundred and sixty-eight

years in length, when the Bulgars were reduced to absolute subservience by the Byzantine Greeks. But in 1186 the two brothers John and Peter Assen, of Tirnova, rose in their might and freed the land from its hated masters. Then began another period of power, the greatest in all Bulgaria's history. This culminated in the reign of John Assen II, which began in 1228.

John Assen II came nearer than any other ruler, to accomplishing the national ambition to include in Bulgaria all the territory from the Danube to the Ægean. All of Bulgaria was in his hands, a part of Servia and all of Macedonia and all of Albania. His armies ravaged to the gates of Constantinople and the Greek Emperor Baldwin appealed to Europe for help. Withal, Assen was a merciful monarch and a just. His people loved him and his realm prospered under his beneficent rule.

H.R.H. PRINCE BORIS OF TIRNOVA
Crown Prince of Bulgaria

It was in his reign that Tirnova reached the height of her glory. The Queen of Cities she was called by the Bulgarians, and her palaces and churches were the wonders of Eastern Europe. In the Church of the Forty Martyrs, by which the great cathedral, long since demolished, has been replaced, the Bulgarians recognize the mother-church of their country. It was here, where the Assen rulers are buried and where the triumphs of their reigns are recorded, that King Ferdinand was self-crowned last October, and announced the rebirth of that Bulgaria which had nearly passed away into the mists of history. On its walls you can still see the inscription writ there by order of the greatest of the Assens:

> In the year 1230, I, John Assen, Tsar and Autocrat of the Bulgarians, obedient to God in Christ, son of the old Assen, have built this most worthy church from its foundations. . . . All lands have I conquered, from Adrianople to Durazzo, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Servian lands. Only the towns around Constantinople and that city, itself, did the Franks hold; but they, too, bowed themselves beneath the hand of my sovereignty.

Tirnova—sleepy, rose-bowered, old Tirnova by the Jantra, sitting secluded behind her fortress walls, shattered by the blows of many a conquest! It was there that the new Bulgaria was made free, in the "home of the Tsars," where the princes of the Assen line sat in their magnificent palace-fortress on the Tsarevetz Hill, where the scent of the rose comes up, mingled with the song that the Jantra sings, running along the bed that was forded by the *boyars* or knights of

ROYAL PALACE AT SOFIA

Assen courts, years and years ago.

Until late in the last century, barring an occasional flash in the pan that amounted to little in the eyes of Europe, no formidable spirit of organized revolt developed among the Bulgarians. While the Roumanian *voivodes* and the Serbs, under Karageorge, were fighting desperately for their freedom, the Bulgars rested content in their servile position. Perhaps they knew their time had not yet come. At any rate, they waited. When the Greek war of independence began, many adventurous spirits hurried to Greece to help the struggle against the universal oppressors; and likewise, when the Russian armies marched through Bulgaria during the campaign of 1829, they found the inhabitants ready to enlist with them. Indeed, a man named Mamarcoff tried to start a nationalistic revolution at Tirnova, and for a brief span of hours a Bulgarian flag again flew from the gaping battlements of the ancient capital. He was promptly arrested by the Russians.

In 1835 occurred the most potent move for Bulgarian nationality, in the shape of the foundation of the first Bulgarian school, at Gabrovo, by Apriloff. Within a decade, fifty-three other schools were founded, and the germs of racial pride were sown broadcast over the country. Bulgaria's awakening was now looming up, nearly distinct, on the horizon. Fortunately, because there was a reform government at Constantinople, at the time, the Bulgarian educational institutions were permitted to thrive, unchecked. And with every semester they brought so much nearer the dream of a free Bulgaria.

A check to the nationalistic movement was, it is true, caused by the splendid administration of Midhat Pasha, probably the best colonial governor Turkey has produced. For four years he gave the Bulgarians such justice that any desire for independence was temporarily allayed. Russians who visited the country at this time declared that the Bulgarian peasants were far better off than their brothers in Russia. When, in 1870, the Porte permitted the establishment of a Bulgarian exarchate, and thus nationalized the Bulgarian church and freed it from the odious domination of the Greeks, there seemed to be nothing left to wish for.

But the good times did not last. Three years later Vassili Levsky,

leader of the Bulgarian insurgent bands, died in action, and with his name for a watchword, Stambuloff, afterwards to win fame as the principality's foremost statesman, urged on the discontent among his countrymen. Schoolmasters and priests, now Bulgarians, like their people, helped him in his efforts to rouse their flocks. Incipient revolts broke out everywhere, but instantly, the iron heel of the Moslem descended with crushing force. It is history how a correspondent of the London *Daily News*, riding miles through an unsettled country, first gave to the world the terrible facts of the massacre at Batak, eight miles from the thriving town of T'Barzardjeck. Five thousand men, women and children were slain by the *bashi-bazouks*, at Batak. Within a month 12,000 helpless Bulgarians were killed by the Sultan's troops, and Europe—especially England—stood aghast at the "Bulgarian atrocities."

As a sequel came Russia's war upon Turkey, with the treaties of San Stefano and of Berlin, which made Bulgaria free, even if not powerful. In 1879, for the first time since the fall of Tirnova in 1393, a Christian ruler presided over the destinies of the Bulgarians. There were drawbacks, still, from the view-point of educated Bulgarians. Their country was a vassal state, tributary to the Sultan. Their prince was not a Bulgar by birth, because in the course of the centuries of oppression the nobility of Bulgaria had disappeared. But they knew that the last objection would be satisfied in time, for the rule of the principality was to be hereditary.

There is no denying the fact that, in the first few years of their independence, the Bulgars made many mistakes. Sometimes they bungled criminally. Yet, always, there was before the eyes of the statesmen and the people the main objective of the race, now thoroughly awakened from the sleep of centuries. Bulgaria must be free—absolutely free. No halfway step could be taken. They had made up their minds to that, subconsciously, perhaps, but inevitably.

MARIA LOUISA STREET, SOFIA

It is worth noting that this peasant people, so recently emancipated from what amounted to slavery, having seen their objective point, stuck to it with a peculiarly grim steadfastness. Everything was done with a view to accomplishing the one result. They realized, in the first place, that for a civilized, self-governing race, they were pitifully uneducated; and so they set to work to rectify the mistake, which they had been unable to rectify before. Schools were established all over the land. There were common schools in every mountain village. Gymnasiums, answering to preparatory schools, were built in the larger towns. Sofia is equipped with several; and there, too, a large university was established, which offers adequate courses in many subjects.

When Bulgaria became free, she had no capital city, in a strict sense of the word. Tirnova was the historic capital, but Tirnova is no more than a picturesque, half-ruined pile of ancient buildings, crammed with history and behind the times. The progressive Bulgars decided that Tirnova would not do for a modern Bulgaria. So they built a capital to order. Sofia once, like Tirnova, a capital of a former house of Tsars—had become a village of mud huts, in which the pigs ran free. It was bordered by pastures for the flocks of sheep and goats that made up the wealth of its inhabitants. But one building of any size remained—the Church of Santa Sofia, eight hundred years old, and mostly in ruins from the effects of time and the hard usage of successive conquerors.

Bulgarian engineers went to Sofia and laid out a modern city. It grew steadily. To-day it has a population of about 100,000. Telegraph lines were laid, not only in Sofia, but throughout the principality; and telephones are as numerous in Sofia as in any city of the size in Europe. Every shopkeeper thinks it is as necessary to have a telephone as an American cash-register and typewriter. When street-cars became common municipal investments, Sofia was equipped with several extremely good lines, capably operated and giving excellent service.

PHILIPPOPOLIS (PLOVDIV), EASTERN RUMELIA

At every point the Bulgarian people have been hampered by their poverty, but by careful economy and effort they have managed to do remarkably well, notwithstanding. Occasionally, this poverty and a certain lack of taste, that arises largely from ambition and a willingness to tackle things that are really too big for them, has made them look ridiculous. Analysed, however, this tendency is

more praiseworthy than otherwise. They want to do things—it is difficult for the outsider to appreciate how much they want to do things. And they will fearlessly try to do whatever enters their heads, bringing to the task, too, the native shrewdness which is their chief characteristic.

They have built in Sofia a Palace which is not large but is tasteful; a handsome National Theatre, adorned with statuary above the common; a number of good ministerial buildings, plain but not offensive; and a system of public parks and monuments which might well be copied by many American cities. The most humorous element of the growing Bulgar race is a liking for the grandiloquent. For instance, there are two bridges over a creek traversing Sofia, known respectively as the Bridge of the Eagles and the Bridge of the Lions. Each is rather less than a city block in length.

To the foreigner, Sofia seems like a little boy in a suit of clothes too big for him. The engineers who laid it out did so with an eye to growth. Whole blocks are still unoccupied, and here and there one comes upon a lone house with half-a-dozen lots separating it from its nearest neighbor. Such things are laughable, but at the same time they indicate a spirit that must be reckoned with. To understand how the Bulgars have labored and sacrificed themselves to build a modern city in Sofia, one need do no more than travel through certain of the country districts, where, beyond the telegraph and the railroad, there are few facilities. In the mountain districts the people often live much the same as they did when the Turks ruled the principality, while in some of the principal towns much of the progressiveness of Sofia is mirrored. But, speaking generally, all Bulgaria economized to build the prince a presentable capital.

According to the terms of the Berlin treaty, Bulgaria was to pay an annual tribute to the Sublime Porte. The Bulgarians knew that by education alone they could not throw off this symbol of the hated Turkish yoke. They must be feared. The constitution said that they could have an organized militia for protection. Having reasoned matters out, they created a standing army, on the regular European system of conscription—and did not pay the tribute.

A TUNNEL ON THE SOFIA-KASPITCHAN RAILWAY

For the first six years of their existence, the Bulgarians were under the tutelage of Russia. All the officers

NATIONAL THEATRE, SOFIA

of the army above the rank of captain were Russians. When Prince Alexander struck his second blow at Turkish dominion, in 1885, by the annexation of Eastern Roumelia, Russia expressed her disfavor by with-

ATTAR OF ROSES DISTILLERY, KAZANLIK

drawing all the Russian officials in the government and army. As it turned out, Turkey was unwilling to declare war on Bulgaria, but Servia, wild with jealousy at such an acquisition of territory by her sister state, threw her troops across the frontier, and the Bulgarian army, led by boy lieutenants and general officers averaging thirty years or less, justified its existence at the bloody three-days battle of Slivintza.

Thus, within six years after she had become an autonomous state, Bulgaria had struck three blows at the powers pretending to supervise her: she had successfully refused to pay tribute to Turkey, she had cast off the tutelage of Russia, and she had annexed the Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia. One might readily believe that a peasant state, unversed in statecraft, would become intoxicated by this sudden triumph; the Bulgarians did not, for they are a hard-headed race, intensely practical. They knew their fight had but begun.

The few months' war with Servia taught them the value of a good army. They had had a narrow escape in that affair and had won simply because of Prince Alexander's generalship and the indomitable pluck and intelligence of the volunteer soldiers. Luckily, the present prince, who was elected to the throne when Alexander yielded to Russian hostility and abdicated, could appreciate the need for militarism. Utterly selfish, coldly ambitious and vain, Ferdinand saw at the beginning of his career that to get a kingly crown for himself, he would have to build up his people. And he has vindicated their choice of him by a very clever administration which has lasted over twenty years.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF RILO MONASTERY

During Ferdinand's reign, Bulgaria has progressed perhaps as much as she did in all the years that led up to the liberation. The culture and intelligence of the people have increased tremendously; the country's resources, in spite of the lack of capital, have been built up as never

before; and an army has been constructed, which certain foreign critics have pronounced the most efficient fighting machine on the Continent. With a population of 4,000,000 people, Bulgaria keeps a standing army of 53,000 men, and in time of war can put 400,000 trained troops in the field, with upward of a thousand guns.

Every nerve has been strained by the nation to improve the army. The pick of the race's youth have gone into its ranks. The officers are chosen, without reference to birth or position, solely for their mental and physical superiority. One third of the budget has gone for military expenses. Even education, which the Bulgars value more than anything else, has been at least temporarily ignored for the army's sake.

For there is present in the breast of every Bulgar a deadly, unalterable hatred of the Turk, that is inherited from the days when the Turk was the master. And with it there is a conviction that the Bulgarian race is destined to rule the Balkan peninsula again, from the Danube to the Ægean, as it did in the time of the Assens. The Bulgars regard themselves as intended by the Divine Will to overthrow the Moslem power and sweep the last vestiges of it from Europe. It is in no small measure due to this thirst for revenge, combined with a newly-wakened pride of race, that they have accomplished their re-birth as an independent kingdom. What they will do, what they may become, are questions for the future to answer. Though small in numbers, they have a tenacity of purpose that should enable them to go far.

SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, ROUSTCHOUK, BULGARIA

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

THE NEW HISTORIAN OF ROME

By SIBILLA ALERAMO

AUTHOR OF "UNA DONNA" (A WOMAN AT BAY)

TEN or twelve years ago, there appeared in Italy a new writer full of ideas—a rarity in this country. He was a young man of only twenty-five, but his book "Young Europe"—a collection of studies made in Germany, Russia, England and Scandinavia—had an immediate success, and was widely discussed by critics, thinkers and statesmen.

Thus Guglielmo Ferrero became instantly famous. The son of a Piedmontese railway engineer, he was born at Portici near Naples in 1871. Educated in Tuscany and Umbria, he studied law in Pisa, and took a diploma in *belles-lettres* at Bologna in the school of the great poet Carducci. But he was not of these parts, nor was he, like so many, ignorant of the rest of Italy; and at an early age he began his travels. At eighteen he was invited by Cesare Lombroso to collaborate in his work "La Donna Delinquente" ("The Female Offender"), and his name may be seen on the title-page beside that of the famous psychologist. His doctoral thesis, "Les Symboles dans le Système Juridique," had the honor of an immediate translation into French, in the Philosophical Library of Alcan (Paris). The popularity of "Young Europe" allowed its author to exercise his exceptional talents as writer and lecturer. Such is the poor reward of intellectual effort in Italy that those authors who attain a modest independence may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Italian and foreign periodicals immediately solicited contributions from Ferrero's pen, a great Milanese journal engaged him to write a weekly article and the Lombard Society for Peace asked for a course of lectures on militarism, which were delivered and much discussed.

Then came a period of quiet; followed in 1902 by the appearance of the first volume of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." The vast plan of the work was set forth in a short preface. The five volumes that have now appeared (the latest one in 1907) tell only of "The Conquest of the Empire"; those to come will treat of "The Cæsars," "The Cosmopolitan Empire" and "The Decadence of Rome." The intellectual activity of Signor Ferrero, which had been spread over a variety of subjects, now became concentrated. Since then only a few articles, suggested by important events, have appeared from his pen. He has also rounded out his life by his marriage with Gina, the youngest daughter of Professor Lombroso, herself laureate in science and medicine. Even politics had no further hold on him; though since '91, when he was condemned to three months' banishment to the mountains—for the crime of socialism—the democrats have persistently solicited him to become their candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. He withdrew to his study

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," who is to visit America in December as a Lowell Lecturer and guest of President Roosevelt

in a quiet corner of Turin, and gave a volume of his work yearly to the world.

Was a new history of Rome needed? What was there left to tell, except the details that archæologists, philologists and historians of art and law had accumulated in their extensive and inaccessible archives? Would the economic and social interests of modern Italy leave us time for attention to the history of ancient Rome? I do not say that Italians are the most eager of Signor Ferrero's readers. Greater interest in his work has been shown by countries that are richer,

easier and freer from daily worries than his own—noticeably France and Germany. Even England and America possess it, in translation. But an extraordinary impression has been created in Italy also. Classical studies in this country are either academic or philological. Too much grammar and exercitation of style, and too much idealization, reduce history to a sort of dramatic adventure of a few individuals. In Signor Ferrero's history, for the first time in Italian literature, this past, which formerly has only revealed to us almost fabulous heroes—called Pompey, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Brutus, Augustus, etc.,—unfolds before us like a vast stage on which the masses play a great part—the agricultural aristocracy, the new commercial middle-class, the turbulent people of Rome, the provinces, the tax-collectors in all the centres of the Empire. Figures stand out on this background—agitators such as Catiline, governors enriched by graft, such as Verres, young provincial Italians such as Cornelius Nepos, Cicero and Varron, hurrying to exercise in the capital their oratorical, poetical and scientific talents; later on, Horace and Virgil, and powerful bankers like Atticus the friend of Cicero and Mecænas the friend of Horace. Then the great enemies of Rome emerge, such as Mithridates and Cleopatra. Finally, in high relief, appear the great captains, legislators and conquerors—Lucullus, Cæsar, Augustus,—makers of empire and playthings of fate, who, believing they are accomplishing their own objects, achieve others; men often criminal, sometimes kind, who believe they are serving the aristocracy, the Senate or the people, while in fact they are only hastening an expansion, a mingling of ancient humanity, a transformation from which will spring a new order, as Virgil says, alas! provisional only, like all human things.

Thus far the work has been almost entirely the history of one century, excepting some chapters of the first volume, which give a synthesis of the military and mercantile expansion of Rome in the Mediterranean, and of the formation of Italian society in the second century B.C. From the insurrection of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus and of Marius, and the aristocratic reaction of Sulla, Rome was in a constant state of agitation, either by the patricians or the popular party; but the old agricultural society—sober, almost monastic, governed by the aristocracy but supported by the reciprocal control of classes and individuals—was condemned, not only because of the license and corruption which were rapidly spreading, but even more by the formation of a middle class, which was becoming rich and desirous of power. The soldiers who annexed Greece with Sulla, the Pontus with Lucullus and Syria with Pompey, having loaded themselves with treasure and slaves, were followed by the *publicani* or tax-farmers, by the merchants who worked the mines, exploited agriculture and dealt in slaves, and by the bankers who were the intermediaries between the capitalists of Rome and the provincial contractors and lent money to towns and to the petty kings of Asia. Wealth creates a distaste for work; besides, among the slaves were artists, priests of exotic religions, schoolmasters, artisans of all kinds, perfumers, cooks and pastry-cooks and scientific agriculturists, who rebuilt towns, decorated buildings and introduced comfort, cultivated the vineyards and orchards, and maintained the luxuries of the table. It was a new civilization, with its beauties and its vices. This transformation was too quick. Barbarism and Greek culture do not fuse. With the exception of Lucullus, who undertook the conquest of Asia at the age of eighty, and Pompey, who was too fortunate, all these great men—Sulla who brought Aristotle's encyclopedia to Rome, the refined Cæsar, Octavius even, who in later years was a pacific and wise president of the Republic—had paroxysms of atrocious cruelty. Even the work of the poets, except the idyllic Virgil, is very composite—

SIGNORA FERRERO
Daughter of Professor Lombroso

sublime at once and vulgar, like that of Horace.

Thus we see not only great men and smaller figures mingling in contemporaneous society, moved by the passions of the time, by personal ambitions and necessities of the struggle for supremacy, but also, and above all, the play of the great economic forces that govern society and direct it unsuspected by its contemporaries.

Looked at from this point of view, the actions of historic personages acquire a new value. Signor Ferrero shows us the work of Lucullus completely unappreciated by his contemporaries; Cicero is no longer a mere advocate or dilettante philosopher: his orations gain high political significance, his "De Officiis" and "De Republica" become socially influential works. Cæsar, seen in his actions, is no longer the demigod of many historians, but a man who wished to reconstitute the democratic party, enlarge the policy of Lucullus and form a personal government, and who did not succeed; a great man, but not a great statesman. His adopted son succeeded in part, in spite of himself. Gaul and Egypt became new sources of prosperity to the Empire; Greece was reborn and Germany conquered. Augustus, who was not the comedian some historians have thought him, but wished sincerely to reconstruct the Republic without sacrificing the old institutions, having tried several times to retire to private life, had to resign himself to becoming the head of the State. He governed wisely for forty years, during the dissolution of the ancient institutions. The Empire was consolidated, to remain united for two centuries. But even when the emperors had concentrated all power in their own persons, the ideas of Augustus remained, to be resuscitated after the fall of the despotic monarchies. The idea that the State could

never be the property of the *princeps*, that the *res publica* belonged to each and every one, was the Roman idea.

This vast and powerful picture of one of the most passionate periods of the world's history has been admired and criticised on all sides. Such a work of interpretation and synthesis could not obtain unreserved assent from delvers in the same fields, philosophical and historic. Its author has been most reproached for not ignoring contemporary history, for comparing modern economic and social facts and conditions with ancient, for often employing a terminology of the present day. Does he lessen the dignity of history when he speaks of "capital" and "syndicates," when he compares the electoral college of Clodius, commanded by Cæsar and gathered from the idle and the freedmen supported by the State, to Tammany Hall? The truth is, there are astonishing points of similarity between the Roman democracy and that of our own times. Wealth inspired a desire for peaceful enjoyment (interpreted by Catullus, Horace and Ovid) free from the danger and annoyance of war and politics, so that the soldiers and politicians became all-powerful. But some modern terms are scarcely appropriate. For instance, the influence of women like Fulvia, the wife of Antonius, Julia, wife of Tiberius, even of Livia, wife of Augustus—an influence obtained by intrigue,—has nothing to do with what we know as "feminism," which is the opposite, that is to say, the right of defence and of individual development, obtained openly, by means not characteristically feminine, but simply civic, human. Another criticism is that the author cannot decide between the virtuous oligarchy of the old agricultural republic and the expansive, imperial democracy. But the historian can never be too impartial. The fact is, Signor Ferrero cannot stifle occasionally a regret for the austere virtues of the ancients, nor conceal his admiration for the grandeur of the march toward wealth and culture that marked the fecund century that established the Empire. These are the defects that accompany a colossal enterprise, that exacts the best part of the author's time and strength. It is very rare in these days to see anyone so discipline his life as to plan for himself a work of such magnitude. We should be grateful to him for having conceived and executed with such masterfulness.

Signor Ferrero's appearance accords with the picture called forth by a perusal of his work. Tall and thin, ascetic and imperious at once, he is more a man of the North than of the South. In speaking he becomes animated and his words flow rapidly and easily like his written prose, not without originality of observation and paradoxes which show at the same time his practical knowledge and his taste for ideas. His wife, who has accompanied him for eight years, physically resembles her father, Professor Lombroso, with exceedingly vivacious black eyes and a childlike smile. She also does not disdain paradox, having published a book, "The Advantages of Degeneracy," which has some points of contact with the ideas of M. Metchnikoff, published since, on the dangers of certain organs, no longer useful, which the superior animals, including man, have inherited from their ancestors.

In 1906, Signor Ferrero undertook a course of ten lectures at the Collège de France, on the conquest of Gaul. The following year he made a lecture tour in South America. On his return he received through the Italian Ambassador to the United States, Baron Mayor des Planches—one of our most cultured diplomats,—an invitation from President Roosevelt to visit him at the White House. Before the winter is over, he is to lecture at the Lowell Institute in Boston. He expects to arrive in New York in December. The historian of Rome will therefore soon be able to study at close range the great American democracy.

A SON OF SORROW

By EFFIE SMITH

N that unforgetable Sunday night, Narcissy McClure and her lover did not say goodby. The quarrel between them had been bitter, and as they parted there were no softening words uttered. At the gate George Wisterne turned abruptly away, and Narcissy passed haughtily up the path to the cabin door.

As the girl stepped into the firelit room, her mother looked up in startled questioning. Her father, laboriously spelling out a chapter in the huge Bible, let his heavy forefinger slip from its place.

"What 's the matter, Narcissy, and whar 's George?"

"Thar ain't nothin' the matter," she answered resolutely, though her voice trembled. "Me and George has hed a split-up, and we 've quit fer good and all!"

The shocked silence that followed was broken by the old woman. "How come you-uns to fall out?"

"As we come from the singin' tonight, George told me that him and Sylvester Flanary hed laid off to put up a store and go in together a-sellin' goods. Sylvester's aimin' to do most of the tradin', so 's George kin keep on with the lumber business at the same time. George was powerful took with the idee. But when he axed me how I liked it, I told him what a bad name Sylvester has allus bore in these parts, and how folks would n't think nothin' of him ef he took up with sich a feller. We hed a tear-up then, and before I knowed it, I 'd said straight out that nobody should keep company with me, that was a pardner of Sylvester Flanary's. 'All right, ef you 're that onreasonable!' George says. Atter that, nary one of us spoke another word."

At the mention of Sylvester Flanary's name, Narcissy's father shook his head ominously, and her mother's face grew hard. Sylvester was known on Pine Ridge and in all the neighboring country as a shaky character. Dark stories were told concerning transactions in which he had been engaged, and still darker suspicions were hinted of deeds which had never been definitely proved. Yet he had managed to escape the clutches of the law; and a plausible way he had, together with his dexterity in business, gave him a certain hold on people.

"It 's a mighty quair notion, goin' in cahoot with a feller like that!" the old man muttered. "Still, George hain't been here long, and mebbe he don't known as much about Sylvester Flanary as the balance of us does."

"Ef George don't know Sylvester, he 's got plenty o' chances to find out about him! 'Birds of a feather flock together,' *I 've* allus heerd," Mrs. McClure quoted dismally. "But, Narcissy, I 'low you spoke up too peert with George, and got him riled. Ef you 'd sorter hinted what you thought, 'stid o' tellin' him plain out, mebbe he 'd 'a' listened to you."

"Don't you git pestered about it, Narcissy," said her father. "Ef George Wisterne is the right kind, he 'll find Sylvester out, some day; and ef he 's Sylvester Flanary's kind, you 're pow'ful lucky to git shet of him."

"Mebbe it 's fer the best, atter all," admitted the old woman, her grim face relaxing a little. "It ain't like

it 'ud be ef you did n't hev no other beaus. Now, ef you and Benoni——"

"Benoni! Don't say nary word about Benoni to me!" With an impatient gesture, the girl turned and sped up the narrow stairs to her own room.

"That 's the way of her!" complained Mrs. McClure. "Jest mention Benoni Harwood's name, and she 's gone like a streak o' lightnin'. Well, gals is quair! Ef a feller lives close by 'em and is allus good to 'em, they won't look at him; but let some dressed-up stranger come along, and they 're plumb carried away."

On her road from church, a few weeks afterward, Narcissy was overtaken by Benoni Harwood. He did not, in his frank joy at seeing her, appear to notice how silent she was. At the parting of their ways, he looked at her appealingly.

"Could I come up awhile this evenin', Narcissy? That is, ef you ain't expectin' nobody else."

"Thar won't be nobody else, but I 'd ruther you would n't come, Benoni," she answered firmly.

If anyone except Benoni had asked to spend the evening with her, Narcissy would gladly have assented. Nothing could have pleased her better just then than to have a new "beau" —"to carry on with a feller that did n't mean nothin',—" and thus to show George Wisterne that there were other men besides himself whom she could enjoy talking to. But she dared not use Benoni Harwood for that purpose. The dead earnestness of his love for her made her afraid; and when he looked at her with his wide, wistful eyes she was troubled.

"Benoni takes them big, lonesome eyes atter his mammy," Aunt Hephzibah Landers used to say. "She war n't raised in the mountains, Mis' Harwood war n't. She come from Virginny or some'rs—run off and got married to Jeems Harwood when he was up thar buyin' hosses fer old 'Squire Towson. Jeems war n't no manner of account, but he was pow'ful good-lookin', and hed a mighty takin' way with gals. She never got used to the mountains—allus hed a fur-off, homesick look in her eyes, jest like Benoni's got."

Whatever grief or loneliness Jeems Harwood's wife had endured, she had kept to herself. Only one token had she given of her life's disappointment. When her boy was born, in the bitterness of her soul she had named him Benoni—"Son of My Sorrow."

She had died so early that he hardly remembered her. "Benoni never took to his pappy much," and after that terrible day when the saw-log slipped and rolled down on the man, crushing out his worthless life, the boy, though shocked and grieved beyond measure, was hardly more lonely than before.

At his father's death, kindly Mrs. McClure had taken Benoni to her heart, and insisted that for a time he should make his home with her. It was in those days that he had begun to love his merry-hearted little playmate. His love for Narcissy had deepened as the years passed. In the long days when he plowed and hoed his crop on the stony hills, his hope of working for her and not for himself alone, strengthened his hands; and returning at nightfall to his lonely cabin, he forgot its emptiness in thinking that Narcissy would some day come to be with him there.

It was different with her. If she thought at all of their childish love-making, she regarded it merely as a part of their play. When finally he had told her of his long-cherished hope, she had met him with a firm refusal.

"What ever put sich a notion in your head, Benoni? O' course, we used to play sweethearts when we was little-uns, but thar war n't nothin' in that, no more 'n in blindfold or whoop-hide!"

"I can't believe but what you 'll be mine some time, Narcissy," he had answered gravely. "I kin wait years and years fer you to change your mind, but as long as we live and you ain't married to some other feller, I won't give you up!"

Narcissy had done her best to discourage this attitude. There seemed something ominous and oppressive in Benoni's silent longing and unwearied waiting.

The new store opened with unusual promise. Sylvester Flanary was a most affable salesman, and, though the partners had had only a few hundred dollars to invest, the stock was so carefully selected and so skilfully displayed that it seemed very imposing indeed to a community whose wants were as few as those of Pine Ridge.

In the general admiration aroused by the new merchants' success, Narcissy's scruples received little sympathy. More than one old woman remarked meaningly that Narcissy McClure would know better next time than to turn off such a nice young man just for a fool notion. "Folks don't need to be so pertickler, nohow. Lots of gals is like butterflies—they 'll fly high all day and light on the ground at night!" Down in her heart, the girl shared these misgivings. She told herself resolutely that she did not want George Wisterne or any other man unless she knew he was fair and square; yet all through the long summer and the laggard autumn, she found herself wondering if she had not been too hasty in sending her lover away.

Mrs. McClure was hardly less perplexed and grieved than Narcissy. Her dearest hope had been that she might live to see all her large family of girls married and settled in homes of their own. Her other daughters, not being so pretty as Narcissy, and consequently having fewer lovers to select from, had not wasted much time in making a choice; and they had successively gone out from the parental cabin to take their places in sundry other cabins scattered among the neighboring coves and ridges.

"The rest of 'em has done well enough," the old woman would mutter, "all but Narcissy, and her the takin'est gal I 've got! 'Pears like them that the Lord gives most to, a heap o' times makes the least use of it. Narcissy ain't nary bit nigher marryin' now than she was two years ago. I wish to goodness George Wisterne hed never set foot on Pine Ridge, so 's she might 'a' hed eyes fer somebody else!"

Once or twice Narcissy had met George at the store, and they had greeted each other with distant politeness. But she did not often go there, so distasteful was the place to her. Thus, when, late in December, the "Christmas fixin's" were to be bought, she delegated to her father even that important task.

It was dark when the old man reached home. "Thar, Narcissy," he said, laying an armful of packages on the kitchen table, "thar 's all of your tricks I could git. They was out of several things you wanted."

Narcissy looked up in surprise. "I thought they allus kept sich a full stock, and never run out o' nothin'."

"'Pears like they hev got a full stock. The store 's crammed so, you can't hardly turn round. And yit," the old man's shrewd eyes clouded, "I 've got my doubts about what 's in all them boxes and bar'ls."

"What d' ye mean by sayin' that?"

"I 'll tell you what I seed myself. A man come this evenin' to buy a pair of shoes. Sylvester 'd gone over to Rocky P'int to see his brother's child that 's got dipthery, and George hed to do the tradin'. The shelves was full of shoe-boxes, and he handed one down; but when he opened it, the box was plumb empty! George turned red, and he peeped in another box or two, that he did n't take down. Then he went acrost the store and hunted till he found some shoes, and sold the man a pair. But I 'll bet thar war n't nothin' in all them boxes he fust went to!"

"That 's jest puttin' on," declared Narcissy, scornfully.

"Course it is, honey. They want to make out like they 've got a heap o' goods, bekase folks 'll buy quicker from a feller when they think he 's runnin' a big business."

"It looks like George ort to keep

better posted about his own store, and not be openin' the empty boxes before folks," Mrs. McClure interposed, sarcastically.

"George hain't been in the store much lately. He 's been sawin' lumber over on Mill Creek, and he ain't quite up to waitin' on folks. W'y, when Benoni Harwood axed to settle up his accounts, George could n't even find the account-books—looked everywhar fer 'em, and at last told Benoni he 'd hev to come back when Sylvester was thar, fer the books war n't in the place they used to keep 'em."

While this conversation was taking place, George Wisterne, left alone at the store, was going around, peering into various bags and cases. He frowned heavily as he finished a cursory examination of the stock.

"Sylvester 's shorely let the goods run mighty low, 'specially fer Christmas time," he muttered. "We 'll be losin' trade d'rectly, ef we can't keep things up no better 'n this. I 'll speak to him about it, soon 's he comes home. We 'll overhaul them shelves too, and straighten up a little, ef I 've got any say-so about it," he added, as his glance fell darkly on the rows of empty boxes.

Nothing could be done to-night, however; so, locking the door behind him, he went a few yards down the road to Sylvester Flanary's, where he boarded. After supper, he found the missing account-books lying on Sylvester's desk. Taking them up, he busied himself with their contents till bedtime.

From a sound sleep he was awakened by Mrs. Flanary's trembling voice outside his door. "O Mr. Wisterne," she pleaded, "do go out and see ef thar 's anything wrong at the store! Sylvester hain't come back and I 'm shore I heerd a noise jest now."

Two minutes later, George had started to find out the cause of Mrs. Flanary's alarm. Suddenly every window of the store shone dazzlingly out as a blaze swept through the entire building. At the same instant rose the tumultuous sound of flames.

Shouting to Mrs. Flanary that she must wake the children and send them for help, the young man hurried to the fire. But even before he reached it, he realized that nothing could save the store.

The building had long been a heap of embers when, an hour after sunrise, Sylvester Flanary reached home. He seemed much shocked on learning of the fire, but gave a ready explanation of how it might have occurred.

"You say, George, that the blaze started on the inside? Well, then it 's plain enough how it was. Not bein' used to shuttin' up, you 've been a leetle keerless about the fire in the stove, and somethin' 's cotch from it. But I ain't a-blamin' you. Accidents will happen."

"I can't think it started that way," George maintained stoutly. "The fire was mighty nigh out when I left, and I made shore thar warn't no danger from it."

"Mebbe the mice got to gnawin' in the matches, then, and sot 'em afire. We ain't apt ever to find out jest how it happened, bekase nobody seed it."

The news spread rapidly, and during the day nearly every man and boy on Pine Ridge visited the scene of the fire.

It was not long before George noticed something singular in the manner of these visitors. If he approached several men talking earnestly together, a sudden hush would fall upon the group; and at times he fancied he was watched by curious and unfriendly eyes.

"You fellers seem to be enjoyin' yourselves," he remarked pleasantly, as he came up to a laughing crowd.

"I 'low you 're the one that 's enjoyin' yourself," a bold-faced young man spoke up. "How much will you git from the insurance company—twenty-five hundred dollars? That 'll set you and Sylvester up purty well, won't it?"

The insolence with which the words were uttered, and the loud guffaw that greeted them, revealed to George Wisterne exactly how he stood. He knew now the suspicions that had

been whispered around him. His face paled and his hands clenched.

"I 'd like fer you to explain what you mean by that," he said in a low voice.

"Thar ain't nothin' to explain," sneered the other. "I jest meant what I said. Insurance is a mighty handy thing, fer accidents will happen, you know."

George did not reply. He recognized the futility of any word he could say. The men had already made up their minds as to his guilt.

All day, George Wisterne's trial for the burning of the store had gone on at the tribunal of his neighbors' opinion. The separate links of circumstantial evidence had been woven into a chain which, while it might not have held in a court of law, seemed amply strong to the men of Pine Ridge. The facts that the store was heavily insured, and that the stock of goods had been allowed to run so low that the actual loss was comparatively small, took on a double significance when told in connection with the unexplained removal of the account-books on the day before the fire. Back of all, intensifying every suspicion, was the evil reputation that Sylvester Flanary had so long borne.

The suspicion of mountaineers is no light matter. There is something terrible in its fixedness. George knew that nothing short of a demonstration of his innocence could set him right in people's esteem.

"What on earth makes you look so down in the mouth, George?" asked Sylvester Flanary, when at nightfall the two men sat alone. "Thar ain't nary bit o' call to lose heart. When we git our insurance money, we 'll be able to start out on a right smart better footin' than we did afore."

George lifted his miserable eyes to his partner's face. "Do you know what people is sayin' about us—'bout us and the insurance money?"

"I don't keer a snap o' my finger what they say! They 'll be quick enough to trade with us when we git our new buildin' up, and a new stock o' goods laid in. And ef folks trades with us, they kin talk what they please behind our backs!"

"I don't feel that way. What people says pesters me."

"Look here, George!" Sylvester spoke fiercely, "ef you sot that store afire, it 's your privilege to go out and tell everybody you meet. I hain't got no confessions to make, myself. Nobody kin lay it to me, fer I kin prove that I did n't leave Rocky P'int till seven o'clock this mornin'. Now, onless you want folks to think you done it, you better not go round lookin' like a sheep-killin' dog."

"I wish to goodness I could take it as easy as you do. Fer my part, I 'd give a right smart to git things all straightened out."

"Things 'll straighten theirselves out atter while, ef you jest let 'em alone," Sylvester assured him.

For a long time after his partner had retired, George Wisterne sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. Involuntarily his thoughts went back to his last walk with Narcissy, and to her words concerning Sylvester Flanary—"Folks won't think nothin' of you ef you take up with sich a feller."

He wondered if she, like everybody else, would believe him guilty. His heart smote him as he realized that Narcissy's good opinion, which he had seemed to despise, meant more to him than he had ever guessed. A passionate desire to vindicate himself arose in him. Ah, if the truth about the fire could only be found out! But, as Sylvester Flanary had said, there were no witnesses.

Yet Sylvester was mistaken. There had been a witness, after all.

On leaving the store, the afternoon before it was burned, Benoni Harwood had gone across the ridge to get his wages from a farmer of the adjacent valley. He had been detained, and it was late in the night when, on his way home, he again passed the store.

As he came in sight, he saw a man cross the moon-lit road and enter the building. Thinking that, if Sylvester had returned, he might now have opportunity to transact the business

that had brought him thither some hours earlier, Benoni went to the door. The store was dark, but he fancied he heard somebody moving around inside, and he caught the strong odor of kerosene. Just then there was the flash of a match, and a blinding flare.

As the incendiary sprang out and ran into the woods, he dashed heavily against Benoni, who had been too astonished to move. The young man recognized Jake Snyder, an ill-favored fellow who lived on Sylvester Flanary's place, and did odd jobs for him.

Benoni's first intention was to find some suitable person and tell what he had seen. But almost before he left his own doorway next morning, the report reached him that George Wisterne had burned the store in order to obtain the insurance money. After that, he held his peace.

Benoni was now meeting the deadliest temptation of his life. He had long known that George Wisterne stood between him and Narcissy. The suspicion George had incurred by becoming Flanary's partner, though it had clouded her love for him, had not destroyed it. If her confidence in him were restored, he could win her easily enough. On the other hand, Benoni felt sure that she would never marry George if she believed him guilty of burning the store. He held in his own hands the information which alone could clear his rival's name. If he chose to keep silence, Narcissy might yet be his.

All his life Benoni had tried in a vague way to do the right thing, and he had never had much trouble in finding out what the right thing was. The struggle he now underwent was therefore new and terrible to him.

At dusk he sought the mountains, and in their vast solitude he fought his battle over and over to the same futile conclusion. "She 's all I want, she 's all I 've ever wanted, and George Wisterne sha'n't hev her ef I kin hinder him!" he said a hundred times; but the words, so often and so fiercely repeated, did not satisfy him.

He paused as he reached the top of the ridge, and the wind that is forever stirring on the lonely summits smote him keenly in the face.

Far to the south, the peak of Chimney Top rose dark above the surrounding hills. In the loneliness of his youth, Benoni's spirit had been more than usually open to the influences of vastness and mystery held by the wild scenery around him. Now, when in the crisis of his struggle he looked upon it, the stern, immovable peak held for him a new significance. It seemed an image of the Will of God, unchangeable, inexorable, never to be turned aside by man's desire, nor satisfied by pretext or compromise. In an agony of renunciation, he flung out his arms toward the midnight sky and the infinite Being who, somewhere within it or beyond it, was looking down upon him. "O God," he cried aloud, "I can't hold out agin Ye no longer! You kin hev Your way!"

As he turned homeward, the moonlight, falling between the hemlock trees across his lifted face, showed it wan and worn, yet full of peace. Before sunrise next morning he was on his way to tell Wisterne all he knew about the burning of the store.

It was past noon on the third day after the fire, when Benoni opened the gate of the McClure homestead. He carried a valise, for he was leaving the mountains. Slowly and reluctantly he walked up the path. It was a hard task that he had set himself.

Narcissy rose half-frightened as he came in. "La, Benoni, thar ain't nothin' wrong, is thar?"

Benoni went straight to the purpose of his visit. "I hain't come over today bekase I wanted to, Narcissy. I 've come to tell you somethin' that nobody else kin tell as well as I kin, fer nobody else has seed all I've seed. You know folks has been sayin' hard things about George Wisterne. Well, folks is all wrong, and George hain't hed no more to do with burnin' that store than you hev!"

At the mention of her lover's name, the color had faded from Narcissy's

face, and then flared back more brilliant than ever. She listened in palpitant silence as Benoni told how he had seen Snyder set fire to the store.

"George wanted me to go with him to git a warrant fer Jake," he continued, "and we struck out to 'Squire Brinton's yistiddy mornin'. We did n't git back till jest a while ago, fer the 'Squire was tendin' a call meetin' of the County Court, and we hed to go plumb to town atter the warrant."

"Has Snyder been took up yit?"

"No, and he ain't apt to be. He 's gone—him and Sylvester both. I reckon Jake must 'a' seed who I was when he run agin me that night; and when me and George started to the 'Squire's, they knowed it was time fer 'em to move out."

"Can't nobody find out whar they went?"

"I 'm afeard not. George is keen to pop the law to 'em, fer he says he can't look you in the face till things is cleared up. But I 'low he nee'n't to pester hisself. Sylvester 's too old a bird to be cotch now."

Narcissy laughed happily. "I don't reckon it matters much whar Jake and Sylvester went, jest so George gits back his good name!"

"Well, he 'll git it back all right now, and—I wish you-uns both much joy, Narcissy!"

The young man's voice broke as he uttered the time-honored words of congratulation. A sudden, impulsive pity smote Narcissy, looking on his haggard face.

"I wish to God, Benoni," she faltered, "that I could 'a' loved you, or that you could 'a' loved some other gal!"

For one moment Benoni's anguish darkened his hungry eyes. His face worked with the effort to control his emotion; then he rose calmly and took up his valise.

"I reckon I 'd better be goin' on," he said, casually. "It 'll be gittin' late d'rectly, and I want to cross the mountain afore dark."

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

VII.—MRS. DOWE DISPLAYS TACT AND DISCRETION

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER

WITH more haste than was compatible with her oft-repeated "Remember, girls, repose of manner is the keynote of gentle birth," Mrs. Jared Dowe was seen one bright morning, two weeks after her return from Atlanta, walking rapidly along the well-shaded street upon which she lived. Arriving at her own gate and hastily opening it, she hurried up the walk between the borders of blooming pink verbenas—not pinker now than her own flushed cheeks. The click of the closing gate brought two heads to the upper window, and it followed that her daughters were at the door before she had reached the steps.

"Girls! Girls! Sallie Potts! Little Betty!" she began with unusual excitement; "it certainly is the most romantic story I have ever heard, and I do wonder which one of you will leave me now!" And she regarded them fondly.

"O, GIRLS! HE'S YOUNG AND ARISTOCRATIC AND WEALTHY"

Sallie Potts placed a chair for her mother who sank into it with a sigh. "Since Kate's gone, I reckon I ought to be prepared to expect it at any time. Sallie Potts! Sallie Potts! —I can't give you up, Sallie Potts!" (Her eyes rested tenderly upon the daughter of her heart.) "And little Betty! my baby, little Betty!—it can't be you. But, O, girls! he's young and aristocratic and wealthy. I declare, it's too charming! And how Mary Robinson and Mrs. Beals will be consumed with envy!"

"But, mother," interrupted the elder of the girls.

"Yes, Sallie Potts, of course you want to know who I am talking about. You and little Betty sit right down close to me while I read you the letter your father received this morning. Then you will know it all, and it certainly is worth knowing. I am so glad I went down-town, or we never would have heard about it until dinner-time when your father comes home, and then he might have forgotten to speak about it. Now, girls, listen! Listen, Sallie Potts! —listen, little Betty!"

The two girls, seated close at either side of their mother, were all eyes and ears. Slowly Mrs. Jared Dowe drew the envelope forth and took the letter from its covering; slowly she opened it, and after a pause slowly began, with softened voice and lingering intonation, to read in a tone betraying buoyant hope:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
June 14th, 1907.

To Colonel JARED DOWE,
Albany, Georgia.

DEAR JARED: Although I have not seen you for a quarter of a century, I remember my old classmate too well not to know that he will be deeply interested in the romance of my young nephew, Willoughby Douglas —my sister Anne's boy. It arose from the young rascal's seeing an advertisement for ushers at the theatre during the Irving engagement in Atlanta, last month. He answered the advertisement and was accepted. After the performance he came to confess to me that he had fallen in love with a girl he saw there. All he knows of her is that her home is in Albany, and off to Albany he must go at once.

I am giving him a note of introduction to you, but he does not know that I am writing this letter explaining the real object of his journey. If only the girl may be a daughter of yours! You see, dear friend, I am sentimental as ever. I have no son, and Willoughby is an orphan. His father died ten years ago, and his dear mother the year following, leaving the boy with a handsome fortune, but alone in the world, excepting for me. I am his guar-

"GIRLS! GIRLS!—HE'S COME"

dian. Now that his schooldays are passed and he has enjoyed two years abroad, I intend to establish him in my office. You understand my interest in his behalf. In any case, I know you will do anything in your power to help him.

My regards to your beautiful wife, and every kind remembrance for yourself.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN HARRISON DOUGLAS.

As she refolded the letter, Mrs. Jared Dowe's soft anxious eyes met the glance of eyes that had been raised to hers, but were now instantly lowered, while three sighs broke the momentary stillness. Each sister turned to the other and said modestly, "It certainly must be you." Mrs. Jared Dowe enjoyed the luxury of another and deeper sigh, and then resumed her discourse.

"And, girls, your father says that Judge Douglas is the most prominent lawyer in Georgia! Sallie Potts, his nephew might go to Congress or even to the Senate if he wanted to and had an ambitious wife; for you know I have always told you, girls, that a successful man's success is generally due to his having an ambitious wife, and you certainly are ambitious, Sallie Potts."

Sallie blushed in sympathy with such natural ambition.

"But, girls," her mother continued, "I do declare, I certainly am overcome. I think I 'll run around and see your Aunt Polly. Your Aunt Polly is such a comfort. I certainly am grateful to your father for having such a comforting sister. Gratitude is one of our family characteristics, and you know, Sallie Potts, I always find something to be grateful for to everybody, and so I am always grateful to your father for your Aunt Polly.

"Your Aunt Polly is so interesting: she sits out on the gallery these warm days, and she certainly sees everything and everybody that passes up Bruce Street. Even when it 's cold and she has to stay inside, she sews by the front window. The messenger boys have got so they whistle and go

"I SAW HIM COMING OUT OF YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE"

slow by her house, so she has plenty of time to open the window, and they can tell her about the telegram they are taking without even stopping as they pass. She always gives them a piece of fruit-cake on their way back. Your Aunt Polly certainly has a beautiful generous nature!

"You remember the day Dora Robinson ran away and married that young man from Boston? Well, I was over at your Aunt Polly's then, and we knew about Dora before her own mother did. But we never did know whether Mary Robinson was pleased at getting Dora married or not. Mary Robinson is so deceitful. You never can tell what she thinks because she never does confide in anyone. That just shows how little confidence she has in her friends' discretion."

Mrs. Jared Dowe rose, and as she rose she turned and fondly regarded the flushed faces of her daughters. "I 'll be back in a few minutes," she told them tenderly, and then half way down the steps she paused and turned again.

"Sallie Potts, you cut down some pink roses for the drawing-room, and, little Betty, you fix the flowers in the hall. Flowers certainly do dress up a house and always lend an air of elegance."

Then she walked on, murmuring gently, "A young girl gathering flowers does make a beautiful picture!"

Left behind, the two girls obeyed their mother's commands. Scarcely had the pink roses, cut from the flower-laden summer-house, been arranged in the great bowl on the piano, and hardly had sweet-peas from the garden hedge been filled into the prim hall's one decorative bowl, when, to their great astonishment, Sallie Potts and little Betty saw their mother returning, her China-silk draperies fluttering and her excitement greater than before.

"Girls! girls!—Sallie Potts! little Betty!—he 's come! I have seen him. I saw him coming out of your own father's office; and, Sallie Potts, he certainly is handsome! I had the strangest feeling of having seen him before—it certainly gave me a start; but, of course, if he saw us at the theatre we might have seen him, too, quite as easily. It does gratify me, Sallie Potts, to know he must have

observed all the admiration you girls excited. No wonder he lost his heart!

"Now, you must get dressed. Put on your blue and pink muslins. Sallie Potts, you wear the black hat with the plumes. Men always do admire plumes. And, little Betty, you wear the white hat with the pink roses. Men always do admire pink roses. And, girls, I just *must* see your Aunt Polly a moment. You see I did n't get there—I came right back to tell you I had seen him. You dress in a hurry, girls, and I 'll be here by the time you are ready, and I 'll take you down-town and we 'll all have some ice-cream. Ice-cream is such a natural and ladylike excuse for going down-town on a warm morning; and if we go soon, there 's no telling who we may see.

"It 's a lovely morning and everybody is out. Just as I was coming home I saw Olive Wilson. You see I did get as far as your Aunt Polly's corner. Olive Wilson was driving in that outlandish high cart of hers. I do wish you would hurry, girls, so we can get down-town early."

Half an hour later, all in their pink and blue muslins, fresh and crisp, with picture hats shading their fair faces, soft curls blowing gently on smooth young brows and large eyes anxiously watching the gate, Sallie Potts and little Betty waited demurely. Neither spoke. Each had dutifully done as her mother bid, and each with happy anticipation awaited the unfolding of what promised to be a real romance.

At last they saw their mother returning, the color faded from her cheeks and lines of fatigue painfully evident. Both daughters ran to meet her; on her entrance they solicitously arranged her chair and her footstool, and stood patiently while she gave one her hat, the other her gloves. Finally she began.

"Girls! I certainly have got a mighty strange story to tell you now. Sallie Potts, you and little Betty take off your hats first. They remind me of the plans I had this morning." Then seeing their anxious expression, she said, shaking her head: "No, I have no plans now. When young girls take things into their own hands, there 's no need for a mother's planning any more. No wonder poor Mrs. Wilson spends her time reading novels and painting china: her daughter does n't need her!"

Mrs. Jared Dowe paused to sigh. "Well, Sallie Potts, what do you think? I had n't any more than just got to your Aunt Polly's, and found her sitting out on the gallery, and was just beginning to tell her everything, when I looked up and there came Mr. Willoughby Douglas. I declare, I was taken back at seeing him in that direction. But, naturally, in an instant I thought he was out taking exercise and seeing the town. Of course, I never thought of his paying a visit. So you can know how surprised I was when he walked into Mrs. Wilson's and rang the doorbell.

"I certainly was glad to remember that Olive was down-town. After they told him she was n't there, or whatever it was he asked to know, he left and walked down Bruce Street. Just as he got back in front of your Aunt Polly's, there was Olive Wilson driving in that high cart with that Panama hat—like a pirate's. She did look bold. And, Sallie Potts, I was shocked, even if she did look so bold, to see her actually stop her horse when that young man stepped out in the street to speak to her! Such an exhibition! And they talked there in the middle of the street ten minutes at least.

"I had to leave your Aunt Polly, and I happened to get to the gate before they drove off together, and I heard what he said as she took him into her cart. You know, Sallie Potts, I never would try to hear what any young man was saying to a young woman if I could help it, so you can judge how loud he was talking; yet I certainly was shocked and surprised. It 's most remarkable, but what he said made me understand the whole affair. You know, Sallie Potts, how

quick I am about understanding affairs, even if I never did suspect this one. As they passed Aunt Polly's gate (he was in the cart then), he was looking right at Olive Wilson and she was looking at the horse — she was driving. He said: 'You see, Miss Wilson, I am still hooked!'

"Now, girls, aren't you surprised?" The faces raised to hers expressed only bewilderment. "Why girls! Sallie Potts, little Betty, don't you remember I said his face was strangely familiar, and, girls, don't you remember seeing Olive Wilson get hooked on to that usher in Atlanta?"

Then their bewilderment changed to disappointed surprise.

"THERE WAS OLIVE WILSON DRIVING IN THAT HIGH CART"

"Girls, there comes your father. He did not want me to tell you about Judge Douglas's letter, because he was afraid you would n't act natural when you knew all about what was expected, so I used my judgment and told you. Since it 's all turned out as it has, I reckon we 'd better not mention it to your father.

"And, Sallie Potts," continued Mrs. Jared Dowe hurriedly, "I am going to let you wear your great-grandmother's lace shawl when you go to visit Kate, next winter. I am glad my girls are too modest to go around hooking young men, but a lace shawl does make a nice theatre wrap. I can't believe any man a girl could hook in that way would make a good husband.

"Sallie Potts, I certainly do want you to be careful of that shawl. A shawl is so much bigger than a collar and might easily get hooked to some one. Of course, it would be an accident, Sallie Potts; I know that. But even if it should be an accident, you must be careful not to tear the lace shawl."

She paused again and sighed her accustomed sweet and gentle sigh.

"I am glad I did n't tell anyone but Aunt Polly about that letter. Girls you are most fortunate in having such a discreet mother. You see Mary Robinson and Mrs. Beals are visiting Mrs. Morsie, out in the country, Mrs. Perkins is sick, and I did n't see a soul to talk to on the street this morning. Tillie Carter 's so busy getting ready for the church sociable, even she was n't at her gate, and so there was only your Aunt Polly, and she one of the family. I certainly am discreet. Your father says he owes much of his success to my discretion. Remember not to speak to him of your knowing about the letter from Judge Douglas. I want to be able to feel that Sallie Potts and little Betty inherit some of my qualities, especially my tact and discretion."

PROGRESS AT PANAMA

How the Canal-Builders "Make the 'Dirt' Fly"*

By HUGH C. WEIR

OW big is the Panama Canal, not in puzzling mechanical specifications, but in easy-jointed, square-toed English? When all is said and done, how fast is it really being dug? What have the Americans actually accomplished since the flitting of the French? What is the Canal going to cost and how is the money being spent? How is the waterway to affect the map of the world when it becomes a reality? And what is it going to mean to *you*, an American citizen?

A battery of sharp-spiked queries, —what *facts* will it drive home? Listen!

Every two minutes a ton of coal is burned up at Panama, every minute twelve car-loads of rock and gravel are torn from the earth, every hour 1666 pounds of dynamite are exploded in mountain and jungle, every minute $124 is spent for labor!

One hundred and thirty-two locomotives are shrieking and creaking in the nine-mile ribbon of the Culebra Cut,—ten thousand shirtless men are sweating and swearing,—twelve hundred and fifty flat cars are rumbling and grumbling! One hundred and six miles of track split the gorge, —a dozen sets of rails, in a width of 200 and 300 feet, are hung in tiers one above the other. Sixty-seven steam shovels are plunging twenty-ton scoops into the earth two and three times every minute. Over two million cubic yards of earth are being wrested from the rainbow strata of soil every thirty days. And on the two sides of the inferno squat the twin peaks of Gold and Snow Hills like a couple of apples which a schoolboy has nearly bitten through.

Roughly, a hole measuring 97,515,000 cubic yards must yet be bored in the Panama clay to make the Canal a reality. When the French were routed, 81,500,000 cubic yards had been excavated. The Americans have added 42,000,000 cubic yards to this total.

Picture a chasm measuring one hundred and twenty-five feet in every direction, in which could be buried twenty-five ordinary three-story houses forty feet in height, in width and in length. The equivalent of such a chasm is bored every day along the course of the Panama Canal — the excavation amounting to nearly 2,000,000 cubic feet daily.

From still another angle, let us view the marvel of the great waterway. Loaded onto a train, the earth from the Canal would fill twelve cars every minute! One flat car, 38 feet in length, would be loaded every five seconds! An average day's excavation would fill 5868 of these cars. Coupled together, they would make a continuous train thirty-four miles in length. If it were placed on the rails at one time, it would extend very nearly across the Isthmus. If the rear car were at the Colon station, the engine would be approaching the city of Panama. Of course, you are familiar with the

* This article was written in September, 1908, and the statistics of Panama and the Canal are revised to the first of that month.

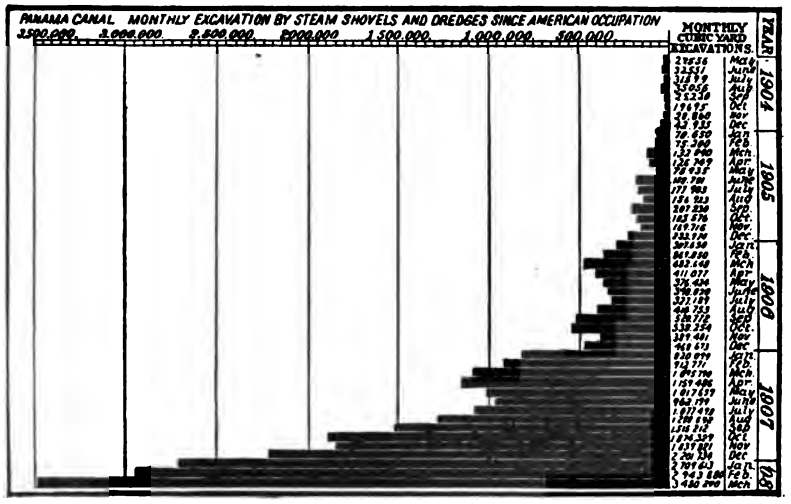


DIAGRAM SHOWING EXCAVATION DURING EACH MONTH AT PANAMA BY STEAM DREDGES AND SHOVELS SINCE AMERICAN OCCUPATION

city dump-carts. The "dirt" flying from the Canal would fill 183 of these carts every minute. In less than six minutes, over 1000 would be groaning under the weight of the Isthmian clay.

Let us bring the statistics of the Canal home with us. If the earth excavated during one year were dumped down in the city of New York it would cover completely, to a depth of twelve inches, that portion of Manhattan Island extending from the North to the East River and bounded by Fifty-ninth Street and the Battery. But we have not done, for there would be left enough to form a blanket over the entire area of Central Park—five feet thick!

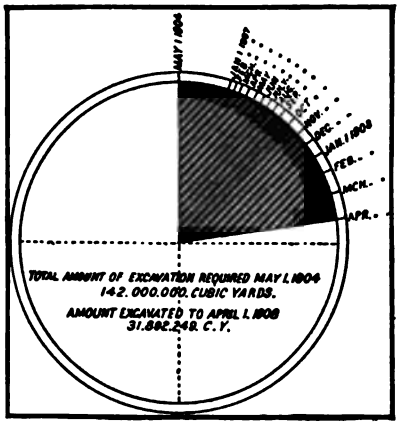
Allowing a monthly excavation of 2,000,000 cubic yards, which has twice risen to 3,000,000 during the present year, the actual digging at Panama should be completed in four years' time. This statement allows no margin for accidents and views the 30,000 workmen at Panama as so many automatons, moving with clock-work regularity. When it is remembered that they are gathered from the four points of the compass—men who cannot talk to their neighbors on the right or on the left—and dropped into the heart of an untamed jungle, under a tropical sun, the difficulties of maintaining clock-work system can be appreciated.

As to the question of concrete: To the average man, the word calls to mind the contents of a seven- or eight-foot trough, mixed by a pair of perspiring carpenters with spattered hoes. In the swirl of twentieth-century activities, the concrete house has come to rank as a rival to its neighbors of brick or wood. Can you keep such a house of concrete in mind for an instant—one perhaps thirty feet square? Now, I am going to try to bring the Panama Canal to your town. The concrete used in the three giant-lock systems—Gatun, Pedro Miguel and La Boca—would build 22,842 houses of eight rooms each, with two stories and a basement!

If your town, or city, has a population not exceeding 125,000, the concrete of the Panama Canal would furnish the material for houses sufficient to accommodate every person! Suppose each house were set on a seventy-five-foot lot. The combined dwellings would line three streets, reaching clear across the Isthmus of Panama, with the Atlantic Ocean washing the back yards at one extremity and the tides of the Pacific flooding those at the other. Even after both sides of the streets were filled, there would be enough houses left to reach almost half the distance again.

Transferring these statistics to "the States," we could fill both sides of a street extending all the way from New York to Philadelphia, with enough dwellings left over to line one side of a street from the Quaker City to the Capital. Or, going westward, you could fill one side of an avenue reaching from St. Louis to Chicago, or you could extend your street from St. Louis to Kansas City, or almost to Cincinnati!

Much of the earth, taken from one part of the Panama Canal, is used to build another part. This is not true of all of it, however. Thousands of carloads are turned into the swamps and morasses, in whose green depths are bred the fever-bearing mosquitoes of the Isthmus. The importance of this fact comes with sledge-hammer force in the statement that, in 1906, one hundred-thousand grains of quinine were consumed daily in Panama as a protection against disease! The excavated earth has filled the pest-holes and has thus materially aided those measures of the sanitary campaign that have reduced the quinine ratibns by two-thirds!



WORK DONE, AND TO BE DONE, ON THE PANAMA CANAL

Beyond the partly accomplished work of excavation, looms the giant task of constructing locks and dams. The Gatun Dam, alone, has a surface measurement of 1,000,000,000 square feet and a depth of 787 feet! Nature, harnessed, will perform the bulk of this project through the turbulent waters of the yellow Chagres. A period of two years in the Canal total will cover man's contribution to this feature.

Jot down the final item in the problem, the locks and the deep water jetties, and the date which has been set for the completion of the Big Ditch—the latter part of 1914—assumes the proportions of reality.

When the Canal Zone concession was obtained from the Panamanian government it cost $50,000,000 in cold cash. It has required $75,000,000 more to dig the Canal to its present point. Congress appropriated $30,000,000 for the expenses of the year ending December 31, 1908. Optimists place the total expense at $300,000,000. Pessimists do not pause short of $500,000,000. It is probable that in the end the Canal will mean a per capita cost of at least $5 for every one of the 80,000,000 inhabitants of the United States.

And for what are these millions being used?—for what are they going to be used?

A payroll of $1,434,000 has to be met every month—in a year's time, an expenditure exceeding $17,000,000. This item for employment alone, remember. At the last census, Uncle Sam was giving work to 31,924 men. It is costing anywhere from $150,000 to $250,000 a month to protect the health of Panama. In an average month the sanitary department costs $200,000. The expenses of the civil administration present a monthly total of from $53,000 to $67,000. More than $100,000 a month is being spent in municipal improvements.

A gingerbread trimming, this? Perhaps—but it must be remembered that the Panama of to-day is literally built on a pie-crust over a seething pest-hole. Ten years ago, some fifty men in every 1,000 were dying annually from the tropical death vapors.

Just as in war time a heavy detachment of scouts and pickets is needed in the enemy's country, so in the battles of peace at Panama a wide

THE CUT AT BAS OBISPO, LOOKING SOUTH, JUNE, 1908

line of outlying sentries is necessary in the grapple with the disease germs. The elaborate sanitary department and the system of municipal engineering may be money thrown away—but it is either money or lives. And it is greatly to be doubted if the lives would be forthcoming with the same readiness as the money!

About $500,000 is spent annually for coal. Up to the present time, over $8,000,000 has been expended for new buildings. It requires about $115,000 every twelve-month to protect this property from fire. The expenses of equipment pass the $1,000,000 mark every thirty days.

And so the money flies even as the "dirt" flies, at Panama. But dollars will not dig the canal. The French

CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING SOUTH, FEBRUARY, 1908

WEST SIDE OF CANAL AT BAS OBISPO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907, BEFORE FIRING 9,600 POUNDS OF BLACK POWDER

had the money and they spent it. I recall, for example, an item of some 20,000 snow-plows which were shipped to the Isthmus during De Lesseps's régime. The rusty machinery can be seen even to this day by the

SAME VIEW AS ABOVE AFTER BLAST HAD DISPLACED 29,640 CUBIC YARDS OF ROCK

curious—stored away in a territory where the average temperature is 110 degrees! This is how the French spent their billion of francs. Even the most habitual growler will admit that the Americans are at least doing better than this.

Divide the bulk of Texas by eight and the result will be the area of the Republic of Panama. Through a territory of 32,800 square miles is a straggling population of 360,000 people. The seeker after accuracy, however, will elevate his eyebrows at once. As a matter of fact, the population of Panama is confined to one third of the gross area claimed by the republic. Probably one half of the country has never known the foot of a white man. Nine-tenths of it is frowning jungle.

In a span of half a block in the city of Panama, I read in fat-lettered English squatting bill-board advertisements of a popular make of overalls and a much-lauded brew of beer —in clumsily traced Spanish, I spelled out the announcement of a coming bull-fight and a Sunday evening lottery. Such are the two civilizations of the Canal Zone.

On the one side of the dusty cars of the Panama Railroad, I bought a morning newspaper. On the other side, I looked through the windows into a bamboo hut, with naked black children and green lizards and grinning monkeys.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION

What is Uncle Sam really to gain from this end of nowhere? In dollars and cents *how* is this $400,000,000 or $500,000,000 investment to pay? When the canal is finally completed—what?

In the digest of the world's great waterways, the Suez Canal is given emphasized rank. In cold figures, it has cost $100,000,000. In an average year, its gross revenues amount to twelve per cent. of this expenditure. In other words, the investment yields a return of more than $1,000,000 a month. In one year, 4,000 vessels with a combined tonnage of 15,615,309 pass through it.

The most conservative engineer

will admit that Panama offers far greater commercial possibilities than will ever be attained by the Suez route. Not that the Panama Canal, however, is or will be the greatest in the world—from a financial viewpoint. This rose-tinted assertion must be routed in the beginning.

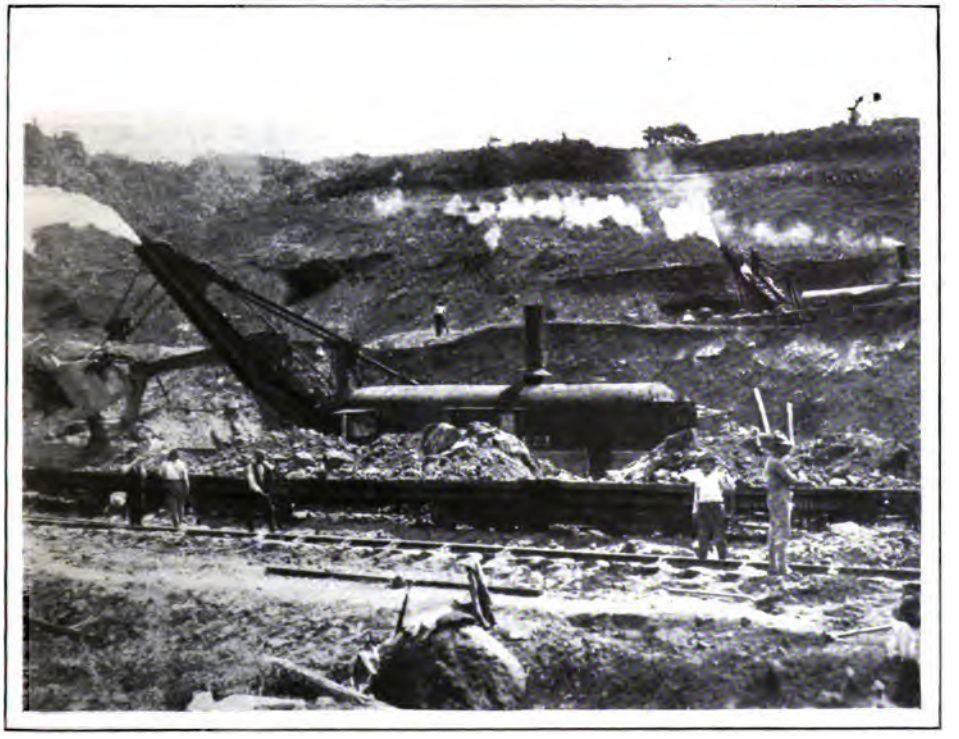
It will pay. This is not fairly certain, but absolutely so. How much or how soon are questions which cannot be definitely answered—yet. On an investment of $400,000,000 a six per cent. return would mean a yearly income of $24,000,000—double the total income from the Suez Canal. Even a ten per cent. profit, however, could not equal the returns from the "Soo" Canal, which, as the throat of the Great Lakes, swallows more millions, both in tonnage and dollars, than can ever be possible at Panama.

This from the standpoint of the investor. It is from the standpoint of the public that the real possibilities of the Panama Canal are most vividly silhouetted.

A new map, geographically, commercially and financially, will be traced by the Big Ditch at Panama. *How* it will pay is much clearer than *what* it will pay.

In the foreground is the cyclonic boost which it will give the American cotton and iron markets. The Southern cotton-growers now reach the Asiatic ports by the cumbersome route of the Suez Canal via New York. Zigzag distances and smothering freight charges are devouring the item of profit. Europe, with the key to the situation, is slowly turning it in the lock against American competition. The Panama Canal would revolutionize these conditions with the wrench of a Kansas cyclone. South America spends $86,000,000 each year for cotton. Only five per cent. of this amount goes to the United States. The remainder is cornered by the European exporters, who

STEAM DRILLS AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO



STEAM SHOVELS LOADING, LIDGERWOOD FLATS, EAST SIDE OF CULEBRA CUT, JUST SOUTH OF GOLD HILL

EXCAVATION FOR LOCK SITE, GATUN, JANUARY, 1907

practically hold the west coast of South America at their mercy through the lessened expense of transportation. The Panama Canal would reverse this situation like the change of slides in a stereopticon.

Iron can be produced more cheaply at Birmingham, Alabama, than at any other point in the world. But the barrier of transportation makes its sale meagre and unprofitable in the great Asiatic and South American markets. The machinery of the Tennessee mills, the steel and hardware from the other Southern States, would be doubled in output could they be economically marketed on the other side of the world. This is impossible now. In the Panama Canal lies the magic wand which will make it possible.

The Big Ditch at Panama will solve the forestry problem—from one point of view. The building lumber of the Western coast is beyond the reach of the Eastern markets because of the excessive freight charges. The cost of water transportation is one-fifth that of the overland route. With the ocean itinerary opened by the Panama Canal, another segment of the industrial revolution is unfolded.

Indefinitely, its field could be lengthened—to the items of coal, fruits, cereals, fish, grain, manufactured goods in general and particular, and even the broadening possibilities before the American shipbuilder.

With an inland canal from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, and the deepening of the passageway to the Gulf, the dream of an ocean greyhound floating majestically southward from Duluth to Colon, and thence through the Panama Canal to the countless ports of the Pacific, is easy of accomplishment.

And who can measure the golden trail in its wake?

AN AMERICAN OBERAMMERGAU

The Passion-Play by American Indians

By HARLAN I. SMITH

FATHER J. M. LE JEUNE is unquestionably one of the most remarkable missionaries in America. A marvel among Roman Catholic priests, as well as a very brilliant son of France, one would hardly guess his clerical character from the indications of his outward personality. His build is slender, which is perhaps accentuated by reason of his many responsibilities and the continuous travel which is made necessary by the great extent of his field of labor. He is rather below the average in height, wears a beard, and his manner is active, energetic and business-like to a degree. He works among nine different Indian tribes, comprising not only people of different dialects, but different languages; the speech of one tribe being as different from that of another as Spanish is from French. He has learned to speak with all of these different peoples. He has superintended the building of a church in each village in a territory of over ten thousand square miles. He goes from one place of worship to another, obtaining his food at the home of his nearest parishioner at meal-time, or having it prepared for him in the church itself, behind the altar, by some of the young Indian women of the congregation. His bed is wherever he is when night overtakes him, in one village or in

one another, in the mountains or in an isolated lodge. Everywhere he is welcome. He seems greatly to enjoy his work. His word is law among his Indian people, wherever he goes; yet he himself is modest, unassuming and quiet, always actively engaged in the business matters in which he takes great interest, or in the religious services of his church.

Some twenty-seven years ago, Father Le Jeune was sent from Brittany to work among the natives living in the interior of southern British Columbia. Two thousand of these Indians are now corresponding in shorthand, Le Jeune stays at this church only a small portion of his time, as he has a circuit to travel, along which are many churches which he must open, each in turn, that he may hold the expected services for the Indians of all these remote settlements. Near the Kamloops church is the government industrial school, in which the good priest is also interested. The Indian police of these reservations look to him largely for counsel in the execution of their duties among their own people. In the spring, each year, he supervises the Passion Play, which is enacted entirely by these lowly Indians of

FATHER LE JEUNE AND HIS PARISHIONERS, KAMLOOPS RESERVATION, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The priest has taught these Indians to manufacture acetylene gas, to light this church and other buildings

the idea having been given them by the ingenious priest. They have their newspaper, of which Father Le Jeune is the editor, and which is published in shorthand characters. Under his direction his congregation has installed acetylene gas in the church on the Shuswap Indian Reservation at Kamloops, where he entertains and instructs them by means of stereopticon lectures. But Father Western Canada. Father Le Jeune's work among them has not been confined to the American continent, for he accompanied Chief Louis of the Shuswaps, and Chief Tcilaxitca of the Douglas Lake Indians, on a journey which they undertook to pay their respects to their King, Edward VII, at Buckingham Palace, and to receive an audience at the Vatican by the Pope, Pius X.

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

The three afterward travelled through Italy, Belgium, France and England, before returning to their Western home. The Pope made the Rev. Father Le Jeune the bearer of his blessing to the Indians, and sent to them two thousand medals as a gift from himself. Upon the return of the missionary, hundreds of Indians or "siwashes" flocked to the territory covered by Father Le Jeune, to receive the pontifical benediction and their medals. The occasion was embraced by the reverend father to exhibit for the first time a collection of 120 stereopticon views of the principal cities visited by the two chiefs and himself, their political and spiritual emissaries.

The Passion Play has been produced a number of times at the Shuswap village, under the direction of Father Le Jeune. The Indians seem to take an intense interest in the drama, and always speak of it with earnestness and reverence. The production was once so effective that a poor white man, after witnessing the play, became insane, and frequently attempted to crucify himself, until at last the authorities had to put him under restraint. This play, of course, is planned after the Passion Play of the Bavarian Highlands, at Oberammergau. The poor Indians of British Columbia enact the Divine Passion in what we might call an elaborate manner, if we take into account their poverty, which prevents them from securing theatrical supplies, the great distance from the places where such articles could be purchased, and the fact that the only dramatic instruction which they have been able to obtain is that which Father Le Jeune, with his multitudinous duties, has made time to impart. In their acting, however, they show great devotion, which can hardly be considered less sincere than that of the Bavarian peasants. The Indian performers are simple and devout, having but little of the conventionality of civilization, but acting their true feelings; with the result that their acting is a revelation of their innermost selves.

The Indians consider that the impersonation of Christ is an act of devotion, and the man who is allowed to take this part in the Passion Play is chosen from among those of them who lead the most upright and respected lives. Before the play, the

actor so selected prays for ability and the purity which he feels must accompany the part. All of the Indians who take part bathe, fast, meditate and pray, before the play takes place. The baths are taken in the "sweat lodge," a small building made by setting saplings in the ground and bending them over to form a dome. This is covered with blankets, or sometimes with fir boughs and earth. Outside of the lodge they build a fire, in which they heat stones. The persons desiring to be purified enter the lodge, and recline upon a couch made of fir boughs. The heated stones are placed inside the structure, a blanket is thrown over the doorway, and water is then sprinkled upon the stones. The lodge is quickly filled with steam, causing those within to perspire freely. The bathers then march from the lodge, and plunge into the cold waters of the river. As the streams in this part of the country are fed by melting ice on the mountain-tops, the change from the steam to the cold water sets up a powerful reaction, which is similar to that produced by our own Turkish baths. The performers are thus physically purified; and they are further made ready for the mental and moral purification, by fasting. Meditation and prayer complete these ceremonies. It should be remembered that in pagan times, among these people, the sweat bath was used as a means of purification by the boys and girls before they were admitted into the societies of the tribe. These societies were of a more or less secret nature, and had to do with their own kind of religion and magic.

It is pathetic to note the comparison of the costumes and make-up of this Indian Passion Play, with those of Oberammergau. These are exceedingly simple, being made from calico and other cheap goods purchased by the Indians themselves at the Hudson Bay Company's store. When the play begins, the "siwashes" parade up and down the single street or space between the houses of the village and in front of the church. One curious

BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

thing about this march is that all of the Indians who impersonate the Roman soldiers and those who were opposed to Christ seem to feel degraded in the part which they are playing. The mounted Roman soldier, instead of being represented as a proud official of the great Roman Empire, is ludicrous in appearance, and astride a drooping Indian pony. The martial trappings of the military are indeed suggested by oddly shaped hats, and much tin and tinsel, but dignity and impressiveness are conspicuously absent, It is quite apparent that a lively imagination is necessary to overcome the defects in the production which are unavoidable with such meagre settings. Imagine in this street, flanked on either side by log cabins, with here and there even a tepee, the enactment of the scenes of the Passion! The lack of accessories is emphasized when Christ is represented as appearing in the Garden of Gethsemane. In this part of British Columbia trees are scarce, and hence the grove of the Garden is represented by twigs set up in the ground. But there is nothing ridiculous in this, to the actors or to the audience. Indeed, the settings of the English stage of the Elizabethan period were of as simple a character. White spectators, who may at first be amused by the lack of dignity of the Roman soldiers, and the grotesqueness of the costumes, soon begin to be affected by the sincerity of these devout Indians, and the inclination to ridicule is replaced by respect for the earnestness and devotion of the performers. The Indian representing the Christ is brought before the high priests, who are sitting on a platform made of a bed which has been taken from a near-by cabin. In due course, he is taken before Pilate, who is enthroned in the same way, on a platform improvised from a bed which has been brought to the middle of the street from one of the log houses on one side. Strangely at variance with the historic scene, Pilate shows his intention to disclaim all responsibility, by washing his hands in a white enameled wash-basin.

The soldiers stand about with long wooden spears, one of them holding the rope which binds the hands of

ON THE WAY TO CALVARY

the represented Christ. A boy and a girl attend Pilate on the platform. The soldiers place a crown of thorns on Jesus' head, and with the rope for a whip they scourge him. One offers him a palm, while others place across his head a great timber on which are stains to simulate blood. As the troupe move down the street, Christ follows, as at Oberammergau, with the cross on his shoulder, followed by soldiers, some of them riding the little Indian cayuses, others walking. The patient Shuswap women, wearing sombre black or pure white robes, trudge by his side as the women of Jerusalem. With outstretched arms, he is finally placed upon the cross, and the soldiers appear to drive great spikes through his hands and feet, using large wooden hammers made for the occasion. In reality, they do not practise any barbarity upon their respected and devoted comrade, but stains cleverly placed on the cross would lead one to believe that much blood had been shed. During the scene the women of Jerusalem stand weeping and glancing up occasionally at the thorn-crowned figure on the cross. Thus the crucifixion scene is completed, and all the Indians are filled with awe.

When the Passion Play takes place many Indians, not only from the Shuswap villages near Kamloops, but also from the villages and camps of other tribes throughout the entire region, assemble to view the tragedy. Such success has attended the representations of this drama under Father Le Jeune's direction, that the Indians of several other regions in British Columbia are considering the giving of similar productions of the Divine Passion. It is believed that this is the only representation thereof given by the Indians of North America, since the Passion Play performed for centuries by Mexican Indians near the City of Mexico was enacted for the last time on Good Friday in 1901. The disorders attending this latter presentation led to its suppression. Nothing of a disorderly nature has taken place among the producers of the Passion Play under Father Le Jeune's direction.

Fifteen years ago, the "siwashes" of the canyons of the Thompson and the Fraser River had no written literature; they were unable to write.

THE CROWN OF THORNS

Each of these tribes had a complicated language, the fundamental grammatical laws of which they obeyed. They had an extensive mythology, which they preserved by frequent recitation, the old men telling stories to the young. Many of these stories possess considerable literary and dramatic merit, and if mistakes were made in repeating them, the narrator was severely censured by the elders of the tribe. To-day several thousand individuals of these different tribes are writing letters to one another in their several languages, and are reading a newspaper, Bibles and other books in their own tongues, all being in shorthand characters. The shorthand newspaper, entitled *Kamloops Wawa*, is one of the most remarkable periodicals of the present day.

Among these several tribes, each of which has its own language, as different from that of the neighboring tribe as French is from Spanish, are many "siwashes" who may well be considered able linguists. I know of one man, for instance, who, while he can not speak English, is very proud of the fact that he can speak not only Shuswap, Nlakapamux, Okanagan and Chilcotin, but also French. When I was among these people he made great sport of me. I could not talk his language, the Nlakapamux, but communicated with him partly through an interpreter, and partly by means of the Chinook jargon, which I spoke rather poorly. I tried to make fun of him for not being able to understand the Chinook jargon better, for he really knew but little of it; but he always had the best of me when he held up his fingers and counted off the different Indian languages that he knew, invariably ending with great emphasis on the French.

Now it can be readily understood that a man who can speak five different languages, but who knows nothing of reading or writing, if he were supplied with phonetic symbols such as are used in shorthand, and once mastered them, could at once write every language that he knew. But it remained for the Rev. Father Le Jeune to conceive the idea of teaching shorthand to these Indians, not of one tribe, but of many. He showed them a sign to represent each sound which

they uttered in pronouncing their words. These symbols were merely the shorthand signs of the Duployan system of phonography

Father Le Jeune began this task in July, 1890; but he not only conceived the idea and began the work, he stuck to it until at the close of September in that same year, a poor, crippled Indian, Chalie Alexis Mayons, of the lower Nicola band, took his first lesson. The mind of this cripple was such that he took to the shorthand intuitively, and set to work to decipher certain Indian prayers which the Father gave him. Before Christmas Chalie had mastered the art of writing his language, and begun to communicate it to his friends, who, when they noted his success, were anxious to learn. From that time, the art spread throughout the tribes among whom Father Le Jeune conducted his labors. As soon as a few Indians of a camp learned it, they were anxious to teach the whole settlement. Le Jeune saw in this a means of spreading education widely, by simply suggesting it at various points. His plan was to teach a few individuals in each place. When they were picking berries, irrigating, etc., in the summer time, the progress in the study was slow; but whole evenings, far into the small hours of the nights, were devoted to it in winter.

Some of the "siwashes" have become so proficient that several medals have been awarded them. The shorthand exposition at Nancy, France, awarded a diploma to the Indian students at the Shuswap reservation.

After some six hundred of the Indians had mastered the system, it became important to sustain their interest by providing them with suitable reading matter. After all, it was to get these Indians to read the Bible, the Catechism and other religious matter which the priest believed would be of benefit to them that he had undertaken all of this arduous teaching. Thus originated the *Kamloops Wawa*, undoubtedly the first newspaper of its kind in the world. *Wawa* means talk, in the Chinook jargon, and for that reason it was chosen as the name for this strange paper. The reason for the *Kamloops* of the title was that the first paper was written, edited and manufactured in the church on the Shuswap Reservation, near the railroad division point known as Kamloops. The articles were in the several Indian languages, as well as in the Chinook jargon, which is the trade language used between different tribes, Chinese and whites throughout much of British Columbia, and even as far north as Alaska, and south to the mouth of the Columbia. Some of the advertisements were in English. The paper was founded in May, 1891, and until March of the next year it was printed on a mimeograph, much of the work being done by the Indian women, under Father Le Jeune's direction. A change was then made, due to the success of the enterprise, and the paper was printed on a press. in New Westminster. The old Indians take much pride in seeing their children able to write and to read, not only their own tongue, but also those of all of the neighboring tribes whose languages they know.

Le Jeune was not satisfied with all this, but began publishing parts of the Bible in nine of the different languages, using the same method, and he is still laboring along these lines. Shorthand, he says, is so much more simple than English orthography that he takes no credit to himself for originating this wonderful and novel work. As they are not obliged to learn English, its spelling and grammar, nor the spelling and grammar of any other language, his pupils merely have to commit to memory the shorthand alphabet. At a first glance it might seem that it would be better if they were obliged to learn English; but it is certainly better that they should be able to write and read all the languages that they know, than that they should be entirely ignorant of these accomplishments; and once having had a taste of the writing and reading it is a most natural step for them to look into the English, which

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they must speak if they are to do business with the white people of the surrounding country. The languages which are now being written by this shorthand method are Chinook, Shuswap, Okanagan, Nlakapamux, Lillooet, Stalo, Skwamish, Sheshel and Slayamen. In all of these languages the prayers, hymns, parts of the Bible and the Catechism have been published in this manner.

On the night of Queen Victoria's jubilee day, the Indians near Kamloops built a great fire on the peak of the mountain which stands guard over their reservation. It was a great surprise to us when we looked up and saw fire and smoke rising from the peak in the night, the mountain appearing like a great volcano; but it was only the result of days of labor on the part of these dusky but loyal subjects of the Queen. At that time they wrote several letters to Her Majesty on sheets of birchbark, using the Shuswap language, which they recorded in phonetic symbols. These letters were sent to the Queen by Father Le Jeune, and must have proved of interest to the sovereign of the lowly authors.

When I visited Father Le Jeune, he began to ask me about the improvements in the manufacture and burning of acetylene gas, and showed me with much pride the plant which had been put into one of his mission churches. The entire work had been done by his Indian followers. An old barrel had been made to serve for a generator, pipes had been put through the building, and I am sure that it was illuminated more brilliantly than any English church in that vicinity.

Before the method of visual instruction by means of stereopticon views and lectures had been in use a dozen years by the school-board of the most progressive city in America, this modest priest, at the little Indian village among the mountains of western Canada, was regularly lecturing to his followers, and using a stereopticon to illustrate his talks, on the lonely Indian reservation where his only auditors were "siwashes."

At the government industrial school

which is maintained on the reservation, but at some distance from the Indian village, the children receive instruction in very practical things. Many of the buildings are erected by the boys under the direction of the instructor in carpentry. Nearly all the food is raised upon the industrial farm, by these lads, under the supervision of the teacher of agriculture. They also learn to make harness, shoes and similar products which are needed by the people of the frontier. The girls learn to cook, sew, wash and take care of the school-rooms and dormitories.

The Indian agent who has this reservation in charge does not live among the Indians, but resides at the Canadian village of Kamloops. The Indians give him very little trouble, as they are well looked after by their own Chief, Louis by name, who is an exceedingly honorable and just man. He is assisted by Indian police, who take pride in their office. Both the chief and the police depend largely upon the missionary, Father Le Jeune, for counsel in worldly matters as well as in those of a spiritual nature.

The wonderful work of this practical and progressive man among so many different peoples can be better understood when one considers that there are still comparatively young people of these tribes who remember the days when they dressed in skins and wore moccasins. There are still standing some underground houses, made by the erection of a roof above an excavation in the form of a polygon, this roof being covered with fir boughs and earth. In the centre of the roof is a hole, which answers the purposes of entrance, window and chimney. There is also a stairway in the form of a log into which are cut large notches which serve as treads. As late as 1898, women of the Shuswap tribe, who were at that time reading the *Kamloops Wawa*, and writing in shorthand, still used stone implements in preparing dried skins.

Thus one man has introduced among these people the art of writing and a system of lighting their public buildings which surpasses that of many of the neighboring towns of the white men. He has put into practice among them a system of visual instruction with lantern slides, which, although smaller in extent, is nevertheless on the same plan as that now being introduced in the largest of the Eastern cities of America. Whereas most missionaries concentrate their attention upon spiritual matters, Father Le Jeune has looked also after the physical well-being of all of his people, in such a thorough and impartial manner that their economic future is much more bright than that of the Indians in many other parts of North America. In this way it may well be believed that Father Le Jeune's efforts have added in a large degree to the independence and manhood which may be developed only in the presence of economic independence, and which make possible a better ethical life.

AN OLD INDIAN HOUSE NEAR KAMLOOPS

Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

"DO I LOOK LIKE A TAILOR-MADE, HARD-RIDING, GOLF-MAD GIRL?"

HER WOOLLY LAMB

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

ILLUSTRATION BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

"I WON'T deny that I 'm worldly," she said.

"Nobody would believe you if you did," I replied.

"Or that I 'm ambitious."

"You 're frightfully ambitious," I agreed.

"And I usually get what I want."

"You 've never wanted me," I said.

"Do you suppose I could get you if I wanted you?"

"Why suppose?" I answered hastily.

"Could I, Reginald?"

"Don't call me Reginald," I pleaded.

"I never could marry a man named Reginald," she declared.

"If you ever do marry, be careful what you name your children," I warned, "or they 'll rise up and call you anything but blessed."

"Oh, I shall marry," she said.

"Does he know it?" I asked.

"Not yet," she replied.

"You always did keep them guessing," I said admiringly. "Who is he anyway?"

"He 's awfully rich."

"Of course. And——"

"That 's all," she said.

"Then you don't love him?"

"No, but I like him."

"Poor devil!" I said.

"Poor devil, indeed! He 's crazy about me, Reggie."

"That 's why I called him a poor devil, my dear."

"But he is n't poor, he 's rich—fearfully rich! And as for his being a devil, he 's not; he 's a regular lamb."

"Your woolly lamb," I said. "How interesting!"

"And he 's so tame he 'll eat out of my hand, Reggie."

"If you 're not careful, some day he 'll bite the hand that feeds him," I said. "Besides, woolly lambs grow up, and develop horns and——"

"He 'll always be a lamb," she declared.

"Perhaps," I said. "But a man who marries a girl who does n't love him deserves everything he gets—or does n't get," I added on reflection.

"But he thinks I love him, Reggie."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," I replied. "What are you going to do with his money when you get it?"

"Spend it, of course, Stupid!"

"You 've got plenty of your own," I objected.

"I have n't a tenth of what I need, Reggie. I have n't a yacht, have I?"

"No."

"Nor a private car?"

"You take my breath away," I said.

"I 've only just begun," she replied. "What I want most is a stunning big country place."

"What 's the matter with your place in the Berkshire Hills?"

"Why, Reggie, it 's nothing! I want a house with forty guest rooms on an estate of a thousand acres, at the very least—to say nothing of golf links, and a polo field, and six or seven automobiles, and shooting covers, and kennels, and a stable full of hunters, and——"

"In a word," I interrupted, "you want the earth."

"Yes, that 's it," she said, "and

in order to get it, I 'm going to marry."

"You certainly are worldly, my dear. Why, you fairly make me gasp; I thought you had everything you wanted—I did, positively."

"Nobody ever has that, Reggie."

"I know it," I said. "It 's usually the other fellow who has everything one wants. And I 've always thought you were satisfied," I continued, in a grieved tone, "and here you are upsetting my convictions like so many ninepins."

"You ought to be glad that it 's only your convictions I 'm bowling over, Reggie; it might have been you, you know."

I sighed sentimentally. "Yes, it might have been me," I said. "But considering the demands you would have made upon me, I thank my lucky stars that it was n't."

"Oh, I 'm not so unreasonable, Reggie. I would n't ask a poor man to buy me yachts and things."

"You 'd know jolly well that he could n't."

"I would n't want them, if he were the right man."

"Then you 'll admit that you 're marrying the wrong man?"

"I 'll *not* admit it," she said, "and even if I am, it 's my own funeral."

"I 'd hate for my funeral to occur on my wedding-day," I said. "Really, Cynthia, I 'm disappointed in you; I never dreamed that you were such a—such a——"

"Cormorant?" she suggested.

"No; such a frivolous person. Here I 've known you all these years, and I 've never dreamed you were anything of the sort. I thought frivolity always went with furbelows, and you 've never gone in for ribbons, and laces, and fluffy things, you know."

"Or music, or art, or Browning," she sneered.

"Don't think I 'm criticising you, my dear. But it worries me to have been so mistaken."

"I don't suppose it ever happened before," she said maliciously.

"But seriously, Cynthia."

"But seriously, Reginald."

"Now, listen," I said. "You know it 's true. Yours has always been the hurrah-boys-let 's-play-tag pose. It was a pose, was n't it?"

"Very possibly it was."

"And you rode harder, shot straighter, swam farther, golfed better, and motored faster than any girl in our set."

"I never could bear to be beaten by a mere man," she admitted.

"And now you are going to give it all up, and marry, and settle down."

"Does it sound as if I were going to settle down? Tut, tut, Reginald, your wits are wool-gathering!"

"I don't care a brass button if they are," I said. "I must say, Cynthia, this attitude of yours pains me deeply."

"I suppose it would be very vulgar of me to ask where it hurts you most, Reginald."

For answer, I placed my hand dramatically on my heart. "It hurts me here," I said.

"Is it a shooting pain?" she asked.

"No, it 's of the dull, throbbing kind."

"I might have known it would be a dull pain," she said.

"You need n't be so unpleasant about it, Cynthia. Dull pains are no joke, believe me."

"I did n't mean to be unpleasant," she replied.

"You can be charming when you like," I said.

"You ought to see me with my woolly lamb, Reggie!"

"Poor woolly lamb!" I said. "If he only knew what I know!"

"I suspect he knows more than you do, Reggie."

"You might tell me who he is, Cynthia."

"I shall do nothing of the sort; I 've told you too much, already."

"Is he handsome?"

"Not very."

"Big and strong, I suppose?"

"He 's five feet six, and suffers from dyspepsia, Reggie."

"Why, my dear girl, then he 'd only come up to your ear!"

"Not quite up to my ear, Reggie."

"The smaller the pill, the easier swallowed," I said.

"But he 's not a pill, Reggie, he 's as nice as he can be—so thoughtful, and gentle, and considerate."

"That's only the gilding on the pill, Cynthia."

"Just the same, he *is* nice, and I 'm really almost fond of him."

"At all events, you 'll be the man of the family," I said; "there 's some comfort in that."

"He has promised to do every single thing I want him to, Reggie."

"He won't last long at that rate," I prophesied cheerfully. "Well, my dear, when you get your country house with forty guest rooms, I hope you 'll invite me over to stay a week. And Cynthia——"

"Yes, Reggie."

"Don't forget my brand when you 're stocking your wine cellars."

"That 's very horrid and business-like of you, Reggie."

"If I were n't business-like, I 'd starve. Besides, what 's the use of having rich friends if you can't unload a few cases on them, now and then?"

"Your champagne is quite the worst in the market, Reggie."

"I know it is," I said, "but you need n't drink it yourself; all I ask is that you serve it to your guests."

The Swinnerton Smiths are from Montana—copper mines, you know—sinfully rich, sinfully *parvenue*, and all that sort of thing. But with Larry Donovan's help I unloaded a hundred cases of champagne on them that week, so of course I had to give them a little dinner.

It 's easy enough to get men to help out at such a time, but Mrs. Swinnerton Smith was bent on meeting some of the women of our set, and I spent several days trying to induce one or two of them to come to the dinner.

I finally got Mrs. Freddie Gates and Mrs. Ollie Birmingham, though not till I had promised to lead Mrs. Ollie's cotillion on the fourteenth, and had bribed Mrs. Freddie with a lion for her next dinner party. Luckily, she 's got an uncommonly good chef, and Lord Carmindale is n't at all particular where he dines so long as the dinner 's satisfactory. It was a happy thought on my part to offer Carmindale as a sop, and Mrs. Freddie was so grateful to me for nailing him for her dinner that she ordered twenty-five cases from me on the spot.

But it was n't all such plain sailing. The very afternoon after my dinner Mrs. Ollie cut Mrs. Swinnerton Smith at the Symphony Concert—cut her dead,—and it was all I could do to keep her from countermanding her hundred-case order. It was awfully inconsiderate of Mrs. Ollie. If she wanted to cut Mrs. Swinnerton Smith, she should have waited until I had received my cheque, and I told her so.

You can see for yourself how busy I must have been, and how little time I had to think of Cynthia and her woolly lamb. Not that I 'm in the habit of thinking of her, but Cynthia by herself, and Cynthia with a gilded woolly lamb at her heels, are two very different persons.

Imagine my surprise then—having taken it for granted that everything was settled, so far as Cynthia and her woolly lamb were concerned—to learn, at Mrs. Todhunter-Timmins's tea of her engagement to Willie Simpson. If it had been anybody but Larry Donovan who told, me, I would n't have believed it; but Larry generally knows what he 's talking about. Between ourselves, he supplies *Tittle Tattle* with its most authentic paragraphs. Of course I 've never mentioned it to a soul, for it would raise no end of a row, and besides, Larry is very useful to me.

But imagine my surprise—Cynthia engaged to Willie Simpson! You could have knocked me down with a feather. Why, Willie is scandalously poor! He has never so much as ordered even a pint of my champagne, and if he ordered any I would

not let him have it, for one hates to dun people for money—especially when they belong to your set, and your clubs, and all that sort of thing.

I must confess I was disappointed in Cynthia. It was all very well to reprove her for planning to marry a rich man she did n't love. But Willie Simpson! . . . Mrs. Todhunter-Timmins did n't like it a bit, my leaving so suddenly (the women in our set always count on my staying till after everybody has gone, and it is n't a bad thing to do, for if their teas or receptions have been a success they are generally so good-natured that it 's child's play to induce them to order ten or fifteen cases of my champagne), but there are times when one can't consider policy. I was dying to know what this engagement of Cynthia's meant, so I simply bolted.

By the happiest of chances, I found her at home, quite alone, and in the best of humors. She seemed delighted to see me, nor did she object when I favored her hand with a chaste and delicate salute, which last is quite surprising, as Cynthia has always professed a contempt for kissing of any sort. But every woman at heart, I believe, likes a man to raise her hand to his lips when he does it with distinction. At all events, it is courtly and old-fashioned, and I don't mind doing it—that is, of course, where the women have nice hands. Cynthia has uncommonly nice hands. She was looking uncommonly pretty, too, and I told her so. "It seems to agree with you to be engaged," I said.

"I knew you 'd come toddling round when you heard the news, Reggie."

"It was a great surprise," I said, "and it was very unworldly of you, Cynthia."

"You mean it was very foolish of me, don't you?"

"Oh, no," I denied. "But still——"

"Don't be afraid to say it, Reggie."

"Well, of course——" I still hesitated.

"Go on," she commanded.

"You 've always been a great favorite of mine, Cynthia, and . . . to be frank, I 'd prefer a country house with forty guest rooms to Willie Simpson."

"Willie *is* awfully poor," she admitted.

"He 's disgracefully poor, Cynthia."

"Of course, if I married him, we could n't afford to drink champagne, Reggie."

"I 'll send you a dozen cases on your wedding day," I announced generously.

"Please, don't," she said.

"You would n't have to drink any of it," I urged.

"Willie might think he had to, Reggie; he 's got an awfully nice sense of honor, you know."

"Bother Willie!" I said. "I don't see how you ever came to accept him, Cynthia."

"I don't either," she confessed.

"Then, why, in the world?——"

"He wrote me such pretty verses, Reggie, and he proposed so beautifully."

"I did n't know he wrote verses," I said. "That 's the trouble with you tailor-made, hard-riding, golf-mad girls: you 're at the mercy of men like Willie Simpson—namby-pamby, fancy-Nancy milksops, who do verses in the morning, and tatting and pink teas in the afternoon."

"But, Reggie!" she protested.

"I know," I said. "I belong to the same class, myself, only, instead of doing verses and tatting, I sandbag my friends into buying villainous champagne. Just the same, Cynthia, I 'd rather——"

"But, Reggie!"

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I had forgotten you were engaged to him."

"I don't mind," she replied. "It does me good to hear you say it."

"Well, of all things!" I began.

"It sounds disloyal, does n't it?"

"It *is* disloyal."

"No, it is n't."

"Cynthia," I said sternly, "you 're playing with me."

"As a cat with a mouse," she assured me. "Look at me, Reggie. Not at me, Stupid, at my gown. Do I look like a tailor-made, hard-riding, golf-mad girl?" She rose from the chair in which she had been sitting and paraded before me.

"Upon my word," I said, "you are all laces, and ruffles and flounces! What in the world does it mean?"

"It means that I 'm in love, Reggie."

"Not with Willie Simpson!"

"No, Reggie, with a MAN."

"And you are n't engaged to Willie."

"Of course not."

"I don't believe you 're engaged to anybody," I said.

"Yes, I am, Reggie. You remember my telling you about my woolly lamb. Well, he was n't a lamb at all."

"I hope he was n't a wolf in sheep's clothing, Cynthia."

She smiled. "Not a bit of it, Reggie. And how I could have been so mistaken, I can't see. Do you know a Mr. Montague Douglas?"

"Montague Douglas? Well, rather! He 's not in our set, though."

"No, he 's not in our set, Reggie, but he 's going to marry into it."

"Why, Cynthia," I cried, "he 's worth fifty millions, if he 's worth a cent!"

"I 'd marry him if he had n't a penny," she declared.

"You don't mean to tell me *he* was your woolly lamb!"

"No, Reggie, he never was my woolly lamb; I only thought he was."

"And you were n't engaged to Willie Simpson at all?"

"I was—for a whole day."

"It seems to me you 've treated Willie shamefully," I said.

"I did n't have a thing to do with it, Reggie. My engagement to Willie had hardly been announced before Mr. Douglas showed up. I sent down word that I was n't at home, but he came in anyway, and would n't leave. It was awfully embarrassing, because Willie was coming at four, and at half past three Mr. Douglas was still in the drawing-room, waiting for me. I simply had to see him in order to get rid of him. And when I saw him, I had the greatest surprise of my life."

"Go on," I said.

"I went into the drawing-room expecting to see my woolly lamb, and was confronted by a raging lion. He said things no man ever dared say to me before; he bullied me unmercifully, declared if I did n't break my engagement to Willie he 'd do it for me, and swore that he 'd marry me if he had to smash every law in the land, and all of the ten commandments, besides."

"Good heavens, Cynthia! Why did n't you have him turned out of the house?"

"Have him turned out of the house! My dear Reggie, I loved it—every bit of it—and I ended by promising to do everything he said."

"Did he make you promise to wear fluffy, flouncy gowns?"

"He said he liked them, Reggie. Positively, I do believe I 'm blushing."

"It 's wonderfully becoming," I said.

"And I 've promised to give up riding after the hounds."

"Dear, dear!" I exclaimed. "It 's certainly the real thing!"

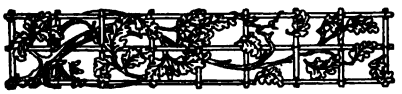
"I did n't want to give it up," she confessed, "but he made me."

"He must be a wonder, Cynthia. And to think he was once your woolly lamb!"

"He was n't," she declared, "he never was; he was always a lion."

"Except when he was asleep," I said.

"Yes," she agreed. "But, oh, Reggie, I 'm so glad I woke him up!"



LESS THAN KIN

By ALICE DUER MILLER

X

VICKERS had heard Overton's voice down stairs, and would have liked to explain his reasons for staying. And yet they would have been difficult to define. He had come home the evening before, fully determined to go. He had dressed and packed, and just as he was ready, a knock had come at his door. Waiting only to hide his bags, and to shut up all the bureaus which the haste of his packing had left open, he heard Nellie call to him. For an instant he had thought that she had discovered his intention; the next, he heard Nellie was asking him to go for a doctor.

Before dawn, however, a time had come when he might easily have slipped away, unobserved, if he had wanted to; and yet he had not again thought of going. No one, he had said to himself, would go away and leave in such trouble the household that had sheltered him. Nor was it only the sense of companionship with Nellie that kept him, but the unwonted knowledge that some one depended on and needed him.

Trained nurses were not to be obtained in Hilltop, and even if they had been, most of the work of nursing would have devolved on Vickers, for Mr. Lee would not let him go out of his sight. All that day and most of the next night Vickers sat beside his bed, wondering whether the old man's death was to be the end of the story or the beginning. Should he stay, or should he go? He told himself that Overton was right, and that the only decent thing for a wanderer and a fugitive to do was to go quickly and quietly. But the remembrance of Emmons poisoned the vision of his own departure.

On the second day of his illness, Mr. Lee died. For all his devotion Vickers was not with him at the moment. The old man had fallen into a comfortable sleep about noon; and Nellie had made Vickers go and lie down. He was wakened a few hours afterward by the girl herself. She came and sat down beside his sofa, and told him gently that his father had died without waking.

"My poor child," said Vickers, "were you all alone?"

"I have been thinking that I ought to tell you, Bob," she went on, disregarding his interest in her welfare, "that you have so much more than made up to my uncle. He has been happier than I ever expected to see him. I think that must be a help to you, Bob"; and, under the impression that he was suffering a very intimate sorrow, she gave him her hand.

Vickers took it only for a moment, and then replaced it on her lap.

They sat in the twilight of the darkened room for some time talking of plans and arrangements.

The funeral took place on Friday, and Hilltop, which had always honored the name of Lee, turned out in full force. And to increase Vickers's embarrassment, every member of the family came to pay the old gentleman a last token of respect.

"You must stand near me, Nellie," he said to her the morning of the funeral, "and tell me their names."

"Oh, you can't have forgotten them, Bob," she answered. "In the

first place, Uncle Joseph, who gave you the goat when you were a little boy. You remember the goat, don't you?"

He merely smiled at her for answer, and taking his meaning she returned quickly:

"Ah, not to-day, Bob. I could not bear to think you would repudiate your father to-day." Then, after a moment, for he said nothing, she went on: "Of course you remember Bertha and Jane. You used to be so fond of Jane. They are coming by the early train. They must have left Philadelphia before eight o'clock. I think that is wholly on your account, Bob."

Subsequently he discovered that they were daughters of a sister of Mrs. Lee's, his supposed first cousins.

They came some minutes before any one else. Vickers was alone in the parlor, decorously drawing on a pair of black gloves, when they were ushered in. Fortunately they were quite unmistakable—two neat, rustling, little black figures, followed by a solitary male, whose name proved to be Ferdinand. Looking up, Vickers greeted them without hesitation:

"Why, Jane and Bertha!" he cried.

They lifted their veils, displaying cheerful and pretty countenances, and to his intense amusement, each imprinted a kiss upon his ready cheek.

"Dear Bob," said one of them, "we are so sorry for you. And yet how glad you must have been to be at home when it happened. Poor Uncle Robert! We have n't seen him for years."

"Sam was so dreadfully sorry he could not come," said the other, with a manner so frankly disingenuous that Vickers could not resist answering:

"Ay, I suppose so!"

Not in the least abashed, the little lady smiled back.

"Well, it is strange," she admitted, "that he always has a toothache when it is a question of a family funeral. He keeps one tooth especially, I believe." And feeling that more friendly relations were now established, she continued: "How tall you are, Bob. Were you always as tall as that? You look sad, poor boy. Why don't you come down after the ceremony, and stay a few weeks with us, and let us try to console you?"

"Thank you," said Vickers, "but I shall have to be here until to-morrow."

"Oh, I see. Nellie will need you. But you might ask her. Nellie," she added, "we want Bob to come with us after the funeral. He seems to think you can't spare him."

Nellie, who had just entered the room, looked for an instant somewhat confused by this sudden address, but almost at once she replied coldly that she had spared Bob for so many years that she could probably do it again.

Without very much encouragement the two new cousins continued to cling to Vickers throughout the remainder of the ceremonies. They looked upon him as a direct reward of virtue. They had risen at an impossibly early hour, given up engagements merely from a sense of obligation to an old gentleman they hardly knew. The discovery of a good-looking cousin was a return—no more than just, but utterly unexpected.

For his part, if he had not been very conscious that this was his last day with Nellie, he would have enjoyed the company of the others. He took them down to the station and put them on their train, though he continued to refuse to accompany them.

"But you 'll come some day, soon, won't you, Bob?" Bertha exclaimed. "I hear you are very wicked, but it does n't matter."

"Yes," said Vickers, "I myself understand that I am an excellent subject for reform."

"We won't try and reform you," they answered; "we like you as you are," and they kissed him again, and departed.

On his return to the house he heard that Nellie had gone to lie down, leaving word that Mr. Overton was coming after lunch. Overton had been Mr. Lee's man of business. He and Emmons arrived soon after two. They sat round the library stiffly. Only Overton seemed to be as usual, his calm Yankee face untouched by

the constraint visible in the others.

"I don't know whether you want me actually to read the will itself," he said. "It is a very simple one. He leaves all the Hilltop property to his son, without restrictions of any kind. That is all he had to leave. The town house is nominally Nellie's, but it is mortgaged to its full value."

"Do you mean to say," Emmons cried, "that Nellie gets nothing?"

"Nothing, I 'm sorry to say—perhaps a hundred or so, but I doubt even that."

"You mean that Mr. Lee did not even leave her the equivalent of the sum which his son took from her?"

"That is what I mean, Mr. Emmons."

"It is an iniquitous will. The man who made that will was mad, and no lawyer should have drawn it for him."

"I drew it," said Overton gently.

"You should not have done so, sir," replied Emmons; "knowing the facts as you do, you ought to have pointed out to the old man where his obligations lay."

"It is the profession of a clergyman, not of a lawyer, to point out his client's duty, Mr. Emmons."

Emmons looked from one to the other, and then, remembering the sudden friendship that had sprung up between them, he asked, "And when was this will made?"

"Almost three years ago," Overton answered, and there was silence until, seeing Emmons about to break out again, Nellie said mildly,

"Really James, if I can bear it, I think you might."

"The sacrifices you made—" Emmons began, but she stopped him.

"Blood is thicker than water. It would be a pretty poor sort of world if men did not love their own children better than other people's."

"Oh, if you are satisfied," said Emmons bitterly; and then changed his sentence but not his tone. "All I can say is I am glad you all are pleased."

"You have not given us much of a chance to say whether we were or not," suggested Vickers mildly.

Emmons turned on him. "I don't have to ask whether you are satisfied or not. I don't imagine that you have any complaint to make."

"None at all," said Vickers.

"Do you mean to tell me that you would take that property?" Emmons demanded.

"What are you talking about, James?" said Nellie. "Of course Bob will take what his father leaves to him."

"I shall have my opinion of him if he does."

"Well," said Vickers, "if anything could separate me from an inheritance, it would certainly be the fear of Mr. Emmons's criticism."

"I shall only call your attention to one thing," said Emmons, flushing slightly. "Does it ever strike you, Mr. Bob *Lee*, to ask what it was saved you from criminal prosecution twelve years ago? No? Well, I 'll tell you. Respect for your father, and the fact that you did not have any money. Both of these conditions have changed to-day."

Vickers turned to Overton as if he had not heard. "I wonder," he said, "if we could not talk over family affairs more comfortably if there were no outsiders present."

"James is not an outsider," said Nellie.

"He is to me," said Vickers.

"If he goes, I go too," Nellie answered.

"In that case," said Vickers, "of course he must be allowed to stay, but perhaps you will be so good as to ask him, if he must be here, not to interrupt——"

"Come, come," said Overton, hastily, "can't we effect some compromise in this matter? As I understand it, Mr. Emmons believes that certain sums are owed Miss Nellie by you—"

"Compromise be damned, Overton," said Vickers. "You know this money is not mine, and I won't touch it."

Nellie started up. "The money is yours, Bob. My uncle would never have pinched and saved to pay me back. The money exists only because

he loved you so much. It is yours."

Vickers smiled at her. "I am glad," he said, "that I do not have to argue that extremely sophistical point with you. The reason that the money is not mine is—I hate to repeat a statement that you asked me not to make again—but I am not Bob Lee."

He had the satisfaction of seeing that, for the first time, she weighed the possibility of the assertion's being true.

"What does he mean, Mr. Overton?" she asked.

"He means he is not the person he represented himself as being."

"What is this?" cried Emmons, who had remained silent hitherto only from a species of stupefaction. "Is he trying to make us believe that his own father did not know him? What folly! How frivolous!"

Nellie's face clouded again; evidently she too thought it folly, but she said temperately:

"At least, James, it will cost him his inheritance, if he can make us believe him. He certainly does not gain by the assertion."

"What?" cried Emmons. "How can you be so blind! He was willing enough to be Bob Lee—he kept mighty quiet, until I threatened suit. He was willing enough to take the money, until it looked dangerous; and then we began to hear that he was not the fellow at all."

Nellie turned desperately to Overton.

"Mr. Overton," she said, "do you believe this story?"

Overton nodded. "Yes," he said, "I do; but I must tell you that I have no proofs of any kind, no facts, no evidence."

"Then why do you believe it?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Emmons with a carefully suppressed laugh; "a very good question."

"I have asked myself why," Overton answered, "and I can find only two reasons, if they may be called so. First, I do feel a difference between this man and the Bob Lee I used to know—a difference of personality. And, second, I have never had any reason to doubt this man's word."

"Ah, but I have," said Nellie. "As a boy Bob was not truthful."

"I was not speaking of Lee," said Overton.

Nellie put her hand to her head. "Oh, I don't know what to think," she said, and jumped up and walked to the window, as if to get away from Emmons, who was ready to tell her exactly what to think.

She stood there, and there was silence in the room. Overton sat feeling his chin, as if interested in nothing but the closeness of his morning's shave. Vickers, though his head was bent, had fixed his eyes on Nellie; and Emmons leant back with the manner of the one sane man in a party of lunatics.

Nellie was the first to speak. Turning from the window she asked,

"If you are not my cousin, who are you?"

"My name is Lewis Vickers."

She thought it over a minute, and threw out her hands despairingly.

"Oh, it is impossible," she cried. "Why, if you were not my cousin, should you have stayed and worked for us, and borne all the hideous things I said to you? Only a saint would do such a thing."

"He 'll not ask you to believe him a saint," put in Overton.

"No, I don't even claim to be much of an improvement on Lee."

"Oh, any one would be an improvement on poor Bob."

In answer, Vickers got up, and going over to where she stood beside the window, he told her his story. He told it ostensibly to her alone, but Emmons on the sofa was plainly an interested listener. Vickers spoke with that simplicity, that directness and absence of any attempt at self-justification, which the wise use when they are most desirous of being leniently judged.

From the first, he began to hope that he was succeeding. Nellie regarded him with a clear and steady glance from the start, and when he had finished, she remained gazing at

him—no longer doubtful, but with something almost terror-stricken in her expression.

In the pause that followed, Emmons turned to the lawyer.

"Now, you are a clever man, Mr. Overton," he said easily. "Perhaps you can explain to me, why it is that a fellow who is known to be a thief and a liar should be in such a hurry to write himself down a murderer as well?"

The tone and manner of the interruption, coming at a moment of high emotion, were too much for Vickers's temper. He turned on Emmons white with rage.

"I 've stood about as much as I mean to stand from you," he said. "Overton and Nellie are welcome to believe me or not as they like, but you will either believe me or leave this house."

His tone was so menacing that Overton stood up, expecting trouble, but it was Nellie who spoke:

"James will do nothing of the kind," she said. "If you are not Bob Lee you have no right to say who shall stay in this house and who shall not. The house is mine, and I won't have any one in it who can't be civil to James."

"Then you certainly can't have me," said Vickers.

"It seems not," answered Nellie.

They exchanged such a steel-like glance as only those who love each other can inflict, and then Vickers flung out of the house.

When, a few minutes later, Overton caught up with him, his anger had not cooled.

"Hush, hush, my dear fellow," said the lawyer. "Hilltop is not accustomed to such language. Let a spirited little lady have her heroics if she wants."

XI

Left alone with her fiancé, perhaps Nellie expected a word of praise for her gallant public demonstration in his favor. If so she was disappointed.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, as the door shut after Vickers. "I never in all my life heard such an audacious imposter. Imagine his daring to pass himself off as Mr. Lee's son throughout an entire month!"

"He told me within twenty-four hours of his arrival that he was not Bob Lee, and I think he told you, too, James; only you would not believe him."

Emmons took no notice of this reply, but continued his own train of thought. "When I think that for four weeks you have been practically alone in the house with an escaped murderer—for I don't believe a word of all this story about false testimony—my blood runs cold. And it is only by the merest chance that we have succeeded in rescuing all your uncle's property from his hands."

"I think you are wrong, James. Mr. Vickers never intended to accept my uncle's property."

"My dear Nellie! Women are so extraordinarily innocent in financial matters. That was the object of his whole plot."

"I don't think it was a plot. It seems to me, indeed, that we both owe an apology to Mr. Vickers."

"An apology!" said Emmons, and his color deepened. "I think you must be mad, Nellie. I think I owe an apology to the community for having left him at large so long. I ought to have telegraphed to the sheriff of Vickers' Crossing at once, and I mean to do so without delay."

Nellie rose to her feet. "If you do that, James—" she began, and then, perhaps remembering that she had been over-fond of threats in the past, she changed her tone. "You will not do that, I am sure James, when you stop to consider that you heard Mr. Vickers's story only because I insisted on having you present. It would be a breach of confidence to me as well as to him."

Emmons laughed. "The law, my dear girl," he said, "does not take cognizance of these fine points. It is my duty when I have my hand on an escaped murderer to close it, and I intend to do so. He probably means

to leave Hilltop to-night, and I shall not be able to get a warrant from Vickers' Crossing until to-morrow, but I can arrange with the local authorities to arrest him on some trumped-up charge that will hold him, until we get the papers."

He moved toward the door; to his surprise Nellie was there before him.

"One moment," she said. "I don't think you understand how I feel about this matter. I know Mr. Vickers better than you do. Whatever he may have done in the past, I feel myself under obligations to him. He has done more than you can even imagine, James, to make my uncle's last days happy. He has been more considerate of me," she hesitated, and then went on,—"more considerate of me, in some ways, than anyone I have ever met, though I have been uniformly insolent and high-handed with him. I admire Mr. Vickers in many respects."

"It is not ten minutes, however, since you turned him out of your house."

Nellie was silent, and then she made a decisive gesture. "I will not have you telegraph for that warrant, James. I let you stay under the impression that you were an honorable man, and I will not have Mr. Vickers betrayed through my mistake."

"Honor! betrayed!" cried Emmons. "Are n't we using pretty big words about the arrest of a common criminal? I am very sorry if you disapprove, Nellie, but I have never yet allowed man or woman to interfere with what I consider my duty, and I don't mean to now. Let me pass, please."

She did not at once move. "Oh, I 'll let you pass, James," she answered deliberately, "only I want you to understand what it means. I won't marry you, if you do this. I don't know that I could bring myself to marry you anyhow, now."

She had the art of irritating her opponent, and Emmons exclaimed "I dare say you prefer this jailbird to me."

She did not reply in words, but she moved away from the door, and Emmons went out of it. The instant he had gone, she rang the bell and when Plimpton appeared she said: "Tell the coachman that I want a trap and the fastest horse of the pair just as quickly as he can get it. Tell him to hurry, Plimpton."

Plimpton bowed, though he did not approve of servants being hurried. He liked orders to be given in time. Nevertheless, he gave her message, and within half an hour she was in Mr. Overton's drawing-room. The great man greeted her warmly.

"Do you know, my dear Nellie," he said, almost as he entered, "I was just thinking that I ought to have made an appointment to see you again. Of course you are in a hurry to get a complete schedule of your new possessions, and to know what you may count on in the future. Shall we say to-morrow—that is Saturday, is n't it?—about three?"

"Oh, there is not the least hurry about that," returned Nellie, and her manner was unusually agitated, "any time you like. I did not come about that. I came to ask you if you knew where Bob is—Mr. Vickers, I mean?"

"Yes," said Overton, "I do."

"Something dreadful has happened," Nellie went on with less and less composure. "I have only just found it out. As soon as our interview was over, James Emmons told me he meant to telegraph to Vickers' Crossing, or whatever the name of the place is, for a warrant. He expects to be able to arrest Mr. Vickers at once."

"He does, does he—the hound," cried Overton, for the first time losing his temper. He rang a bell, and when a servant answered it he ordered a trap to be ready at once. Returning to Nellie, he found that she had buried her face in her handkerchief, and he repented his violence.

"There, there, forgive me, Miss Nellie," he said. "I did not mean to call him a hound. I forgot that you were going to marry him."

"Oh, don't apologize to me," re-

plied Nellie, with some animation; "I wish I had said it myself. I am not going to marry him."

The news startled Overton. "Why, is that wise, my dear child?" he said. "Perhaps neither of us does him justice. He is a good, steady, reliable man, and if I were you, I would not go back on him in a hurry."

"He is not any one of those things," said Nellie, drying her eyes, and looking as dignified as the process allowed. "He is base. He took advantage of what he heard in confidence—of what he only heard at all because I made a point of his being there. Is that reliable, or steady? I call it dishonorable and I would rather die than marry such a creature, and so I told him."

"You know your own business best," answered Overton, "but the world is a sad place for lonely women."

"It would be a very sad place for both James and me, if I married him feeling as I do," said Nellie, and judging by her expression Overton was inclined to agree with her. "It was all very well while I could respect James, but now——"

"Still, ordinary prudence—" the lawyer began, but she interrupted.

"Don't talk to me about ordinary prudence. That is what led me into the awful mistake of being engaged to him at all. I thought it would be wise. I used to get thinking about the future, and whether I should have anything to live on——"

"And you don't think of these things now?"

"I don't care sixpence about the future," returned Nellie, "and I 'm sure I don't know why I have been crying, except that I am tired, and I think I 'll go home. You 'll warn Mr. Vickers, won't you?"

"I will," said Overton.

Nellie still hesitated. "He is here, I suppose."

"Yes. He was thinking of staying to dine with me, and taking a late train to town. He has a steamer to catch to-morrow; but after what you say"—Overton looked at his watch—"I rather think that he had better go at once. There 's a train within half an hour."

"Oh, he had much better go at once, before James has time to make trouble," she answered; and then added gravely, "Mr. Overton, do you believe that the murder happened just as Mr. Vickers said?"

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"So do I," Overton answered, "but then I have some reason, for I remember something of the case, which was a very celebrated one up the State. And now, Nellie, I 'll tell you a secret which I would n't trust to any one else. I have an impression—a vague one, but still I trust it—that that case was all set straight, somehow or other. If it should be——"

"Telegraph and find out."

"I wrote some days ago—the night before your uncle was taken ill; but I have had no answer. But mind, don't tell him. It would be too cruel, if I should turn out to be wrong."

"I?" said Nellie. "I don't ever expect to see the man again."

"I suppose not," he returned, "and yet I wish it were not too much to ask you to take him to the station in your trap. He won't have more than time, and mine has not come to the door yet."

Nellie looked as if she were going to refuse, but when she spoke she spoke quite definitely: "I 'll take him," she said.

"Thank you," said Overton, and left the room.

In his library he found Vickers standing on the hearth rug, though there was no fire in the chimney-place. His head was bent and he was vaguely chinking some coins in his pocket.

"Well, Vickers," said his host, coolly. "I have a disagreeable piece of news for you. Emmons, it seems, has telegraphed for a warrant, and does not intend to let you go until he gets it, but possibly he won't be prepared for your slipping away at once. There 's a train at five ten. Do you care to try it?"

Vickers looked up, as if the whole matter were of very small interest to him. "There does not seem to be anything else to do, does there?" he said.

"Of course, my offer of a position is still open to you."

"I can't stay in this country with Emmons on my heels. They 'd lock me up in a minute."

"You have never heard anything further about your case, have you?"

"Not a word. There was n't much to hear, I expect. I suppose I had better be going."

"Your bags are at the Lees' still, are n't they?"

"And can stay there, for all I care. I 'll not put foot in that house again."

"I hope you don't feel too resentfully towards Miss Lee," Overton began, "for in the first place it was she who brought me word of this move of Emmons, and in the second ——"

"I don't feel resentful at all," interrupted Vickers. "But I don't feel as if I wanted to go out of my way to see her again."

"And in the second," Overton went on, "the only way you can possibly catch your train now is to let her drive you down. She has a trap outside, and she seemed to be——"

He paused, for the door had slammed behind Vickers, and when he followed, the two were already in the trap. Overton smiled.

"That 's right," he said, "make haste; but you might at least say good-bye to a man you may never see again. Good-bye, my dear fellow; good luck."

Vickers, a little ashamed, shook hands with the older man in silence, and Overton went on: "Whatever happens, Vickers, do not resist arrest. I have ordered a trap and I 'll follow you as soon as it comes. Not that I anticipate any trouble."

They drove away, and Overton as he entered the house murmured to himself, "Not that they listened to a word I said."

Yet if they had not listened, it did not seem to be from any desire to talk themselves. They drove out of the gates in silence, and had gone some distance before Nellie asked,

"Where shall you go to-night, Mr. Vickers?"

"Thank you for your interest," returned Vickers, bitterly, "but it seems that my plans have been quite sufficiently spread about Hilltop. Perhaps it would be as well for me not to answer your question. I am going away."

Not unnaturally this speech angered Nellie. "You do not seem to understand," she said, "that I came to warn you that you must go."

"I was going anyhow," he retorted, "but of course I am very much obliged to you for any trouble you may have taken in the matter."

"I thought it my duty," she began, but he interrupted her with a laugh not too polite.

"Your duty, of course. You never do anything from any other motive. That is exactly why I do not tell you my plans. You might feel it your duty to repeat them to Emmons. I think I remember your saying that you always tell him everything."

"You are making it," said Nellie, in a voice as cool as his own, "rather difficult for me to say what I think is due to you—and that is that I owe you an apology for having insisted yesterday——"

"You owe me so many apologies," returned Vickers, "that you will hardly have time to make them between here and the station, so perhaps it is hardly worth while to begin."

"You have a right to take this tone with me," said Nellie, acutely aware how often she had taken it with him. "But you shall not keep me from saying, Mr. Vickers, that I am very conscious of how ill I have treated you, and that your patience has given me a respect for you—" She stopped, for Vickers laughed contemptuously; but as he said nothing in answer, she presently went on again: "I do not know what it is that strikes you as ludicrous in what I am saying. I was going to add that I should like to hear, now and then, how you are

getting on, if it is not too much to ask."

He turned on her. "You mean you want me to *write* to you?"

She nodded.

"I am afraid your future husband would not approve of the correspondence, and as you tell him everything —no, I had far better risk it now, and tell you my plans at once. I am going to South America, where I am going to be a real live general over a small but excellent little army. I know, for I made some of it myself."

"And will you be safe there?"

"Yes, if you mean from Emmons and the processes of the law. On the other hand, some people do not consider soldiering the very safest of professions—especially in those countries, where they sometimes really fight, and, contrary to the popular notion, when they do fight, it is very much the real thing. Fancy your feelings, Nellie, when some day you read in the papers: 'The one irreparable loss to the Liberal party was the death of General Don Luis Vickers, who died at the head of his column. . . .' Ah, I should die happy, if only I could die with sufficient glory to induce Emmons to refer to me in public as 'an odd sort of fellow, a cousin of my wife's.' I can hear him. My spirit would return to gloat."

"He will never say that," said Nellie, with a meaning which Vickers, unhappily, lost.

"Ah, you can't tell, Nellie. 'General Luis Vickers' sounds so much better than 'Vickers, the man the police want.' And Emmons's standards, I notice, depend almost entirely on what people say. Nellie," he went on suddenly, "I have something to say to you. You and I are never going to see each other again, and heaven knows I don't want to write to you or hear from you again. This is all there will ever be, and I am going to offer you a piece of advice as if I were going to die to-morrow. Don't marry Emmons! He is not the right sort. Perhaps you think I have no right to criticise a man who has always kept a good deal straighter than I, but it is just because I have knocked about that I know. He won't do. You are independent now. Your farm will bring you in something. Keep the fellow I put in there, and sell a few of the upland lots. You won't be rich, but you 'll be comfortable. Don't marry Emmons."

"Why do you say this to me?"

"Because I know it 's the right thing to say. I can say anything to you. As far as a woman like you is concerned, I realize a man like myself —without a cent, without even a decent name—does n't exist at all; not even Emmons himself could suppose that in advising you not to marry him, I have any hope for myself."

"And yet that is just what he does think." She forced herself to look at him, and her look had the anxious temerity of a child who has just defied its elders.

"Nellie, what do you mean?"

"I am not going to marry Mr. Emmons."

"You are not! Oh, my darling! What a place the world is! Have I really lost you?"

Nellie smiled at him, without turning her head. "I thought you had no hope."

He had no sense of decency, for he kissed her on the public highway. "I have n't," he answered. "I can't stay, and you can't go with me. Imagine you in the tropics."

"I certainly can't go if I 'm not asked."

"Think what you are saying to me, woman," he answered. "In another moment I shall ask you if you love me, and then——"

She turned to him, and put her hand in his. "Suppose you do ask me," she said.

Vickers held it, and bent his head over it, and laid it against his mouth, but he shook his head. "No," he said, "I won't. I have just one or two remnants of decency left, and I won't do that."

He stopped, for Nellie had suddenly pulled the horse back. They were

now within sight of the station, and on the platform was Emmons with a group of men.

Before she could stop him, Vickers had jumped out over the wheel. "You must not wait," he said, "there is going to be a fuss. You see it would n't do. Good-bye, my love."

He went on without looking at her. He was only eager to get the whole thing over. He cared very little whether Emmons arrested him or not. His mind was occupied with other things. He let them go through the due process of arrest. The technical charge was getting money under false pretences. Everything appeared perfectly regular. He heard the whistle of the train. At first he had thought it would be good fun to knock down Emmons and his justice of the peace, and escape. Now it seemed hardly worth while. All his hatred of Emmons had died away. Indeed, the other two men seemed far more nervous than the prisoner.

As the train drew in, Overton drove up, with his horse in a lather. He approached the little group with his usual calmness.

"Why, what 's all this?" he said. Emmons explained. The great man appeared satisfied. "I see," he said, "you can hold him on this charge until you get something better. But you have not heard from Vickers' Crossing, have you?"

"I expect a telegram at any moment," said Emmons. He had never found Mr. Overton so friendly.

"Exactly," said he; "well, I was expecting a telegram myself, and stopped at the office on my way down, and I took the liberty, Mr. Emmons, having heard something of your position, and guessing I should find you here, of asking if there were any for you."

"No liberty at all, Mr. Overton," said Emmons, "very kind of you, I 'm sure. And were there?"

"Only one." He handed it to him, and turned away while he opened it. Vickers, watching Overton, felt a sudden impossible hope spring up, for the great man stood staring impassively into the distance; but his hand went up to stroke his chin, so that his mouth was covered, and his eyes glittered oddly. Vickers, turning to read Emmons's face, saw there the blankness of utter disgust.

"You have good news, I see," said Overton briskly.

Emmons handed him the message in silence, and he, without permission, passed it on to Vickers. It said:

"Vickers no longer wanted. Charge cleared up two years ago."

Overton turned to the justice. "It will hardly be worth while to hold him, in view of this, I think," he said.

It would have been hardly possible at the moment, for Vickers was already a hundred yards away, heading towards where, on the outskirts of the excitement, Nellie's trap was still hovering. The onlookers saw him jump in, and the horse disappeared up the road at a canter.

The benevolent-looking justice of the peace rubbed his hands.

"Now that 's very fortunate," he said. "I am relieved. He always struck me as a nice young man, in spite of the stories."

Emmons turned on him fiercely. "I don't know what you mean by a nice young man," he exclaimed. "It 's true he has gone free through a fluke in the law, but we all know he 's a rascal, whom no one but a fool would trust."

"Oh, I hope not," said Overton. "I have just offered him a position of some responsibility. May I drive you home, Mr. Justice?"

The two men drove away together, while Emmons, turning to the onlookers, observed that at least he had the satisfaction of having done his duty. But the crowd was dispersing silently, and even here Emmons did not get the commendation he craved.

(THE END)

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

By DON MARQUIS

Alack-a-day for poverty!
What jewels my mind doth give to thee!

Carved agate stone porphyrogene,—
Green emerald and beryl green,—
Deep sapphire and pale amethyst,—
Sly opal, cloaking with a mist
The levin of its love elate—
Shy brides' pearls, flusht and delicate—
Sea-colored lapis lazuli—
Sardonyx and chalcedony—
Enkindling diamond, candid gold,—
Red rubies and red garnets bold—
And all their humors should be blent
  In one intolerable blaze,
Barbaric, fierce and opulent,
  To burn the eye that dared to gaze!

Alack-a-day for poverty!
My rhymes are all you get of me!
Yet, if your heart receive, behold!
The worthless words are set in gold.

Engraved from Jansen's portrait for Masson's "Life of Milton"

MILTON AT TEN

The first portrait of the poet, now in the possession of Mr. J. Edwards Passmore

THE MILTON TERCENTENARY

By WILFRED WHITTEN

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

TO write at large about Milton is not my purpose. The tercentenary celebrations which have been organized by the British Academy of Letters will evoke some noble utterances: of that we may be sure. Yet who will dare to praise Milton? I noted the other day a word of protest against the use of the word "praise" in relation to the Deity. Praise, it was pointed out, is a voluntary and reasoned act, and by consequence it implies the power to withhold as well as to give—in a word, the right to criticise. We may adore, but not praise, the Highest. Now this is true in a lower degree of those great human spirits who have come nearest the divine in example or comprehension. Who thinks of praising St. Francis or Shakespeare? Praise has in it something of finality. But those men whom the world will not willingly let die (the very phrase asserts the divinity of man) are above praise even when they are not above censure. It was admirably said a few weeks ago by an English critic that Dr. Johnson's praise of Shakespeare was like the measurement of a mountain, to which the mind assents until the heights are seen to be soaring through the cloud.

No doubt we can draw much nearer

ST. GILES'S CHURCH, CRIPPLEGATE

The reputed resting-place of Milton's remains, just outside the Roman wall, whose last remaining bastion shows at right

to Milton than to Shakespeare. There is a reason for this which has little to do with scales of greatness. Milton is an egotist, Shakespeare is not. The distinction was developed by Coleridge. "Shakespeare is the Spinozistic deity—an omnipresent creativeness. Milton is the deity of prescience; he stands *ab extra* and drives a fiery chariot and four, making the horses feel the iron curb which holds them in. Shakespeare's poetry is characterless—that is, it does not reflect the individual Shakespeare; but John Milton himself is in every line of 'Paradise Lost.'" And again, "His Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve, are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works: the egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit." It is not by praising Milton, but by entering anew into this revelation of spirit that we shall best honor him this winter.

Eight winters ago, in the London *Academy*, I ventured to ask—and I will now repeat my question, and part of the answer I framed to it—whether writers of to-day (poets, critics, novelists, taken in the lump) sufficiently remember and attend on Milton as our supreme literary man.

STATUE OF MILTON IN FORE STREET
Beside the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate

For Milton is the greatest workman in words whom writers of English, as such, can watch and understand. Every young writer should learn from Milton what our language can do, and every young critic what our language has done.

Even the novelist of to-day, in common with the historian, the essayist, and the poet, has something to gain from keeping a chamber of his mind sacred to Milton and reverberant with his austere music. What Professor Raleigh calls the besetting sin of the Romantics—the employment of irrelevant and excessive detail—would surely be purged by loyalty to the master of English Classicism. Nor would this be the only vice to wither away in contact with Milton's altar flame. The power to prolong, and balance, and undulate a sentence would be acquired by reminiscence; and the young writer would not need Milton's explicit disapproval of the staccato style, so useful as a spurt, so wearying as a pace.

Milton is not less an example in the domain of literary character. Not from him will you get any ratification of that license which, with varying degrees of peril, is claimed for the "literary temperament." This professional rectitude, as I may call

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, ADJOINING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

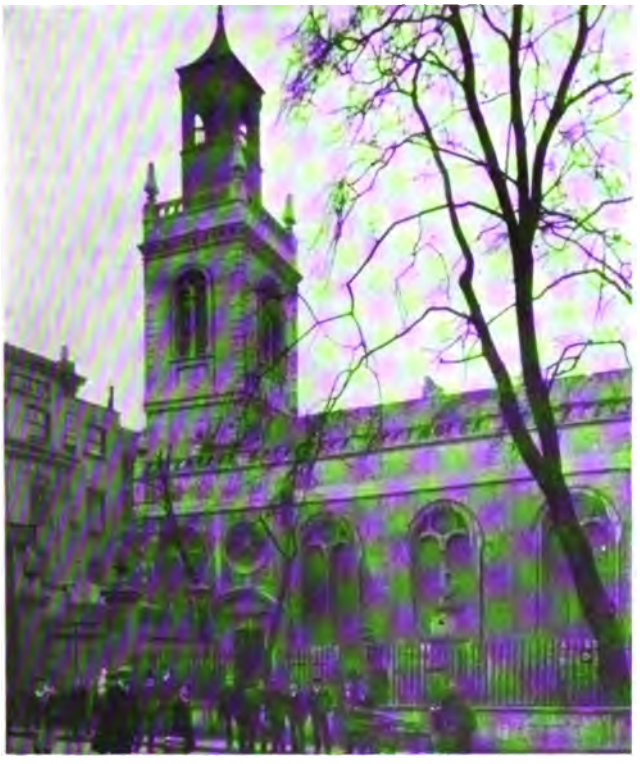
it, was noted by Emerson, and its lesson is the more cogent to-day because Milton's self-control was grounded on that very consciousness of the literary life which is now so often pleaded to extenuate those things which are not convenient. Repelling the false charge of dissoluteness he wrote: "A certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, either of what I was or what I might be, and a modesty, kept me still above those low descents of mind beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree". . . . to relax the moral law in his own favor. To some false insinuations about his early morning haunts, he replied:

Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or correcting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its perfect fraught; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our

country's liberty, when it shall require from firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations. These are the morning practices.

Here we have an exemplary cross-section of the daily code of a literary man, and that man John Milton.

Yet it is as readers, not as writers, that we should all renew our homage. Poor and unhappy is that man for whom Milton's poetry has not provided spiritual fountains and hiding-places. How the mind rests itself, after many wanderings, in the searching moral dignity of certain passages! No poet—and this is one secret of Milton's influence and appositeness—has so mingled moral with natural beauty, has so beneficently confused the purity of nature and that of the heart's best desires. His mere landscapes implant a hunger for good. Who does not feel this in reading such lines as these:



CHURCH OF ST. MARY, ALDERMANBURY, LONDON
Here Milton married his second wife, Katharine Woodcock, Nov. 12, 1656

. . . . fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.

There is no fathoming the pure suggestions and the recall of youth in such lines. Or how is one to exhaust the marvel of those in "Lycidas," in which the Cornish coast is described with a sense of sublimity and space which one could not have thought to be within the compass of language.

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st, by the fable of Bellerus old,

THE MONUMENT TO MILTON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

Such scenes are more real than any in nature, for they belong to those landscapes of the inner eye which we have caught from old dreams in the beginnings of life and worship—that haunting world which flashed only to fade, yet glimmers behind all that we think and see. Again and again lines of Milton's, not in themselves didactic but coming descriptive from the heart, will dispose the mind to tender and fruitful meditation.

They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheel of Phoebus' wain.

Or

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Milton's poetry compels that slow and quiet breathing which is the physical accompaniment and necessity of contemplation. His mere geographical conceptions enlarge the eye, delivering us to-day from the conjunctive deceptions of cable and motor-car. The world is still vast as when David thought to dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea.

Of Milton's sterner more direct teaching every reader can remind himself. To "justify the ways of God to men," "with dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of good things in others" were his aims. I will but cite the strong, tender and enduring admonition which the angel addresses to Adam when he has explained the scheme of man's salvation:

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

To realize the personality of the man who thus taught in everlasting word-music must be the wish of all who keep this tercentenary.

I began with some reference to Shakespeare, who had about eight years to live when Milton was born in Bread Street, in the City of London, on December 9, 1608. Did Shakespeare ever see the boy of Bread Street? One would like to think so, and it is possible. Masson plays with the idea:

If we will imagine the precise amount of personal contact that there was or could have been between Shakespeare and our poet, how else can we do so but by supposing that, in that very year, 1614, when the dramatist paid his last known visit to London, he may have spent an evening

with his old comrades at the Mermaid, and going down Bread Street with Ben Jonson, on his way may have passed a fair child of six playing at his father's door, and, looking down at him kindly, have thought of a little grave in Stratford churchyard, and the face of his own dead Hamnet? Ah! what an evening in the Mermaid was that; and how Ben and Shakespeare betongued each other, while the others listened and wondered; and how, when the company dispersed, the sleeping street heard their departing footsteps, and the stars shone down on the old roofs.

Bread Street is now part of a labyrinth of streets whose interests lie in the "Manchester trade." Its merchants and clerks spend their days in the wholesale operations by which muslins, laces, and trimmings find their way to the daughters of Eve. Half way along this street which links Cheapside with Cannon Street, the eye is caught by a bust let into the wall of a building at the corner of Watling Street, under which you read:

MILTON
BORN IN BREAD STREET
1608
BAPTISED IN CHURCH OF
ALL HALLOWS
WHICH STOOD THERE
ANTE 1878

Milton's home stood higher up the street towards Cheapside, on the east side, and on a site now covered by the warehouse numbered 58 to 63. Here, on an upper floor, is preserved a bust of Milton, with an inscription relating to the site. The elder Milton's address was "at the sign of the Spread Eagle." The poet, therefore, was a cockney of cockneys: not only was he born within sound of Bow Bells, but, as Masson points out with topographical unction, if the bells had fallen from the steeple they might have crushed the infant in his cradle.

THE MILTON TABLET IN BREAD STREET

To Bread Street came one day Cornelius Jansen, a young Dutch painter, to limn a portrait of Master John Milton who was then ten years old. The first engraver of this portrait had the happy idea of inscribing under his work these lines from "Paradise Regained":

When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good: myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth
And righteous things.

There is little doubt that these lines have an autobiographical value. They illustrate the fact that Milton's greatness was a growth, not a surprise or a discovery. Foreseen by his parents, divined gradually by himself, his mission became nobly self-conscious. Even at Cambridge a "constitutional seriousness" withheld him from the frivolities of student life. He admitted that his "faculty in festivities and jests" was "very slight."

Here we touch on that side of Milton which is least attractive in his character as a literary man. More and more he gave himself to study, work, the promotion of liberty, and fame —that "last infirmity of noble minds." Such a life is a challenge to the institution of

Engraved by Radclyffe from Vertue's engraving from the Onslow portrait

MILTON AT TWENTY-ONE

marriage, whose roots are in nature and whose prosperity depends on the common air and sunshine. Milton's comparative failure as a husband and a father must be accepted, but it should be judged in the light of general experience and the fair obligations of life. He became absorbed in his books and visions. It was his absorption, one cannot doubt, that caused all the trouble—that and the inability of his first wife to catch and turn to domestic advantage his surplus energy. It is an old story how the Puritan poet married the Cavalier maid Mary Powell, and brought her from her country home to his book-filled house in Aldersgate Street; how she pined there, and how, to use Phillips's sly phraseology, "after she had for a month or thereabout *led a philosophical life*," the young wife jumped at an invitation from her family to go

HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

and spend the rest of the summer with them in Oxfordshire. She went, and the rest of that unhappy story is written in every chronicle of Milton's life.

Aldersgate Street, which is but a couple of stones' throw from Bread Street, still retains its old contours as it winds up toward Islington. Maid-

MILTON'S LODGINGS AT CAMBRIDGE

On second floor, to right or left of doorway

enhead Court—or Lamb Alley, as it was called in Milton's day—was the scene of that early, but not permanent, separation in 1643. In London it often happens that the same street plays a second or a third part in a man's destiny. It was in Aldersgate Street, twenty-four years later, that Milton sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost" to bookseller Samuel Symons for £5 down, and an additional £5 when each of the first three editions should be sold: he received, in all, £10.

It is unnecessary to trace Milton from house to house with the fidelity of a postman. At no London house which he occupied could a letter be delivered to-day. From a High Holborn back window he looked for a time on the pleasant space of Lincoln's Inn Fields. At Charing Cross, and hard by it in Scotland Yard, he worked as Latin Secretary to Cromwell's Council of State. His most famous residence in this region was a handsome house in Petty France, Westminster. This was the last of the homes on which he looked with seeing eyes. Before many months he had need of a hand to guide him across Birdcage Walk and through St. James's Park to Whitehall.

In Petty France Milton lost his first wife, married a second, and lost her also. A century and a half later William Hazlitt was sufficiently prosperous to be the proud tenant of this house, on whose parapet he set up a stone inscribed "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets." He was followed a little later by old Jeremy Bentham, whose dinners are described vividly by Mr. Rush, the American Minister in London. It is said that Bentham, in showing his guests round the garden, would sometimes make them go on their knees to the tall, narrow house. In that garden there was a tree believed to have been planted by Milton; but tree, garden and house are now engulfed in Queen Anne's Mansions—London's feeble flattery of a New York skyscraper.

WINDOW OF SITTING-ROOM IN MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES

It is not quite known how Milton escaped death as a "regicide." His "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio" was burnt by the common hangman, and Milton's personal fate was long in the balance. Saved in the end, but stripped of his appointments and denuded of half his fortune, he knew that his public life was over, and returned to the consolations of his books. He returned also to the City to which he was native, and installed himself in a pretty "garden-house" (without a garden he could not be happy) in Jewin Street, a stone's throw from his old homes in Aldersgate and the Barbican.

The sad and sordid aspects of Milton's home life were redeemed at last by his happy marriage in 1663

MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

to Elizabeth Minshull, a cousin of his friend Dr. Nathan Paget. In this year Milton moved to the house in which he died. One easily discovers the site in Artillery Row, now Bunhill Row, in which he completed "Paradise Lost" and wrote "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." It is covered by the offices of a firm of well-sinkers, and a tablet over the door indicates that Milton died there in 1674.

All this London region recalls the struggle for freedom of conscience, the literature of martyrdom, "the dissidence of dissent and the Protes-

MILTON'S STUDY AT CHALFONT ST. GILES

Engraved from life by William Faithorne, 1670. From Milton's "History of Britain"

MILTON AT SIXTY-TWO

The only authentic likeness of the poet in his maturity

tantism of the Protestant religion." When Milton was removing to Artillery Row a small boy was running about Fore Street, hard by, whose whole life was to be spent in a rough and not always scrupulous battle for some of Milton's principles. Daniel Defoe was then four years old. At this time, too, John Bunyan was writing his "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison. Both these men, and many another Puritan hero and champion of conscience, lie in the neighboring cemetery of Bunhill Fields, in ground over which Milton's steps must often have passed. This gray field of the dead is one of the most impressive sights of London. It should be seen on an autumn afternoon when the leaves are falling and a soft haze

THE MILTON TEMPLE, MOUNT EDGCUMBE

hangs over the haunts of Wesley. Here many Cromwells are buried; Isaac Watt's name may be seen; and beneath a tall obelisk, erected by English children's pennies, moulders the hand that wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

For six months Milton's residence in Artillery Row was interrupted by the Plague, to escape which he retired into Buckinghamshire. The cottage at Chalfont St. Giles in which he lived draws its pilgrims from the ends of the earth, and it is the only home of Milton's which can be honored at his tercentenary. It was here that Ellwood's historic question about "Paradise Lost" suggested "Paradise Regained."

Writing, meditating, comforted by his young wife, honored by friends and disciples, Milton made a quiet and dignified end. One day a funeral procession moved down Artillery Walk and down Grub Street (now called Milton Street) into Cripplegate, and it was quickly known that Mr. Milton was to be buried. A Londoner in the full sense of the word, he was gathered to his own parish church like a London merchant, and his bones were laid side by side with those of a London topographer: "I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together," writes Aubrey, trying to fix the poet's resting-place under the chancel. But the exact spot within St. Giles's that holds Milton's dust is unknown. Some there be who believe his remains were made away with many years ago.

Born, as he said, "to promote all truth and righteous things," Milton fulfilled his mission in ways which men will never agree to admire. His

social and political opinions belong to an age of strife, and they beget strife still. Even from his own party and faith he was often a rebel. But his social message can never be misunderstood when it is compared with his appeal to the individual conscience. He stood ever for personal holiness and lofty ideals. No dreamer or symbolist, he was a great expositor of the ancient ways of God to Man, and of the relations of man to his private and civic conscience. In the main he took as his material the old conceptions of faith and conduct, instinct with the dread, splendor and mystery of the Hebrew idea, yet long become homely and absolute in the English mind. He clothed them in the noblest garment of poetry that could be woven from a language which had finally enriched itself from the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

BUST OF MILTON, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

BENIGNANT DEATH

THANKING God for life and light,
Strength and joyous breath,
Should we not, with reverent lips,
Thank Him, too, for death ?

When would man's injustice cease,
Did not stern Death bring
Those who cheated and oppressed
To their reckoning ?

Would not life's long sordidness
On our spirits pall,
If our years should last forever,
And the earth were all ?

On us, withered with life's heat,
Falls death's cooling dew,
And our parched souls' dusty leaves
Their lost green renew.

Ah, though deep the grave-dust hide
Love and courage high,
Life a paltrier thing would be
If we could not die!

EFFIE SMITH

THE SHADOW OF THE TREES

By CLARE BENEDICT

ILLUSTRATION BY H. A. MATHES

THE trees had always had their own way at Kingston; the place depended on them for so much that made life pleasant: for shade, during the long, hot southern summers; for shelter, during the short though rugged winters; for picturesqueness, all the year round. They were mostly pines—tall, straight and fragrant; they held themselves sedately, as though to guard the proud old mansion against intrusion. They guarded it at least from curious gazers, for Kingston Manor was completely hidden until one was close upon it. Such trees possessed, of course, a high commercial value; but apparently this fact had been ignored disdainfully: ignoring obvious facts was part of the Kingston tradition.

On one particular knoll, at the entrance to the great neglected park and overlooking it, the pines grew in special beauty. The finest one of all, called the "Governor," rose in majestic height. Beneath it was a seat, ancient, semicircular and uncomfortable, and from this seat a wide view was visible—long stretches of rolling land, a gentle stream, a distant farmhouse; on the other side, the dark pine grove that surrounded and concealed the house.

John Forsythe examined the scene with unconcealed curiosity. He was seated on the bench, with Mrs. Kingston beside him. It was the first time he had seen her since her marriage, six years ago, though till then he had been her closest comrade. Having been that and, as her legal adviser, having had full charge of her not inconsiderable property, he felt himself entitled to conduct investigations. And he had come to make inquiries—to push things, as he put it. He knew nothing of her circumstances, whether her marriage was happy; her silence had been baffling. No visits had been exchanged; and while she had no near relatives, still there were a few intimate friends, and a whole circle of admiring acquaintances. And yet she had never come. Her evasions had been masterly; she would probably have evaded him now, had he given her the opportunity. But his arrival had been purposely abrupt, announced by telegraph barely two hours in advance. At the station he had been met by a light cart, which had brought him directly to the knoll, where May had awaited him. It was her favorite haunt, she had explained in the midst of her eager welcome. Having grown up together, there was no end to their reminiscences. He had enjoyed recalling them, and so had she. For a time he forgot his resolve to find things out; but now he roused himself.

"How strange it seems," he began, addressing his companion determinedly—"how exceedingly strange it seems to find you in surroundings like these!"

"Why strange, John," she retorted, "to be in my husband's home?"

He made a gesture of deprecation. "I can never think of you as married."

She laughed, pointing towards the

Drawn by H. A. Mathes (See page 343)

"KEEP US UNDER YOUR SHADOW," SHE WHISPERED

grove. "You should see my three children."

"Three, May? What a handful—at your age! Your children must be pretty though," he added.

She laughed again, throwing back her head; the action recalled the girl of old. "They are the very prettiest children in all the world!"

"Can't I see them?"

She hesitated, glancing towards the road. "I am afraid not, just at this hour. But what is your last possible moment?"

"My train leaves in about three-quarters of an hour," he replied with swift decision. "Do you mean that I can't see your husband and children?" he continued, searching her features for further intimations.

Mrs. Kingston dropped her eyes. "They are taking their naps," she explained, "and Walter is off on the place. You have chosen a bad time; you should have given me at least a day's warning."

Forsythe turned towards her impulsively. "If I had, you would have run away from me. Do you think I have n't noticed? You have avoided me deliberately for six years."

"It had nothing to do with you—you must have known."

"How could I know? What would you have thought in my place?"

She flushed suddenly. "I suppose you thought me very ungrateful, after all that you had done for me?"

Forsythe flushed deeply in his turn. "I hope you know I did n't come here to be thanked," he said with some vehemence.

"What *did* you come for then?" she asked innocently.

"Well, principally to conduct investigations."

"A spy, John?"

She clasped her hands in mock dismay; evidently she wished facetiousness to be maintained. Forsythe fell in with her desire.

"You need n't be afraid of me," he assured her lightly; "that is, if you answer my questions honestly. Tell me something about your life," he begged. "It must be very different?"

"As different as night and day!"

"May!" he cried, "I expected straightforwardness."

"What made you expect it?" she demanded.

"Our old friendship—our long separation—your own nature."

"How do you know that my nature has n't changed?"

"By the expression of your eyes."

She turned away from him, glancing towards the road. The subject appeared to be closed.

Forsythe fidgeted on the stiff, cold seat. "These trees are magnificent," he murmured confusedly; "they must be worth a king's ransom. It would ruin the place, though, to cut them down. I suppose now and then you thin them out?"

His embarrassment seemed to restore her spirits.

"It would n't be safe to say that to Walter," she cried gayly; "he would think you had sinister designs. He loves every tree on the place and actually calls them by name."

"Trees like these deserve to have names."

"The farm, too," she continued in the same tone, "would appeal to you from the commercial point of view. Walter is devoted to that also. He is supposed to be a gentleman of leisure, but in reality he works like a slave. One would think to see him, when he comes home at night, that he was a hired laboring man, instead of being the master of Kingston Manor! He is master, though, I can tell you. He has only to lift his hand and things are done, whereas with me it takes an age. That is the difference, I suppose, between a Kingston by marriage and a Kingston born."

She paused, challenging him with her eyes.

"You are anticipating," Forsythe objected. "I was coming to Kingston last."

"Why last?"

"Does n't your husband represent the climax of your possessions?"

She made no answer; she was trying to fasten her small pink scarf.

"I wish we could ask you to stay over," she said abruptly, "but we can't offer you even a garret; the house is in the hands of the repairers."

She met his gaze bravely for an instant, then turned a slow, deep crimson. Forsythe withdrew his gaze.

"You are admiring the view," Mrs. Kingston murmured. "Is n't it wonderful in its way?"

"It is, indeed," Forsythe agreed.

In reality, he disliked the scene intensely. His keen New England eye took in all the waste and the decay; his vigorous New England soul scorned the Southern lack of method; above all, his deep New England heart ached for the harassed woman at his side. How girlish she looked in her little white gown! Suddenly he became aware that she was shivering.

He sprang up. "You are cold; you must n't sit a moment longer. You are absurdly dressed for this weather."

She shivered again, rising to her feet. "Oh, I am hardened to everything."

Forsythe shook his head incredulously. "Do you expect me to believe that?" he asked. "Perhaps it 's vanity?" he suggested a moment after.

Mrs. Kingston's smile was rather faint. "If it were, I could n't admit it?"

He did not return her smile. "Won't you let me do something for you," he said, "something practical? That is rather my line, you know. I have just heard of some excellent bonds. May I take a few in your name? I hope you re-invest a little every year, as I taught you?"

"You taught me good ways," she replied evasively.

"May I take them for you then?" he insisted. "The amount would n't be more than fifteen thousand."

May Kingston was silent for a moment; when she spoke, her voice was very gentle. "You have been a good friend to me, John. Oh no, I can't take the bonds."

Forsythe looked disappointed and Mrs. Kingston caught the expression. "I will walk down with you to the bottom of the hill," she proposed with sudden enthusiasm; "the exercise will warm me up. Do you remember our tramps in the old days?"

She chatted gayly as she walked, and her companion admired her easy grace, but himself felt tongue-tied and depressed.

"I hope we may meet again before another six years," he burst out, when they paused at the foot of the knoll. "Your friends are very impatient. It is n't fair to hide yourself so persistently."

"It would be lovely to go back," she murmured; "perhaps it could be arranged. In the meantime, though," she urged, recovering her animation, "you must come to us again when we can offer you house-room. Walter will be terribly mortified. If he were here, he would probably insist that you should stay in spite of—complications." She raised wistful eyes to his. "You understand?" she asked in a low voice.

Forsythe pressed her hand in both of his.

"Of course I understand," he answered gravely.

As the Northerner walked off towards the station, Mrs. Kingston watched his movements intently; when he disappeared, she mounted the knoll again, and throwing herself on the bench, buried her face in her hands. The attitude was an unusual one for her, but she did not alter it when, a little later, a man's step was heard on the path.

"What 's the matter?" a soft voice called out.

Mrs. Kingston raised her head. "Oh, it 's you," she said.

The man approached in a leisurely way. "I 've just come from the farm," he announced; "we shan't lose more than a few hundreds this year."

She lifted resentful eyes. "Don't joke about it," she cried.

Walter Kingston looked surprised. "Why not? It 's the best fun there is. But I 'm tired, dear!" he added

almost boyishly, as he flung himself down beside her.

As she took no notice of him, he glanced at her with increased curiosity.

"What 's the matter?" he asked again amiably. "Are you tired, too?"

She turned on him angrily. "'What 's the matter?' Kingston is the matter—Kingston—and the struggle to keep it going!"

Her husband looked still more surprised. "What makes you think of that to-day?"

"I think of it every day," she retorted. "I have n't the Southern placidity; money troubles weigh on me horribly."

"Something has happened," he said.

"The lack of system is maddening to me," she continued vehemently. "Every year we get more behindhand."

He gazed at her in silence.

"It 's the truth," she cried, "and you ought to hear it. The place is going to pieces, and we are killing ourselves to no purpose."

"You are looking very well," he put in drily.

She made a passionate gesture. "You know perfectly what I mean—the weary daily economies. We are spending every penny on the place and there is nothing left over for ourselves; we are shabby, ill-dressed, provincial, out of touch with the world altogether. When the children are old enough, we shan't even be able to send them to good schools."

He threw her a sidelong glance; anger was becoming to some women, he reflected. Then his tenderness intervened. "That 's borrowing trouble, dear. Besides, I don't agree with you in the least; in that frock you look anything but provincial; I should be willing to take you to court in it. As for the children, they are babies as yet. Wait and see what an education they will get!"

His good-humor was exasperating to his wife and she surveyed him with hostile eyes. How genial he looked, how thoroughly content, how comfortable in his shabby corduroy suit! She herself was suffering from the cold. She glanced up at the great, dark trees; they, too, were intensely exasperating.

"They are part of it," she said aloud; "we live under their shadow continually, and the shadow grows deeper every year: we have forgotten that there is a sun in the heavens."

Her husband bent towards her. "What 's wrong, May? Don't you feel well? Or have I done anything peculiarly disastrous?" His hand strayed to her shoulder. "Is there anything you want very much?" he asked gently.

"Yes, I should like to go away. I have n't had a single trip since I married. I am not a restless person as a rule, but I do long for a glimpse of dear old Easton."

His hand dropped to his side. "Have you felt this way long?"

"Oh, I knew you could n't afford to let me go, and Kingston takes every penny I possess."

"Why, May?" he exclaimed, seeking her eyes; but she did not meet his gaze.

"I gave it willingly," she added uncomfortably; "I have done my very best for the place,"

Walter Kingston's eyes grew soft. "You have done beautifully," he murmured. "I am sorry that you are getting tired of it."

"It is n't that; it 's the shadow on the place: it came over me overwhelmingly to-day."

He gave her a searching glance. "Something *has* happened," he said again decidedly.

"John Forsythe has been here on his way South."

The announcement was curiously abrupt; a dark cloud swept over Kingston's face. He sat up straight. "May I ask why you did n't tell me that first?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, looking away.

"Where is he now? Of course you asked him to stay?"

"No, I did n't; he has gone to his train."

"You ought to have asked him," he said.

His wife turned red; she was unused to reprimand. "I could n't ask him."

"Why not?" he questioned sharply.

"Since you insist," she cried, "the house is too uncomfortable. At this season the rooms are like great barns, and everything is so dilapidated. I did n't want him to see it."

Kingston flushed. "I did n't know you were ashamed of us, May?"

"Not of you," she said under her breath.

"Are you ashamed of Kingston?"

"Not ashamed, but he would n't understand. Oh, don't you see—I have always pretended—he thinks that we live in grand style—they all think so—I wanted them to—they are all so prosperous at home! Just to show you, he asked me quite casually whether I did n't want him to reinvest a little spare capital; he knew of some excellent bonds that could be got for about fifteen thousand. Well, after that could I tell him that we could n't even afford to have the dining-room ceiling properly repaired?

She was shaking with cold and fatigue. He watched her in gloomy perplexity and his silence goaded her on.

"I have n't a decent dress, either," she continued bitterly; "they are all hopelessly out of fashion. I had to wear this summer one to-day, because it passes better. Men only see the general effect. Oh, I deceived him with all my strength! I prevaricated steadily for an hour. I tried to make him think that everything was gala. As for the children—well, there I spoke the truth. I even invented a character for you; I said you were active, decided, a great worker, an ideal master whom every one obeyed unquestioningly. I don't know how much John believed; he has a way of seeing through shams. But it humiliates me so to tell lies!"

She broke off, gathering her dress together with trembling fingers; then she rose and started down the hill. Before she had made two steps, however, a hand was laid on her shoulder. The next moment a man's coat was put about her.

"Slip your arms into the sleeves," he directed.

She did so, or rather she let him do it for her. She felt dazed and miserable and uncertain; and still the anger burned on, though less tumultuously.

"I am sorry," he began, speaking deliberately; "I did n't understand how things were. I thought you were happy, contented. I did n't know how hard your life had been with me; you never complained before. It was the contrast, I quite understand, the sudden meeting with your prosperous Northern friend. You realized then in a flash how forlorn Kingston really was. But you were loyal to it even then. I appreciate the loyalty, May."

His tone had a singular aloofness that caused her to throw him a startled glance. Then she straightened herself. "Thank you for the coat; I was nearly frozen to death."

Kingston surveyed her immovably. When he spoke, it was with the same cold formality. "It is a deep mortification to me about the clothes. You have always seemed prettily dressed, though of course I am not a judge. But that you should be driven to expose yourself in this way—you must go home at once."

"Are n't you coming with me?" she asked in spite of herself.

"No, I am not," he answered shortly.

She stared before her without speaking; the pines seemed to mock at her in whispers. She disliked the soft murmuring intensely.

"Don't delay, please," he repeated.

She raised stubborn eyes to his; he believed he read the message they contained: she thought him feeble, irresolute, weak.

"Kindly go at once, May," he said peremptorily.

The hot blood mounted to her forehead. "Don't order me, Walter," she murmured.

He confronted her with sudden passion. "I thought you admired decision? I gathered so, in our con-

versation. Well, I am decided now."

She turned abruptly and started down the hill, stumbling sometimes and crying to herself. When she reached the level ground, she glanced behind. Kingston was standing motionless under the pines. She waited an instant, then walked on slowly towards the house.

When his wife was out of sight, Kingston made a rapid descent of the hill; after which, taking a short cut across the fields, he soon reached the fine ruin of a stable. Having given a few quick orders, he proceeded directly to the rambling old house, entering it by a small side door. Half an hour afterwards a light cart was driven swiftly to the station.

Three weeks later, a man left the train at the little Kingston station, and after exchanging a few friendly words with the dingy railroad official, made his way rapidly towards the entrance to the Kingston plantation. The sky was overcast and the air sharp for March. The man took the path that led to the pine-covered knoll. He walked heavily, his eyes on the ground, seemingly absorbed in gloomy thought. As he approached the hill, his pace slackened but he did not raise his head. He would wait until the last possible moment, though delay would not make it better. The trees were down: he had given the order, and he knew that his order would be obeyed. He set his lips. How desolate it would look, his beautiful pine-covered knoll, how utterly stripped and bare! The hideous stumps alone would remain. He shuddered as he recalled other places which had been ruthlessly despoiled of their gracious forest covering. He had now reached the base of the hill, his eyes still obstinately lowered. He straightened himself; the moment had come: he must face the inevitable like a man, since besides the loss of the trees was there not another loss that might have to be endured? For the last three weeks had not made him look at things more hopefully; in his loneliness he had harbored ugly thoughts.

At this juncture the wind rose in a sudden gust; Kingston started—that was the sighing of the pines, the sound that he had loved since his childhood! He glanced up, scarcely believing his ears, but his eyes confirmed the fact—the trees were there, upright, the "Governor" presiding. Their long arms seemed to beckon a joyous welcome. His heart gave one glad bound, though almost instantly his joy turned into indignation. His order had not been obeyed, his explicit wish had been disregarded. As he stared at the trees, he thought he perceived a man's figure seated on the bench beneath them; at least, he could distinguish a man's coat and cap. The figure seemed to be watching intently. He started forward, hoping to catch one of the delinquents on the spot. He ascended the hill with swift strides. Suddenly the figure sprang up and ran to meet him, and Kingston recognized his wife.

"Walter," she panted, "why, Walter!"

He kissed her in a perfunctory way, but she clung to him, clasping his hand.

"I did n't know when you would come—it—it has seemed so terribly long!" She leaned her head against him in happy abandonment.

"I had my reasons for not wishing to be here, though I see that nothing has been done as I directed."

"I know what you mean," she said in a low voice.

His anger flared up higher; then she, too, was in it: they were all in league against him. "Well, if you know, perhaps you can explain it to me?"

She hesitated. "Shan't we sit down?"

He complied in moody silence, his wife seating herself beside him.

"You are tired," she murmured solicitously. She herself looked harassed and pale, though at his coming the color had rushed into her cheeks.

"Why did n't they do as I told them?" he demanded.

"Because I would n't let them."

Kingston turned, confronting her with angry eyes. "I may be poverty-stricken and unmethodical and provincial, but I am still master on my own place, May," he said vehemently.

"Of course you are master," she agreed.

"Then may I ask why you interfered? The men had their orders from me. They shall pay for it."

She threw her hands out entreatingly. "I am the only one to blame; you must not punish them."

They faced each other for a moment. "Will you give me some explanation, please?" he asked coldly.

"I can't, when you look at me like that. We have been parted three whole weeks. I have had nothing but two little notes with no address. If any of us had been ill——"

"Mammie knew where I was in case of need. Now will you kindly tell me about the trees?"

She controlled herself with an effort.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said. She had imagined such a different telling of it—on his knee, with his arm about her! She waited, but he made no further remark, so she began, speaking hurriedly, her eyes on the ground.

"At first I did n't understand, but when the second tree fell, I knew. I saw your plan in a flash, and I made another plan myself. I told Mitchell to stop work at once, that you wished to superintend it yourself. He argued with me, urging that you had stated particularly that you wished the trees cut down during your absence. Then I said that I would take all responsibility. At that he yielded, though his manner alarmed me. I don't know exactly what I was afraid of, but that night I could n't sleep; I kept imagining I heard the trees go down. From that time, I hardly left the knoll. The children came and went, and sometimes we had little picnics. On bad days I stayed alone; at least I stayed part of the time, so that the men could never be sure where I was. I always wore your coat—it seemed to give me courage."

Her voice broke. She slipped her hand towards him on the seat, but apparently he did not notice the furtive movement; he was staring at the distant grove of trees. In his silence, she read her failure. She had not been able to make him see it as it had really been—a desperate fight on her part, a fight for him in which she had spent her utmost strength. Her head drooped, she felt utterly crushed, she had intended her reparation to be so glorious.

He seemed to feel her sudden collapse and roused himself.

"It was plucky of you, May, but it does n't alter the situation, unfortunately. The trees must go, and you must have what you want—a trip to Easton, freedom from care, good clothes, the opportunity of meeting your old friends. I say again, the trees must go. I thank you for your good intention, though it was mistaken kindness on your part, for now I shall be forced to *see* the butchery."

She gave a stifled sob. "Walter, you don't understand—it would kill me to have the trees go. I feel about them just as you do—that they are part of ourselves—part of our happy life. I had n't realized this before, but when the first tree went down, I knew! It hurt me like a blow. I would rather not have any more money—I did n't want it for its own sake anyway—I wanted it for you and the place; I was mortified not to be able to show things off. I take back everything I said that dreadful day. I would have done it at once, if you had given me the chance; that night before the fire I was going to ask your forgiveness. I do so now—for every word, every thought, every gesture—they have burned themselves on my memory ever since. How could I have hurt you so deliberately, on the tender places, when you were all that made life precious to me? I kept repeating this to myself at night. It was the worst punishment I could have had—that, and your leaving me so abruptly—I thought it was the end of everything. And then I made my-

self face the result, and I saw just how things were with me, that nothing mattered—not the children, not my happy youth—not anything as weighed against you, just you, Walter—what you are—what you have been—what you will be, if you can only forgive me!"

She hid her face against him; his arm was about her now, she could feel the throb of his heart.

"That is very beautiful, May; after that, there is nothing I can say."

"There is something that I must say," she whispered; but he interrupted her.

"Don't say it—I do not wish it."

"You *do* wish it, and I must say it! Walter, I never cared for him that way—I could n't—though he would have given me the whole world, and his world was a splendid one. But I did n't want it: I wanted what you gave. I never hesitated an instant, I have never had an instant's regret. But it 's ludicrous to be telling you this, you who know the inside of my heart!"

He gave her one long look. "Thank you, May. I *did* want to know; the last three weeks have been the bitterest of my life."

She cried softly, her cheek against his breast. "The trees are safe?"

He touched her tumbled hair. "You are like a slim young pine yourself," he said unsteadily.

"You won't cut them down?" she persisted.

"My darling, you must not be overshadowed."

She pulled away from him, flinging off the old coat and cap. "You don't understand yet!" she exclaimed. "I want to be under the shadow—I love the shadow of the trees! I have thought it all out while you were away. I was alone with the pines, you see; and, Walter, they spoke to me. It was like the voice of a wise old friend, explaining many secrets to me. I listened for hours and hours until I had learned the message by heart." She turned towards him, her face all aglow. "It 's the shadow that makes our life happy, it shields us from ugly things, it softens everything beautifully, blemishes stand out so in the glare of the sun. I, for one, need a merciful veil. Oh, my dear, you might not love me, if you saw each poor detail of me too plainly!"

She sprang up and ran to the "Governor," throwing her arms about the great trunk. "Keep us under your shadow," she whispered, as she rubbed her soft cheek against the bark. "Don't let the bright light come near us—keep us always under your shadow, dear old friend."

She kissed the tree in whimsical tenderness, pressing her tall slim gracefulness against it. To the man, she seemed like some strayed nymph, who was claiming mysterious affinity with primitive forest deities.

He gathered her closer to him. "I am the only one that you may make love to," he answered gaily; for he, too, felt a sudden thrill of elation.

Standing there under the pines, like two children just released from hateful bonds, they kissed each other joyously many times, the woman's tenderness overflowing in pretty ways.

"We will stay under the shadow then, May?"

His wife lifted sweet eyes to his. "Yes—we will stay—together."

'LIJY

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

'LIJY was recommended to us by Mrs. Carter, our nearest neighbor, who knew we sorely needed the right sort of a man. She said 'Lijy was that sort. We had just come back to our old home after years in the city, and it seemed at first rather lonesome. Not actually dreary, but inviting perhaps to tramps or casual burglars, and a little isolated if such visitors should come. We wanted a farmer as well as a "protector," and preferably one with a wife who could cook. Here again 'Lijy filled the bill. He, indeed, had not only a wife who could cook, but he had a mother-in-law also, an old woman of ample proportions, who had enjoyed the luxury of two husbands—both still living, if gossip was to be believed.

When Mrs. Carter told us about 'Lijy, the name seemed to suggest something, and we asked another neighbor what it was. "Rum," was his laconic reply. Then we went back to Mrs. Carter. I never knew such a charitable woman as Mrs. Carter. "'Lijy drink!" she exclaimed. "Well, I have heard that he used to, but I will ask his wife; she is a singularly truthful woman."

"Why not ask his mother-in-law?" I hinted; but this suggestion was scorned, and Mrs. Warner, 'Lijy's wife, was presently consulted. The result was satisfactory, and Mrs. Carter so informed us. 'Lijy had once been a hard drinker, but nowadays no judge on the bench was more sober. Mrs. Carter accordingly arranged a meeting at her house, and Violet, Rufus and I attended it.

I shall not soon forget 'Lijy's appearance. As a rule he was not a "dressy" man, but on this occasion he came forth in all the bravery of white trousers several sizes too small for him, a starched collar that worried his neck and a loose tie that gave him a decidedly nautical air. He was a small man, with longish hair, straggling whiskers and pale blue eyes. His complexion was bronzed by the sun, and his hands were those of a man who had never hesitated to plunge them into the earth, or to pull barbed wire ungloved if occasion demanded. He told us a great deal

about himself, and all that was complimentary was corroborated by his wife. "Seein' is berlivin'," he said; adding that he would show us, if we gave him half a chance, that "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast a better." We were favorably impressed by 'Lijy, and liked his wife even more. So it was settled that if they could dispose of their house at Lonetown, a small settlement near by, they were to come to us.

The house was held on a year's lease, on which there were two months to run. The rent was one dollar a month, the tenant to do his own repairing. I would have offered to assume the obligation, then and there, but that, by so doing, I should have got a reputation, not only for wealth, but for extravagance, that would have made me an easy mark for the kindly country people whom I might have occasion to employ. In a few days the lease was taken off 'Lijy's hands by a colored man, who had long had his eye upon it. Though rents were low in Lonetown, a dollar a month was regarded as especially reasonable even there. The trouble with Lonetown real-estate was that the hamlet was off the high road, and there was nothing for the residents to see when they looked out of their front windows. A man who had removed thence to a house on the turnpike said that it was just this way: "In summer the neighbors planted corn, and it grew so high there was no seein' over it; and in winter the snow piled up in sich drifts, there war n't no seein' over that nuther. It 's different on the pike; there my wife never gets lonely, for she can see every funeral that passes by."

'LIJY

A habitation that rents for a dollar a month does not hold much furniture, so the moving of 'Lijy and his family into a wing of our house was not a tedious ceremony. The kitchen furniture belonged to us, except a wooden settee that the newcomers brought with them, and made a point of having in that room. One reason for having it there was that there were times when 'Lijy was too tired to get to his room, and would just throw himself down for a moment. I found that there were many such times, indeed; but of that anon.

An important part of the Warner household was the pig. "A hawg don't cawst nothin' to keep," Mrs. Warner assured me, "and it comes in mighty handy at killin' time." She assured me further that this was "a gentle hawg"; and such it proved to be. I took a personal pride in the creature's rapid growth upon the unconsidered trifles from our table. "Sich lovely swill" it was, she said.

On the evening of the Warners' arrival, just as the sun was sinking over the pine trees near the house, Mrs. Warner called me into the dining-room where she was setting the table for our dinner—a meal the eating of which at supper-time caused us to lose caste in her eyes.

"There 's somethin' I want to say to you," she said, pushing back her sunbonnet.

"What is it?" I enquired, dreading some obstacle to their remaining with us.

"I want to tell you somethin' about mother," she replied with evident embarrassment. "She has a fault."

"Only one?" I ventured gaily, to help her out.

"Only one that 's necessary to speak about," she answered, not without dignity.

"SHE 'S ORFUL SHY WITH HER PIPE, PORE SOUL, TILL SHE HEARS HOW YOU TAKE IT"

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"She smokes."

"Cigarettes?"

"No, not so bad as that—a pipe."

"Oh!" I gasped, relieved, for I was prepared for almost anything, the woman's manner was so tragic. She misinterpreted the exclamation.

"I don't wonder yer took aback, but she never does it in the house—that is, in the summer time: she always smokes out on the back step."

This was a relief, for I could make sure that she was supplied with good tobacco, so I set Mrs. Warner's doubts at rest.

"There 's mother now, down by the pump," she said, pointing through the open door into the garden beyond. "She 's orful shy with her pipe, pore soul, till she hears how you take it."

"I will reassure her," said I, starting down the garden path to where the old woman stood by the pump. She was doing something to the nozzle of the pump, and did not hear me till I was close upon her. As she bent over her task, she held her pipe, a short clay, tightly between her lips, her teeth being too scattered to be of service.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Flaxseed," I began pleasantly, so as not to embarrass her.

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, putting her pipe behind her back, "yer might as well kill me as skeer me to death. I did n't hear a sound, I was so busy with this here."

"What is it you are so busy with?" I asked, peering over her shoulder.

"I 'm jest tyin' the foot of an old sock of 'Lijy's round this here nozzle. It 's scand'lus how keerlus some folks is. Yer never ken tell what yer drinking from a pump; it 's awful dangerous. A young girl down 'n Lonetown drank her fill at a pump, jest like this un, one day, and the fust thing she knowed she was took down with the cramps. Her folks sent fer the doctor, an' he come quick an' give her a mettic, and what do yer suppose?"

I could n't imagine.

"She wommicked up a live snake!"

"Horrors!"

"An' all for the want of an old sock-foot on the nozzle of the pump! That 's been a lesson to me."

I also had learned a lesson, but what it was, I kept to myself. I begged the old woman to resume her pipe, and told her that we did not mind her smoking in the least. To make her feel more comfortable, I

added that there were many ladies in New York who habitually smoked cigarettes.

"I've heerd tell o' that," said she, "but never could believe it. They must be pretty queer women. Why yer could n't git 'Lijy to do that, an' he ain't none too partick'ler"; and knocking the ashes from her pipe, she tucked away the hot clay in the bosom of her gown.

"'Lijy is a pretty good man for working," I said, hoping to draw her out.

"Who tole yer that?" said she, regarding me with a sidelong glance.

"Well, his wife, for one."

"Humph! she says more 'n her prayers, and them she whistles."

This was all I could get out of the mother-in-law on the subject then.

Certainly 'Lijy was a worker. He put the place, which was much run down, in excellent order, and the garden flourished as it had not flourished in years. He worked all the time and was most obliging. "When yer want anythin', jest holler," he would say, thereby showing his perfect willingness to do us any little service. I did "holler" one day, as I had an important letter to be posted. Mrs. Warner heard me first, and came forward most obligingly and offered to take it herself. "'Lijy ain't got no use fer the village," said she; "he jest despises to go there." I wondered why he was so different from his fellows, but took it for granted that he was too busy with his work to enjoy any interruption.

He did have to go there one day, however, as we needed some seeds. He was gone long enough to buy out an ordinary seedsman. I happened to pass through the kitchen a short time after his return and was surprised to find him lying at full length on the settee. Mrs. Warner noticed my expression and promptly remarked that "'Lijy's jest tuckered out; there ain't nuthin' that tires him like buyin' seeds." I wondered just why buying seeds was so enervating, but hesitated to expose my ignorance by asking.

Rufus had been invited to spend a few days with some friends up the Hudson, and take part in a tennis tournament. As he was very fond of tennis, and particularly fond of these friends, he accepted the invitation, though he did not altogether like the idea of leaving us even for so short a time. Farmer Hallowell had been poisoning his mind about 'Lijy. He was not explicit, but merely said that no one could tell when 'Lijy would "break out," as though he were in jail, or had incipient smallpox. Violet and I scorned such dark hints, and argued that, if the man knew of anything against 'Lijy, he would say it, and not content himself with dropping hints. We knew the man was industrious and we believed him to be temperate.

Before he left for town, Rufus called 'Lijy up from the barn, told him he would be away over Sunday and admonished him to take the best care of us. "See to it, 'Lijy, that the tank is kept filled" (this tank was one of the bugbears of our existence), "for it not only adds to the ladies' comfort, but is important in case of fire."

"Yes," said 'Lijy, "there ain't nothing like water in case of fire. Yer can't hev too much of it, then. Other times" (with a smile) "me an' water ain't none too good friends." I supposed he referred to his bathing habits, and thought it rather indelicate to joke on such a subject.

Rufus continued: "I want you to do a little pumping every day; twenty minutes in the evening will keep the tank full."

'Lijy replied that his word was as good as his bond—that he could be trusted to do all that was expected of him, and more. So Rufus departed, and 'Lijy seemed quite proud to have us all to himself.

As a rule 'Lijy could always be seen working around the place, but for a day or two we did not see him when we looked towards the garden or the orchard. Mrs. Warner said that he was busy cutting briars down in the meadow. Knowing how luxuriantly they grew there, I should not

have been surprised if 'Lijy had not been seen for a week, had he really been engaged in their extermination.

One day I had occasion to go to the kitchen to speak with Mrs. Warner and there I found, Lijy stretched upon the settee again. His face was buried in the cushion and his hands were thrown over his head. The rumpled condition of his hair was suggestive of unrest.

"What's the matter with 'Lijy?" I asked.

"I kinder think he's hed one of his 'tacks," said his wife, who was washing dishes.

"Attacks of what?"

"Peers like sunstroke; he's subject to 'em."

"Has 'em in winter," said his mother-in-law laconically; and slipping her feet out of her shoes, for the day was warm, and chuckling to herself, she mounted the stairs that led to her bedroom.

Violet and I talked it over in the library as we sipped our afternoon tea — another barbarism frowned upon by Mrs. Warner,—and came to the conclusion that something was wrong.

"I don't like it," said Violet. "In the first place, for 'Lijy to sleep in the kitchen is detestable; and in the second, I have no faith in the sunstroke story. I wish Rufus had n't gone away this week."

"The same thing might have happened next week, if he were away. If 'Lijy is a drunkard, the sooner we know it the better."

As we went out on the piazza, Farmer Hallowell was passing.

"HE WAS AIMING FOR THE GATE, AND FOR A MOMENT IT WAS DOUBTFUL WHETHER HIS AIM WOULD PROVE TRUE"

"Pleasant evening," said he. It *was* very pleasant though I thought I saw a "thunderhead" in the west. Mr. Hallowell stopped at the gate and leaned over the pickets.

"How's 'Lijy gitting on?" he asked.

"Very nicely, thank you; but why do you ask?"

"Just for information," he answered with a smile.

"What an old stupid he is," said Violet, as his big straw hat disappeared in the distance.

Scarcely had she spoken when we espied 'Lijy rounding the corner of the house. His hat was set rakishly on one side of his head, and his eyes had a far-away look that was not their usual expression. He was aiming for the big gate, and, big as it was, for a moment it was doubtful whether his aim would prove true. He reached it, however, and as he grasped the paling, he caught sight of us sitting on the piazza.

"Where are you going 'Lijy," I asked severely.

"Oh, yer there, are yer?" he asked airily, in a manner not at all his own. "I 'm goin' to the village to git some seeds."

"But we don't need seeds; the planting is finished," said Violet with some asperity.

"That 's all right," he replied; "the early seeds is planted, but these are fer the late corn." And off he strode —a little unsteadily, we thought. A chuckle from the direction of mother-in-law Flaxseed's window was not reassuring.

"Perhaps he has had a drop too much," said Violet, "and he may be going to the druggist's for one of those things—what are they called?"

"Nervine?"

"Nonsense, — 'catch-me-if-you-can,' or some name like that."

"You mean a 'pick-me-up.' I dare say he is, but he is n't going to the druggist's for it," I replied. Nor was he.

The thunder-head that we saw in the west was very threatening now, and we retired to the hall. What a storm it proved to be! The sycamores at the gate tossed their arms against the sky and lashed them upon the roof. Great branches fell on every side as night closed in upon us. The thunder crashed, the lightning flashed and big hailstones fell on the tin roof of the piazza like shot from a thousand muskets. In the midst of the storm's alarms we heard from the kitchen a voice like that of one gone mad—the voice of one who could not sing, raised in song—strident, discordant, horrible! I looked at Violet; she looked at me. "'Lijy!" I gasped; "he is crazy drunk."

And so it proved. It did not take us long to fasten the door leading from the hall into the dining-room.

"What shall we do?" said I.

"Send for Mr. Wilson," replied Violet, with ready suggestiveness. Mr. Wilson was a friend who lived in the village, and as his wife was away, we knew he would be free to come to our rescue.

"Whom shall we send?"

At this the voice of Elizabeth, our Irish maid, who feared neither man nor devil, answered from the top of the stairs, "I'll go, Miss"; and go she did. Fortunately the storm abated for a few moments. It was not long before she returned, though it seemed an eternity to us, who were dreading an attack upon the dining-room door by our half-crazed "protector." Mr. Wilson was at home, and he came at once. How brave and how gay we felt on his arrival! Had we ever been frightened? It did not seem possible. Everything was quiet as the grave now, when suddenly we heard 'Lijy jump from the settee in the kitchen and make for the pump that connected with the tank in the attic.

"Blank that blankety blanked thing," he shouted, as he seized the handle and began to work it with the force of an electric engine. "If I ever lay hands on this infernal pump again, may the Lord strike me deaf and blind!"

Hardly had the words passed his lips when the house was shaken by a crash of thunder such as I never expected to hear till the day of doom, and flash following flash of lightning seemed to cut the building in two. But worse than all was the awful cry that went up from the lips of 'Lijy. "I 'm killed! I 'm killed!" he howled, and believing that Heaven had taken him at his word, he threw himself full-length upon the floor. We could hear the voice of his terrified wife moaning over him; the mother-in-law had long since gone to bed.

"I think I had better take a hand in this," said Mr. Wilson; and it did seem as though the time were ripe for action. Unlocking the door and entering the kitchen, he found the unhappy 'Lijy prostrate on the floor, with his more unhappy wife bending over him. "I 'm afeered he 's been took, this time," said she, with a quiver in her voice.

"I 'm a goner, I 'm a goner!" groaned 'Lijy.

"Get up from this and go to bed," said the unsympathizing Wilson, at the same time pulling the limp and prostrate man to his feet.

"Are you the devil?" asked the terrified 'Lijy, regarding him through bleared and blinking eyes.

"Just devil enough to give you a little punishment if you don't go quietly to bed," said Wilson, running him up the back stairs. At the top of the staircase they encountered a large, grim figure in a nightgown.

"Who's that?" asked the figure, barring the way determinedly.

"It's 'Lijy," said Wilson; "please let us pass." The figure moved to one side and laughed a quiet laugh.

"I thought it was my old man comin' back, and I 'lowed he should n't git up here"; and with a contented chuckle, as of one who has passed a crisis, Mrs. Flaxseed disappeared, and the two men moved on into the next room followed by the sorrowing wife—sorrowing not so much because her husband had lapsed again, as because she knew that this was the beginning of the end, so far as living with us was concerned.

The next day 'Lijy was sober enough, but shaky. I sent for him to come to the dining-room, and told him that he must go. He behaved very well about it; he knew that it would have to be, sooner or later, only this was a little sooner than he had expected. He thought he would have held out longer, but it was no use: he could no more stop drinking than he could stop breathing. I felt sorry for 'Lijy but sorrier for his wife, who stood by, the picture of hopelessness, while the cart was being packed with their few belongings. I expressed my sympathy.

"Well, I 've stood it fer twenty years, and I guess I 'll hev ter stand it fer twenty more. A better man than 'Lijy when he 's sober don't live, nor a wusser when he 's in drink."

"I really think you do wrong to live with him, for I understand he is very brutal sometimes. I am sure you would be justified in leaving him," I urged.

"Yes," she answered, with an air of regret, "I 've thought of it more ner wunst. But it 's more 'n jes' leavin' yer husban'. There 's other things ter consider." She paused a moment, and her eyes wandered off in the direction of the barnyard.

"You have no children," I suggested.

"No, we ain't got no chillen; and that 's a mussy. But it warn't what I ain't got I was a thinkin' of—I was a thinkin' of the chickens. The ole hens ain't fit ter eat, and the little chicks is too young to leave 'em. Then there 's the hawg; 't ain't killin' time yet, so how could we divide up? Oh, yes," she repeated, as she walked towards the cart, "there 's other things ter consider besides jes' leavin' yer husban'."

The "hawg" had been crated and was now on the cart. 'Lijy had returned to the barnyard to get the chickens; that was all they were waiting for. At this moment a man known as "Bully" Conner appeared at the gate.

"Where 's 'Lijy?" he said, planting himself firmly in front of Mrs. Warner.

"Where you 'd oughter be—'tendin' to his own bisness," answered the provoked wife, for "Bully" Conner was the keeper of the worst saloon in the village.

"Oh, come now, keep a civil tongue in your head, if you can. No wonder 'Lijy is drove to drink with your everlastin' jaw. I see him now, down at the barnyard, and no thanks to you." With which he strode off in the direction indicated by a gesture of his fat hand.

"What 's he after?" said old Mrs. Flaxseed, removing her pipe for a moment.

"No good, or *he* would n't be after it," replied the daughter, straining her eyes after the dumpy figure. The two women gazed silently down the lane. It was not long before our ears, as well as theirs, were filled with the shrill cries of the chickens. The whole barnyard seemed to be

in a state of alarm. Every cock and every hen was screaming its shrillest note. Mrs. Warner placed her hands over her ears to shut out the sound.

"Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" she cried; "I know what he 's a doin': he 's a givin' them chickens to that rum-seller. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!"

When I thought what those chickens meant to that poor woman, my heart bled for her. She sat down on a stone and throwing her apron over her head rocked to and fro. Soon all was quiet again. 'Lijy was coming up the lane alone. I looked out of the library window and saw "Bully" Conner climbing over the orchard fence with a big bag over his shoulder. So *one* of his wife's reasons for remaining under the same roof with her husband was removed.

"Now yer 've done it," said mother-in-law Flaxseed, as 'Lijy approached the cart.

"I could n't help it," he responded sheepishly.

"Where 's my chickens?" said Mrs. Warner in tears.

"They 're drunk up, Polly," said 'Lijy, hanging his head. "But," his countenance brightening, "we 've got the hawg."

The mother-in-law, who sat among the feather-beds, pipe in mouth, gave the old horse a slap with the reins, and the startled beast jumped forward, almost throwing the old woman out. 'Lijy and his wife walked behind the cart to see that nothing fell off and to have an eye on the "hawg." In a way, the little scene suggested the expulsion from Eden.

"As pathetic a procession as I ever saw," said Violet, as it disappeared in the dust of the turnpike.

"Hello," said a cheerful voice behind us; "what 's up?" And there stood Rufus with his tennis prize under his arm, just in time to see the end of our little tragedy.

Some years later, when revisiting the homestead, I asked one of his acquaintances what had become of 'Lijy and his wife.

"Oh," said she, "they 're livin' down in Lonetown, agin."

"And 'Lijy—does he still drink?"

"Like a fish; but that ain't the wust."

"What is the worst?"

"He 's so fussy when he 's drunk."

"'Fussy'—what do you mean by 'fussy'?"

"Why, quarrelsome. He 'll hit her with anything that comes handy—a stick or an axe or any ole thing; he 's orful fussy."

So I knew that 'Lijy was at his old tricks; though I should never have thought of calling him a "fusser."

SHATTERED IDYLLS

By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY GEORGE MARVIN GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. W. ROBSON

I

AT Oria, on the shores of Lake Lugano, I own a small country house overlooking the beach, at the foot of a mountain-side, its broad flanks clad with olive-orchards, vineyards and laurels, a nook theretofore unvisited by any poet save myself.

'T is a grateful and quiet corner of the world, dear to dreamers and artists. When I am at Oria I usually pass the greater part of the day on the water, alone in my skiff, wearing the customary boatman's rig, taking along with me some book or other, beside my fishing tackle. To this I was indebted, several years ago, for the most romantic adventure of my life.

One morning I beached my boat on the strand between two cliffs just across from Lugano, where the Cavallino restaurant now stands. In those days the place was altogether wild and deserted. Between the twin heights is a little shady glen, terminating in a tenuous silvery waterfall. I had been fishing along the stony shores of Monte Caprino and had whipped the waters with my flies without winning any recognition from the finny folk.

After hauling up the boat I seated myself in the shade and busied myself in putting away my tackle. I had been there but a few moments when I heard overhead, above the water-fall, a rough masculine voice punctuated by light laughter and little shrieks, indicating that ladies were attempting the steep descent. In fact, I soon caught sight of a beautiful girl picking her way carefully down the steep path that skirts the edge of the falls, while with her parasol she aided another maiden of about fourteen, who was carrying a lunch basket. Finally there appeared a stout gentleman somewhat stricken in years, who grabbed at the shrubs and branches for support, with much puffing and grumbling. Soon sandwiches, bottles and fruit were extracted from the basket and the trio prepared to take luncheon. The elderly gentleman, a portly figure with a rather red nose and gray side whiskers, seemed annoyed by my presence; but the older of the two young ladies, bestowing a rapid glance on me, remarked disdainfully, "Oh, it 's only a fisherman!"

It was rather trying to have to look unconscious and I fancy that my face flushed. They paid no further attention to me, however, but began eating and chatting gayly. Usually, I experience considerable difculty in understanding English as it is spoken. I was amazed, however, at the clearness of their enunciation, especially that of the young lady who had said "Only a fisherman!" She was really beautiful, lithe and above the average height; brown hair and lovely deep blue eyes. I can't say how she was dressed; I know that she had a bunch of cyclamens in her belt, that her feet looked a trifle large

"I HEARD OVERHEAD A ROUGH MASCULINE VOICE"

but that her hands, on the contrary, were of exquisite fineness.

In those days my heart was sufficiently susceptible and my imagination always ready to fathom a passionate soul and treasures of love in the depths of any pair of lovely eyes which may have met mine three or four times. Truth to tell, the eyes of this young lady had regarded me but once and that with something like disdain; but it was precisely this supposed disdain which pricked my imagination. When I was a boy I used to be fond of fancying the strangest and most unlikely adventures. The heroines of these exploits were always tall and lovely. I myself was a prince in disguise. I wooed them and was scorned; whereupon I declared my lofty estate, and the tall beauties fell at my feet. Later on, I discovered that this was hardly magnanimous and I inwardly changed my tactics. Meanwhile, however, as I kept turning to glance at the delicate profile and graceful figure of the maiden who had so despitefully treated my poor person, the idea recurred to me, not of making her fall at my feet, not being a prince, but to rebuke her pride, extort some token of respect, while concealing my linguistic abilities and literary prowess.

No sooner had the elderly gentleman stored away a convenient quantity of sandwiches than he began to discuss ways and means of returning to Lugano, and I gathered that he was extremely averse to climbing back over the heights in order to take the steamer at the near-by station of Caprino. What a surprise 't would be if the fisherman, presenting himself before them with his most noble manner, and just a gentle smile, should inquire in English: "Could you make use of my boat, Signorina? With

'only a fisherman' for your boatman? May I have the honor of piloting you across 'the oval mirror of the glassy lake'?" No, that would be too ridiculous, and if my Lady Disdain were to laugh out in my face, what could I do? Could I add, perhaps, "Ah, Signorina, you recognize the quotation from Byron?" Again no, emphatically no; that would be still more ridiculous. On the contrary I picked up my fishing tackle, carried it back to the skiff, tucked away out of sight a volume of Heine I had brought with me, and then returned, accosted the elderly gentleman and asked him in Italian, touching my hat as I spoke, if he would like to be rowed across to Lugano.

The gentleman looked at his older daughter, who seemed to be weighing my offer. He appeared to be delighted and suddenly responded in English, "Yes, yes, Lugano, Lugano."

"Let us have a look at his boat first, papa," the young lady interposed in her sweetest tones. "Fishermen's boats are apt to be quite impossible. So dreadfully dirty, don't you know? And then that smell of fish, papa!"

The bitter irony of this last accusation appealed to me who but a few moments earlier had been cursing my fisherman's luck.

The younger girl had run like a flash down to the beach and suddenly began calling out in the distance, "Harriet! Harriet!"

There was only one boat on the beach and the girl could not have missed it. Of course, it was mine.

Miss Harriet was pleasantly surprised to find that it was a graceful skiff of oak with leather cushions, and speedily assured herself that there was really no odor of fish to annoy her. The old gentleman likewise was obviously pleased.

"Ask him how much he wants, Harriet," he said; "the boatmen in this country are such robbers."

I could not repress a slight gesture at this; but it was still harder to hear unmoved Miss Harriet's reply:

"The man does not look to me like a robber. He seems quite an honest fellow." Then, turning to me, she said with an adorable Anglo-Saxon accent:

"A Lugano. Quanto?"

She, too, flushed a bit over the effort of addressing me in Italian. It was such a delight merely to look at her, while she herself looked at me blushingly, that I stood there for a little without responding. Then I said hastily and to the point, "Cinquanta centesimi."

"How much does he say?" asked her father. "Tell him it's too much, Harriet."

"But it is n't too much, papa; it 's a mere trifle. Just about a dime."

The company embarked, and, if it was scarcely a pleasure to haul the stout gentleman with the red nose on board, I had at least the compensation of holding for a moment Miss Harriet's slender hand in mine. The younger girl sprang into the boat without waiting for any one's assistance.

The lake was as smooth as a looking-glass. Any one could row from Cavallino to Lugano in half an hour, but I confess that I was in no haste. Nobody paid the least attention to me and I could gaze at Miss Harriet as long as I pleased. I believed myself already in love with her; considered that one might row a month for the privilege of murmuring but a word in that small rosy ear and be rewarded by an answer; for a year, to be allowed to press one's lips on that dainty glove and not be repulsed; one's whole lifetime, for a kiss upon that luscious mouth and have it returned.

"This is outrageous!" growled the old gentleman, interrupting my profound calculation of this geometrical progression. "At this rate we won't reach Lugano to-day. Tell that rascally sluggard to row faster, Harriet."

Miss Harriet answered to my deep satisfaction that it was delicious to loiter on the lake like this and that Lugano was stuffy. Then she asked me the name of the sharp peak which rises above Valsolda.

"Picco di Cressogno," I replied.

" ASK HIM HOW MUCH HE WANTS, HARRIET, THE BOATMEN IN THIS COUNTRY ARE SUCH ROBBERS "

She did not seem to understand my answer and her irrepressible sister giggled. Whereupon I repeated in French, smilingly, "Cressogno, c'est le nom du village que vous voyez là-bas."

Miss Harriet stared at me in astonishment and I hastened to add that I had pulled a boat on Lake Geneva.

Our conversation grew animated. The old gentleman did not know a word of French and Miss Bertha, the school miss, understood only a few phrases; but Harriet spoke it almost perfectly. She questioned me eagerly about the mountains and the lake, and in my anxiety to make myself interesting I lost sight a little of my rôle and talked more like an artist than a boatman. I pointed out my beloved Oria in the distance and told her that in one of those villas along the shore at the foot of the mountain covered with olive-orchards and vineyards there lived a young Italian writer; that I often had the pleasure of rowing him about in my skiff and that it was our greatest delight to watch the storms sweeping down upon the lake. Thereupon I tried to describe the savage beauty of such a tempest, the wild fury of the foam-flecked waves, the ever-changing hues of hills and waters, the faint lights glimmering about the Picco di Cressogno.

"Harriet," said her father, "how do you say 'to row' in Italian?"

"Remare," she answered.

He turned upon me and apostrophized me savagely,

"Remare, remare!"

For the life of me I could not repress a chuckle and the girls laughed with me.

Naturally that made him furious; he grumbled and anathematized my insufferable impertinence.

For a few moments I dared not speak and contented myself with rowing fiercely. The younger girl regarded me from time to time very curiously; but no opportunity was afforded me of meeting the lovely gaze of Miss Harriet. It seemed as if she were trying to avoid my glances.

Bertha was the first to speak, almost in an outburst of confidence.

"Well, *I* think he looks really quite intelligent."

"He may be," retorted her father. "He certainly does chatter like an ape and he 's as homely as one.'

It was hugely diverting to me to listen to this dialogue and the discussion which it provoked. At last I was favored with more than one glance from Miss Harriet.

"Ought to make a good boatman, anyhow," remarked the parent; "his ears are big enough for sails."

Then he made the cruel discovery that I resembled "our Jack." Who was "our Jack"?

At this the young ladies protested so energetically as to make me suspect that Jack was probably a monkey. The warmest in my defence was the younger daughter. Miss Harriet was extremely moderate in her criticisms of Nature's handiwork as displayed in my physiognomy, declaring that, on the whole, it was not at all repulsive and that there was something about me which at once embarrassed and attracted one.

I did not know either how to act or which way to look and began to be terribly afraid that I was betraying myself. Finally, as we were approaching Lugano, I managed to ask Miss Harriet where she wished to land. Her answer was, "Villa Ceresio, near the Hôtel du Parc." Then I inquired whether they would perhaps be pleased to make another trip on the morrow and if I might call for them. This gave rise to a dispute between Miss Bertha, who insisted upon accepting my proposal, and her father, who did not appear disposed to avail himself of my services as boatman.

"Oh, papa," pleaded the girl. "And it's such a jolly little boat!"

She seemed almost on the verge of tears. Miss Harriet inquired where I would suggest going. I proposed leaving Lugano as early as nine o'clock, rowing over to San Mamette, from there taking a stroll through the picturesque Valsolda, returning to

San Mamette for luncheon and afterwards rowing back to Lugano.

The old gentleman cleared his throat.

"We might take the Robertses with us," he suggested gruffly.

"Oh, yes, let 's have the Robertses, papa!" exclaimed Miss Bertha.

Miss Harriet looked annoyed and was silent.

Mentally I protested that I really could not endure those tiresome Robertses and that for my part they had better stay at home.

By this time we were but a few rods away from Villa Ceresio. Miss Bertha suddenly began to clap her hands and cry out:

"There they are! There are the Robertses!"

Her father appeared more than pleased, and Miss Harriet murmured something I did not catch; when I had landed the boat Miss Bertha was the first to jump out, reaching out her hand to their father, while I asked Miss Harriet whether I should await further orders.

She replied that it might be as well, deposited a fifty-*centessimi* piece upon one of the cushions of the skiff, and, in doing so, bent down to glance at my copy of Heine, which having been carelessly tucked under another cushion had slipped from its hiding-place to the bottom of the boat.

She smiled, and said to me very quietly in German:

"Haben Sie auch auf dem Rhein gerudert?" (Have you pulled a boat on the Rhine, too?)

And sprang lightly out on the beach before I had time to answer her.

My heart bade fair to burst with pleasure. Had she not given me discreetly to understand that she had divined my secret? I felt as if on the threshold of something gloriously sweet and serious. In fact I was too much moved to pay any attention to their meeting with the Robertses. I hid Messer Heine away more securely and sat in the skiff busying my fancy with what might happen.

I waited some time, but nobody appeared with a message.

Nor could I see any one, although I heard the sound of voices in the garden; could distinguish Miss Bertha's and that of her father mingling with other unfamiliar voices. Finally Miss Bertha appeared, leaning over the parapet of the garden with a young and fashionably groomed personage whom I took to be Mr. Roberts, who asked me in the choicest Italian if I would row him to Castagnola.

Castagnola was on my way home to Oria. I answered in the affirmative. Whereat the girl added in French:

"Demain matin, à neuf heures, ici."

Thereupon appeared the old gentleman, all smiles and gallantry, on his arm a handsome and distinguished young lady between twenty-five and thirty, whom Bertha called Miss Roberts. Miss Harriet did not appear. Considering the good looks and elegance of Mr. Roberts, I was only half sorry that she did n't.

When my new fares were seated in my skiff and I could examine them more closely, the young man's features struck me as decidedly unprepossessing. He was certainly a good-looking fellow, tall, dark as an Arab, with a pair of big black eyes and a black, close-curled, short beard, which would have been most becoming to a nephew of the Emir Abd-el-Kader; but the expression was egoistical, bold, false.

His voice was strained, rather hard; Miss Roberts, on the contrary, a pale blonde with languorous blue eyes, had a delicate, sweet and somewhat languorous way of speaking.

While we were drawing away from the banks, she looked back, and bowed to her friends with a certain weary and careless grace, while he on the other hand was waving vigorous adieux and shouting repeatedly,

"Till to-morrow, till to-morrow!"

It was what followed that fairly filled me with amazement. Hardly had they ceased looking back, and waving farewells to their friends at Villa Ceresio when both faces underwent an incredible change, becoming colder and harder than I could even

"SHE BEGAN TO MOCK HER COMPANION FOR HIS POOR SUCCESS WITH THE YANKEE GIRL"

have imagined possible. As soon as they felt sure of not being overheard by those on shore, the Robertses began an astounding discussion in German.

Miss Roberts declared that she would not on any account make one of the party for the following day and Mr. Roberts retorted, with an oath, that if she did not accompany them he would beat her.

She seemed to be pretty well accustomed to such threats, for she showed no signs of emotion, and began to mock her companion for his poor success with the Yankee girl. From this I learned that Miss Harriet was an American. Immediately afterward I learned her name as well.

"Miss Forest is far too keen for you," the young woman remarked. "It 's plain to be seen that she distrusts us. She will finish by finding out what we are. For my part, I should be most enchanted if she did."

Again he cursed and swore that it was not possible.

"And I say it is quite possible!" replied the young woman with tranquil insolence.

At that he began to berate her outrageously, to which she replied with supreme contempt. They bandied all manner of ugly charges and he cursed the day and hour on which they met.

Again and again I was on the point of bidding them be quiet and letting them know that I understood German. If Miss Harriet had not been so deeply concerned, I should have done so. As it was, perceiving that an odious plot was being hatched against her and that, though perhaps the female conspirator was more unfortunate than blameworthy the man was unquestionably a great scoundrel, I did not feel obliged to interfere.

Accordingly, by the time I had deposited my passengers on the strand of Castagnola, I had gained a pretty fair idea of who this respectable pair were—or rather who they were not. They were not brother and sister, neither was their name Roberts, nor were they English. Probably the man was not a German either, for in the heat of his anger I had heard him utter imprecations in a tongue entirely unfamiliar to me. Neither were they man and wife, nor had they a local habitation anywhere on earth.

The handsome cavalier had no money, despite all the wiles he used, according to his fair partner, in order to procure it. Her own family were not without means and were honored

by him with the title of a "pack of thieves," because they had no intention of bestowing any of their substance upon him. After a love episode of God knows how brief duration, these two had begun to hate each other, and it was difficult to conceive what was the tie which bound them together. To my mind it appeared that the man retained his hold on the woman merely to serve his selfish interests, while she obeyed him solely from fear.

He talked to her insolently of his passion for Miss Forest and his matrimonial schemes in that quarter. Was it a mere brutal caprice, such as would be natural to so great a rascal, or did he really believe that Miss Forest possessed a rich dowry? I do not know. He had somehow coerced his wretched slave into helping him to get into the good graces of Professor Forest. It was easy to understand that the miserable creature, although struggling against the last promptings of self-respect and honesty, was delighted at the prospect of a wedding which would free her forever from his clutches.

On leaving the boat the man asked me, again in Italian, how much he owed me. On my answering him that I was already paid he turned on his heel and followed after his companion.

I happened to have a friend at Castagnola. I called upon him and inquired whether he was acquainted with the Robertses. No, he did not know the name, but he recalled them from my description of the couple. They had rented a small cottage on the lakeside. He was said to be a dealer in oriental jewelry and the lady's part was to scrape up acquaintanceship with prospective purchasers. My friend had been informed by the most reliable authority that the fellow had been imprisoned in Italy for embezzlement. The pair had been in Castagnola now for a month and had paid another month's rent in advance for their house. During the short distance from Castagnola to Oria my head was humming with the idea of developing into the leading personage of a strange drama, wherein it was to be my part to rescue the innocent and confound the knavish tricks of her foes. And thereafter—what would be my reward?

Strange to say I could not picture Miss Forest's gratitude satisfactorily to myself. On the contrary, I actually seemed to feel the stout arms and wiry side-whiskers of her revered parent as he strained me to his breast, and I was not as yet sufficiently enamoured of his daughter to view the prospect of this austere but insipid embrace with anything like joy.

At that time I had an older unmarried sister living with me, a lady of an extremely serious and positive character, and, though the affection she entertained for me was so profound as to be almost maternal, it was by no means blind. Seeing how agitated I was on entering our house she at once surmised that something was up. I told her the whole story, speaking at little as possible of Miss Forest, and as much as possible about the Robertses. My sister failed utterly to appreciate my own noble part in the drama, disapproved of my innocent deception and remarked.

"Of course, I take it you have no idea of meeting them to-morrow?"

"Not meet them? why, most assuredly I shall! It is only my duty as an honest man and a Christian to keep my word."

My sister inquired if it were likewise my Christian duty to make a fool of myself over every pretty girl I happened to see and tag after her in this fashion. I answered with much spirit that she was incapable of judging ideals so exalted as mine. We did not continue the argument. Only later in the evening, when we parted at bedtime, she informed me that if I believed it to be my duty as an honest man to invite English or Germans or Turks to my house for luncheon, her duty as a Christian woman was to serve them with nothing but bread and water.

(*To be concluded*)

AS EUROPE SEES US

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

O illusion is more congenial to the human mind than the fancy that it is easier to study the psychology of a nation than of an individual. Many a man who cannot so much as tell when his neighbor at dinner is bored will lay bare for you the soul of Japan on the strength of six weeks' sojourn among its manifestations. We in the United States—who know how far we are from knowing ourselves, how various our country is, how shifting in its aspect from decade to decade, how misleading are its analogies with other social groups—have grown indifferent to the literature of foreign comment. It has been the habit of discoverers of America from Columbus down (and we are discovered now several times in every year) to approach our shores with a preconceived theory, to confirm this theory by investigation and to live and die in the undisturbed conviction that we are the East Indies or what not. It is the rare exception when so unlucky a traveller as M. Gorky comes squarely up against phenomena that can in no wise be harmonized with his chart. In general, the man who believes that we drink our boiled eggs from tumblers and the man who maintains that we ladle them from the shell like Christians, he who believes in our industrial future and he who sees us already far gone in decay, can find plenty of evidence to support his view. We have therefore not unnaturally outgrown the agitation with which we used to read what the European traveller thought of us, and we have even ceased to regard his views as a means, however painful, of self-improvement. The comic paragrapher deals with them for a moment, they may be embodied in the slang of a season, and then they pass and leave no ripple.

It would be a mistake, however, to pass thus lightly over a rather remarkable group of books published within the last few months, containing the ideas of an Englishman, a German and two Frenchmen in regard to the United States, and bearing in every case the marks of a natural aptitude, adequate preparation and conscientious effort. There may be naïveté in pointing out that part of the excellence of these works consists in the favorable net result they reach; but it is certain that in most cases of sociological investigation, friendliness towards the subject is less harmful to the free exercise of the critical faculty than dislike. The Englishman lived among us for nearly twenty years and likes us; the German has lived among us for thirty years and likes us; the two Frenchmen have spent but a few months among us, but most of us are as ready to admit as they can be, that a few months are a long time when one might have been spending them in France. It is hardly necessary to say that the Englishman likes us because we are "Anglo-Saxon" and the others because we are not.

"The Twentieth Century American"* is a book that may well turn out to have marked an epoch. Mr. Robinson knows more about this country than do most of its natives. He knows much more about it than any English critic except Mr. Bryce, and on

* The Twentieth Century American. By H. Perry Robinson.

the side of personal experience he knows more than Mr. Bryce. His book is excellently compounded of solid knowledge, close reasoning, good stories and epigram, and written in the manner of the higher journalism —breezy, large, emotional—the true way of writing about these subjects. His object is to increase the mutual knowledge of English and Americans, believing that both are so intrinsically likable that lack of acquaintance alone stands in the way of cordial affection between the nations, which ought to stand shoulder to shoulder ensuring the peace of the world. His argument rests on two main assumptions: first, that England already loves the United States, and, second, that the good traits of both nations are what they have in common—the others being alien and accidental, in a word, not "Anglo-Saxon." In regard to the first assumption it is doubtless at any rate true that the English do not dislike the Americans as much as they seem to, for the English do not really dislike things in general as much as they seem to. Judged by their social manners and customs, they do not even dislike us as much as they dislike each other. But it is hard indeed to establish a general proposition in regard to the loves and hates of a nation. Under the influence of Mr. Robinson's sincere good-will, one is led to believe that the strictures of such different people as Mr. Lowes Dickenson, Mr. Chesterton and Mr. H. G. Wells are but so many ways of dissembling their love; and then the morning paper prints a letter from a correspondent in Wimbledon who is at no pains to dissemble anything. "You judge us," he writes, "by the rubbish we shoot into what you are pleased to call God's own country, and we judge you by the hordes of ill-mannered, ill-dressed, flag-waving, college-yelling semi-savages you send to us." That is a cry from the heart. And a similar cry is heard in "Leaves from a Life," the recently published reminiscences of a daughter of the painter Frith. She speaks of "the tremendous war in America that saw the death of slavery and the birth of perhaps the most detestable nation that has ever been called into existence." Nobody in this country feels as badly as that about England.

Probably the whole question of sympathy between nations depends first upon economic relations and secondly upon psychological states of the subject, neophile or neophobe, and very little upon the qualities of the object. Theoretical admirations of whole nations for whole nations, such as we entertained not long since for the Japanese, are purely subjective and rarely stand the test of having real premises to go on, and it would be idle to expect to kindle one where the two parties are so well known to each other as the English and the Americans. But, on the other hand, there can be little doubt that all mankind are more alike than we have been wont to suppose. The anthropologists tell us that there is no evidence to show that the mental capacity of one race differs essentially from that of any other. The African savage reasons as lucidly from his data as the Frenchman does from his. If an Eskimo infant be brought up in a New England village he will be mentally indistinguishable at maturity from the Yankees about him. We need not therefore question Mr. Robinson's contention that we are very like the English. If we had been changed at birth, probably no one would ever have known the difference. And whether we like each other or not will doubtless continue to be a pretty topic for dinner-table discussion.

Under the influence of M. Demolins's brilliant book on "La Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons," Mr. Robinson has been able to add considerably to our stock of ideas about that mythical people. When he speaks of the "encumbering conservatism which now hangs upon the wheels of British commerce," and points out that the English business world is "solicitor-cursed," he assures us that this "is no part of—

no legitimate offshoot of—the English genius." (English and Anglo-Saxon are interchangeable terms.) When he says of English education that "the aim and effect of the English universities in the past has been chiefly to keep the upper classes uppermost," he denies that the Anglo-Saxon has had anything to do with it. "It would never occur to an Anglo-Saxon, pure and simple, to make his university anything else than an institution for scholastic training, in which every individual should be taught as much, and as equally, as possible." Is it not hard that an ideal which has been put in practice without any difficulty by Frenchmen and by Germans, by Scotchmen just over the border, by all sorts of peoples with no trace of the saving blood about them, should fail to become effective just in the land where the Anglo-Saxon is as pure and as simple as he can ever expect to become?

The sterling virtues are of course Anglo-Saxon—courage, honesty and respect for women. All nations, it is true, think themselves pre-eminent in these qualities, but all nations do not attribute them to each other. In regard to the first of them, Mr. Robinson assumes the consensus of mankind that neither Englishmen nor Americans are deficient. In regard to the last of them, his convictions and his doubts, his candor and his reticence, the evidence he offers and the conclusions he draws, are all in the highest degree interesting. Of course (as an Anglo-Saxon) the American has a higher standard than the peoples of the continent of Europe, but he does not surpass the Englishman in outward observance, and in inward grace he is below him. "The young Englishman as he comes to manhood possesses a much higher ideal of womanhood than is possessed by the young American of corresponding age." The power of the American man to please has lately been attacked by M. Hugues Leroux, and our French critics in general have found us, both men and women, deficient in amatory development. But they have usually allowed that the American at least reaps virtue as the fruit of his coldness, giving it about the same value, as a crop, as agriculturists assign to the Arctic flora. It appears, however, to Mr. Robinson that poisonous plants can grow in the snow. "Their language about, their whole mental attitude towards, women was during my first years in America an amazement and a shock to me." Our German critic, on the other hand, is struck by the cleanliness of life in the United States. "I am not speaking of purity, nor do I maintain that the American people is more virtuous than other peoples, but I cannot emphasize too strongly that it feels a natural and instinctive repulsion to dirt. The literature known as 'piquant,' with all its accompanying phenomena, is absent in the United States and cannot exist there because the demand is too small." Of course Mr. Robinson would assent to this; from the continental point of view all Anglo-Saxons are cleanly, but within the limits of that race we have only a second place.

But it is in discussing our honesty, commercial and political, that Mr. Robinson has most to say that is of international interest. He admits, as we must, that historically the United States has emerged later than England from the stage of criminal peculation and corruption. It must be remarked, however, that we started in on it so late that if we are really abandoning it we shall not have had nearly so much of it all told as Great Britain has enjoyed. But he points out that our sins to-day are immensely exaggerated in the eyes of those who read our newspapers without making the necessary allowances. M. Tardieu is astounded to find that we in this country have formed a notion of domestic life in France documented by the French novel. "La où, mieux renseignés, nous faisons la part de l'artificiel, de la convention dans l'outrance, du calcul et du souci de réclame, les

lecteurs américains ne voient qu' une peinture sincère. Ils prennent à la lettre ce que nous n'acceptons que sous bénéfice d'inventaire. Ils admittent comme authentique les fantaisies d'un romancier à systèmes. Ils voient un peuple à travers un livre. Ils confondent le réalisme avec la réalité."

It is hard for foreigners to understand that our yellow press is even less a mirror of life than the yellow French novel, but Mr. Robinson realizes that if in other countries more financial scandals occur than ever find their way into the public prints, the American press publishes full details of a good many more scandals than ever occur. "If the Re-mount scandals and the Army Store scandals which arose out of England's South African War had occurred in America, I doubt if any party could have stood against the storm that would have been provoked, and, deriving their ideas of the affairs from the cabled reports, Englishmen of all classes would still be shaking their heads over the inconceivable dishonesty in the American public service and the deplorable standard of honour in the American army." And he points out what few Englishmen realize, that England is far more trust-ridden than the United States. The combinations that part of our press are assailing as brigands are domesticated as household pets in England. The "working agreement" announced in December, 1907, by the Great Northern and Great Central railways would be flagrantly illegal in this country. Terrible things would be said concerning it in our papers. "But the absurdity is that Englishmen hear these things and thereupon assume that terrible offences are being perpetrated; whereas nothing is being done which in England would not receive the approval of the majority of sensible men. It is not the trust-power, but the hatred of it, which is peculiar to America."

Mr. Robinson's avowed object in striving to further a good understanding between England and the United States is to hasten the time when those powers shall be allies. He knows as well as any one that the time will be long in coming. And when it comes it will not be the result of sentiment but of some necessity for joint action. It seems that scientifically Mr. Robinson's programme is in the wrong order. When circumstances make Americans the allies of Englishmen they will probably entertain a sentiment for them, but no amount of sentiment will lead to an alliance. What is most striking in Mr. Robinson's attitude is that he is a Conservative. He belongs to a party among which the United States have not been used to look for friends. This fact should be coupled with the memory that it was Lord Salisbury who, by refusing to pick up the glove thrown down by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney in 1895, marked a fresh point of departure in the policy of Great Britain towards the United States.

Mr. Robinson states quite frankly that Germany is the present menace to the peace of the world. Mr. von Skal,* on the other hand, in counting up the benefits conferred on the United States by their German citizens, maintains that the Germans in America preserved the peace when they protested "against the English attempt to stir up trouble during the Spanish-American war." Less disputable is his claim that the Germans have been our benefactors in introducing "den Biergenusz," a more cheerful Sunday, and greater comradeship between man and wife. "Even twenty years ago it was almost unthinkable to an American woman that she should dine in a restaurant where men were smoking. To-day no woman hesitates to do so. She will go anywhere with her husband where he can guarantee respectability."

Mr. von Skal's book is evidently written chiefly with an eye on Germany, but its interest to Americans is all the greater because of the resulting disinterestedness. With pre-

* Das Amerikanische Volk. By Georg von Skal.

judices to overcome, and with the language to learn, he has become a true American. He has even swallowed the American child, who, he admits, was at first a repulsive morsel. He falls foul of Puritanism, of such "widersinnig" morality as led to the abolition of the canteen, of the hypocrisy and timidity with which we deviate from the standards of the New England colonies. He tells the plain truth about the double standard which permits a man to be honest in private life and dishonest in politics, and sees, as does Mr. Robinson, that its root lies not in our being sinful beyond all other nations but in our outgrown institutions. But with these limitations he is our admirer and believes in our future. The chief obstacle he finds to social intercourse and amalgamation between German Americans and their fellow-citizens is the low standard of the native in the matter of food and drink. As Frenchmen find us deficient in mutual interest between the sexes, so the German finds that we do not consume enough food. He complains that he "sees a great many pretty things on an American table but little to eat." This throws light on the mental state of the learned German guest in Cambridge, who is said to have eaten his doyley.

As an offset to this criticism, we may note that Mr. von Skal realizes, as Mr. Robinson does not, that the appalling personal recriminations of our political campaigns leave hardly any bitterness and are looked at by both sides as having hardly any relation to real life. As in "Paradise Lost," the artillery-fire of revolt passed through the substance of the angels and left no wound, so the abuse of the campaigns leaves the tissues of the candidates as good as new.

Our German critic has a good word for the English language. "In spite of its fearful spelling and pronunciation, the English language is infinitely more convienient for daily use than the German. One can express himself more pregnantly in it and say more with fewer words." It should be said that his own style is a wonderful example of what can be done with German. In his hands it is actually readable. Not only are his sentences short, but he keeps the fragments of his verbs together, and very seldom are the nerves of the reader shattered by finding at the end of a strongly affirmative sentence the "nicht" that reverses the engine at full speed. The "gelyncht which enriches his vocabulary, and the "gratte-ciel" of M. Tardieu, must not be thought blemishes of style, but the tribute exacted from even the purest idioms by the two institutions for which we are most widely famous.

M. Tardieu * makes no claim, as Mr. Robinson and Mr. von Skal do, to know our people from top to bottom. His errand here was to lecture on French politics at Harvard. The brevity of his stay restricted his sightseeing to Boston, New York and Washington, and the character of his introductions kept him in the strata of society that are much alike all the world over. He had time to conceive a great admiration for President Roosevelt, to study in detail, and with even more insight than was vouchsafed to Mr. Robinson, the three-cornered duel between San Francisco, Washington and Japan, and to make a keen analysis of the nominating conventions of 1908. Perhaps the most interesting passage in his book to an American reader is his complaint that, well as Americans love France, they love her for the wrong things: "What they admire in us at the beginning of the new century is not our force as in Washington's day, it is our charm. It is not our politics nor our executive ability nor our power of expansion; it is our elegance, our taste, our fashions, our literature and our art. We are so unlucky as to be the most recently defeated nation in Europe. Sedan dominates our modern history as Jena for long dominated the history of Prussia. Because thirty-seven years ago we submitted to the for-

* Notes sur les États-Unis. By André Tardieu.

eigner we are still suspected of national anemia. The only thing that can restore our moral credit to its old level is the energetic affirmation of our vitality as a people." M. Tardieu admires our constitution as much as Mr. Robinson dislikes it. The power of our executive, the existence of an anterior law by which legislation is tested and the resulting function of our Supreme Court, are things that he eyes with the envy of a boy at a confectioner's window. His habit of calling the famous instrument "the constitution of 1789" tells the whole story: one would think we had perfected another in '30 and another in '48 and perhaps another in '71.

Mr. Robinson, in dealing with the delicate question of our commercial morality, derives most of our ill-repute from the lawlessness of the first transcontinental railways. They were very, very bad, but "the old code of morality has vanished with the red Indian." The Vicomte d'Avenel* has a more cynical view. Codes of morality do not change very much, but circumstances change. "As long as the railways were often a losing business and always a hazardous one, opinion was easy-going and legislation slumbered; but now that the railways are making money, the public grumbles and the magistrates threaten. In fifty years in the United States the same phenomenon has occurred in relation to the rich that took five hundred years to develop in France in relation to the nobles. In the fourteenth century the feudal warrior was allowed to do almost anything because he did something towards maintaining order, and he was judged intolerable in the eighteenth century when his pretensions had reduced themselves to the 'droit de chasse.' In 1870 in New York people winked at speculations that bordered on brigandage, and in 1907 they were scandalized by transactions that had nothing criminal in them."

An old gentleman who was returning from Europe at the time of the insurance scandals told the writer that he was ashamed at the revelation before foreign nations of "the greed of the American policy-holders." It appears on the whole that we are being judged by Europe at present as heartlessly ungrateful to our trusts.

It would be idle to disregard these books because the authors do not always confirm each other's observations, and do not always make the same recommendations. Each of them has ideas which it is salutary for an American to envisage, and all agree on the whole in ministering to the national *amour-propre* which is the last infirmity of self-conscious minds. "Self-love," said Horace Walpole, "makes one love the nation one belongs to, and vanity makes one wish to have that nation glorious."

*Aux États-Unis. By Vicomte G. d'Avenel.

A CHRISTMAS STAR

THE Star which once above the Christ Child shone,
Down the long aisle of ages sheds its ray;
That Light which led the wise men on and on,
Still beams on earth, and points the Heavenly Way.

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

Voices of New Italy

By a striking coincidence, two translations of Italian novels dealing in an unhackneyed way with actual conditions in the Peninsula are published simultaneously, both here and in London. The translation into English of Sibilla Aleramo's "Una Donna" — following the appearance of Russian, French and Spanish translations — is an American undertaking, the translator being Maria H. Lansdale. The reappearance of Giovanni Cena's "Gli Ammonitori," on the other hand, is due to the perspicacity of an English publisher, the translation being from the pen of Olivia Agresti Rossetti, and having the advantage of a preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. As the former story has already been discussed in these pages, I need only say that it has been very happily rendered, and under its amplified title, "A Woman at Bay," might well pass, but for the circumstances it pictures and the point of view from which they are observed, for a work originating in the language it now appears in. The same, indeed, may be said of "The Forewarners." The two novels have this in common, that each treats of present-day grievances, and professes to be autobiographical. The grievance presented in Signora Aleramo's case is that the laws of Italy make no provision for the relief of a woman who finds herself married, at however early an age, to a man of brutal instincts, who habitually abuses and misuses her, besides being unfaithful to his vows. It is a plea for the legalization of the act of one so placed, who ceases to live with her betrayer and oppressor.

"The Forewarners"

Signor Cena, on the other hand, pleads the cause of the poor and downtrodden in general, and especially the artisans and working folk of to-day who find themselves ground between the upper and nether millstones of our crudely designed, rough-running social machinery. His types are a proof-reader (the narrator of the story), who was placed in an orphanage on the death of his father, a bricklayer, whose work induced disease and premature decay; a young poet and his sister, who never had an avowed father or mother; a robust and merry-hearted artist; one or two poor young women who make no effort to dissemble the source of their meagre livelihood; other dwellers in the same huge, overcrowded tenement in Turin; and a serene young woman doctor whose life is devoted to the alleviation of physical or moral distress, wherever she finds it. The autobiographer's first plan is to prepare an elaborate memorial on the misery of his fellow-subjects, and present it to the King. Finding himself imperfectly equipped for this task, he writes instead the story of his own life, with notes on the lives of his fellow-sufferers from social conditions. This he means to lay before his country's ruler, in lieu of the formal memorial; and it is his intention to ensure its wide perusal, when published, by having a duplicate of the manuscript on his person—not when he kills the King, as an anarchist would seek to do, but when he throws himself in front of the royal motor-car, giving up his own life in the hope of bringing some relief to others. As it happens, however, this design is never executed.

The character of the supposed narrator is well maintained throughout. He is no genius, has no special endowment of wisdom; and while he realizes clearly and strongly enough that there 's something rotten in the state of Denmark, his book contains no carefully thought-out plan for the amelioration of the lot of the submerged millions. It presents, however, a vivid picture of a part of the body politic in Italy that has not been presented, at least to the outside world, by any previous novelist—the workers in the towns who have made the northern part of the Peninsula a great and growing industrial centre.

A Poet of the People

An Italian correspondent (Maria Pastore Mucchi) sends me some interesting personalia about the author of "The Forewarners." Signor Cena, it appears, is the son of a peasant family living at Montanaro-Canavese, a little agricultural region on the beautiful Piedmontese plain lying at the foot of the Alps. Born in 1870, he emerged from obscurity at twenty-seven by the publication of a poem, replete with sadness, sincerity and courage, called "Madre." The same qualities appeared in his next work, a long lyric song, "In Umbra." Then came the present work, "Gli Ammonitori," which first appeared serially, a few years ago, in the *Nuova Antologia*, the leading Italian literary review, of which he was the editor. Last year Signor Cena published a long philosophical poem, called "Homo"; and he is now at work on a romance dealing with life on the Roman Campagna—a part of Italy which presents some of the most troublesome and pressing problems in connection with the material and intellectual regeneration of the kingdom.

Where we Lag behind

How is it that France and Italy, so far behind America as they are in some respects (pray don't ask for particulars!), are yet so far ahead of us in literary journalism? There is nothing in the United States, for instance, to compare with the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which comes nearest it (being literary in tone, and unillustrated), is smaller in size, and is published only one half as often. And Italy has a similar magazine or review, the *Nuova Antologia*, which is almost as bulky as the *Revue* and, like its French contemporary, is published twice a month. Such high-class and high-priced literary periodicals would starve to death in this country before they were fairly born.

"Bohemian Jinks" in California

The title of Mr. Porter Garnett's book is suggestive, but it hardly suggests what the book itself really is. Even when they are denominated "High," there is inevitably associated with the word "Jinks" a suggestion of vulgarity; yet the entertainment with which the Bohemian Club concludes its annual outing among the California redwoods is extraordinarily free from that "touch of nature" which, according to Shakespeare as edited by Whistler, "makes the whole world kin." It is sundry other things, but it is not vulgar. It is beautiful, for one thing; and for another, it is unique. Mr. Garnett, in the brochure which he unnecessarily seeks to dignify by terming it a treatise, is at some pains to identify the Bohemian High Jinks with the Elizabethan masque, from which it seems to differ in character mainly because the dances introduced in it are of less relative importance than the dialogue and the music.

Every year the entertainment is composed by two members of the Club—one furnishing the music, the other the text. If "the play" itself is not always "the thing," it is owing to the marvellously novel and impressive setting that is given to it; for the stage is a part of a redwood forest owned by the Club, the proscenium of which is formed by two enormous trees, rising one on each side, whose

branches mingle far overhead; while behind rises a wooded hillside traversed by a trail scarcely visible even by day. As the moon glides into view above the forest opening, the curtain of darkness is further raised by the artificial illumination of the stage from sources which remain concealed; and the night is filled with the music of flute, violin, bassoon—of stringed instruments, wood-wind and brasses. Actors come and go (there are no actresses—and no women witness the play); choruses are sung; and bands of sylvan dancers flit in and out, waving branches in unison with the swaying of their graceful bodies. A malevolent note is struck by the Spirit of Care, who obtrudes into scenes where care should have no place, and who is ultimately discomfited and destroyed and (when the play is over) elaborately cremated; and remains so for another twelvemonth. The effects obtained by the perfection of the lighting of the scene, as described by those who have witnessed these "grove-plays," as they are called, are enchanting and even awe-inspiring; and the festival, falling always on the August Saturday nearest the full of the moon, forms a fitting finale to the fortnight's holiday-making of the Bohemians; thousands of dollars are lavished on it annually.

The "Jinks" were instituted in 1878, the sixth year of the Club's existence; but the type of performance now in vogue dates back only to 1902. Incidentally, the Bohemians seek to hold up the hands of all who wish to preserve and multiply the forests that form so rich a part of our national inheritance.

Boys Indoors

"This is a practical and comprehensive book, which will show how a boy's leisure time indoors can be spent both pleasantly and profitably." (I quote the advertisement on the paper wrapper that protects the gaily-covered cover of "Harper's Indoor Book for Boys," by Joseph H. Adams, author of the "Outdoor Book.") Pleasantly—yes; but profitably? The *Evening Post*, I recollect, bade the buyer lay no stress on the utilitarian value of the book; let him put it in his boy's hands and permit nature to take its course—as was once proposed in the case of the gondolas imported for the lake in Brooklyn's beautiful Prospect Park. If the boy has a bent toward wood-carving, metal-work, clay-modelling, book-binding, or any other of the arts and crafts herein expounded, the bent may perhaps be confirmed by what he reads in the text and sees in the illustrations. In the meantime, he will have drawn heavily on the paternal exchequer for tools and materials. And then, having gone to the expense of learning to bind books for instance, and having incidentally ruined some favorite works which were fondly entrusted to him for rebinding, he may finally elect to become a chauffeur, or an aviator, or to keep bees or raise flowers. Well, he will do any one of these things all the better if he has really trained his mind and eye and hand to the point of becoming a skilful binder of books; and if book-binding was only a passing fad, it is a good thing that the attack has run its course, and that the lad will not always be regretting that he was not allowed to become a binder, or an etcher, or a sculptor, or whatever else this "Indoor Book" may have helped him to become. Moreover, "it constantly inculcates neatness and orderliness in work, and incites to original thinking and dexterity of hand." So don't worry about the cost of the tools and the materials.

The Lounger

One of the most important acquisitions made recently by the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a painting by Giovanni Bellini. It is a Madonna and Child—a subject to which the artist turned and turned again throughout his long career. The picture is painted in oil on a poplar wood panel measuring about 35 x 28¼ inches. The Virgin wears a mantle of intense blue, the undergarment being a dull purplish red

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

MADONNA AND CHILD, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI

and the headdress white. The flesh tones are luminous and of a warm ivory tint. The face—rather modern and almost coquettish in expression—is regarded as less characteristic of Titian's master than are the hands, which are wonderfully expressive. Mr. Roger E. Fry, one of Bellini's English biographers, who describes the work in the October *Bulletin* of the Museum, gives his reasons—and they are excellent—for believing the Child to be listening to cherubic voices in the sky above him; and for believing the picture to have been painted between 1470 and '75 and therefore at a later date than the similar subjects, in tempera, belonging to Mr. J. G. Johnson of Philadelphia and Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport. The use of oils was new in Venice when this picture—which is a new one to writers on art—was made. The painting is extraordinarily well preserved, and is regarded as the most important example of the Venetian school which the Museum possesses.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A PEDESTAL OF PLATFORM OF THE PEACOCK THRONE

Another recent acquisition by the Metropolitan is a carved and inlaid marble column, which at one time formed one of the supports of the platform of the same material that supported the so-called Peacock Throne of the Emperor Shah Jehan, during whose reign (1628–58) the Mogul power reached its zenith. The throne itself, "the most gorgeous example of this class that perhaps even the East could ever boast of," was filched from Delhi and taken to Persia by Nadir Shah at the time of his invasion of India in 1739. The platform on which it had rested was destroyed by British troops at the time of the Indian Mutiny, but Captain Tytler, the officer left in charge of the Palace, saved two of the four pedestals. One was bought from his widow, some fifteen years ago, by the South Kensington Museum, and she herself having died this year, the Metropolitan Museum has purchased the other from her estate. Under a false impression as to Sir Purdon Clarke's description of it in the Museum's *Bulletin*, Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, has written to the London *Athenæum* that no part of the Peacock Throne has ever been in England or in America. No one, of course, has made any claim in contradiction of this statement.

If there ever was a one-book author "Lanoe Falconer" (Mary Elizabeth Hawker) was she. Her first story, "Mademoiselle Ixe," was so notably her best, that the others do not count.

I read that story for an American publisher, and it made me sit up. That sounds like slang, but it is n't. I took up the English sheets after a late dinner, and I sat up until the story was finished. I could not have laid it down, no matter what had happened. Of course I urged its publication, and it was a success here as it was abroad. It is a wonderfully clever story. Like many another clever and successful tale, it went the rounds of the London publishers, until it came to Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Unwin was then planning his Pseudonym Library, which was to consist of books of this "awkward" size—about thirty thousand words, —and he accepted it. We must, however, give Mr. Unwin the credit of seeing the merits of the story as well as of its size. The author, who died a few months ago, was a friend of Mr. Gladstone's daughter, Mrs. Drew, and it is said that the statesman's praise helped the story as it helped Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal. It may have served to call attention to the book, but "Mademoiselle Ixe" would have made a success in spite of anyone's praise or blame. The author's next book was of a more or less religious nature, and died a natural death almost as soon as it was born. I have always thought that "Mademoiselle Ixe" was an accident; that some such incident had become known to Miss Hawker, and was put into story form by her. When she tried to write again, the inspiration was gone never to return.

The same may be said of Olive Schreiner. The only book by which she will be known is "The Story of an African Farm." She has written other books, but who remembers even their names? I am sure that I do not; but I remember "The Story of an African Farm," and shall remember it to my dying day.

Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Harmsworth) occupies the house at 22 St. James's Place formerly occupied by Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, of whose library Mr. Austin Dobson has recently written. By most of us who know anything at all about Rogers, he is remembered because of his breakfasts and his table-talk. That he was not only a collector of rare books but of rare paintings as well, is not so generally known. Says Mr. Dobson:

> When, in December, 1855, he died, his pictures and curios—his "articles of virtue and bigotry" as a modern Malaprop would have styled them—attracted far more attention than the not very numerous volumes forming his library. What people flocked to see at the little treasure-house overlooking the Green Park, which its nonagenarian owner had occupied for more than fifty years, were the "Puck" and "Strawberry Girl" of Sir Joshua, the Titians, Giorgiones and Guidos, the Poussins and Claudes, the drawings of Raphael and Dürer and Lucas van Leyden, the bookcase painted by Stothard, the chimney-piece carved by Flaxman, the miniatures and bronzes and Etruscan vases—all the "infinite riches in a little room," which crowded No. 22 from garret to basement.

Mr. Dobson repeats one of Rogers's stock anecdotes. It was of two men who fought a duel in a dark room, where one of the combatants, humanely firing up the chimney, brings down his adversary. It may be that the glorified gramophone of the future will give us the table-talk of such table-talkers as Rogers, Mr. Dobson suggests; but, alas! the manner of the talking can never be reproduced. The gramophone, or talking machine, does give us some remarkable voice reproductions; not merely singers' voices, but such, for example, as Joseph Jefferson's. Mark Twain's drawl would be well worth preserving.

W. E. Henley, whose works are at last appearing in a uniform edition, was one of the CRITIC's first London

correspondents. Brilliant and delightful letters he wrote; but he would not stick to the subjects upon which he was engaged to write, nor write as regularly as a journalist must. Although a man-of-letters and writing for a literary paper, he would devote his infrequent correspondence to politics, and to hurling the javelins of his wrath at the head of Mr. Gladstone, whom he hated with a deep-rooted hate.

We ought to be grateful to Professor David Masson for the picture of the Carlyles that he paints in his book "Memories of London in the Forties." He knew them well, better than did Froude; and he understood them better, which is more. Nothing could be more sombre than the picture of the Carlyles that Froude has painted, and nothing more genial than that painted by Professor Masson. Take this for example:

> My now far-back London memories of the year 1844 include some of my pleasant reminiscences of the demeanor of this famous couple to each other in their domestic privacy. It was uniformly exemplary and loving in all essential respects, with a kind of stately gallantry on Carlyle's part when he turned to his Jane, or she interposed one of her remarks; and on her part the most admiring affection for him in all that he said or did. If there was ever a ruffle, it was superficial merely, and arose from an occasional lapse of his into a mood of playful teasing and persistence of rhetorical mastery even against her. . . . She was fond of entertaining her friends with sprightly stories of any recent misbehavior of his, and on such occasions he would listen most benignantly and approvingly, with the pleased look of a lion whose lioness was having her turn in the performance. How different this from the picture drawn by Froude of Mrs. Carlyle as a kind of intellectual Cinderella, the patient drudge of a literary Diogenes whose barkings at the human race were only relieved by croakings about his health.

"While driving to the railway station in Florence, in the summer of 1907," writes an old friend and contributor, "I came suddenly upon the familiar face and figure of William M. Chase, who looked as much at home under Italian skies as in Broadway or Fifth Avenue. I had n't time to stop and hail him, and I did n't see him again till we were both back in New York. I then mentioned the incident to him, and in the course of a little chat about the city of the Medici and Michelangelo, he told me that he had just received the very great compliment of being asked to paint his portrait for the Uffizi Gallery. Visitors to that marvellous collection find no part of it more interesting than the group of portraits in autograph (*auto-ritratti*), illustrating the faces as well as the handiwork of the great artists of the past four or five hundred years. There is a fair sprinkling of foreigners, especially among the more modern pictures, though only two Americans were included at the time — G. P. A. Healy and John S. Sargent, —and the former (until Mr. Chase pointed out the error) was credited to England.

"In due time Mr. Chase painted his portrait—which I need not compliment, as good wine needs no bush, and the reproduction which accompanies this note speaks for itself; and the picture now hangs among those of the immortals at the Uffizi. The fact that it hangs there was not his reason for purchasing a villa on the hillside near the Villa Medici, on the way up to Fiesole; for if he had particularly wished to spend his time near an art-gallery containing a brilliant portrait of himself, he would not have needed to leave New York, where Sargent's painting of his brother artist hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. Last summer he furnished the house; and hereafter he will be even more at home in Florence than heretofore.

WILLIAM M. CHASE

From the painting made by himself for the Uffizi Gallery

It seems only a little while ago that Mme. Modjeska stopped playing Juliet, as she had always said she would do when she became a grandmother. Yet she now has four grandchildren, and one of the two young men is old enough to have voted and got married this year—a fact which gives a misleading impression as to the grandmother's age. The young gentleman's father—the famous actress's only son, Ralph Modjeski of Chicago,—is one of the most distinguished bridge-builders of America. He was born at Krakow, Poland, in 1861, and came to this country with his mother at the age of fifteen—Anglicizing his name, so to speak, in order to make it possible for Americans to pronounce it, which they would hardly have attempted to do if he had retained the original spelling, Modrzejewski. Mr. Modjeski studied his profession at perhaps the best-known of all engineering colleges, the Ponts et Chaus-

RALPH MODJESKI

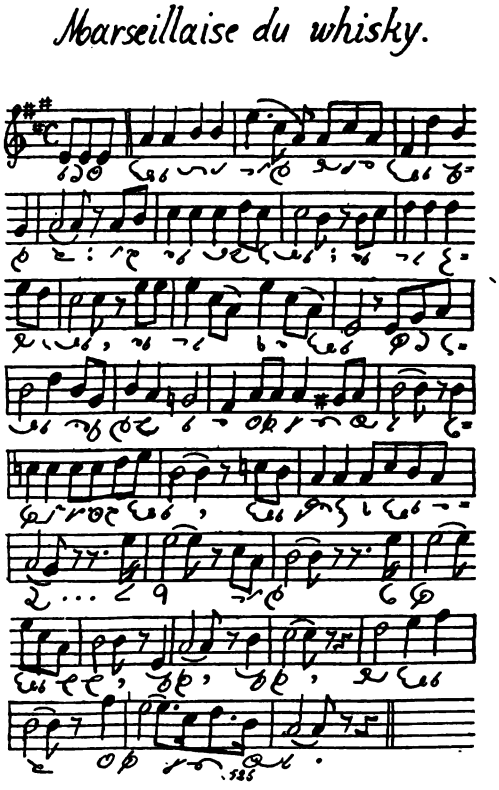
sées, Paris, where he graduated, with honors, at the head of his class. In 1885 he married his cousin on his mother's side, Miss Félicie Benda, and since 1892 has been a successful consulting and practising engineer, having built railway and other bridges over many American streams. For some time he was President of the Western Society of Engineers.

Mr. Modjeski, by the way, has recently received a distinguished professional compliment, in his appointment, by the Canadian Government, as one of the international committee of three engineers to reconstruct the bridge across the St. Lawrence, at Quebec, which fell into the river, some time ago, while yet unfinished, though millions of dollars had been spent on its construction. The other two members are Maurice Fitzmaurice, designer of the great Assouan Dam on the Nile, and H. E. Vautelet, a French-Canadian, Chairman and Engineer-in-Chief.

If women were trees, it would be a simple matter to determine their age by the number of their rings; but as they are not, those who are curious on the subject may be interested in knowing that Professor Charles Henry, aided and abetted by X-ray photography, has examined the bones of many men, women and children, and has discovered that up to a certain age (about thirty to thirty-two years, when the height and weight of human beings normally reach their maximum) the density of the bones increases; that afterwards, until the age of about forty-five, it decreases; and that there is a further diminution of density some twenty years later, or at the age of threescore and five. Ever since Charles Lamb, it has been considered unpardonable to look a gift-horse in the mouth, or a lady's age in the parish register; and hereafter anyone who attempts to take a Roentgen-ray photograph of a lady's hand will be under suspicion of incivility. It is the percentage of mineral salts in our bones that determines their density, it seems, and according as they show light, or dark, or medium gray, in an X-ray photograph, we are young, or old, or "of a certain age."

I reproduce from the Kamloops *Wawa* a setting of the Marseillaise in shorthand, the characters representing the words as they appear when translated into the Chinook language. Why the French national song should be called the "Marseillaise du Whisky" is one too many for me. Possibly whisky means something different to the Chinook Indians from what it does to Eng-

lish-speaking people. If so, I am puzzled to know what it *does* mean. As the title of the little periodical in which I find this musical novelty is possibly unfamiliar to some of my readers, I would refer them to Mr. Harlan Smith's article, "An American Oberammergau," in this number of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, and especially to page ?



To Hoboken belongs the greatest inventor of the age; for smokeless powder and noiseless guns are as nothing to "the hookless waist." A boon to women, you say. Not at all: a boon to men, for it is men who have to hook the waists of their wives and sometimes of their sisters and their aunts. For some occult reason the hooks on a woman's waist are so tiny that it is not only hard to see them but almost impossible to hook them. No sooner is one hooked than the other flies open. The eyes are usually made of a bit of thread which snaps at the slightest touch, and woe betide the man when this happens. When he mumbles words "*un*fit to print," his wife says she does n't see what he is making such a fuss about. "If my arms were only a little longer," she adds, "I could do it myself." Then she puts her arms behind her and squirms her fingers up and down her backbone, but to no purpose. "Men are so clumsy," she snaps. "I will call the cook, she can do it without any fuss." So the cook is called from the pudding, and in a trice the trick is done. Every hook falls into place when she touches it, and what is more it stays there. In the meantime the husband has fled; but when his wife comes down-stairs she tells him that there must be something the matter with his eyes—that there is nothing in the world so easy as to hook a waist. So positive is she on this point that he begins to think he must be a "chump," and goes to his pipe for comfort. But this is all to be changed with the hookless waist. All the woman has to do is to put her hands behind her, pull a string and the thing is done. Do you wonder that I put the inventor of this device above the inventors of smokeless powder and noiseless guns?

For a sensible woman commend me to Mrs. E. C. McAllister, of Miami, Florida. Mrs. McAllister is a business woman, I believe; she deals in real estate successfully. A woman who could make the grand tour with no other baggage than a dress-suit case, which the newspapers make her call a "suit case," could not fail to be successful in business. It means that she does not deal in superfluities, that she gets right down to the point. I am sure that she would settle a real estate deal in a few minutes, for she would be as economical of time and

of words as she was of luggage. That she had a better time, less worry, less hurry, than her unhappy sisters who take from ten to fifteen pieces of luggage around with them I will wager. Think of the independence of carrying your all in your one hand. No porters to chase—and tip; no anxiety over lost pieces, and at the custom houses no exasperating delays. Instead of a retinue of porters bearing her pieces from the luggage vans at Domodossola, when she traversed the line from Switzerland into Italy, she had merely to step out of her railway carriage with her dress-suit case in her hand, walk leisurely into the customs room and walk out again. Fancy her feeling of superiority as she saw her fellow country-women searching in their hand-bags for keys that would not be found, while the engine puffed and the guard's warning voice shouted "*En voiture!*" Think, too, of her triumph over the thieves at the Italian railway stations! She had no trunks to be rifled of their valuables. All she had was before her eyes. He would be a pretty skilful thief who could loot her bag while she held it in her hand. In the course of an interview Mrs. McAllister gave a list of the contents of her dress-suit case. Here it is, and may those who read it profit by her example:

1 pair tan shoes,	1 hat to match suit,
4 pairs stockings,	1 silk shirtwaist,
1 skirt,	6 handkerchiefs,
3 union suits of silk,	3 pairs of gloves,
1 brown Eton suit of silk,	6 collars,
	4 white waists,
1 veil,	Toilet articles.

A rain-coat and umbrella were carried by our traveller.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that Mrs. McAllister says that she was treated with as much respect and consideration by the hotel proprietors as though she landed at their doors with a cartload of luggage and wore a new "Merry Widow" hat at each meal. If this lady can inaugurate an era of one bag, she will be doing fine missionary work. One bag might be difficult in some circumstances, but one bag and one trunk are quite enough if one wishes to travel in comfort.

The original painting from which this reproduction was made, is by Carl Sprinchorn, one of the younger members of the new "revolutionary" school of artists, who, as a body, have met with so little encouragement from the juries of the National Academy of Design. It was this painting, among others, the rejection of which by his fellow-jurymen caused Robert Henri, the distinguished figure-painter, to withdraw his own accepted paintings from the exhibition of 1906–07, and to criticize the conventional standards of the National Academy so unsparingly. On that occasion, in the course of a published interview, he said:

"Life's philosophy can be expressed as strongly in art as through any other medium, and the painter who does this falteringly at first, perhaps, and yet with the assurance of definite aim and purpose and future triumph, is the man to uphold, to encourage, and a National Academy in fact as well as in name would inevitably so uphold and so encourage. Carl Sprinchorn—to select an incident that comes to mind—goes down into a grimy, squalid side street in the slums of New York, and with a blizzard raging, catches a big new note and places it upon canvas with haunting effect. But placed before the Academy jury, does it receive the slightest recognition? Quite the contrary; it is rejected. Sprinchorn is young and has never been honored by the admission of a painting in the Academy, yet I know of few more promising painters. His story is the story of every man of whatever calling who has brought with him something new. Wagner, expressing great life-thoughts through music, was pronounced a mere

From the painting by Carl Sprinchorn, rejected by the National Academy of Design

A WINTER SCENE ON THE EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS MACNUTT

maker of noise; Walt Whitman, whose book of poems Whittier cast into the fire, sent a similar chill down the spine of conventional Culture; Degas, Manet and Whistler and their Academy of the Rejected; Puvis de Chavannes—oh, ever so many, despised and laughed at at first, but later recognized as dreamers of fresh dreams, makers of new songs, creators of new art."

To the long list of literary men who have served America in the world of diplomacy must be added the name of Francis Augustus MacNutt. The scion of a Virginia family of Scottish extraction and of Roman Catholic faith, Mr. MacNutt early drifted into the diplomatic service, and was attached to various American ligations and embassies in Europe, including those at Madrid and Constantinople. For one year he held a post in the household of the late Cardinal Manning in London; and he was afterwards a civil chamberlain of the Papal Court at Rome under the late Pope Leo XIII. He is the author of a scholarly edition, in English (his own translation), of the "Letters of Cortes," and has recently finished a biography of Bartolomé

Las Casas. At present he is at work on a Life of Cortes for the "Heroes of the Nations" Series. Mr. MacNutt's home is the Schloss Ratzoz in the Austrian Tyrol.

The Grolier Club of this city will celebrate in December the tercentenary of Milton's birth by an exhibition of the first editions of the poet's prose and poetical works, including all the variations in titles of "Paradise Lost," a number of books and documents containing his autographs, and many engraved portraits, including some that are unauthentic as well as all that are genuine—doubtless with a clear indication of the spuriousness of the unauthentic ones. This display of portraits will be, no doubt, the most interesting feature of the exhibition. That it will be the most extensive ever known is indicated by the fact that whereas, at the Christ College Milton exhibition at Cambridge, last June, only about one hundred and eighty likenesses of the poet were shown, at the Grolier the number will approximate three hundred. Some forty engravings made in America will be included. Of these, not a single one appeared in the English exhibition. The success of the Club's undertaking is due, in large measure, to the enthusiastic and intelligent efforts of Mr. Beverly Chew, who has devoted most of his leisure moments, lately, to collecting and collating these images of the English bard who comes next to Shakespeare in renown.

Having occasion recently to consult the standard life of Milton—Professor Masson's six-volumed *magnum opus*,—I tried first at one of the branches of the New York Public Library. Other biographies of the bard they had, but not that one. I went then to the publishers of the work—only to learn that it was "out of stock and out of print," and that no copy of it was in existence on the premises. The Astor Library was my last resource; and there I was able to consult the last five of the six volumes, and, in place of the first, an earlier biography of Milton from the same hand. Doubtless the work in its entirety is to be found somewhere in this great city, but I record a personal experience that would seem to be significant.

At the Empire Theatre, on December 3d, an experimental performance will be given of a play by Annie Nathan Meyer entitled "A Dinner of Herbs." The performers will be the senior class of Mr. Sargent's American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The audience will be an invited one, and the occasion will afford an opportunity to managers to see a perhaps commercially valuable piece performed, instead of reading it in manuscript. Mrs. Meyer's play is said to present a realistic picture of art life in New York to-day, the author's literary work for some years past having consisted mainly of papers in appreciation of the work of American artists.

I have been browsing a good deal among the old books in my library, if my small collection can be called by so imposing a name, and have come across a copy of Fanny Kemble Butler's "A Year of Consolation." There are two volumes in one, and the book was published by Silas Andrus & Son, at Hartford, in 1851. The original edition was evidently published in London in 1847. The dedication to Edward Sartoris, dated in that city, bears out this supposition. I had no idea that travelling on the continent of Europe was so primitive, a little over half a century ago. Mrs. Butler was on her way from London to Rome. She sailed from Southampton to Havre, and at the latter place took the coach to Rouen, whence there was a primitive kind of railway to Paris. Listen to this:

At Rouen we got a mouthful of dinner, and, having resumed our seats in the dili-

gence, proceeded to the railroad, where we stopped under a species of square gateway, the top of which was occupied by some machinery, whence depended four powerful iron bars, with hooks at their extremities; these having been fastened to the diligence,

From a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, presented to Mrs. Kemble

FANNY KEMBLE

the machinery at the top was set in motion, and gradually the huge machine—baggage, passengers and all—was lifted bodily off its own wheels, and transferred to a set of railroad wheels, upon which it was lowered, and took its place immediately in the train—the common road wheels being dragged off, I should think with much self-gratulation, by the team which brought the monstrous load upon them to the railroad. The rest of our route was made in the dark, in rain, sleet, and bitter cold wind, in spite of which a second-class carriage immediately before ours—without any roof to shelter it whatever—was filled with poor people; many of them women, without any protection for their heads but the cap which the lower order of women habitually go out in. We reached Paris at ten o'clock and were again craned up from the railroad cars, and let down to a set of common wheels, wherewith we made our way to the *messageries*.

When I think of the luxurious way in which I travelled from Rouen to Paris only a year ago, I cannot but wonder at the extraordinary manner of Mrs. Butler's journey in 1847. Still, that was about sixty years ago and much progress can be achieved in sixty years. Much has happened within ten years, and much will happen in the ten years to come, when the air will be navigated as readily as water. Never will you catch me among the navigators of the air. If I had to make a balloon ascension, I should take a powerful drug, warranted to make me unconscious until the machine was again safe on terra-firma, and lie in the bottom of the car until that longed-for time had arrived. Of course there are people who talked this way about railway cars, and later about automobiles. But these are different: they rest upon the earth, while the balloon has no visible means of support. Even a steamship has miles of water under it.

There is something paradoxical about the attitude of Tolstoy the octogenarian philosopher toward the middle-aged Tolstoy who wrote great works of fiction. But it is not quite so paradoxical as Mr. Chesterton's praise of him, in which he confesses that the philosopher is all wrong and the novels are all right, yet that the author is right in preferring the thing that is wrong to the thing that is right. Here is a passage from his recent forthgiving on the subject:

It is a part of his greatness to feel that what he has to say is more important than

how well he once succeeded in saying it; and I for one quite agree with him that his novels, which are all right, are far less important than his philosophy, which is all wrong. He has this really great quality, that his faith is greater than himself; he shall decrease, but it shall increase. He represents a whole school of thought and a whole tone of feeling in Europe; something that was prophesied by the Quakers and fumbled about by Shelley. He has really achieved something which he is quite magnanimous enough to like; Tolstoyanism is more important than Tolstoy.

"PEGGY" EATON

While the election was still some weeks off, a friend, anticipating a Republican victory, sent me the following lines, entitled "The Secretary of Peace":

A good man (weight three hundred pounds)
Our William went his yearly rounds
Of insular possessions, which
May some day land us in the ditch.

In Cuba incense burnt before him;
The Filipinos all adored him;
Hawaii hailed him, brave and bland.
(Guam was too small for him to land.)

His mother-tongue soon slipped away,—
Spanish he spoke the livelong day;
When darkness fell, he dined on dog,
And snored all night in Tagalog.

But now—no more a candidate,
But duly chosen Chief of State,—
He 's learned again (a friend relates)
To read and speak United States.

Every one who read Mr. W. A. Croffut's graphic rehearsal of the story of "Peggy" Eaton in the September PUTNAM'S, will be glad to see this portrait of the heroine of that very romantic story. The "Peggy" whose cause President Jackson so vigorously espoused, early in the last century, was as young as she was beautiful; but even this photograph, depicting her when she was no longer even middle-aged, shows what beauty and vivacity must have been hers in the days when Washington society was turned topsy-turvy on her account.

I suppose there can be but one conclusion to the investigation concerning the article against the Democratic candidate which appeared over the late Mr. Cleveland's name some months after his death. Its publication was not only an outrage on his memory—an absolutely unintentional one, of course, so far as the New York *Times* was concerned,—but an outrage upon the American people also, as it tended to affect their

VERNON L. KELLOGG AND ONE OF HIS FRIENDS, AT THE VILLA ORCIO, NEAR FLORENCE, AUGUST, 1908

attitude toward the leading Presidential candidates. Mr. Hastings appears to have shown more zeal as the executor of Mr. Cleveland's will, than discretion as a personal friend, in his hasty authorization of the bogus publication. As for Broughton Brandenburg, from whom the *Times* bought the MS., one marvels that a business man should have endorsed so precipitately his scheme for exploiting the dead ex-President.

It is appropriate that Bishop Potter should rest from his labors in the unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine in this city. The building of this great place of worship was begun during his long episcopate, and the undertaking was one in which he always showed the warmest interest. I recollect having written to him, seven years ago, that I had found it impossible to get within sight of the altar at the services held in the Crypt on the day of President McKinley's funeral, owing to the fact that the place was overcrowded long before he began his memorial address; and he answered that he was glad to know it, as it must impress upon me the necessity of completing the Cathedral in order that there might be ample room for the great numbers who would wish to attend such services within its walls. For a metropolitan city such as New York, this scholarly, tactful, yet courageous prelate was in many respects an ideal bishop. Bishop Potter was not only an old personal friend of the editors of this magazine, under its former name, the CRITIC, but a well-wisher of the periodical itself, and an always valued contributor to its pages from the time it made its first appearance. Other old friends of the magazine who have recently passed away were those eminent educators and citizens, Professor Charles Eliot Norton and Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman.

The recent revision of the Building Code of New York City by an Aldermanic commission has about it an air of comedy, not to say broad farce. The revisers, whose suggestions came up for hearing in November, recommended that the height of buildings in streets forty-five feet or less in width should not exceed 135 feet; and that in wider streets it should not exceed three times the

width of the street itself, the maximum height allowable being 300 feet; exceptions being made in the case of buildings facing a park, square or other open space, where the owner should be left absolutely untrammelled as to his invasion of the upper atmosphere. In other words, the convenience and comforts of the public are to continue to be sacrificed to the greed of the landowner. But what was one to expect from such a body as the New York Board of Aldermen?

A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN BULGARIA

Whenever the name of Bulgaria is mentioned, one instantly thinks of the "Bulgarian atrocities" which provoked Mr. Gladstone to some of his most eloquent and effective speeches, but within the past thirty years, the Bulgars have changed all that. With a ruler of their own choice, and with one of the most efficient armies in Europe to defend their borders, they have no further fear of seeing thousands of their compatriots fall under the sword or rifle of the Turk. They are sometimes called the Yankees of the Balkans, and they seem to have a shrewdness and persistency worthy of the traditional New Englander.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Brereton, Austin.	The Life of Henry Irving.	*Longmans.*
Churchill, Lady Randolph.	Reminiscences.	*Century.*
Flynt, Josiah.	My Life.	*Outing.*
Low, Will H.	A Chronicle of Friendships.	*Scribner.*
Nelson, Henry L.	Life of George William Curtis.	*Harper.*
Pennell, Elizabeth Robins and Joseph.	Life of James McNeil Whistler.	*Lippincott.*
Schurz, Carl.	Reminiscences. Vol. III.	*McClure.*
Upton, George P.	Musical Memories.	*McClurg.*
Wilstach, Paul.	Richard Mansfield.	*Scribner.*
Winter, William.	Other Days.	*Moffat.*

Travel and Description

Carden, Robert W.	The City of Genoa.	*Pott.*
Hichens, Robert.	Egypt and its Monuments.	*Century.*
Hubbard, Mrs. Leonidas.	A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador.	*McClure.*
Laut, Agnes C.	Conquest of the Great Northwest.	*Outing.*
Perkins, Clara C.	French Cathedrals and Chateaux.	*Holt.*
Ruhl, Arthur.	The Other Americans.	*Scribner.*
van Dyke, Henry.	Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land.	*Scribner.*
Wharton, Anne H.	An English Honeymoon.	*Lippincott.*
Wharton, Edith.	A Motor-Flight through France.	*Scribner.*

Fiction

Barbour, Ralph H.	My Lady of the Fog.	*Lippincott.*
Crawford, F. Marion.	The Diva's Ruby.	*Macmillan.*
Fox, John, Jr.	Trail of the Lonesome Pine.	*Scribner.*
Gale, Zona.	Friendship Village.	*Macmillan.*
Garland, Hamlin.	The Shadow World.	*Harper.*
Mitchell, S. Weir.	The Red City.	*Century.*
Mitchell, S. Weir.	A Venture in 1777.	*Jacobs.*
Phillpotts, Eden.	The Virgin in Judgment.	*Moffat.*
Warner, Anne.	The Panther.	*Small, Maynard.*
Wells, H. G.	The War in the Air.	*Macmillan.*
Williamson, C. N. and A. M.	The Marquis of Loveland.	*McClure.*

Miscellaneous

Alden, Henry Mills.	Magazine Writing and the New Literature.	*Harper.*
Caffin, Chas. H.	Appreciation of the Drama.	*Baker, Taylor.*
Dickinson, G. Lowes.	Justice and Liberty.	*McClure.*
Fagan, J. O.	Confessions of a Railroad Signalman.	*Houghton.*
Keller, Helen.	The World I Live in.	*Century.*
Lodge, Oliver.	Science and Immortality.	*Moffat.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1909

Consists of four subjects taken by special permission from famous American Art Galleries.

The Subjects for Swift's Premium Calendar 1909 are:—

"Going to Pasture"—*G. S. Truesdell.* In Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

"All's Well"—*Winslow Homer.* In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

"Song of the Lark"—*Jules Breton.* In Art Institute of Chicago.

"The Sisters"—*A. W. Bouguereau.* In Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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13..... 3.50	14,G.M. 5.00	23..... 3.50	14,M.M. 5.00	404..... 10.00	23,G.M. 4.50	414..... 7.00
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PUTNAM'S AND THE READER

JANUARY

THE CALL OF THE CAR

VOL. V. No. 4

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THE START OF THE SMALL CAR RACE AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1908

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THE CALL OF THE CAR

Record-Breaking Automobile Racers and their Achievements

By MINNA IRVING

THE life of a chauffeur who drives for glory is a strenuous one. When he is not trying to clip a second off his own or a rival's record on the track, or dodging cops on endurance runs or speed tests, he is rushing to and fro between factory and salesroom, trying out high-powered new machines, tuning up old racers or building something new in bubble-wagons; for most of the noted whirlwind drivers are just plain ordinary demonstrators or testers, when they are not out for records. A few of the older ones are automobile engineers, but the young fellows are mostly all looking forward to the day when they will build gasoline engines as well as run and repair them. The more ambitious ones are saving their money for a course in mechanical engineering; but as many of the cash prizes offered in the different events fail to materialize, this is slow work for most of them. The cups and other trophies won go to the firm, but the drivers get the medals and some of them have quite a string of these gold and silver souvenirs.

There is considerable misconception as to the amounts paid to drivers, based on a few instances where they have received special pay for special races. The general public has a mistaken idea that a popular driver coins gold in every speed contest, and has nothing to do between times but ride around in a fast car and enjoy himself; but his earnings, in fact, are not those of a famous jockey. Some good drivers receive as high as seventy dollars a week; but the average men who drive racing-cars in America to-day are factory men on

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regular salaries, which in a majority of cases do not exceed from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a week. For the important races they may sometimes get a little extra pay; and of course they receive their travelling expenses, just as any other employee of the company does. There is such a tremendous desire among automobile operators all over the country to have an opportunity to win fame and glory in great racing events, that there are hundreds of applicants for the driver's seat of every racing car, and many of the "crack" operators will drive for almost nothing for the chance to get before the public. This has brought the prices of drivers down with a rush.

Observing the men at the wheels of the different machines in any big event, one is struck by the predominance of the Napoleonic type, not so much in features as in expression. Unconquerable resolve, burning ambition, the desire to "win out," regardless of consequences, have left their marks on those lean, strong, weather-beaten faces waiting at the line for the starter's signal. Not reckless, but absolutely fearless, every man is ready to offer up his life to the spirit of speed. A driver who was seriously injured while practising for the Briarcliff race said as soon as he recovered consciousness: "This makes nineteen times in nine years that I have had broken bones, but I 'm going to keep right on racing."

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR.

Mr. Vanderbilt is the foremost promoter of automobile racing in this country, and giver of the cup for the race which is named for him

George Robertson's narrow escapes from death on the track would fill a volume.

Speed contests and endurance runs certainly weed out the weaklings; no man who is a coward can hope

to drive a racing-car to victory, and several drivers now in the public eye have proved themselves to be possessed of courage, endurance and heroism equal to any ever displayed on the battle-fields of history. J. B. Ryall won the hill-climb up Giant's Despair at Wilkesbarre, in May, 1907, driving with a sprained wrist and taking twelve seconds off the world's record for such a feat. Later on, in the twenty-four-hour endurance race at Brighton Beach, the same man drove with a broken leg in a plaster cast strapped to the car. He clung to the wheel all night in this condition, and for one hundred miles of the distance he travelled between dark and daylight, averaging one minute and two seconds to the mile. After driving sixteen out of eighteen hours, he called upon Charles Rifenberg, his racing-partner, to relieve him, but found the latter had fainted from exhaustion. Ryall only retired from the track when the officials insisted he was unfit to continue, and ordered him off out of pure humanity. Any one who saw his face in the ghastly glare of the arc-lights, drawn and distorted with agony and streaming with sweat, will not soon forget it.

Another striking instance of grit was seen at the elimination trials in the 1906 Vanderbilt race, when "Monty" Roberts, the youngest entrant, drove sitting in a pool of gasoline. The seat of his car was sunk in the tank, which developed a big leak from a stone which flew up from the road. When Roberts left the car he was not only so badly burned and blistered that he was unable to walk without assistance, but was so soaked from head to foot with the dangerous fluid that a carelessly lit match or burning cigar held near him would instantly have converted him into a human torch.

FOXHALL KEENE, JR., IN THE CAR WHICH HE DROVE IN THE 1908 VANDERBILT CUP RACE
Early in the race Mr. Keene's car caught fire and was destroyed

Four years ago, when the first Vanderbilt Cup race established automobiling as a sport for millionaires, there were only a few first-class American drivers to enter the lists

GEORGE ROBERTSON

Who won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup Race in a Locomobile car

HERBERT LYTLE

Who finished second in an Isotta car in the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup Race

Photograph by Spooner & Wells

MONTAGUE ROBERTS

Who drove to Cheyenne the Thomas car that won the New York to Paris race

Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

FELIX NAZARRO

Who finished third in the Fiat car in the 1908 grand prize race at Savannah.

against the pick of the fast European professionals; but since that time their names are legion, and new favorities are constantly coming to the front, and new records are being made and broken every day. Four Vanderbilt Cup races were won by Frenchmen piloting French machines; but American cars and American drivers have improved immensely since 1906, and George Robertson's victory in this year's race shows that home talent is able not only to lift the cup, but defend it from all comers.

To the professional driver, the car that has carried him to victory is his pet, his baby, the apple of his eye and the idol of his heart. What spectator who witnessed the accidental burning of Auguste Hemery's cup-winner on the Sunday morning after the Vanderbilt race of 1905 can ever forget the plucky Frenchman's dramatic despair when his beloved car was consumed. He raved and wept, and had to be forcibly restrained from throwing himself into the flames that soon reduced the machine to a twisted and blackened mass of metal fit for nothing but the junk-heap. With his own hands Hemery had put the engine together from the bed up; every nut, bolt and screw had been tested and fitted with infinite precaution, and all the parts assembled with affectionate care. To his emotional Latin nature, the throbbing machinery was endowed with life and intelligence, and the dark-blue bonnet covered the seat of a living soul, and its destruction was a veritable tragedy.

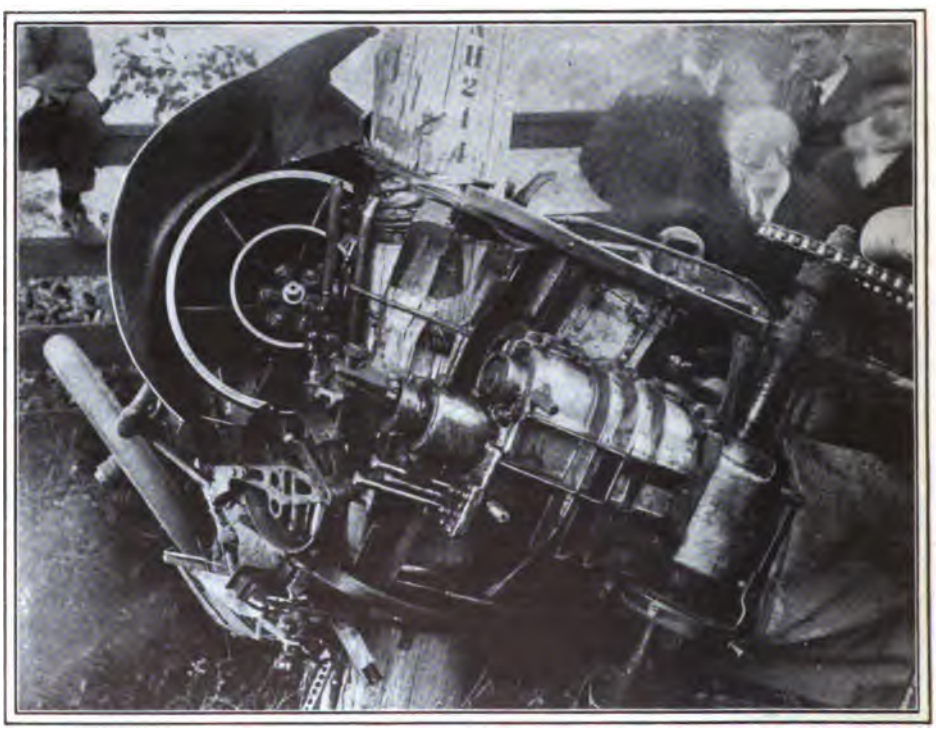
Some drivers talk to their cars and humor them when they are cranky, just as a jockey talks to a high-spirited horse. Maurice Bernin treats his car like a chum, and can be heard talking to it as if it were alive. "Monty" Roberts also has this habit when he is on a long run alone with a favorite machine.

"I talk to the engine," he said, "and tell her how good she is not to break down."

Both men are twenty-four-hour race winners. Roberts won the Brighton Beach endurance run this year, spinning round and round the oval like a squirrel in a cage for twice around the clock without relief—a frightful strain on the nervous system. A man's own mother hardly knows him when he staggers from his steel steed at the end of one of these terrible races—eyes swollen almost tight shut and swimming in blood, face deeply lined and black with oil and the dust of the track, lips cracked and burning, and hands and legs trembling as if with palsy. His first need is water—long, cooling draughts to wash down the dust in his parched throat; and the next is sleep—a deep, tranquil, dreamless sleep, mercifully blotting out the red tail-lights of the car ahead, and the dancing, glaring electrics on the grand stand, which have flashed on his aching eyeballs in a blinding blur so many times in that mad whirl—pitifully drowning, too, in grateful silence, the thundering roar of the flying cars, punctuated occasionally by the crack of an exploding tire, and the persistent hum of the thousand voices of the morbid multitude waiting hour after hour for a tragedy.

It takes weeks for a man fully to recuperate after he has shaken hands with Death in a twenty-four-hour race. But he is up and at it again as soon as he is able to grip the wheel—the keen rivalry, the excitement, the applause, the very danger are stimulants he cannot live without, once he has tasted them. The smell of gasoline is to his nostrils what the battle-smoke is to the soldier or the salt sea-breeze to the sailor—it is the very breath of life. A driver may leave the track for two or three years, but he is sure to return to it: the call of the car is bound to be heard and obeyed. Roberts is one of the youngest of the cyclonic chauffeurs. He was born in Barney Oldfield's town of Pittsburgh twenty-five years ago, of English parents, and served his apprenticeship at the steering-wheel with Lewis Nixon, graduate

A RACING CAR'S "STRANGLE-HOLD" ON A TELEGRAPH POLE



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ABOVE CAR

Before the Vanderbilt Cup Race the steering gear broke and the machine headed for the nearest pole

Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

DE PALMA IN A FIAT CAR IN THE SAVANNAH GRAND PRIZE RACE

of the Naval Academy and builder of ships and army automobiles. Great things were expected of him when he was nominated as one of the Thomas team in the 1906 Vanderbilt race, but he never got beyond the elimination trial, coming to grief on the notorious "Hairpin" curve and retiring with broken ribs and a sore heart. He naïvely ascribed his bad luck on this occasion to the fact that he was twenty-three years old at the time and his car was No. 7—a hoodoo combination hard to beat. After Roberts made good at Brighton Beach last year he was chosen to launch the New York to Paris race around the world, but was recalled at Cheyenne to compete in the Briarcliff event last April, in which, however, he again disappointed his friends. The New York to Paris race was won by George Schuster, who carried the Stars and Stripes into the French capital after covering some of the worst roads in the world. Roberts was nominated to represent America in the Grand Prix of France this year; but, after his poor showing at Briarcliff, he was withdrawn in favor of Lewis Strang, winner of the Briarcliff trophy, and went to Dieppe as Strang's reserve driver.

Race-drivers are an ingenious lot, and often save precious time in a speed-contest by repairing a punctured tire with a plug of chewing-gum; but the only race ever won with a looking-glass was run by Charron in the Paris–Amsterdam–Paris race. The Panhard factory had built for him a big eighty-horse-power double cylinder. (This, of course, was before the present 120-horse-power Grand Prix machines were dreamt of.) Charron, having broken his two forward gears, finished "backward" on the reverse, seeing the road in a looking-glass held by his mechanic. He rode 1502 kilometres to victory in thirty-three hours, four minutes—not a bad record considering automobile racing was then in its infancy, and that he had to travel backward part of the way.

The Vanderbilt Cup drivers are the pick of motordom in this country. A driver who can withstand the winnowing process of the elimination trials is sure to be heard from afterward in a way to make his friends proud of him. Lytle, Tracy, Mongini, Campbell and Bernin are cup veterans who are still hammering away on the track, and will probably keep going until old age puts them down and out, or Death calls the race, as in the case of poor Cedrino. George Robertson, Guy Vaughan, Dan Teetor, Harry Michener, George Magee (known

to the motor-world as "Al" Bellows, twice a participant in the Gordon Bennett Cup race), "Al" Poole, Leo Beck and Lewis Strang are all drivers able to round corners on two wheels, and hit only the high places. Strang, who was easy winner of the Briarcliff trophy over twenty-one competitors all more experienced than himself, is little more than a boy, and got his training as mechanic for Walter Christie. The youngest driver out for track honors is Ray Howard, who was barely eighteen years old when he entered the Brighton Beach event in the summer of 1907.

Then there are the gentlemen chauffeurs, who follow the sport for pure love of it. Eliot Sheppard who boldly entered the lists of the Grand Prix against the pick of European drivers in 1906, Walter Christie with his celebrated direct front drive whirlwind, John Haynes, E. R. Thomas, Charles Warren, Charles Coey (the Chicago twenty-four-hour champion), Stewart Elliott, Foxhall Keene and many others, willing to spend time and money and risk life and limb for speed's sake—all these are readily recalled by every motorist as prominent in every great speed event.

Though training camps are established along the route of every great race, they are for repair purposes and the accommodation of the mechanics rather than for the drivers. Most of the drivers take no particular care of themselves, and make no special effort to prepare themselves physically for these gruelling events. The foreigners paid some attention to their diet for a day or so before the Vanderbilt races and abstained from any heavy food just before the contests. They also put on leather suits and steel caps as a rule, but the American driver perfers an old sweater and a soft hat which has been washed many times in the tank and is dear to his heart because he can pull it into any shape that feels best to his head.

But the automobile race-driver gets his training just the same in the series of humiliating defeats and accidents he is pretty sure to experience before his efforts are crowned with victory. Each disappointment gives him a valuable lesson in foresight and the care of his car. A loose nut or bolt, a weak axle-bar, a defective cylinder is often the price of victory or of life. Wagner was forced to retire from the 1905 Vanderbilt race with a lost gear-box cover and bearings seized, Lytle ran into a fence, Jenatzy broke a cylinder, Cedrino went off with a disabled engine, Campbell lost his gasoline tank—he said it was because his car was No. 13—and Christie collided with Lancia and shattered both rear wheels, while Nazzaro, king of the Grand Prix a few months later, was away back at sixth when the race ended. Yet all of these men made good afterward, profiting, no doubt, by bitter experience. Nazzaro

THE GRAND STAND DURING THE 1908 VANDERBILT CUP RACE

driving a Fiat car won third in the Grand Prize race at Savannah on Thanksgiving-day.

The sport has its dark side too. Many a tragedy has cast its gloomy shadow over the track and the road. When a man takes the wheel and pilots the flaming, smoking, snorting steel monster under him over a crowded track or along a crooked course in a wild saturnalia of speed, Death is waiting for him at every turn, behind every fence or telegraph pole, in every ditch and at the bottom of every declivity, ready to leap out and surprise him. Any car—including his own—may at any minute become a thunderbolt of destruction. It is this knowledge of the fearful odds he faces that often makes an inexperienced driver show the yellow streak and put on his emergency brakes at the corners.

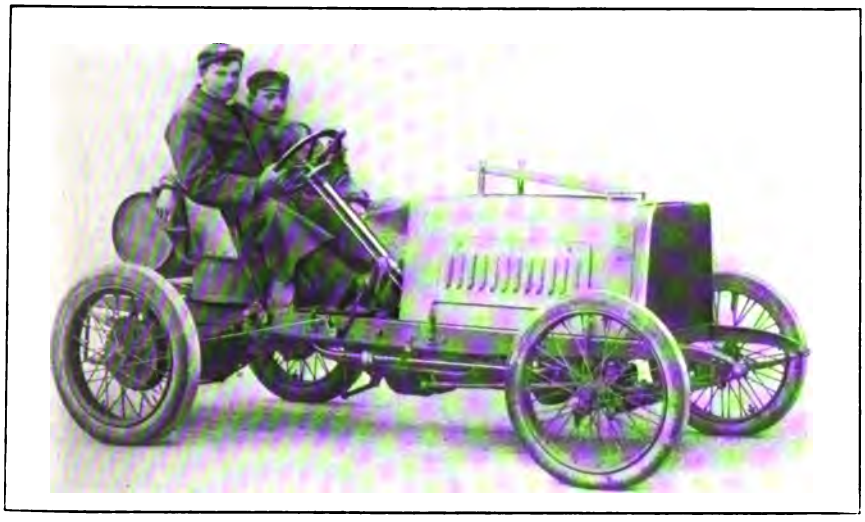
Every one of them has seen men die at the wheel, and one of them told me he has seen fifteen meet a violent death on the track. Frank Croker hurled into eternity at Ormond Beach, Ernest Keeler's back broken at Point Breeze, Smelzer dragged Mazeppa-like by the heels to death by his flying white car at Morris Park, Cedrino instantly killed while breaking his own best record, Stricker killed while practising for this year's Savannah race—every track has had its human sacrifice, and every road-race its libation of blood poured to the speed-Juggernaut. I asked a fast driver once if he did not feel afraid of meeting with an accident that would cripple him for life.

"We don't get crippled," he said drily; "we get killed."

But with the great improvement in the cars the danger is becoming less and accidents fewer, though the driver's dreams are still troubled with visions of going through a fence and landing in a heap of tangled wires and wheels on the other side.

At present the racing chauffeur's greatest need is a wind-guard that will be light and strong while not obstructing his view of the road. Glass is too heavy, and offers too much air-resistance, while wire is hard to see through distinctly. He now suffers agonies from the strain on his neck and back from holding his head up against the terrific wind-pressure induced by his own great speed.

The foreign driver will have to look to his laurels hereafter. Recent events have proved that Americans are fully equal in nerve and skill to



HEMERY AND DEMAQUEST

In the 1905 Vanderbilt cup winner which was destroyed by fire

MARRIOT IN A STANLEY STEAMER

In this car he covered a mile in 28⅘ seconds

the daredevils over the sea, though they are handicapped by want of practice, and under present conditions it is impossible for them to get the same amount of practice that the foreigners do. A foreign race-driver, once he has distinguished himself for fast driving, is not required to do anything else but practise. He oversees the construction of his cars, he may even build them himself, but beyond that he is never required to touch a tool. He is not asked to test any cars but his own, and

A "FREAK" CAR

This machine was made by Christy, and is peculiar because of the position of the engine and the fact that the power is applied to the front wheels

with his mechanic he spends his entire time tuning up his machine over good roads where no eagle-eyed constables are lurking behind speed-traps. He thus gains a marvellous dexterity and coolness, discovers weak parts in his car, and learns to take sharp corners with the throttle wide open and brakes up.

Every French, German and Italian driver there has been doing nothing else but drive a racing-car since he first laid his hand to the wheel; but the American entrant, only a few weeks previous to the event, has been mending old cars in a shop, perhaps dressed in a pair of greasy overalls. Consequently his muscles and his nerves lack the training of his foreign rivals; but he is just as fearless, just as eager to win as the daring foreigners and with a good car under him he is now the peer of the best of them, and a dangerous rival in any international event, including the Grand Prix.

WAGNER
Who won the 1908 Savannah Grand Prize Race in a Fiat car

Automobile race-drivers do not, as a rule, love each other, and track collisions are not always due to accidents. A track crowded with whizzing machines presents splendid opportunities to pay off an old grudge.

Have you ever taken a practice spin with a race-driver when he is tuning up for the contest? Don't, if you are nervous; but if you want to know what Jove feels like riding on a thunderbolt, then do! The driver is a meek-enough chap when he is tinkering broken machinery, but the minute he lays his hand to the wheel—presto, change!—he becomes a different man. A reckless demon looks out of his eyes, and a sardonic grin overspreads his face. He is devilish in his impudence, and takes possession of the road, hurling defiance at every other motorist he meets. No one is so lofty or so low as to escape his grim pleasantries, and many an angry fist is impotently shaken after him, only to be greeted with a shriek of derisive laughter. The only thing for which he shows respect is a trolley-car; other traffic he regulates in a high-handed manner acquired only by long practice, and he seems to take delight in seeing how near he can come to a collision, and avoid it by a hair's breadth. But his nerve never fails him, and he never overestimates his own skill; and when you are landed safe and sound at the starting-point, ten to one you, too, are a speed-maniac.

Registered in Panama, 1907, by W. A. Fishbaugh, Empire, Canal Zone

PROMENADE ON THE SEA WALL, OLD FORT, PANAMA

THE ROMANCE OF PANAMA

Remains and Reminiscences of Past Centuries

By HUGH C. WEIR

LIKE the harsh, metallic strokes of a hammer fell the words of doom: "The prisoner is sentenced to die at sunrise, for conspiracy against the Spanish crown!"

Over the sixteenth-century Panama court-room dropped the silence of pulse-tingling tragedy. The bound man before the tribunal of justice straightened to a ramrod stiffness and his eyes shot a circle of crisp contempt around him.

Grimly, the cordon of musket-thumping guards closed about his shoulders, and Vasco Nunez de Balboa—discoverer of the world's greatest ocean, he who wrote the first chapter in the white man's history of the Pacific—was led to the executioner's ax as a nation's reward for his world-stirring exploit.

I went one day to Culebra and Balboa's cliff—the crumbling pinnacle of bluff from which his eyes first swept the power-dazzling vista of the Pacific, still as devoid of pathway as on that wild September day of 1513. Within a stone's throw, the steam-shovels of the canal-builders were vomiting their tons of rock and dirt, and the crunch of air-driller and screech of locomotive and crash of dynamite blast were making day hideous.

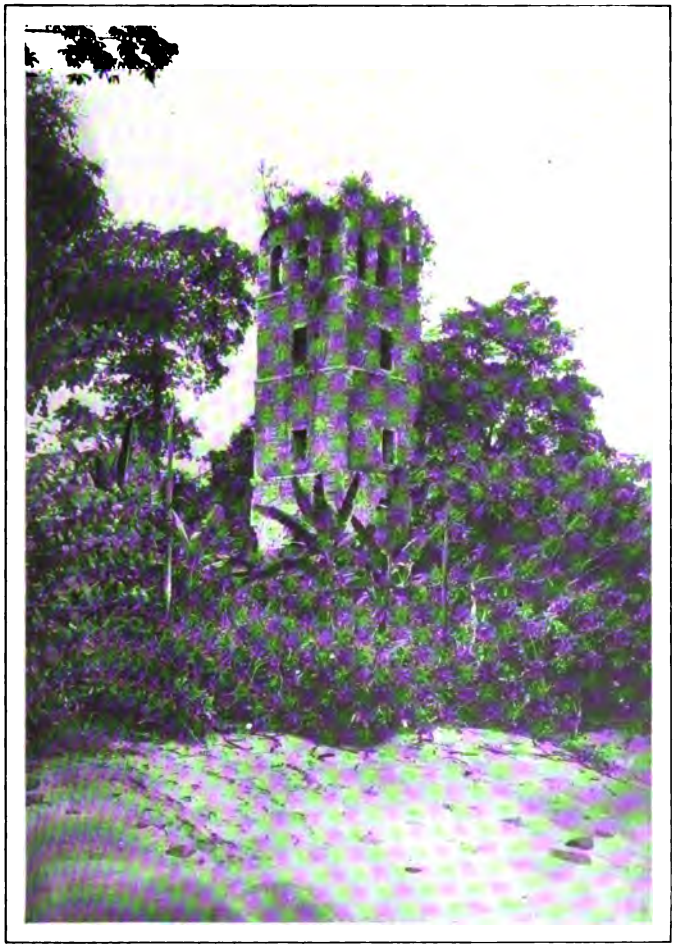
"Gold Hill" the bluff is called, because of a legend which tells of tons

of the magnet-metal under the roots of the palm-trees. It is at the foot of the scarred cliff, where the Niagara-thunder of the Culebra Cut sweeps through the wilderness, that the hand-to-hand grapple of Man and Nature reaches its surging climax—strangely enough, under that point where white men's eyes first saw its ocean-goal.

From the discovery of Balboa, the Panama of the Pacific—the Greater Panama — dated its jungle-birth. Also, with the winning of the Pacific, the winning of the golden land beyond the Pacific followed as a natural segment of the circle of conquest.

It was here that Balboa found the second feature in the two-edged climax of fame—and death.

On that day, whose setting sun would have seen his expedition southward bound for the conquest of Peru, the demon of jealousy thrust a fatal pitfall in his path. The rival hand of Pedrarias, Governor of Panama, crunched heavily on his shoulder, and he was whirled shore-ward and prison-ward as a menace to the power of Spain.



From a photograph by Fishbaugh

RUINS OF THE PANAMA OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Had he outflanked the malice of his rival, his heel would have been at the throat of the Incas a full decade before Pizarro, the rifled wealth of the Andes would have been at his feet, and two continents would have grovelled before his sword. He would have been master of the Pacific even as he had been its discoverer.

Shrugging his shoulders, the engineer in newly laundered white duck, who had been recalling with me the story of Balboa's end, stared out over the straggling half-moon of present-day Panama, as we lounged on the veranda of the Hotel Tivoli. From our vantage-point, the yellow city glared at us—a great blotch of sun-baked color, sprawling between the green billows of the jungle and the blue shadows of the ocean.

"What a tale it could tell!" mused my fancy-roaming historian. "What a tale of men's bravery and men's knavery, of blood-lust and gold-lust, of naked blades and naked passions!"

He whirled toward me, the tilted match at his cigar-end forgotten. "Balboa was but one man in four hundred years of red-blooded men, who have dared and won—or lost—on Panama soil. Old Panama was the Gibraltar of the New World. The wealth of two continents poured through its gates!"

From an engraving in Herrera's "History of the West Indies"

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA

"Yes?" I probed, with the memories of my Prescott sharply astir.

"Spoils of Spanish conquest. Panama was the natural transfer point to the Atlantic. It was the jogging mule-train across the Isthmus, with its gold bars and ingots, that led to the Canal of to-day."

My companion's voice tingled with a crisping emphasis. "Before the trail of the steam-shovel came the trail of the sword. Panama was baptized by the blood of the explorer and the fire of the buccaneer before it reached the concrete of the engineer. Behind the Panama of the Canal, the Panama of Shonts and Stevens, of Goethals and Roosevelt—

FORT ST. LORENZO, PANAMA

have you ever tried to picture the Panama of Columbus and Vasco da Gama and Balboa and Pizarro? Ay, and the Panama of the sea-rovers and the sea-spoilers,—when the Isthmus was swayed by the Spaniards and flayed by the pirates,—Drake and Morgan and their dare-devil crews?"

My historian came abruptly to a pondering halt. In silence, we stared down the circle of the hill driveway, dissecting his words as we watched a razor-boned cab mule come lurching toward the hotel steps.

"One, then, should carry a pocket-Prescott for an appreciation of the real Panama?" I suggested finally.

The engineer took eager issue. "Not at all! Nature has written the story more vividly than man. Follow her scars of the past. They will speak to you more eloquently than a dozen volumes!"

They did. And what a seething panorama they rolled before me! Not until the statue of Christopher Columbus in Colon Harbor faded from my view and the steamer shaped her course for that other statue in New York Harbor, which men call Liberty, did I realize the real significance of the words.

I had followed the crafty Pizarro to the jungle-buried stone tower, where he offered victory-beseeching vows on the day of his departure for the conquest of Peru. I had emulated the pillaging Morgan in his climb to the age-wrecked dungeons of Fort San Lorenzo, which the buccaneer had won over the bullet-torn bodies of half his men. I had searched the serpent-breeding walls of old Panama, blackened by the torch and reddened by the sword of the pirate-conquerors—where the cowled priests of the Inquisition had swayed two continents by the whispered horrors of the underground torture chambers.

By the rim of the Atlantic, I had explored the site of abandoned Porto Bello, rotting under the talons of the jungle—the festive market-centre of the seventeenth century, where the plunder of the north and the south had flowed to the Spanish galleons, where had come the hawk-eyed merchants of the Old World and of the New, the swash-buckling cavaliers, and grovelling mountebanks, and painted women of fortune, and rollicking sailors, and chained slaves, and blanketed Indians, each with a rôle in the swirl of the wilderness-drama—the prologue to the twentieth-century romance of the Canal.

Athwart the time-mellowed kaleidoscope of Porto Bello, flashes also the present-day menace of San Blas. Curving out into the surf of the Atlantic like a ragged turkey's foot is the mysterious land-point which the veteran Panamanian nears with narrowed eyes and knitted brow. Behind its frowning tree-belt dwell the famous and infamous Indians, who have made the name of San Blas blood-red in Isthmian history.

The bronzed wanderer of the tropics tells you that the San Blas natives are the only unconquered tribe of red men in modern history. Never have they bent the knee of homage to a foe. Only a dozen miles from civilization, never have they acknowledged the yoke of the white man, maintaining always a bullet-emphasized defiance.

Skirting that wilderness-territory which they call their own, the San Blas braves early in the days of the Spaniards drew a dead line. Armed sentries were posted through its windings to halt the invader with a warning or a bullet. Never have they been withdrawn. It is a tradition of the Isthmus that a white man has never remained alive in the San Blas territory without an Indian escort.

In appearance, the San Blas native is the absurd opposite of his martial reputation. He is seldom over a squat five feet in height, wooden-faced, wooden-jointed, slow of speech, slow of action, with stolid eyes dropped vacantly to the dust.

In a morning ramble through the Colon market-place, I spent a half-hour of sharp gestures and sharp words in a wasted effort to draw a

cocoanut vendor from the San Blas region into conversation. He was master of pigeon-English, voluble enough with his muddled words when I asked the price of the wicked-eyed parrot at his elbow, but a post when I ventured the subject of his people and his history. When a Panamanian half-dollar, dangled enticingly before his eyes, failed to open his lips, I knew the task was hopeless. Later, I found that the effort is always so. The San Blas Indian has never broken the rule of silence.

In the smoking-room comradeship of the steamer, I chanced to meet the white man who has probed deepest into the secrets of the San Blas wilderness—who has the name of having rubbed elbows with Death in more guises and from closer angles than any other man in bullet-humming Panama.

And yet for days, my ship-board digest placed him as a harmless botanist or missionary. There was nothing in the man or in the name to show that he had wrested a dozen fortunes from the jungle, or that he had tramped daily and bunked nightly with Death in doing so. Can you picture Joe Black—mining engineer, gold prospector, Indian fighter—in the short, soft-voiced, diffident man, with a slow, shy smile, much given to corner dreaming, a hesitating, retiring figure in his felt hat of Quaker breadth, precisely fitting black suit and low-cut, "lay down" collar?

While the gray twilight shadows were slipping over the deck one evening, he wistfully unrolled a crumpled, long-packed Confederate flag. Rather than lower it after Appomattox, his father had gathered his war-thinned family and made a new home on Mexican soil. Caressed by the silken folds was the much-thumbed photograph of a young woman. The smiling features were those of an Aztec princess, descendant of the conquered Montezuma, who rules to-day the jungle-survivors of the perished nation, huddled in the eastern mountain-fringe of Mexico. It was not until our last evening that I found she was his wife. What story throbs behind that strangely mated union, I never knew. When I left him in the Jamaican moonlight, he was buried with his thoughts and his romance, staring silently out over the silver waves.

It was Black who told me of the wilderness gold of the San Blas country, less than a score of miles from the Canal, which for centuries has mocked white man's greed.

"Six months ago, I sent an exploring party into the San Blas gold-belt," said Black abruptly, as his restless hands locked themselves over his knee. "Six weeks ago, my men came back to me—ragged skeletons. Two of them were limping with bullet wounds. Twice they had fallen into the hands of the Indians. On the first occasion, they were marched out of the country at the point of the rifle. On the second, they were bundled into a canoe and set adrift in the Atlantic—without oars. If they had been caught a third time, it would have meant death."

"Did they go back?"

Black looked at me wonderingly. "Of course: they are American engineers—and their work was n't done."

He sipped his kola thoughtfully.

"Did they find the gold?" I asked.

The little man across the table nodded simply. "The richest placer gold found in Central America for years. 'Millions in it,' probably—just beyond our reach."

"You mean——"

"On the map, two inches will take you from Panama to Venezuela. As a matter of disagreeable fact, four or five hundred miles of unknown jungle lie between the Canal Zone and South America. The San Blas natives live at the edge. If they were attacked, they would retreat into a wilderness which a white man has never traversed. To conquer them would mean the loss of four or five thousand lives—on the part of the conquerors. In the meantime,

the Indians are masters of the gold supply."

When Black spoke again, it was to utter a prophecy in that curiously grave voice of his. "Some day, one of the greatest gold-fields of the globe will be found in the Central American jungle"—he paused with a strange smile; "but the man who finds it will probably leave his bones on the spot! If I were free——"

But he did n't finish the sentence. The blank was more eloquent than words.

On a day when the rain-crisped morning breeze was whipping the waters of Colon Harbor, our motor-boat zigzagged oceanward from the dock, bound for the orange ball of the sun and the underground dungeons of San Lorenzo. Under a high pressure of gasolene, the jungle-fortress and the mud-village at its foot are a sharp two-hours' run from the Colon water-front.

To within half a mile of the foam-churned shore our boat wormed its way, and a native dugout, with a trio of shirtless rowers, carried us through the breakers to the fringe of sleepily nodding palm-trees and the gaping circle of villagers and dogs.

It was here that the pirate crew of Morgan made hostile landing in the sword-slashing year of 1670, bound for San Lorenzo's arms—and treasures.

It is a ribbon of a path that twists downward from the moat to the ocean-edge, with frowning tree-clumps and jagged boulders at every turn—and in the days of Morgan a garrison of three hundred men behind the walls at the end. As we slipped and stumbled up the rugged trail, the difficulties of attack loomed larger and larger.

Half a dozen determined men behind that mass of rock at the right, for instance, where the green lizard is blinking, or crouching on that ledge at the left, where you see the clump of orchids, could hold a hundred at bay. Yet Morgan carried the fort and put the garrison to the sword in a short day's work!

A sharp, right-angled turn of the path carries you from the gloom of the trees to the summit of the Chagres bluffs. Before you, so near that you recoil, tower the three-hundred-year-old walls of San Lorenzo, weather-blackened, vine-hidden, moss-caked—as grimly massive, in spite of the ravages of Nature, as when they faced the ravages of Man. Yawning at your feet is the weed-choked moat, and just at your elbow the lowered drawbridge and arched gateway are crumbling to decay.

Half a dozen steps within sprawls a broken pyramid of rusted cannon-balls, still in that spot where they were heaped by the doomed garrison two centuries and a quarter ago. Just beyond, is a jagged patch of great, swaying weeds, a man's height above the ground—in the shadows suggesting the last, desperate stand of the Spanish soldiers before the onrush of the buccaneers.

The shrill voice of my guide brought me sharply from the past to the present. Between his jabbering words, the Indian was pointing alternately to the ground below him and the rude, brush torch in his hand. Turning with a grin, he swung briskly off into the blackening shadows at his rear. When I followed uncertainly, I found him beyond a downward bend of the wall, holding a cautious match to the uneven torch. At his shoulders, the mouth of a descending tunnel was thrown into vivid relief by the yellow flame. With a silent gesture he stepped backward into the darkness.

When I reached his elbow, the tunnel had broadened into a long, narrow, undergound chamber, and dripping water spattered on the stone slabs at our feet. As we stared forward, there came from the shadows a sudden, sharp flapping, like the shaking of a dusty rug. The next instant, a rush of flying bodies scuttled by our torch. We had disturbed the dozing bats.

Now I was beginning more clearly

to appreciate the details of the chamber, and the series of yellowed iron rings on the wall, toward which the native was nodding. I took a step nearer, then another, and held the rings in my hands. They were the leg-irons with which the Spanish tyrants had bound their prisoners. Through the shadows stretched a long, grim row, riveted to the stone blocks with heavy, round-headed spikes. As I bent my head, I saw that the opposite side was lined in similar fashion. I had found the subterranean torture-chamber of the Spaniards. Here chained men had rotted to a ghastly death, losing reason—let us trust—before life. It seemed to me that I could trace the grooves in the rough floor made by their frenzied limbs in their death-struggles. Never was daylight more welcome than when we stumbled out into the clouded courtyard!

"There the ghosts come," muttered my guide, with sweeping arm extended toward the watch-tower that squatted upon the wall. "Sometimes, when the night falls dark and the wind is strong, they walk by the cliff." As he dropped his torch, he crossed himself very gravely.

Ghosts? What a logical thought to carry from this fortress of eternal twilight!

From a drawing in the possession of Thomas Coram

SIR HENRY MORGAN, GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA

Secretary Joseph Bucklin Bishop of the Isthmian Canal Commission was summarizing musingly the show-points of special interest at Panama. "The savannah-drive, by all means," he said finally. "Yes, you must take the savannah-drive. This is the ideal approach to the Panama that was. The original city was destroyed over two hundred years ago, you know, when Morgan raided the Isthmus. The present site is six miles farther north."

It is impossible, however, for a carriage to reach the jungle-ruins of old Panama. The last mile must be covered on foot, through a winding path of red clay, while you leave behind the vehicle which has carried you past rippling savannahs dotted with the homes of the wealthy Panamanians, Paris-educated mulattos.

Beyond the four roofless walls of the ruined tower of St. Augustine, the city which once ruled the Pacific is traced only by straggling heaps of masonry. The pirates did their work of destruction well. And yet it was through a freak of fate and not through force of arms that their pillage was made possible.

When the buccaneers appeared in sight of the walls of Panama, the garrison sallied beyond the gates to give battle. In the city was a drove of restless cattle chafing for lack of food. As the pirates advanced to the attack, the Spaniards cut the ropes, and turned the surging animals loose upon the hostile column. The musketry, however, had fired the intervening brush. Suddenly a leaping wall of flames stretched itself before the charging cattle. The animals were forced to a dazed halt, and then turned back in greater frenzy than before. To and fro, among the panic-stricken Spaniards they pounded, their plunging hoofs driving the garrison in hopeless rout, as the buccaneers, with victorious shouts, forced their way through the flames and into the defenceless city.

Thus did Panama the Golden, the swayer of the western continent, meet its end.

To go back to the halycon days of the dead nations of the Intecs and the Aztecs, and place a value of millions upon the treasure-trove, whose golden current wound through the Panamanian jungle, is much like trying to read in the dark. The men who have spent a life among the hieroglyphics of stone and parchment, tell us that the necklaces and bracelets and anklets of those erstwhile masters of the western continent, if thrown on the modern market, would bury the twentieth century output of precious stones. It is certain that when the Aztecs and Toltecs held Mexico, gold was more plentiful among them than copper is in the United States to-day. Authentic history relates that often the most common household utensils were fashioned of beaten silver.

It is a conservative statement that the loot which flowed through old Panama was as great as the expenditure for the present-day Canal. Many authorities would place the amount much higher. It is reasonably certain, however, that the plunder wrested by the Spanish sword from the Montezumas of Central America and their brethern of South America, would reach five hundred million dollars.

Nor is this the most startling angle of view. Historians unite in the statement, that gigantic as was the loot of the conquerors, the treasures hidden by the conquered—which have never been found—were fully ten times as great!

The man who knows the tropics first-hand receives as unvarnished truth the tales of buried cities and buried treasures, which the modern American digests as the fanciful dreams of a novelist who has been burrowing into Mexican history. There are a dozen mining engineers at Panama, whose paths have led southward into Peru or northward into Mexico, who will tell you that the tattered Indian trying to sell you yams or bananas could lead you to hidden mines rich beyond the visions of man. Prescott will tell you the

same, if you delve into the ponderous volumes he has given to the subject. Even the greed of a Pizarro or a Cortez failed to find all of the jungle-wealth of the kings who once ruled above and below Panama the Golden.

And again, when the Spaniards met the conquerors in their turn, the sword of the buccaneer missed millions where it found thousands. To cheat the pirates, great chests of gold and silver—bound for the court of Spain—were cast fathoms deep into the blue waters of the Pacific. When the doom of Panama was seen, three galleons, heavily laden from the Peruvian mines, were anchored in the harbor. Within an hour, great, ragged holes had been chopped in their bottoms by the crews, and they were sunk forever from the sight of man, bearing their sword-won treasure with them. We were drifting over the spot in a government scow when I heard the story.

There are other tales of similar trend that you can find by the score. Every man who has tramped the tropics a year has another which he thinks is new until he meets the man who heard it twenty years before. Occasionally, you find the story that has come true and hear the tale of the treasure that was found, but not often, for the craft of the red man and the white man who swayed Panama in the days of long ago was deep and subtle and picked its hiding-places well.

SHATTERED IDYLLS

By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY GEORGE MARVIN GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. W. ROBSON

II

AT nine o'clock on the following morning I appeared promptly at Villa Ceresio. Miss Bertha was already in the garden on the lookout for me and raced off to summon her father and sister.

Miss Harriet was most becomingly gowned in an affair of white flannel with big blue buttons, blue belt and blue hat.

She barely acknowledged my bow, without a word. She could scarcely have greeted me more curtly; and yet, at a second glance at her face, it came to me that she would not have responded to a boatman with just such a nod. It was noticeable, too, that she had hardly seated herself before she bestowed two swift glances in examination of my costume. Evidently she had expected some intentional change and she was right. I had added a pair of gold cuff-links with my monogram and was wearing a ring with a small stone. At the first glance she noticed the ring and at the second the cuff-links; of this I was sure, although her expression evidenced no trace of surprise. For a while she kept her head turned away from me, gazing over at Cavallino to our right, where we had met for the first time. In a flurry of emotion I gave a few frenzied

pulls at the oars. Her father and sister stared at me in astonishment; she continued gazing in the direction of Cavallino. Only when I began rowing quietly again our eyes met and lowered. Lugano, Villa Ceresio, Monte San Salvatore, Professor Forest's side-whiskers, all began making *la grande ronde* in my poor brain.

In the meantime the boat which plies between Lugano and Oria went puffing past us.

"We ought to have taken the steamboat!" grumbled the old gentleman.

"Oh, but it does n't stop at Castagnola, papa," exclaimed Miss Bertha.

Thereupon they began talking about the Robertses, and Harriet took part in the conversation. She proposed passing Castagnola by without stopping. Against this her sister protested vehemently and her papa sided with her. Bertha declared she was in love with Miss Roberts and admired her brother as much as did the Professor. Her father declared that Mr. Roberts was a cultured and intelligent young man and that his collection of ancient jewelry was really magnificent. The suspicion suggested itself that for this worthy gentleman the most magnificent jewel was the much more modern Miss Roberts, since he took such good care never to speak of her. Miss Harriet remarked sharply, almost affectedly, that she preferred the jewels for sale along the Seine to any found by the Euphrates, and that Mr. Roberts's first fault consisted in being so extremely obnoxious, his second in having Miss Roberts for his sister. Probably the wiles which that lady had practised on her papa had not escaped her notice, for she was absolutely pitiless in speaking of her as a flaxen-haired doll, the embodiment of sleepy slothfulness.

MISS HARRIET

Bertha was vivacious in defence of her dear friends. Professor Forest was exceedingly uneasy and growled like a sulky old bear being prodded. He dared not quarrel openly with Harriet, but blurted out surlily that his daughters were in duty bound to be courteous to his friends.

"I had no idea you regarded them as your friends," she said, turning paler.

"Certainly they are," retorted her father. "I am under great obligations to Mr. Roberts for much valuable information concerning Syro-Phœnician ornaments, and I consider it a most fortunate coincidence which brought about our acquaintance at Pontresina, after that disastrous descent from Piz Zanguard. At the time you were only too glad to accept—"

Here she interrupted him:

"One of his sister's rugs, yes, indeed," said Miss Harriet. "You are right, papa. It was an act of extraordinary magnanimity."

We were nearing Castagnola. Miss Harriet was plainly distressed and no longer vouchsafed me a glance. Instead of making for the beach, I kept turning the boat's head gradually in the direction of Oria, trying to catch her eye; meaning thereby to signify that I had no intention of landing at Castagnola without her

orders. The professor kept motioning in the opposite direction, trying by inarticulate grunts to indicate the place for which I was to steer.

Still I kept looking at Miss Harriet, determined not to pretend to comprehend and obey, until she had given the word. Our eyes met fully and I saw that she understood me. The lovely blue orbs gazed at me as if startled, and it occurred to me that she was on the point of asking whether I had pulled a boat on the Thames also; but no words were spoken and I rowed toward Castagnola.

Several minutes passed by and no sign of the Robertses. Bertha was voluble in her various suppositions as to the cause of their non-appearance. Her father and sister sat perfectly silent. Finally the old gentleman jumped up, declaring he would see what was the trouble. Miss Bertha also prepared to accompany him; Miss Harriet said she would remain in the skiff. I looked up at her with a beating heart. Her brows were knitted in annoyance, not, I felt assured, at the idea of being left alone with me.

Not a glance of encouragement did she grant me, but I was resolved to speak at all hazards. It was a walk of at least eight or ten minutes from where we had landed at Castagnola to the cottage occupied by the Robertses.

When the professor and his younger daughter were out of sight I said to Miss Harriet in French,

"Mademoiselle, I cannot trifle with your confidence any longer."

She started. "Ah!" she said. "You *are* the Italian writer?"

"Yes."

"I suspected as much at once, yesterday," she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "Why are you acting this comedy? I had been given to understand that you were a gentleman, sir. Has it afforded you so much amusement to make game of us? Naturally I cannot remain here a moment longer."

"Oh, indeed yes, dear lady, you must remain! I had no thought of making game of you, I assure you. It was only what we would term in my tongue a little vendetta," I added smilingly. "Don't you remember that you took me for a fisherman, when I was putting away my hooks and lines? Your eyes expressed your contempt and, after once experiencing it, no one could rest easy under such disdain."

"But it was not disdain, sir. It was probably surprise. It is possible that I should regard an honest fisherman with much more respect than a poet who plays the gay deceiver."

"I did not want to deceive you, mademoiselle; say, rather, I wanted to undeceive you. I longed for an opportunity of proving to you that I was not so far beneath your notice as you supposed. At first it may have been pride that prompted my actions; but soon far finer feelings banished all that. I am happy to be able to assure you that it was a most fortunate thing for you that you made my acquaintance."

"And why, sir, may I ask?"

I saw that she was touched and was waiting impatiently for an explanation.

"Be seated, mademoiselle!" I entreated. "I will not speak unless you sit down."

She resumed her former position, and I continued after a moment's hesitation.

"I understand a little English, mademoiselle, especially when spoken by Americans."

Miss Forest sat bolt upright.

"Why, sir!" she ejaculated. "Really? And you listened to our conversation yesterday? Do you consider that worthy of you, sir? No, no, no!"

She covered her face with her hands to conceal her struggle between vexation and laughter.

"Be merciful, mademoiselle," I begged; tell me,—that Monsieur Jack whom I resemble so strongly, is he perhaps a—a monkey?"

"For your sake he should be," replied Miss Forest, laughing outright, though without uncovering

her face. "But, as it happens, he isn't."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; forgive me, and now listen to me. I have certain facts I must acquaint you with concerning these Robertses."

"Really?"

Her hands dropped at her sides and she stared anxiously at me.

"The man is an abominable scoundrel," I burst forth, "and the woman is his slave. They are not brother and sister. Whatever ties unite them are too dishonorable to mention. They are not English. Even the name Roberts is an assumed one. The fellow has got it into his head that he can make you marry him, mademoiselle."

"And how have you learned all this?"

I saw that she still distrusted me.

"I learned it yesterday," was my answer, "on the way from Lugano to Castagnola. They talked of nothing else. That is how I learned your name and nationality. I know, Miss Forest, you are asking yourself whether you ought to believe a stranger who is entirely unknown to you, are you not?"

She was silent and I felt as if sitting on live coals.

"Do believe me!" I exclaimed. "I beg of you to believe me. I am no slanderer! Can't you see that? Don't you feel it? I had rather leave you this instant, with no hope of ever seeing you again, than have you think me a rascal. Addio, signorina!"

"I SAT DOWN ON THE BOW OF THE BOAT"

I was on my feet on the beach, determined to depart, not deigning to think of the skiff.

"Stay, please," Miss Forest half whispered, sweetly. "I do believe in you."

I sat down on the bow of the boat with a murmured, "Thank you."

In the silence that followed I heard the hurried steps of the Professor and Miss Bertha returning.

"Thank heavens!" said Harriet. "They are alone. There are so many things I wanted to ask you, but now it 's too late."

In fact, just at that moment Professor Forest and his daughter appeared on the beach.

They were not alone. Behind them marched Mr. Roberts in the latest style of outing apparel.

"I 'm so sorry," he said to Miss Harriet after they had exchanged cold greetings. "My sister is feeling unwell and sends her sincerest regrets."

He was handsome, distinguished, and was seated close to Miss Forest, but I would not have changed places with him. Nothing could have been frostier than her manner.

This, however, he affected not to notice; on the other hand the Professor suffered visibly from its manifestations, endeavoring to distract Roberts by showing him all the politeness in his power. Again his daughter met my look and our eyes spoke. How glad I was that the others still believed me a boatman; that she knew me and kept silent!

As we were passing around the little headland on which stands the hamlet of Gaudria, and came in view of Valsolda, Miss Harriet asked me in Italian if the countryside she caught sight of across our bow was not Oria, and Mr. Roberts made haste to say that it was Osteno. "It is Oria," I replied, whereat he declared, in English, that I was a perfect blockhead. The young lady smiled and I bit my lips.

"Quite a fine boat, this," he remarked a little later; "I should like to own it."

"You might buy it," suggested Miss Harriet with a barely perceptible smile.

"Oh, yes. But if I took the boat I should certainly not take the boatman. He does not impress me at all favorably. Seems to be an impertinent numskull. How does he impress you, Miss Forest?"

She blushed deliciously, and I still redder, I fear. Our eyes avoided meeting but I heard her reply, uttered in a jesting tone,

"I have the greatest respect for him, especially as he is our boatman and not yours."

"Ah, yes, yes!" the other returned with a forced laugh. "The profoundest respect, of course! But really do you think he 's good looking?"

"I think he 's honest, and the most attractive quality to me in any man is honesty."

The lovely blue eyes were turned on me and said: "Did you ask more? You 'll have to be content with that."

No, I wanted no more and I was blissfully contented; I mused what an intelligent, quick-witted, wise and frank young creature she was, and how proud the man should be who could win her for his wife.

Mr. Roberts did not let himself be discouraged by her frigid demeanor. He talked continually with her father, with her, with Miss Bertha, of a hundred different things, but first and foremost of himself, his own good qualities and his defects. According to him his greatest fault consisted in having a heart too big and tender. For which reason he had never been able to amass a fortune. No, he was not a rich man. Was he not perhaps inclined to be proud of not being wealthy? He hoped it was not that. For that matter could any man call himself well-off nowadays unless he had an income of at least four thousand pounds a year? He could not boast of so much as that. His income was not so greatly inferior to that sum, but it was not quite that. That was why he still toiled. He intended passing still another year in the Orient. Then, when he was able to offer a certain beloved lady all the enjoyments of existence, he would return from the East, and if he failed to win the love he sought, would come cack to dwell on some lonely strand of Lake Lugano and here write out the poem of his life, for poetry was the only other passion of his being.

Harriet and I glanced at each other from time to time while he was declaiming, and more than once, when our eyes met, I caught a smile lurking about the corners of her lips.

Midway between Gaudria and Oria Miss Bertha caught sight of the ring on my left hand and I could read the

surprise legible in her bright eyes. She whispered something in her sister's ear which brought a blush to the latter's cheeks. Her sister must have bidden her be quiet, for, though she persisted in staring at the token, she held her peace.

At Oria Mr. Forest proposed landing and rambling the rest of the distance to San Mamette on foot. The sky was cloudy, making it an ideal day for walking. Miss Harriet approved of the suggestion and Roberts forthwith sprang ashore, followed by the Professor and Miss Bertha. Thereupon she declared herself delighted that her father should have the benefit of the exercise, but that she would stay in the skiff until we reached our destination. Mr. Roberts would have re-embarked at once, if she had not insisted so sharply on his accompanying her father that he dared not object.

"MY SERVING MAN WAS WATCHING US"

My heart throbbed again with joy and I was about to thank Miss Harriet, but she prevented me and hastened to explain that she had a most serious question to put to me. She desired to know whether I had been able to discover any particular intentions on the part of Miss Roberts. She said no more, nevertheless I understood perfectly. I replied that to the best of my belief Miss Roberts had been commanded to inveigle a certain personage, but that she obeyed much against her will.

While we were talking the boat passed beneath the windows of my tiny villa. The maid and the cook were at one window and greeted me with broad grins. My serving man was watching us from the garden, hiding behind the shrubbery. My sister was ensconced in the corner of an upper window. Immediately I divined the truth that my sister had not been able to keep from sharing my secret with the servants. I could distinctly hear the cook exclaiming that I had a signorina "all alone" with me in the boat.

"Your country house, I suppose?" said Miss Forest. "What a lovely site!"

I dilated on the pleasure it would give me if she would but linger here for a moment, how glad I should be to show her my flowers, my books; tell her, too, a few of the dreams that come to one looking on the mountains and the lake.

"It is impossible," she murmured. "Then, too, it would be only to make things sadder, were we to become better acquainted, since in all likelihood we shall never meet again. But I noticed an orange-tree in your garden and I should dearly like a tiny orange spray."

"Never meet again!" I exclaimed and ceased rowing.

She did not speak and seemed to me decidedly touched. For a moment we gazed at each other in silence, then she smiled gently and said:

"What was it my father remarked yesterday? 'Remare, remare!' I mean to try and compel him to take

us away to-morrow. I wish it were possible to make him believe those hideous things you have told me."

"And if he should believe them, you would leave to-morrow?"

"Yes; I think it would be necessary."

"And where shall you go?"

"Home to America."

"And if I help you to make him believe those hideous things, will you cherish just a shred of gratitude, or will you try to forget me as soon as possible once 'home in America'?"

Silently Miss Harriet held out to me her hand, which I grasped quickly in mine, letting go the oars.

"I will help you, Miss Forest, and I am sure of succeeding. My interest in you has grown almost unbelievably, signorina, in so short a time. Now I am ready to play my own worst foe in order to please you. Do I not deserve the touch of your ungloved hand?"

She stripped off the silken thing and, careless as to what curious eyes might be spying at us from the shore, for one moment I pressed my lips on that white hand, now icy cold from her great emotion.

"It is strange," she said, then, smiling, "that I should not know even your name."

I told her; whereupon the talk turned upon English literature, and the novels we both had read. For me it was one way of expressing my sentiments and for her of showing that she sympathized with them. It was especially pleasing to hear her say that of all Dickens's works she preferred, with me, "A Tale of Two Cities" and that Sidney Carton was to her the most delightful character in that book.

To me it was a joy that our souls were at one on even so small a point. It certainly sufficed to establish an electric current between us which thrilled me with a strange sweetness. We talked too about Valsolda. Only such as are endowed with a fine and exquisite sense of Nature's loveliness can glimpse the secret fascination of Valsolda. From the vulgar herd it is altogether hid. She fathomed it. I asked her whether she could not be content to live in Valsolda.

"No," she said, "I think not. Mine is a peculiar character. Your Valsolda strikes me as being a haven. I should like better to live on the open seas and there meet death."

Before arriving at San Mamette I told Miss Forest that I would find some way forthwith of proving to her father that all I had said was true. Again she gave me her hand.

"I thank you!" she said. "Addio!" she added, with a smile not without sadness. "It is better for us to say good-bye now while we are alone."

"But may I not return with you to Lugano?"

"Do you wish to?" she said. "Would it not be better to part now? We can hire a real boatman. You will give me the orange branch and we will go our various ways from here."

Thereupon, with a voice none too steady, I begged to know if some day the orange branch might not blossom into a wreath. This she failed, or feigned not, to understand. There was no reply. Perhaps, if she did understand, she fancied it merely a poetical phrase, unconsidered and intended lightly. Perhaps there were other reasons,—how should I know?

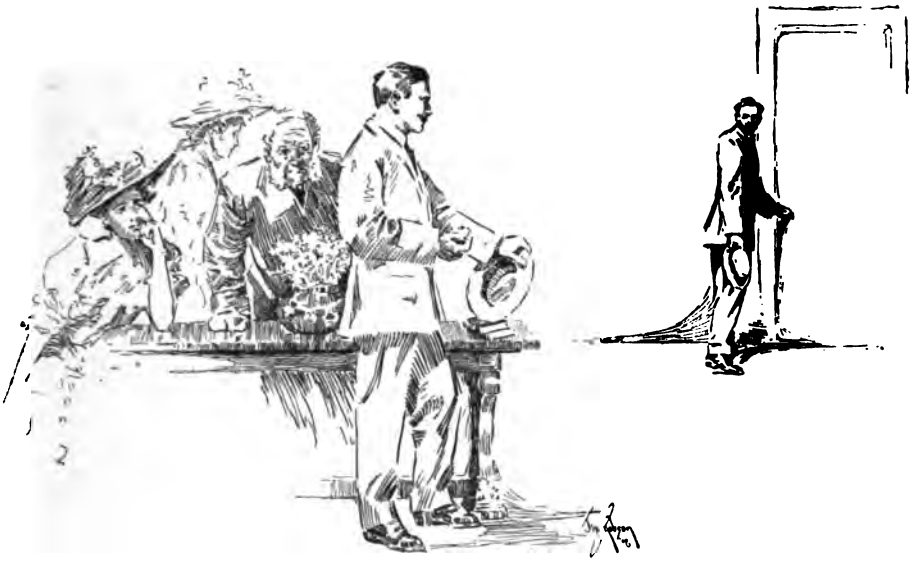
"Addio!" I murmured under my breath.

She inclined her head gently, as if to return my bow, but her lips were closed.

Professor Forest and company were waiting on the beach. Miss Harriet left to have luncheon with them, after I had remarked that I must absent myself for a while but would be at their disposal within an hour.

I returned to Oria in the skiff, changed my clothes, cut a twig from the orange tree, which I placed in my button-hole, and had my man drive me back to San Mamette at top speed, as a storm was threatening.

I stopped at the Stella d'Italia, where the Forests had ordered lunch-



"YOU HAVE ONLY THREE MINUTES"

eon, and sent in my card to them. Being requested to enter immediately, I introduced myself directly and in execrable English to Professor Forest, begging him to pardon me for having on the previous day, on noticing that he and his daughters were in need of a boat, used an innocent subterfuge to induce them to accept my services.

Professor Forest grew tremendously red and confused; evidently he did not know just what conduct to adopt, whether to thank or upbraid me. Miss Harriet rewarded me with her sweetest smile. Miss Bertha stared at me quite too stupefied for speech. I turned toward Mr. Roberts, who was likewise looking at me in astonishment and hardly appearing to recognize me.

"Sir," I said to him, you acted rather unmannerly toward the boatman to-day; but as I happen to know of you, I prefer to be generous and at the same time do you a small service. Your wife desires me to say that she will expect you back by the next boat to Lugano, on a matter of urgent importance."

"My wife?" retorted the dastard. "You're mistaken, sir. I neither know you, nor have I a wife."

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?" I asked in the curtest tone at my command, and I continued in German: "You should have been more prudent in your conversation yesterday with the young woman. Will you oblige me to repeat its substance to Professor Forest? Don't force me to do anything like that. The next boat leaves for Lugano almost immediately. Be off, be off with you, at once!"

The fellow hesitated a moment, then turned to Forest and said tranquilly:

"I suspected as much from the first. This poor gentleman, who imagines himself a boatman, is out of his head. Here he is babbling to me in a tongue utterly unknown to me."

Miss Harriet and her father kept their eyes fixed on me, she in some anxiety and he growing momentarily more enraged. I had foreseen that the scamp would adopt some such tactics.

"My very dear sir," I went on, still in German, looking at my watch, "you have seven minutes to catch the steamer. If you decide to remain here I promise to offer you the invaluable escort of the carabinieri of his Majesty the King of Italy,

who are very desirous of having the pleasure of a few words with you."

It was then that he lost his head and exclaimed.

"Das ist nicht wahr!"

I turned to the Professor and remarked pleasantly:

"The gentleman speaks in 'a tongue utterly unknown to him!'"

He had already recovered his former manner; as on the foregoing day, he muttered some imprecation in his foreign tongue; then picking up his hat he said to Forest, with a gesture indicating me:

"If I stay here I fear I may get into trouble with this man. At Lugano I shall prove to you how right I am."

He went out. I called after him,

"You have only three minutes."

The windows were open. We could hear the splashing and puffing of the steamer warping up to the pier.

Neither was I clasped in the Professor's embrace nor did his wiry gray whiskers scratch my youthful cheeks. He was deeply disturbed, and, of a truth, if my idyll was shattered, his was too. On the other hand I read with joy the admiration and gratitude sparkling in Miss Harriet's eyes.

"Let us leave here at once!" said her father. "We will return to Lugano immediately."

I offered them my skiff. The Professor responded rather grimly that he was much obliged but could not think of further discommoding me; he would be off in search of another boat forthwith.

Miss Harriet's eyes pleaded with me to pardon her father's rudeness. I did not insist. Professor Forest prepared to depart with the young ladies, and I followed them with a heavy heart. We reached the small, dark, narrow corridor which serves as a vestibule to the inn, when a veritable sheet of water came pouring down upon the square outside. The old gentleman was obliged to call a halt. He and Miss Bertha stood staring out at the angry sky and the slanting gusts of rain.

Silently I took the tiny orange-branch from my button-hole and handed it to Miss Harriet. In silence too she accepted it, tore off a leaf, put it to her lips, gave it to me and hid the rest in her bosom. Thereon I secretly caught her hand and she as secretly returned the firm clasp.

Thereafter for a moment we too looked out on the square, but I doubt whether we knew if the sun shone or the winds blew. Then, after that blessed moment, she gently drew away her hand. I caught the gleam of tears in her eyes. The storm passed over; a boat was speedily procured.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to you," the Professor said finally in taking leave.

Miss Harriet said nothing. Only she gave me one long look which went to my heart and still from time to time returns like a sharp pain.

Two days later I called at Villa Ceresio. The Forests had gone. I spent two or three hours on the quay, hard by the Hôtel du Parc, in the shade of the acacias, gazing at Cavallino, Castagnola, Villa Ceresio, the lake sparkling in the sun. The lovely land looked to me quite colorless, empty and sad.

I have never seen Miss Harriet since; nor have I ever heard her name mentioned. I should be only too glad if these lines should chance to cross the Atlantic and come under her eyes, or at least under the eyes of some friend of hers, to whom she may have confided this episode in her life. May I beseech that unknown friend of Miss Forest to call her attention to this veracious tale, and tell her too that the orange leaf kissed by her lips is still treasured as a sweet, a dear memento, along with a little piece of silver, in the tiny villa built on the lakeside, at the foot of the mountain clad in olive orchards, vineyards and laurels.

(THE END)

WHERE LOVE DWELT IN SHADOW

By AGNES FALES STRONG

ILLUSTRATION BY CLINTON BALMER

MAY second.—I had a note from Miss Mary Hedges this morning, telling me that she is a little tired and weak this Spring (nothing more)—that the doctor wants her to have a trained nurse,—and that she would be very glad to have me, if I were not out on a case just now. Her note finds me still very tired after my last case, and longing to leave New York and go into the country for a while. Here is just the thing for me. Miss Hedges lives in a little village on eastern Long Island, in the old place that has been in the family since early settler days. For many years I spent my summers in the same village, and our grounds were separated from hers by an old Rose of Sharon hedge; and that first year of all, when I was a child of seven, I made friends with her, and she used to give me candies that she had made, and let me play with her cat, Jonathan Edwards, among the lima-bean poles in her garden.

May third.—I came here this afternoon—the dear old trip along the Island. I suppose it is a snobbish pleasure to enjoy things a little more because other people don't care for them. But I always have somewhat that feeling about this country; for twenty people who admire the striking outline of mountain, there is one who knows how to love the flavor—"half wild yet wholly tame"—of Long Island, which seems not to insist on one's thoughts, but which must always thrill its lovers. Before we reached Shinnecock Hills—(oh, those delicious old names—Shinnecock, Water Mill, Amagansett!)—the keen salt breath of the sea drowned the spicy land scents of pine and sage; it blew through the car when the door was opened at stations, and made me shiver with cold and delight.

There were few of the summer residents on the train, and the station had not its midsummer bustle of carriages and motor-cars. I got into the stage and was driven to the old house, where I found Miss Hedges waiting for me in the lamp-lit hall.

May fourth.—All night I had that delicious feeling I always have on coming to a place I love,—sleep and wake and smile and sleep again. But this morning I am not so happy. Miss Hedges looks really ill and very frail, and I have lost last night's confidence about her. She still scoffs at the idea of there being anything wrong with her, but I am waiting anxiously to see the doctor. Whatever the trouble may be, she is lovelier to look at than ever. She is very thin, and looks almost like a spirit. Her hair has grown perfectly white in the two years since I last saw her, though she cannot be much over sixty. Her skin was always of a clear pallor, unusual in a country-bred woman, and now, in contrast to that and to her white hair, her great black eyes are more haunting than ever. She was always the gentlest of women, but now I see a certain wistfulness—oh, I will wait until the doctor comes before I let myself think.

Dr. Gardiner has just left. He

thinks Miss Hedges is in a very bad state,—heart, as I thought. But she will not believe it.

May tenth.—We have had a lovely, restful week. Miss Hedges seems stronger, and has even been able to join me in pottering about the garden.

I wonder if there could be a more lovable place than this,—the old square house, tree-and-garden-embraced, the ground sloping to the pond crossed with bridges at two or three places,—the curving dunes beyond,—and, last of all, ocean and sky, and passing white sails.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains to each some spot should prove
Belovéd over all.

Well, this is *my* "belovéd spot." I have always fitted its name into the poem. It *is* a "fair ground,"—so fair that it can surely draw my spirit back to it after death. I wonder how many of its children come back to it so. I always wonder that, when I go through either of the little cemeteries that are set like jewels, by duck-pond or windmill, for the village street to encircle. There, one reads after so many a name, "Lost at Sea." Do the spirits of those men remember, and come home? Or do they still sail before the wind and mist, over the sea that holds their bodies, loving the thing that killed them?

May seventeenth.—Out of a clear blue afternoon sprang up a thin and chill air, and then followed the first moist white fingers of the fog. Soon all the country was drowned in it, and nothing could be seen but an opaque silver mass, now turning black as night falls. Miss Hedges seems a little quiet and sad to-night, and I have respected her unexpressed wish for silence by bringing down this book to the open wood fire, and letting her dream in peace.

May twenty-first.—This evening Miss Hedges told me what has lain deepest in her heart. It was after supper, and we were sitting on the back porch, in the sea-voiced dusk of the coast. All the warm glory of color was where the sun had just gone down. But we looked east instead,—to the pond, where the dying light was reflected in shimmering opal tones,—to the dunes, where they cut darkly into the evening sky,—to the bits of dim gray ocean seen between the dune tops,—to the cloudless sky beyond, purple-plum at the zenith, blue-plum at the horizon's edge.

Miss Hedges had been very quiet. She had not seemed to look at anything, and yet one could feel that not one beauty around her but was part of her by the consciousness of a lifetime.

Finally she said slowly, "Olive, I want to tell you something.—Do you believe in dreams?"

"Yes," I answered. "How do you mean?"

"Do you believe that the best part of a woman's life—the only real part—might be in her dreams?"

I saw she did not need my voice to draw her on, and remained silent. She was quiet for a moment, letting her eyes rest on the darkening skyline. Then, still looking off from me, she went on:

"When I was a very young girl, I had a friend here, who died long ago. One evening in May, I was sitting on this porch, when I heard her voice speaking to my mother around the side of the house, and in a minute she came around here with a young man whom she introduced as her cousin. I said I was very young then, and I was very shy. I could not talk to him much, but there was something about him that drew my eyes toward him whenever he was not looking at me. He was tall and slender, and he had eyes of a light transparent gray, cool as water, with long black lashes. I noticed his eyes the most,—and his voice, which was low and distinct.

"I did not see him again, for he left town the next morning. I thought of him a good deal, but I suppose it was because I was very young that I never realized what he meant to me.

Drawn by Clinton Balmer

"HE IS DEAD—MY SON IS DEAD!"

"That was the year the war broke out, and at the end of that summer he enlisted, and the next May his name was in the list of those killed in battle.

"When I read that, I felt stunned. All day I went around in a dazed way, without thinking or feeling. That night I dreamed of him for the first time, and I knew I loved him. He came to me and put his hand under my chin to lift my face, and I saw his wave-gray eyes, and heard him say in that clear soft voice I had known once and never forgotten: 'You are my wife—do you know you can never be anything else?' I said, 'Phil, I belong to you, and I shall wait for you always.' And he answered gently, 'Why will you wait? I am here now.' And he kissed me on the mouth.

"That was the beginning. For one year he was very near to me. Whether I dreamed him with me every night for many successive nights, or not once in weeks (once it was over two months), I always belonged to him. And at the end of the year, one May night, in sleep I held my son in my arms. And never from that night have I seen the father of my son. I watched and waited for him to come and see his child, and he never came. But I have not lost him. He promised me I should always be his wife. He will come some day.

"And I have always had my son. I have put him into little short clothes,—I have cut off his blond curls and seen his hair grow dark,—his first long trousers have struck a pang to my heart. No single change in his growth to manhood but has been plain to my eyes. Now all that dear childhood of his is over long ago. He has been a man for many years, and has gray hairs among the dark. It is a very long time since he kissed me good-bye and went to sea, and he has been captain of his ship for many years. I am lonely without either of them. For even my son can seldom come home to me now. But I cannot be unhappy so long as they are so utterly mine. Wherever they are, my love is with them, and where one loves I think the loneliness cannot be too great to be borne."

She stopped, withdrew her eyes from the now dim distance, shivered slightly, and said to me with a smile, "Come, dear, let us go in."

May twenty-fourth.—Last night, when we had both been asleep for several hours, I was wakened by a cry from Miss Hedges. She was sitting up in bed, both hands outstretched, and I hardly recognized her face for the terror and despair written on it. When I reached the bedside, she looked me full in the eyes, and said in a hoarse strained voice, "He is dead—my son is dead! His ship has sunk!" I coaxed her to lie down again, and did my best to quiet and comfort her, but she seemed not to hear me speak, and lay there trembling, with her eyes fixed in a wide stare.

May twenty-fifth.—Miss Hedges is dying. From the moment of that night vision, she has let herself go. All her old buoyancy and joy in life have disappeared. It is not that she has seemed exactly unhappy. Until this afternoon she has appeared to feel nothing but a dull knowledge that all of life is over save the worn-out shell, and if this afternoon she has seemed happier, it is only because at last she feels sure she has not much longer to wait here alone.

I was sitting at her bedroom window this afternoon, at sunset, when she called to me. She had not spoken to any one since that other night, and I still had in my ears the memory of that unnatural voice. But now her voice had the clear soft tones I had always known,—only weaker and more tender.

"Olive," she said, "sit here by me and let me hold your hand. I am going very soon now. And I am happy. It was cowardly of me to doubt. But I never can again. We cannot always see the answer to things. But it is always there. I cannot *understand* any better now than before. But I do not need to

understand: I *know*. They are both mine. And I cannot lose them. You may be thinking sometime that your love is starved—but it is never so. Love cannot be a barren thing. And the greatest part of all things cannot be seen and understood. It can only be felt."

May twenty-seventh.—Last night, when I was sleeping most heavily in the dead of night, something stirred, and I turned quickly to Miss Hedges. She was sitting up in bed, once more, but on her face was a look of radiant youth and happiness that I shall never forget. One arm was bent at the elbow, and turned a little from her body, as if a child's head rested in the curve of it. Her cheek leaned toward what she held, but her eyes looked over and beyond. "Phil," she cried in a ringing voice, "come and see him!"

May thirtieth.—We buried her this afternoon in the family plot in the old cemetery, where the flags waved to-day on the soldiers' graves, beside the pond and the windmill, where the village street widens and divides to enclose all. On the rough gray stone that will stand there, will be only her name and the dates of her birth and death. But beneath I shall see, as plainly as if they were graven there, the words,

WIFE AND MOTHER.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEAU

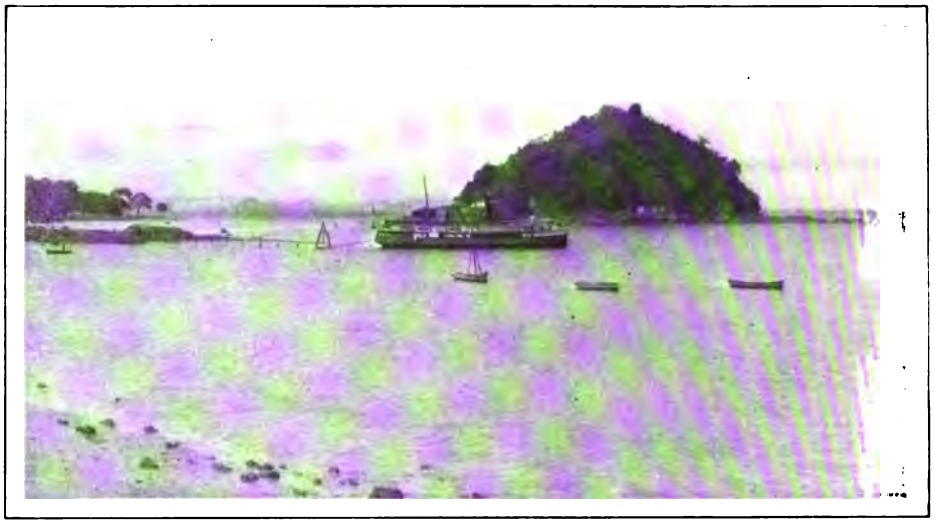
(*Exodus* XV. 27)

Palm-trees and wells they found of yore,
Who, that Egyptian bondage o'er,
Got sight betimes of feathering green,
Of lengthened shadows, and between,
The deep, long-garnered water-store.

Dear,—dear is Rest by sea and shore;
But dearest to the travel-sore,
Whose camping-place not yet has been
Palm-trees and wells.

For such we plead. Shall we ignore
The long procession of the Poor,
Still faring through the night wind keen,
With faltering steps, to the Unseen?
Nay: let us seek for these once more
Palm-trees and wells!

AUSTIN DOBSON



TABOGA ISLAND LANDING-PLACE (ON THE LEFT)

TROPICAL ISLAND, TOWN, AND RIVER

By MARRION WILCOX

I

DO you remember how the sun used to shine on every tropical island in our books of adventure, of piracy or buccaneering, which we have not opened very recently? That 's the way it is shining right now, right here on Taboga. And so let us wait for a minute in the shade, under our deck-awning, where the breeze is cool and the water we look down into is very clear—almost as clear as that of Lake George,—though this Pacific water is intensely blue when we look away from the sun, as it is also along the distant shores of the Isthmus, over there where the city of Panama lies. Quite different is the weather on the mainland, by the way, at this season: frequent showers there, with mist and sluggish clouds on the low hills, but with sunshine at intervals, the sunlight passing through the clouds as through a veil, with a soft luminosity that, if less conventionally romantic, is still rather charming.

Cuba, best of southern islands in many respects, is far too big to serve as a type. A better choice for our present design is this remote, comparatively unimportant little Taboga: just large enough to have "jungles," and story-book "coves" where piratical craft might well ride at anchor between glistening sand-bar and yellow, curving beach; where we see the well-remembered fringe of palm-trees above snow-white surf, and hills that we may climb to "lookout-rocks"—recalling old times in all this region, all islands and coasts between the Antilles and the Pacific, when a sail descried on the horizon was a warning to prepare for the worst.

And now, if we follow a narrow path that leads into the jungle,

mango trees spread their branches to make the light dim as in an old-fashioned library, their ripe or ripening fruit being commended to our palate (like the first chapters in any novel with a skilfully constructed plot) as an interesting question rather than a satisfactory answer to our craving. But our guides lure us on by telling us that the finest pineapples in the world grow in a field beyond the mango thicket. We go forward, therefore, as though reading all too swiftly pages worth lingering over, in order to reach the promised field of young plants that bear pineapples of exquisite flavor, with pulp soft as a melon's—a plantation of fruit as agreeable as some favorite last chapter which confers an appropriate reward upon each one of the sympathetic characters. Now, in deep shade, the undergrowth, with rank, tropical argument, persuades us that the vegetable kingdom is not less masterful and self-sufficing here than the animal kingdom in northern latitudes; again, in a clearing, we think of the publicity of nature on this island —a little capital of vegetation, where great trees thrive better, making the shade deeper and cooler, because such unsparing rays of light fall on their heads every day.

Within view of Taboga will come or go every ship passing through the Panama Canal. But times and manners are changing: *these* ships will form a naval pledge of security and enduring peace. Literature may find a worthy theme in this impending change—realistic literature supplanting romance, and employing everyday language in its matter-of-fact handling of the subject. For example:

One is often asked about the prospects of the Mexican National Railway of Tehuantepec, which runs from the Gulf to the Pacific, and one is expected to answer the question: "Is the Panama Canal to be, with special reference to the American countries, the best route across the Isthmus?

The Panama Canal will be used by the South American west coast republics and the United States for their commerce with each other; or, more clearly stated, the commodities to be interchanged between our Atlantic or Gulf coasts and the Pacific coast of South America will most advantageously pass through our canal in the future. But the great routes of the world's commerce will continue to run across the United States and Canada, and to some extent will run across the Isthmus of Panama and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The cutting of the Panama Canal is, then, a war measure. Why not say so, and clear the air of nonsense? Nonsense fills the air like clouds, and in many of the public discussions of canal matters the light that filters through these clouds is not charming. I find that some of my friends in Panama realize the commercial limitations, the essentially military character of this great work. But they do not say so openly and forcibly. It seems to me that mystification, beclouding the issue, will be discounted by students. Our government will have to insure the canal, both while it is in progress and after its completion, maintaining a force, military and civil, near the scene of operations, with steadily increasing lines of communication between New York and the Isthmus, and not less between San Francisco and the Isthmus. Our people can never be indifferent to conditions, in respect to education and material welfare, within those lines. It would be plainly seen, if the whole subject should be examined without prejudice, that the possession of the Panama Canal (in working order) not only enables our country, theoretically, to send warships from the Atlantic to the Pacific with ease, but also puts a naval ring-fence around Mexico and Central America: dedicating them to peace, education, progress; doubling the security of life and property; doubling the value of the fruits of the labors of all the people who live in many tropical islands and in seven countries between Texas and Colombia, the competing Tehuantepec

TABOGA : NATIVES AND TYPICAL HOUSE

railway being included, quite naturally. It seems to me that, as time goes on, these enclosed lands become, in the best sense of the word, more interesting.

II

As for Tehuantepec, I can only hope it will never become *less* interesting—which may seem ambiguous if I do not hasten to add that my visit to the Mexican isthmus appears, as I recall it now, to have been wholly delightful.

I recall with satisfaction a scene in the country near Santa Lucrecia, where the road from the north connects with the Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec: A vast meadow, covered with grass of excellent quality, stretches away to the horizon; at intervals we see small ponds where wading, paddling, fluttering birds assemble; dispersed on the plain are horses and horned cattle in great numbers; here and there a native house of bamboo with thatched roof; and, relieving the monotony of level pasture, luxuriant groves in the hollows and on distant hills. There are no women in the Pullman, so we can smoke at our ease while looking at a landscape the amenity of which is, to say the least, surprising. Again, after we have set out from Santa Lucrecia on our way to the Pacific, there are not wanting certain agreeably homelike suggestions in the high lands, well wooded, near the railway; the Indian corn planted in clearings; the freakish little mountain river beside the track. At the Rincon Antonio station we read the announcement of American church services and more conspicuous notices of American express and news companies. A Latin-American fellow-traveller characterizes Mexico as an "American State governed by Mexicans." This

railway, however, is a Mexican and English line managed and operated by Americans.

Ascending the eastern slope we find the heat rather uncomfortable. The month is March, let us say; the temperature that of June in New England. But a strong, cool breeze is blowing across the comparatively arid uplands that we reach in the afternoon, and a bit later our road leads through scenes of great beauty: forests, climbing nearly to the summits of the mountains, still (at this season and altitude) almost leafless and therefore gray—violet or purplish gray—though fresh young foliage and flowers show here and there, while, above the forest, bare cliffs gleam against a pure sky.

Now through a short tunnel. We are on the down grade—not a steep one. For a short distance before and after reaching the tunnel, on these well-laid, eighty-pound rails, we descend, without noticing it, a grade of two and one-half to three per cent. Presently we reach San Gerónimo, the starting-point of the Pan-American Railway; and if we are willing to wait in a very nice and attractive bit of architecture, the station of that famous road, for a train to Panama, I think we may catch it before too many years shall have passed. Meanwhile the embers of Central American warfare are covered with ashes once more, and there is begotten a new hope of Central American peace, in view of our Panama "war measure."

At the foot of the western slope we become aware of a native race differing from any we have seen in other parts of Mexico: speaking a language singularly musical; more stately than other natives in bearing; adorning the women with costumes more peculiar; both young and old adapting themselves with good hu-

A BIT OF TABOGA ISLAND

mor and a facility all their own to their environment in torrid lowlands which are now pierced by this Tehuantepec railway. Already, at the San Gerónimo station, some of the Zapotec types are prefaced, and in the town of Tehuantepec we find fifteen thousand Indians, with very few white people. To me these natives seemed, when I visited their tropical town in 1907, decidedly interesting in several ways. Handsomer than other Indians they certainly are; the best examples of the type are even rather noble; and they speak with a restrained animation that indicates intelligence, contrasting in this respect very pleasantly with the indigenes of the Peruvian highlands. Their little metropolis contains substantial buildings, and a few houses in which it is possible to live almost comfortably.

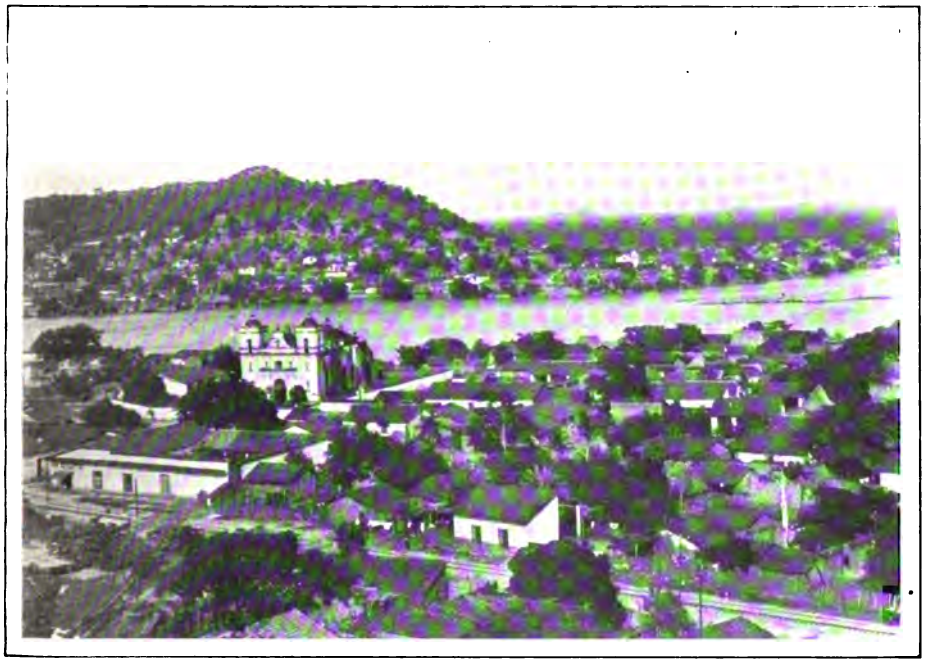
From Tehuantepec one runs down to the Pacific terminal, windy Salina Cruz, where the port-works are already important and extensive, although there is not now, and I suppose never will be, shelter for a large fleet; and one crosses the Isthmus to the Gulf terminal, Puerto Mexico, where a noisy dredge at the harbor's mouth emits sounds like the shouts of a regiment of men, heard at a distance. The outlook from these two ports is world-wide.

I do not refer to any hackneyed voyage of fancy across both of the great oceans. Simple fact is more than imagination's equal here; since here, at front or back door, so to speak, are steamers that make such trips. And besides, the most practical considerations widen the outlook toward the south—especially toward the south. Studying the railway, one asks himself: Is it possible to retain efficient men to operate such a line? The difficulty is undeniable; some of the conditions deplorable. Serious problems confront the management, in respect to the health of employees and the decent social diversions that must be provided for them. Yet one decides promptly that the difficulties will be overcome. Why? Because, throughout vast tropical regions, which are all, in the larger sense, in the true sense, merely different parts of the same American field, this problem confronts us, and, the interests involved being in the aggregate so enormous, it *must* be solved. For instance, Americans are beginning to construct a short railway near the border of Brazil and Bolivia, where conditions affecting the welfare of employees are unfavorable in a much higher degree, and even there, at the Madeira River cataracts, in South America, we expect success.

Herein lies the fascination of these Isthmian contrasts: The ideas filling our minds when we approach Tehuantepec are of intensely modern things, as I have ventured to suggest —of great movements just beginning in the world—of latest developments in the very remote places where similar difficulties, tropical difficulties, arise. Suddenly the characteristics of an ancient race claim attention; and, surprise within surprise, this native strain—blended already with the European—suggests that we should revise stereotyped notions in regard to the temperament and capability of the Indian element in Latin-American countries generally. This Isthmian race has evidently natural talent for the arts of peace. We may begin to reflect that in other Americas—Central and South—the numerically important element, negligible, of course, at a few points that receive the largest European immigration, is, at heart, peace-loving, pleasure-loving. With some appreciation of this element's natural taste or talent (so long perverted, ignored or misrepresented), we may ask ourselves a question which wider travel will justify: Are not the aborigines of Latin America cast to play, with at least moderate ability, their part in the future prosperous, peaceful development of their native lands? Already there is differentiation: they play, during sun-baked "seven ages," in their plaza and their streets or under their

cocoanut palm trees, several, if not yet many, parts; and no scene-painter has ever contrived for various rôles a background more sincere than the hills beyond their river and their big church.

Late in the evening of the first day in Tehuantepec, we are seated with the members of a native family and their visiting neighbors, a local doctor and a young shopkeeper, our chairs being placed on the pavement in front of the house. The father of the family, a veteran soldier (too harshly called in English a "lean and slipper'd pantaloon," though he certainly has become what "the sixth age shifts into"), tells us that all of his eleven children have received a good education, "of more value to them than money"—all save the youngest, who still creep "like snail unwillingly to school." One of the guests is a poet, and also the agent of a Mexican insurance company, who recites his "woful ballads," his unpublished verses, to the eldest daughter, the second daughter, or the third. The mother of the family is related to President Diaz, who, she insists, "is an Indian with very little European blood; not, as commonly asserted, a Spanish-Mexican with some Indian blood." While we are present, the young business man makes an offer of marriage to one of the young ladies; first informing her that he is going to a fair which is to take place in a neighboring town on Friday, and inviting her to accompany him. She demurs, and he evidently realizes that he has not yet established relations of such intimacy with her that his invitation is justified. So he calls her "Little Flower" and "Dear little Flower," saying she really ought to promise to be his. But she does not promise. Instead, she jumps up and runs into the house; returning after a while, to be sure, but then only to dance rather defiantly on the threshold, calling attention to the high heels of her modish shoes. Her mother meanwhile, by flattering allusions to this "Flower's" youthfulness and



TEHUANTEPEC, WITH "THE HILLS BEYOND THE RIVER"

CHARACTERISTIC HEAD-DRESS OF NATIVE WOMEN

domestic virtues, enhances undeniable merit. A prosperous young tribesman would be lucky indeed to win her: that is made plain to the persons chiefly concerned and to the audience as well. Participation by the latter in such intimate family experiences could not, in any theatre, be less intrusive.

While a portion of this community rather eagerly desires civilization, another part still clings to primitive customs. During the day hundreds of Tehuantepec citizens are bathing in the shallow river that runs through the town —citizens, yet frankly naked barbarians—while their boys are somewhere in the suburbs at play with the dogs. When we go to a toy-shop to buy gifts for a sick child (the only infirm one among the eleven), we pass in the streets common natives, brilliant as peasants in Italy: women in short, embroidered, sleeveless jackets and scarlet skirts, wearing on their heads that extraordinary white decoration, the *huipil;* and as the tropical island irresistibly suggests romance, so this tropical town may at another time suggest a comedy. But at present a few words more about our undertaking on the Isthmus of Panama.

III

The Bureau of Meteorology and River Hydraulics, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, very kindly arranged a small expedition on the Chagres River at my request. From the city of Panama to Matachin we went by rail; then, after dark, in a big *cayuco* (a canoe made from a single gigantic log), up the Chagres to Gamboa, where we spent the night at the gauging station, enjoying cool and fragrant country air despite the fact that our trip occurred in the month of August. At six o'clock in the

morning, on August 17th, there was a multitude of birds, chiefly parrots and wrens, in the orange trees near us and in a grove on the opposite side of the river. The Chagres at this point was only 220 feet wide, and had a strong current; in time of floods, however, it rises more than thirty feet—or from 14 metres above sea-level to 24.85 metres, according to the record that was shown me.

Now we start up-stream in the *cayuco*, four natives poling, one steering with a paddle, and presently we land at Cruces, where the church has been transformed into a school-house, and a black teacher presides over black, brown and yellow scholars. I find two old ship's anchors buried in the earth behind this school-house —rusty memorials of an epoch so different from ours,—of an infamous road that ran from sea to sea across this isthmus,—of painful voyages made from San Lorenzo to Cruces in small boats,—of the tyranny of "Chagres fever," exacting from those who travelled over this road in the old days such awful tribute. Absolutely impossible it seemed to those wretches that there should ever be discovered any beauty, utility or comfort in or near the Chagres; that the fever and the floods could ever be controlled. As the island and the town suggest romance and comedy, so this tropical river is significant of history in the making.

When we continue our journey we take pleasure in views the interest of which can be conveyed very, very imperfectly by description and photographs combined: The forest contesting the ground, inch by inch, vainly trying to hold its own against invading waters of this swift, tawny river; over there at the river's brim, matching it in color, three tawny washerwomen—an opening through the woods showing their homes. A sloth is hanging (trustfully as a house-fly that sleeps on a ceiling) head down from the high branch of a tree; and stretched between other high branches and the ground are rope-like vines. Queer, rather than charming, are some features of the scene, and yet one must admit that the clusters of large-leaved wild banana plants are beautiful at this season, while more strangely beautiful are the vines, thrown like drapery in enormous folds over an entire group of trees: instantly proposing mystery; imposing silence for more than an instant.

The sounds—beside the splashing, grinding, dripping of the poles that force our boat slowly against the current? Well, the sounds are the constant whirring of locusts, various bird-notes and the music of water running as it likes. If you go into the jungle far beyond the glare of sunlight along the river banks, you find rare orchids, such as that which is called *Espiritu santo*, because it holds a small image of the emblematic dove enclosed in its white petals: a variety which grows on rocky ground in the depths of this forest. Near the point where the branches of this famous stream unite, you may readily obtain information about the upper Chagres region and many of the interior districts, finding out by more or less pleasant experience some things, not set down in books, in regard to the abundance of deer, monkeys, and the so-called "lions and tigers" in the neighborhood; as well as in regard to the surface soils and their varied products, and the climate of remote settlements on the hill-tops. Such inaccessible little places there are!—knowledge of which would come out to us at intervals less rare did it not faint by the way like a courier in baffling thicket and almost trackless swamp-land.

I confess all the foregoing details struck me as being comparatively trivial when I revisited the Isthmus, coming home from the Far South one summer. But now, looking back, they seem a foreground sketched in—the foreground, as it were, in a view that includes South American regions, where wholly new impressions are made upon a mind that is at all open to receive them: the regions more interesting than Europe. I think it is possible to show very quickly some

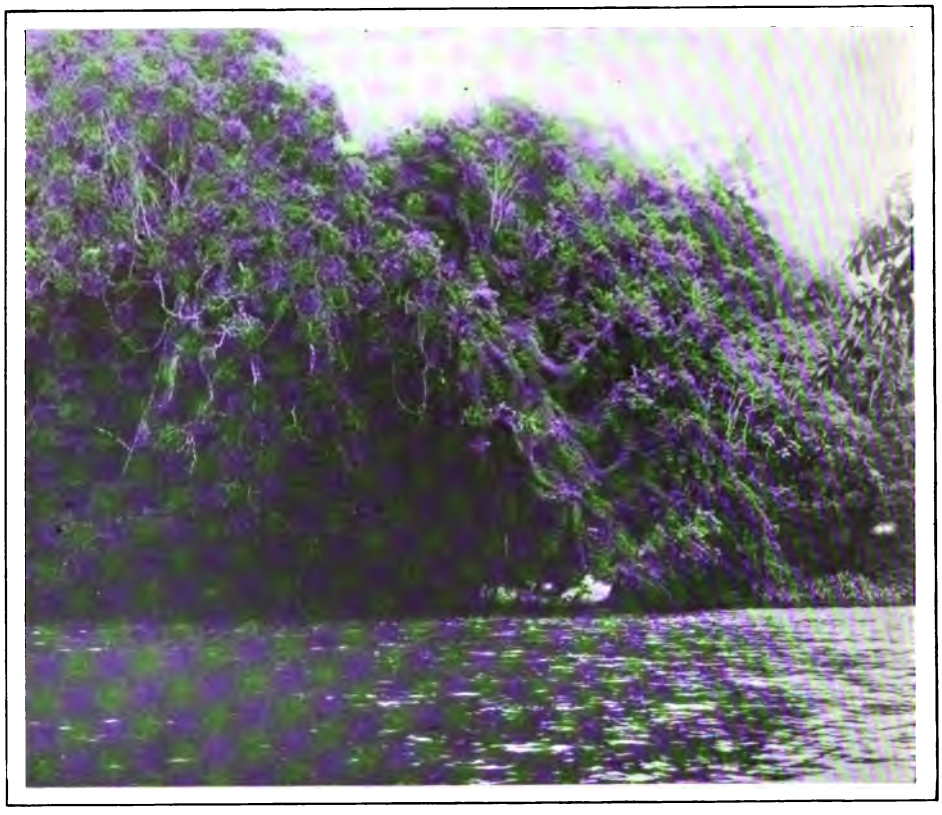
things which may be viewed aright when we keep an Isthmian foreground steadily in view. Beginning at a place most distant — in actual expenditure of time required to reach it—I draw the conclusion home.

Last year I went up the Paraná and Paraguay rivers to Asunción, and while travelling in the Republic of Paraguay I wrote in my note-book such words as any one might have written on finding himself between Argentina and Brazil, after half a lifetime of study of Latin America—after long journeys. I wrote, then, on July 29th, impressions of the largest Latin-American subject, which are condensed in the following paragraph:

Argentina has substantial reasons for keeping the peace, and, with occasional relapses, will gradually achieve tranquillity, because, obviously, years of peaceful development will send her far ahead—will, let us say, be more advantageous than war with well-armed Chile. Brazil likewise is bound to keep the peace, since years of peace will transfer to her domain the eastern portions of certain Andean states. Consider that war between Argentina and Brazil, or between the latter and any other powerful foe, would open to Brazil's western neighbors opportunity to secure larger privileges, or rights of transit by Brazilian waterways, involving probably a sacrifice of Brazil's claims to lands on the Amazon's western tributaries. Their case is analogous to our own, for we also are, by dictates of enlightened self-interest, bound to keep the peace, not merely because we believe in the settlement of international disputes on grounds of right rather than by force, but also because our people should in the course of years of peace so outstrip Asiatics in the production of many of those things which are elements of national strength, that control of the Pacific would pass to us without war, in a friendly contest

BANK OF THE CHAGRES RIVER

A "DUG-OUT" ON THE CHAGRES RIVER



CHAGRES RIVER

"Vines thrown like drapery over an entire group of trees"

fairly won. So then, in these three great centres of development in the New World, peace, literature's best friend, is enjoined by enlightened self-interest; and there should grow out of the co-operation of these three natural allies such a mighty pacific influence in the future councils of the world as the world has never known before. I do not think this is quite plain at first sight. But I think it becomes plain to Latin-American advanced students who visit us, and to those of our own people who study there very patiently. And I think the rewards of such study will be very great.

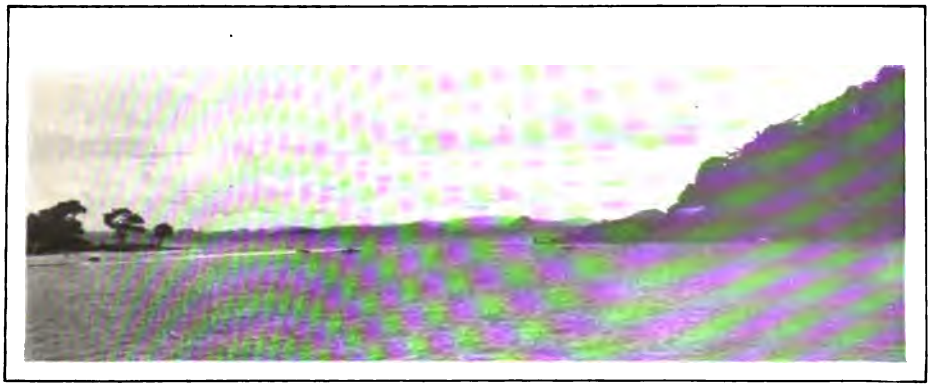
Afterward, at Rio, Brazil, a continuation of the same thought was entered in my note-books, as follows:

It seems to me that one way to succeed in the game with Japan would be to develop in the most beneficent sense the countries of the New World. And I think we shall gain as little by bullying as by being bullied or misled by other American countries; that our real profit is to come through giving and taking in an enlightened way. Literary interpretation and appreciation are indispensable, if only to show that the general impression in regard to lands far beyond the Canal Zone (that they are discouraging countries permanently dedicated to revolutions) is based upon the fact that our dealings too often in the past have been with small Latin-American communities which really do not deserve so much attention. If our approach is more wisely planned in the future, we shall find that Brazil and Argentina, being our natural allies in the great cause of American peace, are therefore more interesting than other

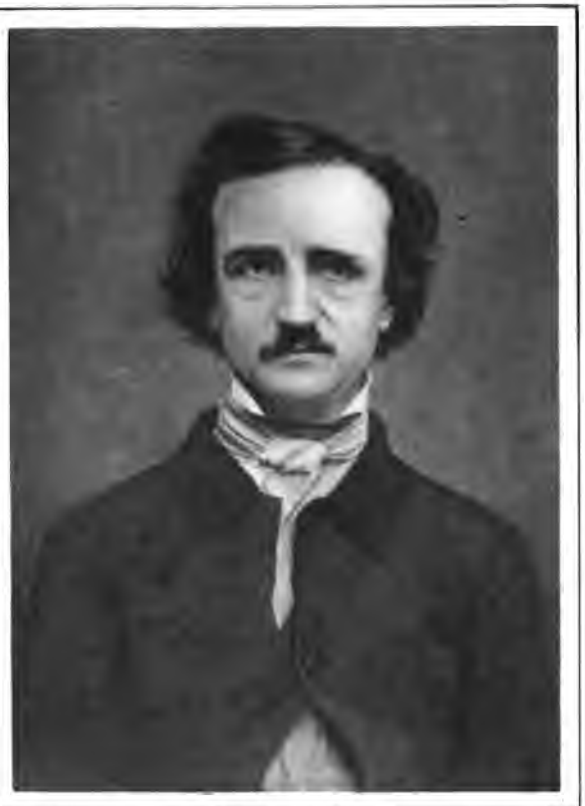
Latin-American countries, with the exception of Mexico—which, for the reason already mentioned, should be our good friend in all large efforts on behalf of peace, and one of the best of all our friends in our new undertaking for higher education. We may therefore affirm that Mexico, Brazil and the Argentine Republic form the class of greatest importance. But this should not be a dogmatic assertion; it should rather be offered as a theme for discussion.

Literature, when dealing with that theme, will enter a field of enormous practical value, outclassing even the strong romantic appeal of the Andes*; for it is evident that the people of Argentina (whose La Plata valley resembles our Mississippi valley) may profit by our experience, studying the methods we have tried and found to be good, in order to adopt some of our methods and adapt others—escaping thus, I hope, many a costly North American error; that they should embrace the proposals of our universities in respect to interchange of students and teachers, the European countries being somewhat less completely prepared, as it appears to me, by recent severe pioneer experience, to contribute to the development of Argentina in matters that particularly concern her. And Brazil's position is still more favorable. The complemental products of Brazil and the United States plainly indicate the policy advantageous to both, uniting them in interest as complemental organisms are united by natural law; and Brazil has also a higher uncommercial claim upon our attention, requiring, on a grander scale than any other country I know, teachers and electrical engineers and special students of the wonderful plant life. Literature must tell us the truth, saying, for example, of Brazil: *This* will reward our efforts most amply, and if we waste no time on insignificant communities but increase in good works and through good work in Brazil, all that we desire in the way of greater influence and of our due participation in the splendid prosperity that is surely coming to America as a whole will be realized throughout the southern continents and islands. True literature may even take possession, saying, "All this is mine"—yet without offence, since it is not a trespasser when it crosses a boundary line: it liberates the countries it conquers—for the truth makes free.

* See "Skyland in the Andes," by Mr. Wilcox, in PUTNAM'S, August, 1908.



"MIST AND SLUGGISH CLOUDS ON THE LOW HILLS OF THE MAINLAND"



From a wood-engraving by Timothy Cole from the original daguerreotype.
By courtesy of The Century Co.

Edgar A Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE

From an English Point of View

By NORMAN DOUGLAS

UCH has been written of late concerning Poe, but his personality splits up so much more easily than that of other authors into separable fractions, that it is still difficult to estimate him as a harmonious whole, an individual. There is the Poe of French writers, the Poe of Ingram and of Griswold, the Poe sane or insane (to adopt the classification of Mr. Willis), Poe the critic, the husband, the drunkard, the martyr and so forth. Professor Woodberry has disentangled and re-arranged certain of these aspects with patient but chill discrimination. To present them in such a manner that their coherence is seen to be inevitable is the task of a literary biographer; but before the fabric can be erected, each part must be considered and appraised in its relation to the whole. Poe's views, for example, upon domestic architecture and furniture are pronounced; they form a minute but integral portion of himself. Until they have been judged in their relation to the other portions and traced to their sources in his reading, his age and his heredity, how shall the picture be complete?

Nor can his literary personality be regarded otherwise—at this time of the day—than as an expression of bodily organization. Enough and to spare has been written upon certain aspects of his moral life. We all know that he drank. But not all critics are yet equipped with a knowledge of the pathology of mind sufficient to enable them to pass judgment upon the sombre, lovable and mysterious being, as he is depicted by those who sympathized with him in the closing years when he was tossed in an ocean of vain hopes and vain regrets. Who is not moved by Mrs. Weiss's account of that visit to the Hermitage? Some of Poe's epistolatory effusions, on the other hand, leave a bad taste in the mouth. His last years both as a man and a writer are full of jarring notes, of conflicting elements which must be separately analysed before they can be welded into a homogeneous whole. Not every critic possesses the requisite sensitiveness, veracity and sheer learning for this work of reconstruction.

The "good woman," unfortunately, has a knack of coming too late upon the scene, and when at last she does appear, she is apt to eke out lack of sense with superfluity of feeling. Such was not invariably the case with the tender ladies whose names are associated with Poe's later life, yet they certainly failed to understand the case of Edgar Poe as a whole: how else shall we explain the posthumous publication of his miserable outpourings to them? Such an act savors little of wisdom or womanly modesty. To brandish aloft the scalp of a conquered enemy may suit the humor of a redskin, but not of a civilized lady who has been honored with the confidences of a distraught and dying genius. If the hearts of all men and of all women were laid bare with the same remorselessness, how few would stand the test!

There is Poe the American, whose patriotic labors have perhaps not been sufficiently appreciated by his countrymen. It is not easy, nowadays, to realize the low position which American letters then occupied in the world's opinion, and the slavish adulation with which every product from the European literary market was greeted in the United States; not easy, therefore, to estimate the extent of Poe's labors—how he encouraged American writers of every stamp, coaxed them, drove them, pushed them the way they should go. Some talk of his "regrettable scarification" of the New York *literati*. They must have been a thin-skinned generation, these *literati!*

"Is there no honor—no chivalry left in the land? Are our most deserving writers to be forever sneered down, or hooted down, or damned down with faint praise?"

That does not sound like scarification. Taking his criticisms one by one, it will be found that the proportion of favorable, indifferent and unfavourable ones is, approximately, as 3 : 2 : 1—showing that for each unfavorable review there were five not unfavorable. Surely this is a high allowance, considering the amount of trash before him. An equal number of similarly incapable British scribblers would not have been let off so easily. One author is surprised that none of his critiques is "unreservedly laudatory." This simply means that they are conscientiously written.

Essentially, however, Poe was both non-American and non-English. The promptings of his blood were Celtic and Latin. He had a classic sense of analysis, form and measure. For this *justesse* he has been held in high repute by French writers, and it is certainly not without a feeling of propriety that he has given French names and extractions to the heroes of his tales of ratiocination (Dupin, Le Grand). Truth *versus* Goodness is the keynote of his intellectual strivings. He had a bald love of truth which puzzled and pained many good folks. Lowell observed that he "seemed wanting in the faculty of perceiving the profounder ethics of art"—in other words, that scientific criticism, as Poe conceived it, is in a manner un-moral. Lowell, to be sure, wrote in 1845. But Mr. Stoddard has also remarked of some of Poe's tales that "the power of such writing is certain: its use, its good, its sanity, are not so certain."

Are we never to grow out of this doctrine? A healthy person, who refuses to be hampered with preconceived notions of wrongness or ugliness, will find that Poe's ghoulish tales, like many "unhealthy" writings, deal with interesting subjects in an interesting manner. What more shall be expected of an author? Doctors tell us that hypersensitiveness in the matter of what is morbid or immoral is far from being always a good sign. And it has ever been the misfortune of writers possessing mathematical consciousness of purpose that they are exposed to the criticisms of others who, in their anxiety to save their souls from hellfire, have not acquired the mental outfit necessary for grasping their initial proposition.

A consideration of Poe's tales would be a good occasion for discussing the question of local color in fiction. Where precision in data is required, no one is more precise than Poe. But it seems to me indisputable that, for the subjects generally chosen by him, his own indefinite atmosphere is the most suitable. To-day this is a matter of sentiment, but the reader of the future, approaching these questions with increasingly scientific canons of taste, will be enabled to draw increasingly truthful conclusions upon them.

There is a more general agreement that Poe was right as regards the length of his tales. The English public alone continues to think somewhat strangely upon this subject, for a generation fed upon the gross fare of the Victorian epoch has naturally acquired a palate too vitiated to savour the delicacy of simple tales. To them such *entremets*,

which none save a real chef can prepare, are things of air—things French, dilettantish. And yet, as if to convince them of their error, the English language boasts of some of the finest specimens of that ideal microcosm, the short story. Its proper length is suggested by the organic laws of our own body—one hour's continuous careful reading. The author must be allowed time to engross, by means of his intellect, that of the reader; for a short story is a self-consistent entity, with head, body and tail all complete, and not a mere "taste of your quality"; yet if it be too long, the reader's attentive faculty is strained beyond the capacity of æsthetic appreciation. In this form of composition, the author will exercise a judicial sense of measure; in the more personal prose poem, which conveys, rather, certain fleeting dispositions or emotions, he may allow free rein to his fancy, his humor, his erudition, his spleen—so long as he attains his end: the awakening, in the reader, of a particular mental mood. If these rules are correct, it will be seen with what unerring instinct Poe conformed to them in both these classes of composition.

His women have been described as imponderable. Yet they are not, like many women in fiction, evanescent. Ligeia is a phantom, but a phantom that has come to stay. I confess that it needs a robust imagination to conceive Berenice smoking cigarettes and eating strawberries at a picnic. Morella was not much of a flirt. They are hopelessly unfit for the ordinary routine of life, for charity bazars and the bringing-up of children; they have nothing of that air of probability which distinguishes most of our flesh-and-blood acquaintances. But perhaps for that reason they have ceased to be nonentities. A few more such shadows might profitably be acquired in exchange for a herd of our amazingly lifelike heroines of fiction.

It is not to be supposed that Poe ever came in touch with the East, but his artistic feeling suggested to him both its uses and its limitations as a subsidiary ornament. He lacked the broad human sympathy requisite for writing Oriental tales; he never attempts to smother us in harems and such like paraphernalia. Like the gold flakes in the chinks of some faded masterpiece, the Orientalism of Poe is so sparingly dispersed—an almost imperceptible touch, here and there—that none save a connoisseur is able to feel what the loss would have been, if that touch had not been given. Note, likewise, his parsimonious but judicious use of the Gothic. "Some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine"; or "The pomps and pageantries of a stately Court, and the mad clangor of arms . . . oh, bright was the seraph Ermengarde!" What an instantaneous disposition of mind is awakened by this artifice! Yet it is a singular fact that Poe was deficient in all sense of the peculiar lustre of Gothic and Saxon words; his prose is redundant in Latinisms which weaken its effect incalculably, though the formal solemnity of some of his compositions is thereby enhanced. Strange to think that, in a matter of this kind, Herbert Spencer ("The Philosophy of Style") should have a truer insight than Poe the artist.

Monsieur Hennequin has insisted upon the originality of Poe. He *is* original—he is always Poe, although some of his tales, like "Hop-frog," "William Wilson" and possibly "The Landscape Garden,"* can be traced to earlier sources. From the first to the last of his writings is revealed little change in the texture of his mind. "Eureka" is embedded in "El Araaf," "Eleonora" in "Tamerlane." In "Landor's Cottage," one of the last of his studies, will be found reminiscences of at least six previous tales. Poe was prodigious in intellectual versatility—in variety of material,

*A. J. Downing. A treatise on the theory and practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America, with a view to the improvement of country residences. 8vo, 1841. I have not seen this work, but I understand it has little in common with Poe's story. Yet the title may have given him the idea. Pueckler-Muskau, Lenne and others had made the subject popular.

singularly poor. But this organic poverty must not be confounded with artificial simplicity, with the deliberate repetition of set words and images whereby the haunting charm of his verse and tales is often contrived. Perhaps, under the influence of stimulants, there arises a tendency to reproduce identical modes of thought; even as a dream, interrupted, may be resumed when the conditions which gave it birth are repeated. It is probable that some of his best writings are the direct result of alcohol.

The "Assignation" ("The Visionary"), an early and relatively poor performance, is in this respect perhaps the most characteristic of his tales. It reeks of alcohol; it displays alike the power and the weakness of the delirious imagination which flows from the bottle. The reader is oppressed with I know not what sense of distortion and dislocation. There is a restless flicker of fantastic metaphors and inconsequential interjections. Sometimes the imagery glows in steadier blazes, as in the fine passage beginning "The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none," which is further interesting as exemplifying Poe's dearth of material—the *carvings of Egypt* recurring in "Ligeia," *convolute censers* and *trembling draperies* likewise; *crimson-tinted glass* in "The House of Usher" and in the "Philosophy of Furniture," *carpets of gold* in the last-named and in "Ligeia"—and so forth. An unusually good "alcoholism" occurs in "Monos and Una": "Issuing from the flame of each lamp (for there were many) there flowed unbrokenly into my ears a strain of melodious monotone." Future physiologists may investigate what condition of the cerebral structure is requisite to produce an image of this kind.

What is Poe's life-work? His influence upon literature as a civilizing and purifying agency. Poe is a great anti-vulgarian. As such, he has discarded the ethical moment, and in doing so, he has followed the footsteps of the masters of all ages. Why is it that didacticism in poetry was so offensive to him? Because it constitutes an intrusion of ethics into art, an intrusion which arouses, even in ordinary minds, a sense of incongruity and impropriety.

This whole question of morality in art is neither too difficult nor too delicate to be probed to the bottom. Philosophers may grow gray in theorizing upon the growth, the laws and limitations, of the moral sense of mankind; but there is, and there can be, nothing new about morality in the ordinary acceptation of that term: the whole body of it is reducible to a single word—charity—and that word is plain to an infant's understanding. To burden dainty verses with a load of maxims regarding the inadvisability of coveting one's neighbor's wife and other matters that we babbled on our nurses' knees, is as incongruous as serving tripe and sausages (healthy fare, no doubt) upon a platter of Benvenuto Cellini. There is no *poiesis* in a didactic work of art, and whoever eliminates the moral moment will discover often that he is eliminating, simultaneously, the vulgar moment. For morality is the property of the crowd; it bears an inscription that damns it for all purposes of art: *connu!* The minutest hint of a moral lesson is a generalization: generalizations cannot awaken emotions like single images, and therefore morality should not intrude where the awakening of emotions is the primary object.

Without professing to any special knowledge on the subject, I should say that Poe's influence upon the development of American letters is somewhat underestimated, not as a direct model for prose or poetry, but in a general way for the principles of truth and honesty laid down by him that are naturally difficult to trace to their source, seeing that they have become so thoroughly assimilated by the national literary mind that it forgets whence it drew them.

They have indeed become part of the mental atmosphere necessary to every decent writer.

But he has had a number of direct imitators. "Hans Pfaal" has inspired Jules Verne, and the Sherlock Holmes series could not have arisen but for Poe. The author of that series has thought so highly of him that he has embodied the spirit, or spiritualized the body, of another of Poe's tales ("The Cask of Amontillado") under the title of "The New Catacomb," in the collection known as "The Green Flag."

Some authors, Mr. Andrew Lang among them, have suggested the question whether Poe was not born at an inopportune moment; meaning, presumably, that under other circumstances of time and place he would have met with a more sympathetic reception. Likely enough he exemplified, in more ways than one, the irruption of an older type into an immature stock, and suffered accordingly. For at that period of national growth there was little tolerance of anti-social habits among the cultured society of the States; the phenomenon known as the New England Conscience seems to have been, geographically speaking, less localized than at present. But this ill-treatment of Poe by his contemporaries has been absurdly exaggerated. It would be nearer the truth to say that he was surrounded by firm friends of both sexes who helped him whenever they could, and who defended his memory with quixotic ardor after death, though his peculiarities while living must often have repelled and exasperated them. It is frequently said that the time is not ripe for this or that man of genius. If one cares to pursue this line of argument at all, it may pertinently be asked, where is the time or country that needed Poe as badly as the America of 1830, when Poe reached manhood? His appearance at that hour was singularly appropriate. We must hence conclude that such men ought to be born twice; once, to teach their lesson to humanity, and again, to profit by it themselves.

Mr. Briggs once made a remark which seems to express a still current opinion, to the effect that Poe had "an inconceivably extravagant idea of his capacities as a humorist." I cannot but think that this whole aspect of Poe's literary career has been wrongly interpreted. Poe, to whom pecuniary assistance in moments of direst distress was galling, probably simulated this opinion of himself in order to hide the true state of affairs, even as he is known to have assumed relative affluence to dissimulate his poverty. It is hardly conceivable that he should have been mistaken in his self-analysis—he knew better than most authors his own strength and weaknesses. And among his deficiencies is certainly to be reckoned a total lack of humor.

Like many individuals of flawed brain-structure, he took himself *au grand sérieux*, and could not unbend to laughter. He never passed out of the "misunderstood" stage.

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.

Thus sang the boy, and felt the man. But it is unlikely, I think, that a writer of his exquisite sensibility could have written these "humorous" sketches with any other feeling than repugnance; he must have writhed while prostituting his pen for this drivel. Yet it was paid for, as we know, at the same rate as his best work; and starvation was the alternative. The sad multiplicity of these tales of humor would proclaim his frequent and extreme destitution, did we not know it from other sources. "We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon."

Though the world, alas! has seen other cases of a strain of humor appearing under a strain of hunger, it is not easy to discover, in the

whole range of literature, more piteous documents than these particular tales of Edgar Poe. Baudelaire, who was joined to him by elective affinity, or, as Poe himself would have expressed it, by "sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature," has hit upon a happy phrase for this unhappy state—*les stérilités des écrivains nerveux*. And how aptly De Quincey, himself of this class, has described that agony of paralysis, that anguished suspension of all the powers of thought:

> Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependents of this class upon himself, summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources: how shattering to the power of exertion, and, above all, of exertion by an organ so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure.

Might he not have had Poe in his mind's eye during one of those moments when the poet stood, helpless and distracted, beside his wife, who lay dying upon a straw mattress with not even a blanket to protect her from the wintry frost? Under such conditions, that lasted for months, let any man of feeling endeavor to write the "Rationale of Verse."

In judging of Poe's sufferings, his own nature, that intensified them a thousandfold, must not be left out of account. The stupendous Beethoven is the most awful example of such a fate—awful from the contrast between the sublimity of his mind and the meanness of his daily cares. But Beethoven had lighted his torch at no earthly altar; he was no mortal, but a Titan smiling with Promethean composure upon the vultures that devoured his heart. Poe was only a neurasthenic *littérateur*, tortured with a lamentable craving for alcohol, and with a craving for beauty and refinement which, considering the circumstances wherein Fate ordained he should live, was hardly less lamentable. His life and his life's work have been widely, though not universally, misunderstood. Time will give the unhappy writer his deserts. An eminent critic has remarked that the literary case of Poe must be periodically re-judged. The same applies to his moral case.

And each time, let us hope, we shall attain a nearer approximation to verity.

POE AS A CRITIC

By SHERWIN CODY

THOUGH in his own day his chief repute was that of a critic, he has since been unsparingly condemned and sneered at. Lowell refers to him, in "A Fable for Critics," as

> Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,

—the fudge, no doubt, being his critical lucubrations. Stedman said, "There could be few things farther apart, as respects learning, elevation, ease and quality of style, than the masterly essays of Lowell and [Poe's] critical sketches; but Lowell is a scholar, wit, and thinker ranging at large, and Poe the bantering monitor of his own generation." Stoddard says: "It was the fashion while Poe was living to call him a critic, a delusion which never could have obtained in a country where the principles of criticism have been studied, and the practice of criticism cultivated. He had an acute mind that was penetrative in trifles,

and that delighted to detect discrepancies, but not a mind that could rise to and grapple with principles." Even Professor Trent, in his history of American literature, in which he gives Poe the highest place among Americans, says: "The miscellaneous prose works of Poe, including his . . . lectures, essays and other critical writings of whatsoever form, are important to the student of his mind and art. . . . Their intrinsic value, however, is comparatively slight."

Any one who turns over the pages of the ordinary editions of Poe's works and glances cursorily at his so called "Criticisms," as collected and edited by Griswold and copied by subsequent editors, will be forced to agree with these opinions. Little appears but ephemeral journalism—clever enough as journalism, but hardly worth reprinting. Apart from the crudity of these critical notices, Poe's violent prejudices against the New England school of writers, and his attacks on them, seem to force us to take sides, and we find ourselves left to choose between him and all the other writers and critics of America.

Most of us understand criticism to consist in estimating the literary merit or demerit of writers. Any one who gives us a fair, placid judgment, with sympathetic illumination of points we had before felt but dimly, we unhesitatingly accept as a first-rate critic. Measured by such a standard, Poe was the worst of critics, for he was almost totally lacking in that sympathy which can interpret to the ordinary mind the literary work of another. He had sympathy neither with the common reader, nor with the writer who appeals to the common reader.

There is, however, inbedded in the mass of ephemeral journalism which Poe wrote, anonymously and hastily, from week to week, to earn his scanty living, a mass of analysis of the cardinal principles of literary construction, which the present writer believes will be found of equal importance in American literature with his stories or his verse. His works of fiction and his poems were given to us in a state of detailed literary perfection unsurpassed by the work of any other writer in English literature. Circumstances did not permit Poe to bring his critical work to the same perfection. In his "Marginalia" he began to pick out some of the fine paragraphs; but he made no attempt to arrange them in logical order. The critical world was against him, and there was no incentive to perform this vast labor of selection and perfection as he had performed it upon his stories and poems. Yet that which is in a man must come out, and even in the most hasty compositions of daily journalism it will find a more or less adequate expression.

Poe's literary creed has been an accepted tradition with a small class; but it has come down to us almost wholly as a tradition. We had "The Poetic Principle"—a lecture filled with selections for elocutionary display; "The Philosophy of Composition," which no one knew whether to take seriously or not; and a few rambling notes. Yet we are told that Poe was the begetter of the fetish, "Art for Art's sake," and of some other notions taken up and made much of only by the so-called "Decadents"—chiefly French. No volume of Poe's essays apart from his collected works has ever appeared, and no one has attempted to put in order Poe's opinions as expressed in writing by himself.

The fact is, Griswold's volume of "Criticisms" was nothing more than a collection of Poe's most sensational journalistic remarks about other writers whom he either disliked or wrote about for purely journalistic purposes. Poe would not have dreamt of putting it forth as part of his collected works. It was as unjust to his reputation as a critic as Griswold's "Memoir" was unfair to his personal character. The facts in regard to Poe's life are now fairly well known, and they are known to be widely at variance with the statements of Griswold. The facts in

regard to Poe's "Criticisms" have yet to be made known; but when they are known, Griswold's selections will be dropped as completely as his "Memoir" has been, and we shall have instead a volume of the most penetrative and thorough analysis of the fundamental principles of the highest artistic creation that any modern writer of genius has given us; and among the ancients we shall look in vain for the like except in Greek literature.

In the first place, thanks are due to Professor Harrison for giving us in the Virginia edition a fair collection of Poe's journalistic writings. Griswold picked out the sensational, the disagreeable and worthless bits. His selections did not by any means represent even the poor average of Poe's pot-boiling efforts. That fair average we find in Professor Harrison's edition; and we have something like a fair range to choose from: we find many excellent things we had never heard of before.

But this is like crude ore. The gold is there, but only an expert could find it among the shale and quartz and clay. Having heard the tradition of Poe's ideas of literary art, I set out for confirmation of them in his critical writings, feeling quite sure that Poe could not have had the guiding principles that he did without giving expression to them in some way when he wrote about men and books.

I found comparatively little that was new in regard to poetry. What Poe says on that subject is interesting, but it is not vital, and other men have spoken better. It is in regard to the powers of prose that we might expect something from Poe, for he was a master of prose who used that medium for the expression of his deepest thoughts and most beautiful conceptions. His conviction of what might be done in prose is even higher than its realization in his own stories.

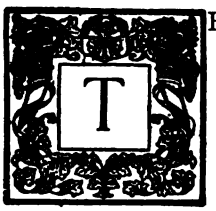
This conception of fiction as a high and fine art has been elaborated in detail in a series of reviews, and in fragmentary paragraphs scattered through other reviews, which, when presented in a body, form the most detailed, penetrating, and authoritative text-book on the principles of the construction of modern fiction anywhere to be found, even among the admirable writings of this kind in which French literature abounds.

The standards of modern novelists are exceedingly low; the standards of Dickens and Thackeray were not very high—not nearly so high as those of George Eliot; the notions of Balzac, despite the width of his range, do not appeal to English readers. The future of novel-writing is before us, not behind. It is fifty years since Poe died, and yet we are hardly abreast of his conceptions. Perhaps, however, we are now better prepared than ever before to let him lead us.

THE IKON OF ST. DEMETRIUS

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

I



THE village of Laeske was tucked away in a fold of the Balkan hills of northeastern Macedonia. On all sides the brown peaks rolled away like the waves of the sea. They rose abruptly above its rambling streets and the tower of the ancient village church, dwarfed by their sombre majesty. To the few Europeans who visited Laeske—Franks, the people called them—the church appeared tiny and mean, fit shepherd for the squatting, slate-roofed houses which made up the village. But to the villagers themselves, it was the finest building for many miles around—the greatest in the whole district outside of Navarrokop—a town which boasts, besides its barracks, several stately mosques and the governor's palace. Battered and worn by centuries, it was still the same—almost every stone of it. From time to time, a new coat of white paint was devoutly administered by the congregation, and gradually the collection of ikons and holy pictures, the rare bits of tapestry, banners and occasional pieces of plate, grew in size and richness. For the parish descended from father to son, after the occasional fashion of the Eastern church, and the priests of Laeske were men of ability and cunning.

Perhaps the church was most renowned for its collection of relics and ikons. One in particular was renowned above all others. Mohammedan eyes had never seen it; indeed, it had been beheld by few strangers of any race or creed, being esteemed too sacred for general display. In the course of time, the sacred Ikon of St. Demetrius, bestowed upon Laeske hundreds of years before by Stephen Dushan, greatest of the Balkan Tsars, had come to have a powerful and mysterious influence upon the lives of the people of the parish. When aught was wrong, but one remedy was suggested—prayers to St. Demetrius. Or perhaps one might make an offering to the holy picture, in his name. If one were ill, it was only necessary to invoke the banner. If a man from another village wished to bind a man of Laeske to his word, he made him swear by the Ikon of St. Demetrius. Never, since the establishment of the church in which the holy picture was preserved, had the village been ravaged. As a matter of fact, there was no village before the church was built, and the high mountains which hedged it in might have been considered ample protection. Moreover, the men of Laeske were a hardy race, and in the old times the minstrels tell about, when personal valor decided battles, and a score of heroes could defeat hundreds of paynims, their robust courage was a factor to be counted upon.

Still, there was no gainsaying that in modern times the village had been lucky. Time and again, it had es-

Askares—Turkish regular troops. *Bashi-bazouks*—Turkish irregulars. *By*—diminutive term of endearment, like *y* in Tommy, Harry, etc. *Cheta*—literally, a band; an insurgent company. *Chetnik*—a bandsman; an insurgent soldier. *Horo*—the Bulgarian national dance. *Hovjee*—literally, hunter. The hovjee battalions are composed of picked men and comprise detachments of mountain artillery, the signal corps, and even bicycle couriers, as well as infantry of the line. Several hovjee battalions are attached to each of the army corps in European Turkey. *Vilayet*—a province. *Voivode*—a chief.

caped sacking by the bashi-bazouks or askares, when the rest of the district was ravaged with fire and sword at the whim of some pasha. Never had any of its women been carried off to replenish the harem of the governor —never, that is, if they stayed behind the mountain barrier in the valley in which the village lay. Regularly, four times a year, the tax-collector and his escort of askares, with Mausers peacefully slung across their backs, toiled up the narrow sheep-track through the pass from Navarrokop. Regularly, the headmen of the village met him at the priest's house and handed over the full amount of the taxes and a decent sum of backsheesh—just enough to satisfy him and his escort and forestall complaints. Why else, then, should they be safe while others suffered, if it were not for the Ikon of St. Demetrius, reasoned the people of Laeske?

Captain Ashton Hurlburt, formerly of the Scots Greys, now sentenced for his sins to an inspectorship in the International Gendarmerie, with headquarters in the district of Navarrokop, certainly had a different opinion. He could recall more than one occasion when it had taken his active intervention with the Pasha to prevent raiding parties being dispatched to Laeske, on some trumped-up charge, to massacre and rob. He was reasonably sure that if the Gendarmerie had not been established, and he had not been sent to Navarrokop to make believe police the country, Laeske would long since have been but a heap of ashes.

His Greek dragoman, Saul Stanopolous, thus explained the anomalous situation.

"There was a pasha, many years ago, who decreed that one village should always be safe from the raiders until his governership was over, by which time it should have become fat and wealthy. Then there would be good pickings, and if the blow was struck cleverly, it would be easy to cover, and all the spoils could be kept in his own wallet. But this pasha died, and his successor was ordered to Africa. Other pashas came and went. Always, they were told by the officials of the man who had gone before, that Laeske was being fattened for them, and that by waiting until the right moment the plum would drop into their mouths.

"It was thus, effendi, that Laeske escaped and the church waxed ever richer. Once, nigh fourscore years ago, a pasha had the askares ready to march, when the order came for his removal. They told his successor of the planned expedition, even as they gave him the head of his rival; but he licked his lips and said wait. For he thought that his day must come, and wished the plum to be full size before he picked it. Hassan Pasha, the much-to-be-execrated one who stands in the effendi's way, lying ceaselessly, is a man of a different mould, as the effendi knows. And as the effendi also knows, ere this he would have laid Laeske in ashes, had it not been for the effendi's words."

"Have they ever been caught harboring insurgents in Laeske?" questioned Hurlburt.

"No, effendi," said Saul, quickly, "but I have it, on good authority, that it is the greatest nest of chetniks in the district. Save for the greediness of these Turkish swine, they would have been wiped out long ago."

II

On the crest of Vitochka the sun hung like an orange, dropping rays of violet and purple across the roofs of the houses. Krstina Iancoff, the daughter of the priest of Laeske, rested her water-jar on the edge of the fountain before the church and looked up at it, hanging there, seemingly poised on the tips of the fir trees. She was very beautiful —bright and blond — not at all like most Macedonian women. As she stood staring at the mountains, which seemed on fire from peak to peak, she started, and her eyes swept to a far corner of the ridge. A string of tiny black dots was creeping slowly downward. Now and

then, the sunrays sparkled on something bright. It might be the steel of a rifle barrel. She shaded her eyes and peered upward at the dots, striving to make out their identity. A light hand fell upon her arm.

"So you see them, too," said a voice, slightly sneering. She turned to face the man who had spoken. "Yes," he continued, "it is the cheta, and I suppose Nicola will be with them. You seem happy. I had not noticed it before."

He was openly sneering, now.

"You take liberties, Georg," said Krstina, coldly. "And if Nicola is there—is it your business? I did not know you had any love for him—since he threw you at the harvest wrestling-bouts, last fall."

The Greek shopkeeper—who, as a necessity was the only foreigner tolerated by the Bulgars of Laeske—bit his lip. A light leaped into his eyes, and he stepped forward with arms thrown wide; but remembering that they were in the open, he checked himself.

"Do not treat me so," he exclaimed. "You know I adore you, Krstina. I am rich; I can have many flocks. Do not be unkind. For me there is——"

She turned away with a gesture of disgust.

"Do not talk to me like that," she said proudly. "You know I am betrothed to Nicola. Let me forget your words, Georg. You are mad. St. Demetrius have pity on you!"

She walked quietly toward the house beside the church, her father's parsonage. Already, the other people in the village had seen the black dots on the mountain's flanks, and now they ran about preparing for the reception of the chetniks. Georg stepped into the shadow cast by the church wall and his face was not pleasant to see. His hands clenched by his sides, as he glared at the dots on the mountain.

"So," he muttered, with flashing eyes, "she scorns me; and she is betrothed. A curse on the Bulgar dog! May he die an unclean death! St. Demetrius, forsooth! do the fools think the good saint bothers himself with such as they?"

He stopped suddenly and a change came over his face. Walking down the street, he hastily entered his own house and sat thinking until long after the chetniks had filed into the streets and scattered themselves among the houses of their friends. The heavy wooden blinds which guarded the loopholes shut in the light of the lamp, and when he crept forth shortly after midnight there was none to see.

Several hours later, a patrol of militiamen visiting the sentry posts strung along the circle of hills, on the trails which seared their flanks, found a shepherd with a knife in his heart and his Martini and cartridge-belt gone. Later still, they found Georg's house empty; and many wondered until Krstina told Nicola the story of her talk with Georg the day before. "Let him go," he laughed lightly. "What can he do? What can anyone do against the Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius?"

And he crossed himself, bowing devoutly towards a certain spot in the church next door, where the Ikon was encased in a huge compartment of dark-grained wood, almost as aged as its own tattered folds.

Nicola Danoff was voivode of the cheta that bore his name, and unlike so many of the Macedonians who have ventured into the world and acquired a little knowledge, he had steered a course far wide of socialistic atheism, keeping straight in the path of his fathers. The Danoff cheta bore the reputation of being the most strictly disciplined band in the vilayet of Seres. His men, too, were religious in a hearty, childlike fashion, and they could not understand such of their comrades as flouted the stories they had been taught, and their fathers had learned before them.

The day after Georg disappeared was Sunday. There was much rejoicing in the village, and in every

house which held its quota of insurgents the midday meal was a feast. It was weeks since the cheta had been in Laeske, where many of the chetniks lived. The younger generation clustered about the hardy, sun-burned fellows, who sat cross-legged in the sun, bristling with bandoliers, revolvers and bayonets, their trusty rifles resting across their knees, and recounted how they had smashed a Turkish reconnoitring party on the southern slopes of the Rhodopes. After the tale-telling, all the able-bodied population adjourned to the green behind the church and danced the horo, arm in arm in a huge circle. Then came supper of tender goats' flesh, eggs, black bread and Turkish coffee.

There were some, strange to say, among the younger men, who were inclined to protest against ignoring the flight of Georg, but their prophecies were laughed to scorn.

"What hurt could he do to us, the Greek dog?" the others exclaimed, laughing at the idea. "Why, there is the Ikon—the Most Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius!"

And they crossed themselves, muttering a brief prayer.

In the evening, Nicola decreed that all the chetniks and their friends should attend high mass, in thanksgiving for their continued safety. The great door of the case of the Most Holy Ikon was opened, and the tattered streamers of the ancient banner waved in the drafts that found vent through the windows. The church was crammed with villagers and in the front rows stood the ranks of chetniks, each man with his rifle and knapsack behind him. Beside Nicola stood Krstina.

"'T is good to have thee with me, by-Cola," she murmured softly. "God send the day thou dost not have to fight the Turk."

"Ay, Krstina," he answered tenderly; "it is good to be again in the village with thee—and the Most Holy Ikon," he added, as Papa Iancoff chanted a liturgy. "Thou art sure thou hast no affection for this Georg? Thou hast told me before, but I pray thee, Krstina, say it again. I like not his ways. But he is like a snake; he has no backbone."

"Thou art right," she said, "he was——"

She broke off, and all in the church crossed themselves as the Ikon was elevated and the priest commenced the sacred chant to St. Demetrius. The lofty music boomed through the little church. Three times the people bowed their heads before the Most Holy Ikon and three times it was waved above them. The other banners and pictures that decorated the walls—some of them dingy with dust and years—rustled responsively, and the altar lamp, burning perfumed oil of Palestine, scattered delicate, shifting rays over the handsome chalices and vases of the service.

As the chant was drawing to an end, a shot rang out upon the mountainside above. The *pah* of the rifle, sounding in the church like a blow upon a hollow box, was followed by a succession of dropping shots, first clear and distinct, then merging into one steady roll of volley firing. A distant yelling, prolonged and shrill, like the battle-cry of an army of fiends, punctured the intervals of silence.

The chetniks slung their knapsacks upon their backs and pushed hurriedly through the crowd to the door. High above them, near the crests of the encircling peaks, they could make out darts of flame, showing that the shepherd sentries on the trails were resisting the enemy. With the eye of a veteran, Nicola Danoff scanned the hills for a break in the line of fire. There was none. They were surrounded. The askares were on every side.

He mounted the steps of the church and called for order. The men and women of the village were running about, confused and shouting. In any other village there would have been dry-eyed calmness after the first shot; but the people of Laeske were not used to raids. Following the example of their chief, the chetniks

passed through the crowd, speaking words of cheer.

"They are only bashi-bazouks," they said. "There is no danger, friends. We shall drive them like rose-leaves in September. Is not St. Demetrius with us?"

At that moment the priest emerged from the church, bearing the Holy Ikon.

"He is with us, my children," he called in his trumpet-like voice. "St. Demetrius is with us. St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!"

"St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!" cried the people, their drawn faces gleaming dead-white in the moonlight. "Victory over the Turk!"

"Follow me, men of Laeske," cried the voivode, from his place beside the priest. "Many a time we have seen the Turks flee. Let us drive them again. St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!"

Men shouted the cry crazily, as they hurried to their homes to drag down revolvers and Martinis, an occasional Männlicher such as the chetniks carried, or antique, long-barrelled muzzle-loaders, hidden in the slate roofs or the thatch of outhouses. Plans were quickly formed. While the chetniks made a hasty attack upon a certain portion of the Turkish line, drawing the enemy's strength there, the men of the village, as many as could be spared, with the women and children, were to try and break through over a little-known trail across the valley.

The chetniks started off at a trot. On the lower slopes of the ridge they came into contact with the skirmish line of Turks. There was no doubt about the make-up of the attacking troops, after that. They were not bashi-bazouks, hungry for plunder and rapine, wincing at the sight of cold steel in the hands of men. These fellows were askares, a hovjee battalion, trained by German drill masters. They met the charge of the chetniks like European troops, spreading out their ranks and opening a smart magazine fire. Veterans of many a bloody mountain skirmish, the chetniks instinctively appreciated their foes. The headlong charge was changed to a steady driving advance, by short rushes in open order. They fired singly, at will, aiming at the flashes that glimmered opposite them.

Slowly they drove the askares before them. As they advanced, sheltering themselves behind trees and boulders, their progress became more difficult, and the flashes in the night ahead of them more spiteful and more numerous. It was evident that the Turkish commander was drawing in his wings to reinforce the threatened spot. Now and then, in the chetniks' line, a groan answered a flash and a dark figure pitched headlong to the ground.

In the midst of the turmoil, from the other end of the valley came an outburst of cheering. The chetniks cheered, too; for far away they caught the battle-cry of the villagers, "St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!" The bugler of the cheta sounded the signal for magazine fire, and the insurgents pumped a solid stream of lead up the mountainside. The firing across the valley grew fainter. The cheering had died away.

Up above them, the Turkish bugles broke into clarion peals. The wild yells of the askares became a recognizable volume of sound. "*Allah-Allah-Allah-il-il-il-Allah!*" they shouted. The bayonets glinted white in the moonlight as they charged. The chetniks answered with short, fierce cheers. They stood their ground, fighting viciously, and the Turks fell back.

As they retired to the crest of the ridge, a roar pierced the comparative stillness of the rifle-fire, and little blobs of red fire seemed suddenly to hover over and behind the position of the chetniks, tearing holes in the darkness as they exploded. The iron fragments of the shrapnel hailed all around them, dropping down upon men who lay concealed behind stones and in holes in the ground.

"A mountain battery," muttered the voivode.

He whistled the signal to retire, and the chetniks crept silently down the mountain away from the awful hail. With the usual cheerful stolidity of Turks, the artillerymen continued to shell the lower flanks of the ridge until their immediate supply of ammunition was exhausted. While the reserve caissons were being hauled up the rocky trail, a skirmisher discovered that the chetniks had gone.

But they had not gone far. They had not been able to. Even as they stole down the valley toward the village, hoping that the canal opened by the villagers in their escape was still open, the firing across the valley broke out with redoubled violence. Plainly something had gone wrong. They quickened their weary pace and trotted into the square before the little church in time to meet a knot of sweating militiamen. Other knots came up after them. There were men and women and a few children. They sat wherever they could find room and hung their heads in silent despair. Among them was Papa Iancoff. He alone seemed unwearied by the exertions of the night.

"Some of them got through, by-Cola," he panted, wiping his powder-stained hands upon his shaggy beard. "A few—a bare few. Some of the women and the little ones followed the men, but more are lying there," and he pointed up the valley where the rifle-flashes of the askares followed close upon the rear-guard of militiamen.

Nicola's eyes swept over the people in the square. He gazed hungrily, as one who fears what he knows he must see.

"And Krstina?" he said, his voice sunk to a strained whisper—"what of Krstina? She——"

"She is not with us," said her father, gravely.

III

A woman sat on the steps of the high altar and held in her lap the head of a man who groaned dully. The first pale rays of sunrise streamed through gaping shell holes in the roof. Ranged around the walls were groups of chetniks, lying on bits of carpet and rugs. At intervals lay figures, silent and stiff, covered with rude cloaks. With monotonous regularity sounded the *plunk* of bullets on the stone walls of the church. A cloud of gray smoke and dust hung over the village—a relic of the all-night shelling it had suffered from the Turkish guns.

Nicola and Papa Iancoff sat by the door—or what was left of it. A stack of benches, paving-stones, odds and ends of all descriptions, had been built into a rude barrier. Hope was abandoned. In the desperate house-to-house fighting through the village streets, they had lost half of their men. The remnant had gathered in the little church to fight to the bitter end. They knew too well the quality of Turkish mercy. Grimly eyeing the inevitable, they had retired into their last citadel.

As the sun rose higher, the energy of the Turks increased. They swept the church with a concentrated hail of shrapnel and Mauser bullets. Lying behind their rough barricades, the chetniks fired slowly back, aiming to make every shot count. Their ammunition was running low. Twice before noon, solid columns of askares swept up the streets and stormed the place. Each time they were driven back by a counter-charge, and the streets became writhing alleys of suffering.

In the church the garrison sternly watched its decreasing numbers. Bit by bit, the fire of the askares told. The roof was virtually blown off the edifice. No corner was safe from the shrapnel fire. But the Bulgar dies hard, fighting to the end with the bull-dog tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon. Nicola and the priest marched back and forth, encouraging and comforting. Time after time, Iancoff dropped his rifle to shrive some poor fellow, whose glazed eyes sought out the Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius, reposing uninjured in its cabinet.

Nicola's face was set and hard; his jaw looked as though it had been clamped in a vice. Disdaining to shelter himself, he walked upright, leading the chetniks in each desperate counter-charge, as they shouted their battle-cry, "St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!"

At noon came a slight respite. There was nothing to eat in the church, so the chetniks lay down wherever they had been fighting. Nicola stood by the doorway and looked up the street, two feet deep in corpses, under the fiercely beating sun. It was a hot day—a recrudescence of summer. He did not see the street; he did not even notice the corpses. A vision slipped before his eyes—and passed.

As he stood, Papa Iancoff stepped up to him. His hand fell on the younger man's shoulder.

"It is done, voivode," he said, slowly. "Our fight is over. There are but eighteen of us left. The next charge will be the last. Had we not better meet it like men?"

He paused. Nicola's eyes returned from their study of the blue mountains.

"I suppose so," he said wearily. "To think that this is the work of one Greek dog!" His shoulders shook convulsively. "And St. Demetrius—what of St. Demetrius, good father—what of St. Demetrius who was to aid his people of Laeske?" His voice took on a sneering note. "Yes, good papa, what of St. Demetrius who cared so much for us—who would save us if we only believed? Have I believed all my life in a mockery? So it would seem; and our brothers who would tell us there is no God, and ikons are but pictures—they are right."

The priest looked at him solemnly.

"You talk like a boy, Nicola," he said. "The good Lord and our most holy patron, St. Demetrius, have saved us innumerable times. Now our time has come, shall we grumble? As for Krstina, if she be dead, we shall see her. If she be not dead,"—he shuddered slightly,—"still shall we see her, some day. And let us, at least, my son, beg the good St. Demetrius to give us a good death."

They turned toward the Ikon in its cabinet and as they looked a wonderful thing happened. By some trick of shifting sunbeams, it seemed that a shell, crashing through the gaunt rafters of the roof above, hung poised a fraction of a second before the cabinet, unable to drive on through the folds of the Ikon. Then it exploded on the floor, throwing its fragments all about the cabinet but leaving it untouched. An expression of awe swept over Nicola's face.

"I have seen," he said.

An hour later, the cheta clustered behind the barrier in the doorway watching two regiments of askares forming close column in the streets. The shrapnel shells burst over them so thickly that they could not be counted. Each was like a huge mushroom of white smoke. Already the eighteen had diminished to twelve.

With a screaming of bugles and a chorus of wild yells, the askares started up the two streets at the "double." Behind their barricade, the chetniks waited with dynamite hand-bombs, saved for the last defence. As the columns reached the open space before the church, they leaped to their feet, flung their black bombs through the air and dashed forward, led by Papa Iancoff, bearing the Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius.

"Death to the Turk!" they shouted. "St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!"

The Turks wavered a minute, for their front ranks were blown to atoms. But the officers stormed through the files, beating men into position with the flats of their swords, and they swept on. There was a sharp rattle of magazine fire, and the whip-like cracks of the chetniks' revolvers. In a moment, however, the defenders were inextricably involved in the mass of Turks. One could trace the progress of the fight only by the Holy Ikon, as it swayed back and forth in harmony with the fortunes of its adherents.

A clatter of hoofs sounded up the street and two figures galloped around a corner, even as the banner swayed unsteadily and, drooping its tattered folds, plunged downward like a tired bird. The Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius of Laeske, after five hundred years, had fallen gloriously on the field of battle.

The askares parted their ranks sullenly before the man in immaculate khaki who galloped almost up to the church portico. No one paid particular attention to the figure that followed—which was strange, for it was a woman, and one does not often see women riding English thoroughbreds in Macedonia. She dropped from her mount beside a little heap that lay upon a tattered remnant of tarnished purple and gold silk.

"Where is the Pasha?" demanded the man fiercely. "Bring him to me, at once."

The aide-de-camp scurried away before the wrath of the young English officer. Hassan Pasha approached suavely. He was really as angry as a Turk could be but it would never do to let this upstart English boy know it. Then, too, Hurlburt, as representative of one of the Great Powers, had influence which was not to be despised.

"What is it, Hurlburt effendi?" he inquired, politely, in French. "Can I do aught for you? What is mine is thine, friend, ay, to the whole of my household."

One glance at the askares thronging the square convinced Hurlburt that he could only escape by a show of iron nerve.

"None of that, Hassan," he replied angrily. "What does this mean—this shambles, this hell, you 've made of the village? They shall hear of this in Constantinople, I promise you. Why was I not notified, if a policing expedition had to be sent? This is a violation of the international agreement. If this girl had n't found her way to me, I should not have known till it was over. What is the reason, I say?"

Hassan Pasha elevated his shoulders politely and spread out his hands with deprecating courtesy.

"Reason, effendi? reason? These people were hiding chetniks. See—" With the toe of his boot he turned over a battered corpse that wore the unmistakable "Death or Freedom" cap of the revolution.

"But why did you need to butcher them, like this?" demanded Hurlburt. "There was no need to wipe the whole village out."

"Ah, that is the stubborn Bulgar temperament, effendi," replied Hassan. "We sent an envoy to them, even as the troops approached the village. Is it not so?" he appealed to his second in command. "We sent word they must surrender, and we would spare them; but they replied that we were Turkish hounds, and that we must drive them out. Is it not so?" he appealed again to the circle of listening officers, who murmured unanimous assent. "My troops have been gentle, like lambs, excellency; but these Bulgars, they are not human," continued Hassan. "What is to be done? It is——"

Hurlburt turned away, impatiently.

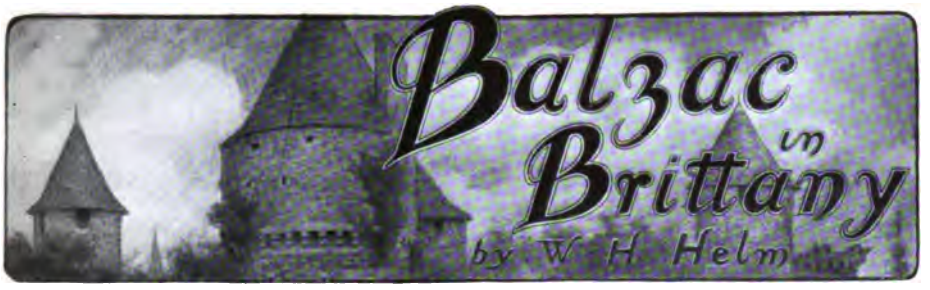
"I daresay you 've got the yarn all cooked up, Hassan," he flung over his shoulder, with a careless disrespect that was rare to him. "I 'm not in the mood for fooling, and I tell you plainly this thing shall be thoroughly investigated."

He walked over to where Krstina sat beside the little heap on the tarnished fragment of silk. He spoke to her kindly. She made no answer. He bent over her. Firmly clutched in her right hand was a small dagger, such as all Macedonian women carry, and its point was in her heart. A look of deadly hatred made her face hideous. Idly, he noted a man with strongly marked Grecian features slinking off behind the church.

"Killed herself, by George!" he said to himself, involuntarily removing his cap. "She *was* a plucky bit."

He stooped over still farther and fingered the silk fragment beneath the bodies. A piece of it came away.

"The Ikon of St. Demetrius!"



ILLUSTRATED BY LEX DE RENAULT

THE scientific historians are for ever assuring us that "history" is mainly fiction. Yet there is some compensation in the knowledge that fiction is largely made up of history. Few of us would be candid enough to admit that our historical learning is chiefly based upon novels. But I am certain there are many persons of wide acquirements whose acquaintance with the Wars of the Roses was made through the kind introduction of Bulwer Lytton, and who owe to Scott their first meeting, on anything like intimate terms, with Louis XI and Philippe de Comines. For myself, I cannot remember that, until I had read "Les Chouans," I ever distinguished between the rebellion in La Vendée and its offspring on the northern side of the Loire. It was a few years after the destruction of the Vendéan cause at Savenay, on the Breton bank, that the events occurred in eastern Brittany which are so vividly recalled in "Les Chouans," the first work published under the author's own name. Balzac indicates at the outset that the romantic incidents on which the plot is based, and which are spread over many days in the novel, occupied less time than it took him to describe them. But, he also goes on to say: "Apart from this poetical misrepresentation of history, all the events of the story, even the least important, are entirely historical; as to the descriptions, they are of a minute exactitude." While I cannot answer for the fidelity to fact of all the events, yet so far as I have tested Balzac's "fiction" in the light of history, he comes exceedingly well out of the trial; as for his boast of minute accuracy in his descriptive pages, I can, after a recent tour through the district in which his plot is laid, bear direct witness to the honesty of his assurances.

What is the tragedy that Balzac has drawn from the history of the Revolution, and placed again amid these pleasant old-world scenes? It is of a kind that was not uncommon in the days when espionage was the principal resource of the French police, as it is of the Russian police in our own time. At the close of the summer of 1799, the Marquis de Montauran—I give the principal personages of the tragedy their Balzacian names,—a young officer as much distinguished for his good looks as for his courage and force of character, was chosen by the exiled Bourbon, the future Louis XVIII, to lead the cause of the monarchy in Brittany and Normandy. So great was his personal charm, and so keen were the people of the West to make one more effort in the cause which their priests declared to be the only hope for the French both in this world and the next, that the Jacobin government became seriously alarmed, and Fouché, who believed he could do more by intrigue and espionage than any general could do by strategy, brought about the destruction of Montauran in a manner as unexpected at the outset by the Minister as by his agent. That agent was the lovely and accomplished Marie de Verneuil, the natural, but "recog-

THE MARQUIS DE MONTAURAN'S MISTRESS EXPOSES MARIE DE VERNEUIL AS A REVOLUTIONARY SPY

nized," child of a great nobleman, shortly after whose death she had been left to her own resources. Her beauty and wit together had provided her with the means of shining at the court of Louis XVI in its last flutter of gaiety. After various adventures she became a person of considerable consequence in political circles as the mistress of Danton, something of whose audacity she herself acquired, though she was in no ways a virago, and had none of the frantic abandon of her beautiful contemporary, Theroigne de Mirecourt.

It was this fascinating "relict" of Danton who, four years after that dauntless patriot had paid the price of his terrible honesty, Fouché, himself a Breton, chose as the Venus that was to entrap the Mars of the Breton insurgents. It is at this point that Balzac opens his romantic study of plot and passion.

The girl who is Fouché's spy is no mere exquisite animal. She is a creature of impulse, perhaps, brought into degrading situations only by the cruelty of circumstances. She speedily marks down the game that, with the crafty police agent Corentin as her associate, she has been sent into the West to entrap. And having attracted Montauran's admiration by her charms of person and of conversation, she comes near to ruining her own work by falling in love with her prey. He, enlightened by the wit of a jealous woman, discovers Marie's perfidious mission and leaves her to her doom as the booty of a wild Breton peasant. It is a great scene wherein the furious mistress of Montauran, having torn from Marie de Verneuil's bosom the paper that proves her odious employment, gloats

over the shame of the unhappy girl who has dared to come between her lover and herself. Awful was the result of the discovery of Marie's perfidy. Her escort of republican soldiers—"bleus," as the people called them then and now—resting unsuspectingly in the courtyard were massacred by the ferocious Chouans whilst the officers were at table with Montauran and his friends.

Love and the desire for vengeance do not struggle for the mastery in Marie's heart. They unite as one passion. Seizing a sword, she tries to kill Montauran, but he drags her to the door, whilst the dreadful peasant to whom she has been given comes to his assistance. She scarcely feels the grip of the boor on her arm—only the burning hand of the man she loves and hates. The courtyard is strewn with the desecrated bodies of the soldiers he had promised to treat as friends. Shivering at the sight, she cries—"Your word of honor! Ah! ah! ah!" After that frightful laugh, she adds, "La belle journée!" "Oui, belle," answers Montauran, "et sans lendemain." The phrase is the keynote of the book.

All the worst passions of mankind are represented in the scene at that remote manor. Fury, bloodthirstiness, lust, cupidity, jealousy, one woman throwing another as loot to brutal men who have just butchered their master's guests and plundered their bodies before the life was out of them—all that war at its worst may mean, save only food-hunger, is there.

Marie escapes, through the good offices of a devoted woman whose influence over a Chouan insurgent is strong enough to overcome his savage instincts.

In no passage of his enthralling romance does Balzac more deeply probe the heart of Brittany than that wherein he describes the blessing of Chouan arms by Catholic priests at an altar whereon, untold ages before, Druids had offered up sacrifices to the gods of their forests. The Breton peasant at the present day offers us this superficial paradox, that while he reverences the emblems and shares with enthusiasm in the services of the village church, he would find himself quite at home in a forest festival in ancient Bœotia.

Guided by a Chouan, and mounted on donkeys, Marie and Francine, her foster-sister, set out for the little town of Saint James, where Montauran was to give a ball at which, under promise of protection from a rebel officer whose life she had saved, Marie was determined to be present. On the way, their guide, in spite of Marie's protests, led them off the road along a forest path to where, in a natural amphitheatre of massive rocks, the sanction of the Christian religion was being given by the priests to the guerrilla warfare of the Chouans. In the midst of the amphitheatre was a Druidical altar, by which stood the three priests, amid a hundred or more peasants who, bareheaded, prayed fervently while the Mass was intoned. Hidden behind a rock, Marie could watch the ceremony that followed. The chief of the three priests preached a brief but highly effective sermon, urging the congregation to fight to the death against that republic of damned souls which "ate the money of the people as it drank their blood," which had "sold the property of God and of the landed proprietors at auction." Paradise would be shut against him who refused to fight for the cause of God and the King. It was for the safety of their own souls that they would risk their lives.

Saint Anne of Auray herself, the patron of Brittany, had appeared to him two days before, and had instructed him to refuse absolution to those who would not fight, and to bless the guns of those who would take up the cause, so that they would never fail to kill their enemies. "Listen to me well, Christian people," he cried in terminating his sermon, "for to-day only have I and my brother priests the power to bless your weapons. Those who fail to profit by this favor will never again

find Saint Anne as well disposed, and she will listen to your prayers no more."

The effect of this appeal to the temporal and eternal interests of the superstitious peasants was certain in advance. They came forward, handing their guns to the preacher, who placed them upon the altar. Then, when the pile was complete,

MASSACRE OF THE BLEUS BY THE CHOUANS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MARQUIS DE MONTAURAN

MARIE DE VERNEUIL OBSERVES THE BLESSING OF THE CHOUANS' MUSKETS

the "Veni Creator" was chanted, whilst the celebrant enveloped these instruments of death in a cloud of incense. When the breeze had cleared the air of the bluish fumes from the censer, each Chouan, kneeling, received again his own musket, the priest reciting a Latin prayer as he gave it. When all the armed men had returned to their places in the circle, the whole assembly, led by the chief priest, sang with thunderous energy of voice the psalm, "Domine, salvum fac regem."

Last scene of all, and most romantic in this tale of love and perfidy, is the marriage of Marie and Montauran, speedily followed by their death. The girl, conquered by her love, has forsworn the work entrusted to her by Fouché, and has decided to throw in her lot with the Marquis. She arranges, through friendly agents, that he shall come in the evening to her house on the walls of Fougères, that they shall be married in secret by a convenient priest, and escape as they best can from the town, which is in the occupation of the Republican troops. Her fellow spy, Corentin, who for years has wanted her for himself, suspects something of her intentions, and forges a letter purporting to have been written by Montauran to his mistress, Madame de Gua, jeering at Marie's infatuation. The girl assumes the genuineness of this letter, which is handed to her by the military officer to whom it has been brought as one taken from a captured Chouan. In her fury of love deceived, she determines to deliver Montauran to the Republican commander after one night of marriage. The Marquis comes and the perfidy of Corentin is discovered. The marriage rite is performed, the marriage supper eaten.

An hour before dawn, when the bride awakes, she rouses her companion and tells him, as they tenderly caress one another, that she has betrayed him to his death, since, believing him faithless and cruel, she had arranged with the military, before his coming, that he should never return alive, and she knows well that Corentin will not let pass this chance of destroying a rival. There is but one hope of safety for Montauran—that he may escape by a ladder into the valley below the wall on which the house was built. At the very moment when the soldiers move forward, Montauran, in the dress of a peasant, passes through a loophole, and, as he places his foot on the ladder he looks up and sees Marie, wearing his uniform, hoping to draw the fire of the soldiers if the fugitives are seen, and thus save her husband's life. Both, however

MONTAURAN AND MARIE SHOT IN ATTEMPTING T SCAPE AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

are to die. As they descend the ladder they are fired upon from the promenade at the top of the slope and from the bottom of the valley. Still living, but with their life-blood ebbing fast, they are placed side by side on a camp-bed in the guard-house, where, holding one another's hands, they died.

Such, in a few words, is the tragic dénouement of the romantic story of the beautiful spy and the man whom, coming to betray, she ended by loving, yet betrayed to his death in the hour of love.

If the tragedy of Marie de Verneuil and Alphonse de Montauran is romantic and dramatic, that of Pierre Cambremer, who threw his only son into the sea, is appalling. Whether Balzac invented it, or whether there was in his days a tradition of some such horror on the west coast, I do not know. Probably he based it on some vague legend, and placed it in a spot which he knew well, and which to-day, save for the improved condition of the roads, is admirably described in his pages. The force of the story lies in its pitiful tragedy of wrong-headed integrity. Pierre and Jacquette, prosperous fisherfolk, had but one child, a son whom they spoiled by misguided affection. At fifteen Jacques—so the "enfant gâté" was named—was a young blackguard, notorious throughout the neighborhood. Nothing he did seemed wrong to his doting parents. "Your son has nearly killed a child at Batz," some one would say to Pierre Cambremer. "Bah, he will make a fine sailor. He will be an Admiral some day," would be the father's retort. Or another would say: "Cambremer, do you know your Jacques has blackened the eye of Marie Pougaud?" "Ah, has he? He will love the girls." So things went on, Jacques continually draining his mother's purse, and confiding in his father's condonation, till, one day, Pierre heard that the boy was in the lock-up at Nantes for some scandalous affray. Then at last the father's eyes were opened. "If you don't behave yourself properly, and work here with me for the next two years, I shall take strong measures with you," said Pierre. Jacques, still incredulous as to his father's firmness, "made a face," and Pierre gave him a blow which sent him to bed for six months. It was a drastic warning, but was of no use. When he was about again, Jacques one night tried to find some money hidden in his mother's mattress and, when she awoke, stabbed her in the arm. He was not seen, and his father at first did not suspect him as the assailant. Next time Jacques was more successful in his search, and stole a gold piece of his mother's. It was an old Spanish coin, and Pierre discovered, beyond doubt, that his boy had changed it in a billiard room at Le Croisic, the little port where the sardine boats discharge their fish. Pierre gave the boy the opportunity of admitting his crime. Jacques, though his mother implored him not to run so awful a risk of perdition, swore, by his life eternal, that he was innocent. The father sent for a priest to hear the son's confession. Jacques, believing he was safe so long as he did not confess, held his tongue. Pierre pretended that, for the time, he would let the boy off. Then, whilst Jacques was asleep, his father bound his hands and feet, and gagged him. Awakened by the gag, he struggled in vain. Pierre carried him to a boat, in spite of the mother's despairing cries for mercy for their only child, rowed him out into deep water, tied a stone to his feet, and threw him overboard.

The poor mother died of the awful shock she received; the father was a broken man. No one could prove his infanticide. He went many miles away and confessed to a priest, who gave him absolution on the condition that he told the truth to a magistrate. The magistrate, apparently, agreed to leave him untouched by the law if he carried out his own punishment, and Pierre swore, and kept his oath, that he would pass the rest of his days on a rock within sight of the spot where he had drowned his son.

There, within hail of the shore, but speaking to none, not even to his little niece who brought him bread and water every morning, and whom he only kissed on Sundays, we may still find him—in imagination.

I passed the place a few months ago, and gazed at the rock where tradition or fiction had placed the unhappy Cambremer. The scene rose vividly before my eyes,—at first of the tragedy beyond in the Atlantic waters, and then of the atonement on that lonely promontory. As I looked out to sea, the sardine fleet, two hundred and more of luggers, with their sails of brown, and yellow, and gray, and blue, came up from the offing, making before a south-easterly breeze for the little port. Behind me on the salt marshes where the Cambremers' cottage had stood, the "paludiers," as the workers are there called, were raking the salt into conical heaps. All in sight, save for the smoke of a distant train, was as Balzac describes it.

Balzac has placed some few other scenes in Brittany, but none so dramatic as those of Marie de Verneuil's love story and Pierre Cambremer's crime and penance.

PIERRE CAMBREMER ETERNALLY WATCHING THE SPOT WHERE HE DROWNED HIS SON

AMERICANS IN THE MAKING

New England's Method of Assimilating the Alien

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

WE hear much about the Southern problem; but how about the Northern problem? For there is a Northern problem, and one that concerns the whole country, not merely a single section of it. The people of the South are trying to decide the future of the negro, how the nine million or so that the census-taker has counted between the Potomac and the Rio Grande can live peaceably with white folk and become good citizens. Dr. Booker Washington and others of his race are working with the leaders of thought among the whites to reach a solution. The South is a great territory, a territory vital to our progress and prosperity, so the negro question interests all America deeply. But it is insignificant compared with what is to be the future of the American people themselves, whether they are to be Americans—or something else.

When the subject of immigration comes into mind, the thought turns at once to that great human tide that has been entering our Atlantic gateways. So much of it has been flowing westward, that we usually associate the older West and Northwest as the localities where it finally ebbs away. Years ago the possibility was pointed out by writers and speakers of new Swedens, new Norways, new Hollands and little Hungaries in the territory around the upper Mississippi and on the prairies of Nebraska and the Dakotas. Following kinsfolk and acquaintance who had already gone thither, these races have been coming by the thousands and tens of thousands until there are counties thickly settled where one may go a score of miles and never hear a word of English, where the family Bible, if the household has one, is printed in some type of the Old Country, where the first words issuing from the lips of the child are "Mutter" and "Fader." Many are the towns and rural neighborhoods where the holidays are those observed in Europe's North Country and where as yet the meaning of Independence Day is doubtful or unknown.

Through the gateways facing the Orient have passed so many human cargoes that the people of the Pacific coast have their problem; for in town and country the "little brown man" has become so numerous and so active that he is performing most of the work in California's fields, orchards and gardens. In the cities one sees him among the tradesmen, even the bankers. Fear that the States beyond the Rockies may be Asiaticized has become national.

All this is not news to us, and perhaps we have heard and read so much of the danger of the Central West and the Northwest and the Pacific States becoming "foreign" that we fail to realize how far-reaching is this menace to American institutions. Then, to the Eastern man it is a region with which he is not closely in touch. Despite the work of the railroad-builder and the fact that he can reach it in hours where but yesterday the journey was as many days, nature has placed a sharp dividing line on its border. The Appalachian mountain chain not only makes a separation in geography, but to a certain extent in manners and customs—in short, in the mode of living; and what is of much import to the people of the newer States is often of less import to those of the original commonwealths. So the immigration problem has been given most thought in connection with the country beyond the mountains and in our greater cities.

But it will have to be solved in the region which forms the main source of Americanism; for New England itself is being changed—and changed rapidly—in the character of its people and in its customs.

This statement is so sweeping that it may come as a surprise—as a shock—to the mass of the American people, but facts and figures prove its truth, and none know it better than the Yankees of to-day, who have already taken up the work of driving back this threat to their very existence.

"The Yankee is fading from his ancestral land." Such was the sentence recently uttered by one of New England's leaders in an address upon the peril which threatens his home. Impossible? Note the sort of humanity that makes up most of its population even to-day. Note the number of children born yearly of American parentage, the number born of foreign parentage, and the number of foreigners yearly settling on Puritan soil. You will find the saying far from imaginary, but based upon cold, hard facts.

To the student of human movements in the United States, here is one of its most interesting regions; for while many of its inhabitants have answered the call to the Westward, from the East and North have come a far greater number than those whose former homes have caused the "abandoned farms" of New England to give it too much notoriety. How many packed up their belongings

ITALIANS AT SPRINGFIELD ILLUSTRATING THEIR VARIOUS STUDIES

and journeyed into "York State" and the valley of the Ohio before the days of the steel highway cannot be told, but they were not a few. With the coming of the railroad they pushed on farther and leavened the Central West with Yankeeism. And their influence did not stop here; for when the world heard for the first time of the resources of the Pacific Northwest and the great Inland Empire between the Cascade and the Rocky Mountains, among the pioneer home- and fortune-seekers who crossed the great plains and went through the passes of the Rockies were a few of the men, now gray-haired or white, who had been born perhaps in the shadow of the Green Mountains or in the Pine Tree State; and with them journeyed many sons of the Yankee pioneers in the West; so that the inhabitants of the Inland Empire are among the purest of American blood—sons and grandsons of natives of the East. Though civilization began its work in this part of America only after the Civil War, and when such States as Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas were old to the white man, it is to-day one of the most advanced and progressive—in the main an illustration of New England ability and determination.

Such was one of the great tidal waves. Perhaps it would have ebbed away in the States immediately East and West of the Mississippi River, perhaps New Englandism would to-day prevail in them far more than it does, were it not that the hordes of Europeans, who were carried into this section as fast as they were unloaded from the immigrant ships, caused many of the original settlers to become dissatisfied. There is no doubt that their remarkable migration to the other side of the Great Divide was in part due to the influx of the foreign element which, with its strange language and customs, has made the Central West one of the most cosmopolitan portions of America. At that time and until recent years the country of the Connecticut and the Penobscot, the country of Mount Washington and Mount Katahdin, except the large manufacturing centres, apparently had little attraction for the foreigner; but it was easy of access and the opportunity of getting a few deserted acres for little or nothing finally lured settlers not only from the Old World, but from the New as well.

It is a curious fact that while the American invasion of Canada has done much to populate its desolate Northwest and to convert it into a

vast wheat-field, the Canadian has been invading New England—not a difficult matter, for it has no chain of lakes as a barrier. Especially has it tempted Alphonse and François from that part of New France which we know as Quebec. In such hordes have they crossed the border into the South country that to-day there are over 600,000 French-Canadians scattered all the way from the lumber camps of the Aroostook to the knitting mills of Connecticut. But this is only one of the alien elements in the land. Not merely in the cities, but in the rural districts, are they present in numbers. In the Connecticut valley you frequently see hamlets comprising perhaps a half-dozen families of Bohemians or Hungarians, each getting a livelihood from little fruit and vegetable patches. Two or three families of them crowd into the farmhouse deserted by its former owner. Not only are the Canadians numerous among the farmers and gardeners, but the Italians and Poles have come by thousands. There are even Greeks, Portuguese and Armenians among those who turn up the New England soil for a subsistence.

This soil, on which trod Endicott and Roger Williams, might be called a foreign land, for Eastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island are crowded with aliens. The spindles that clatter in the mills of Fall River and Pawtucket are guided by Portuguese and Canadians. The thread is woven into silk by New England looms, but native eyes do not watch the warp and weft. From Europe and Canada have come most of the army of skilled toilers. They furnish the human power to actuate New England's industry. Even up in Vermont's mountains, men of sixteen races work side by side in digging out the marble heart of the hills and preparing it for commercial use. In short, there is no sphere of activity from the St. John's to the Hudson River in which the foreigner is not found.

Is the Yankee fading from his ancestral land? Let us see what the figures tell. Of the inhabitants of Massachusetts to-day, over sixty per

STUDENTS OF FIVE RACES IN THEIR NATIVE COSTUMES

ARMENIANS AT A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL

cent were born of parents who were not natives of the United States. In Rhode Island the proportion is nearly seventy per cent; in Connecticut, sixty per cent; New Hampshire, nearly forty-five per cent; Vermont, forty per cent; in Maine, owing to its sparse settlement, the percentage is only thirty. Over thirty per cent of the people of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were born in a strange land. Of the residents of Fall River, Holyoke and Lawrence, over eighty per cent were born of foreign parents. The percentage for Boston is seventy-five; while in every important town outside of Maine it is at least sixty-five per cent.

In the early days of immigration to the United States, it may be needless to say, most of the home-seekers were from Northern Europe; but the majority of those who have recently crossed the ocean into the Eastern States are a part of the more recent movement from Southern Europe. They have no apprehension of that view of man which is the organizing principle of American life, and having never enjoyed true political freedom, they misunderstand the nature of civil liberty and are unqualified for its responsibilities. They come to better their condition, but to a great extent they bring and establish here their own conditions. Their movement is organized along racial lines. They settle by themselves in compact communities; they set up their own type of home, retain their old standard of living and adhere to their own institutions of religion, which they conduct in a foreign tongue and spirit, perpetuating a low order of life, obstructive to progress and at variance with the genius of American institutions. Customarily subject to monarchial authority in political and ecclesiastical affairs, they fail to understand liberty and become readily the dupe of the demagogue, whether he be a ward politician, a socialist, an anarchist, a labor-agitator or a walking-delegate.

But they are in the land of the Puritan to stay, for here they are prospering, and as long as they are prospering they will remain. When even the man who digs the street ditch can get five times the couple of francs or single florin which

satisfied him for his labor in Europe, he is not apt to change his home site in the New World. And they are increasing as rapidly as the original human stock of New England is decreasing. The student of vital statistics has examined the public records of the principal cities. This is what he has found: twenty thousand children yearly born to parents who came into being on other than American soil—children who speak Portuguese or Italian or the *patois* of the Lower Provinces of Canada before they learn even their A B C. We have already referred to the settlement of the Middle West and Northwest by the colonization of folk who have come over the ocean to join kinsmen and friends who preceded them. Naturally, the foreign movement into New England has been somewhat similar. The ditch-digger, the truck-farmer, the spinner, the weaver, have spread over the sea the news of what seems to them a golden land. Thus tempted, thousands of others have been coming westward until the last year found fifty thousand additions to New England's alien residents, not counting those who first saw the light in the land of the Yankee.

Curious but true is it that the people who first possessed that land are passing away in much greater numbers than those of the children born to them. There is sorrow in the knowledge that in the States from the St. John's to the Hudson the yearly deaths of those who are native-born exceed the native birth-rate by fully ten thousand. Yet a large proportion of our wonderful increase in population between 1790 and 1830—from four million to thirteen million souls—should be credited to the motherhood of New England, for during that period, immigration from Europe, from even Great Britain itself, was so small as to be insignificant.

To what extent, if any, foreign influence has caused this remarkable decrease in the native birth-rate is a subject on which a whole article might be written. One fact, however, stands out clearly: People of other bloods are far more numerous in this fountain-head of American ideas than the Americans. The question that arises is, What can be done to keep the New Englanders from becoming a memory—a people who have been able to maintain their type and traditions as we have known them since the landing of the Pilgrims? At once there come to mind the many and varied institutions which have given this region its standard of culture. But a study of their student bodies shows that the numerous colleges do not reach the foreign element to any great extent. The Canadian-French have been residents of New England for many years, but its twenty-one colleges have few of them as students. Neither have the fifty-odd American colleges in the North Atlantic division of States any practical association with the Italians or other Southern and Eastern Europeans. This is not strange, for the American college is the product of a certain social order; it embodies a certain conception of a man as to his worth and possibilities, and it addresses itself and is adjusted to that social order, and endeavors to realize its conception of man. By centuries of discipline, or lack of it, these incoming races have no use for such institutions. They are indifferent to education. In short, they are not attracted to the American institutions as are the descendants of the North Europeans. Obviously the public schools claim a considerable number of the children, but investigation shows that they have captured only a portion of those who are of school age.

But neither New England nor the other States can afford to wait the years required for the school-children to grow up and become good Americans. Something must be done with the men and women, and done quickly. So an institution has come into existence which is intended to Americanize the adult foreigner by teaching him the things which will

give him at least an idea of the country he has adopted for his home, what it stands for, what it means to be an American citizen and why he should be an American patriot. To cram this knowledge into the head of a human being who perhaps cannot say "yes" or "no" in the English language, might seem a task of years, but much depends on the method pursued.

Already a number of Massachusetts cities contain night-schools, so-called, attended only by adults, where instruction is given in the three R's as well as in the A B C's, and the one-syllabled words that the child learns when it reads its first sentence. A visit to one of these schools affords a unique experience. Men and women in whose hair the gray has already begun to appear are struggling over the pages of the First Reader, or slowly scrawling such words as "dog" and "cat" on the blackboard or in their copybooks. To a more advanced class the teacher is explaining the meaning of "America," after they have recited the hymn in unison, or sung it perhaps in a half-dozen different keys. It is easy to associate the patriotic with history, so this is an essential branch in all of the schools; and an encouraging fact in connection with the movement is the interest in the study which all manifest.

This movement though of recent origin, has already been productive of such results that the number of schools is being increased and the idea promises to find favor throughout New England. Another plan, which may be far more effective, however, is "the character factory," as it has been termed, in which young men and young women are trained to become apostles of Americanism among those of their own blood. A brief description of one of these character factories in the city of Worcester will most clearly explain the plan. Originally intended for the education of French-Canadians, the scope of its work has broadened from necessity until the attendance from year to year now includes a dozen nationalities. The student body of the French-American College numbers about one hundred and twenty-five, but on its rolls are Canadians, Italians, Portuguese, Poles, Syrians, Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks and Russians.

It is strictly a college in the American sense, with a four-year course of study and the power to confer degrees. It has an academic department of such a standard that students graduating from it may enter other halls of learning if they desire, without conditions; but the majority complete their education within its walls. While the usual English branches, Latin, Greek, mathematics—the sciences and philosophical studies are pursued,—the English language is a specialty. From the time the student signs the roll until he gets his graduating parchment, the importance of English is pressed upon him till he speaks and reads it fluently and accepts its importance as the mother-tongue of his adopted country. And he never leaves the classroom without receiving a lesson in patriotism—it may be in a chapter of history in which the instructor impresses upon him the personality of some hero or the significance of some event in the making of the republic. The prayer which opens the school session contains an allusion to patriotism. Passages from lives of eminent Americans are read by the teacher or members of the class. Anniversaries such as the Fourth of July and the birthdays of Washington, Lincoln and Grant are observed at the college by ceremonies often far more impressive than may be witnessed in other institutions. Flag processions and the singing of national songs are varied with essays and orations in which the speakers dilate on the virtues of a man perhaps unknown to them until they passed within these walls.

But the hundred and odd members of the student body are also members of one family. During the four years they become a part of a household

which as far as possible is patterned after the typical New England home. They become accustomed to opening the day with religious exercises. The young women assist in the preparation of the meals and the care of the buildings, and thus are taught the vocation of the American housewife, while the male students engage in gardening and do other work about the premises, by which they partly pay for their living expenses. During recreation hours both sexes enjoy the amusements which are popular with young Americans, the members of the faculty mingling with them and enthusiastically taking part in the pastimes.

Such is the machinery of this character factory. Though it has been in operation but a few years, the number of men and women whom it has been moulding after an American pattern are large enough to enable one to judge of its success or failure. Time has shown that the majority of those who have gone from it to return to the corner of the country from which they came, have had American ideas so impressed upon them that each has become an example in citizenship to be imitated by his people. Following up the lives of the graduates, it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that already they have acted as a leaven among those of their own blood. Here is a thought of interest to the whole country. If education of this sort will avert the passing of New Englandism from its birthplace, will it not be equally successful in solving the foreign problem in the heart of America and beyond—in effacing from the map the new Sweden, the new Norway, the new Holland and the little Hungary?

What the Yankee is doing to preserve his identity may well be studied by all who believe the United States should remain the United States.

A FOOTBALL TEAM OF SIX NATIONALITIES

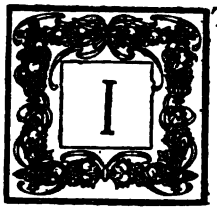
Drawn by D. C. Hutchison (See page 472)

"TAKE THAT,—DRINK," HE SAID

WHEN THIRST HELD SWAY

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATION BY D. C. HUTCHISON



IT was after the skull habit had developed in Bob that he had his terrible experience.

As a member of the *Herald* staff his work was to handle the market reports and the correspondence from out in the State; "grape-vine editor," we called him. He drew his salary for that, but he drew his joy from the occupation of tramping about the country in search of records of the past. His leisure hours were spent in digging up old bones and aboriginal relics; he took great pride in his archæological investigations, and it was worth much to hear him discourse learnedly on a pocketful of rocks: stone implements, he explained to us, used by the ancestors of the American Indian in high antiquity.

To know Bob was an exhilaration, for in a man of over fifty years never was such robust youthfulness. He was all zeal and exuberance and boy-like enthusiasm, and was seldom without a hobby. Formerly it was the painting of landscapes; now it was digging. Some of his canvases, be it said on competent authority, were worthy of a place on the line in the best exhibits; but none of his pictures, so far as I know, were ever hung, because he was always dissatisfied with his work, was always going to do something that would surprise them, those people back East. With his bones he fared better. One of his discoveries had indeed compelled attention from the world of science. It was examined by scholars and expert anatomists, and in collaboration with university professors Bob wrote an article about it which was published in one of the leading periodicals.

After that his interest in bones was greatly augmented. With pick and spade, for twenty miles around, he unearthed many skulls; in old Indian graves he found queer bits of pottery, fragile shells carved into strange, crude shapes, spear-points and arrow-heads, flint knives for the scraping of hides, and innumerable other trinkets which he was forever carrying about with him and the use of which he never tired of explaining. It was the hope of those of us who liked him best that he would again take up his brushes and palette; and that he did not return to his first love, his colors and sketch-book, was largely due to the fact that people kept writing to him about new fields to explore. Then, one day, came a letter advising him to visit the Bad Lands, a region of sand and desolation which lies at the border of northwestern Nebraska.

This at once settled for him the question of where to spend his summer's leave of absence. In selecting a companion, his choice fell upon Moore, the police reporter with a consumptive cough. What he needed, Bob declared, was to live out of doors. Even two weeks spent in dry, clean air might accomplish no end of good for him. So the expedition was organized. Early in August the two men left the newspaper office, and before the second week

of that month they began to penetrate the sun-scorched wilderness in search of more bones, more stone implements, more skulls and more relics for Bob to store away in his dusty little studio.

On the first night of their excursion the men camped at the edge of the Bad Lands, and early the next morning, with a fresh supply of water, they fared forth into the hills.

"See the color of our shadows," said Bob, and behind the big lenses of his spectacles he half closed his eyes, the better to examine the elongated caricature of his body upon the sand. "Purple, that's what it is—black-purple."

Moore chuckled reminiscently, for he recalled how Bob had once afforded great amusement to the office by a color-reeking description of a winter morning in which he had spoken of "blue and violet hollows in the snow."

"Hanged if I can see anything purple about those shadows," the police reporter declared; and then followed a friendly wrangle, while the gaunt silhouettes, side by side, went bobbing along in time to the easy stride of the men. The distorted shape of the pack-mule, as outlined upon the sand, looked somewhat like a camel, with the swollen load to form his hump.

"Notice another thing," said Bob. "You don't often see shadow so sharply defined. Edges as clean-cut as if they had been clipped out of carbon paper."

"Notice another thing," Moore rejoined. "This white-hot morning is awful on a fellow's back."

Hurriedly stripping off his coat, he hung it on a cross of the pack-saddle, beneath a spade whose gleaming surface threw off the flame of sun in a brilliant reflection.

As the men proceeded into the arid waste of hills their way became more difficult, and the sun, climbing higher in the azure transparency of sky, threw so lively a heat upon the ground that their feet burned as though they were treading on cinders fresh from a furnace. It was amazing that any vegetation could grow in such a place; yet now and again were clumps of short grass, and there were squat, gray-green bushes behind which a long-eared rabbit would sometimes bound into hiding. In contrast with the white effulgence of sand, the small pine trees which crested some of the slopes were almost black and their shadows grape-colored blots.

By noon the travellers reached a deserted homestead. The cabin had the soulless stare of vacancy, and the roof of the stable had fallen in. Not one drop of water was in the well; instead of a moist and cooling fragrance, it exhaled only a sultry odor as from an oven.

"If I had thought of this, if I had suspected such luck," said Moore, "I'd have gone slower with that canteen of mine."

"What do you mean?"

"I could n't stand that brackish, wind-mill juice; it got all stewed up and rancid-like, and so——"

"Dumped it out, did you? When?" There was some asperity in Bob's voice.

"Why, just now as we came up to this feverish, scab-covered bucket that hangs in the well."

"It may be some time, Moore, before we get to the next water."

"Got a good supply left, have n't we?"

"All the same," said Bob, "I wish now that we had brought along those cans of tomatoes. To be sure, old Jack has a pretty stiff load as it is, but tomatoes, you know, would be mighty good in case of emergency."

Moore shook with mirth, for Bob, dear old delightful Bob, was ever such an extremist and was always so fussily impractical! He had hauled with him from the city enough tomatoes to stock the shelves of a country grocery. Deciding later that they weighed too much, he had given them to a ranchman's wife in exchange for an excellent dinner.

"You and your emergency!" Moore exclaimed; and then set about preparing something to eat.

After the men had refreshed themselves with coffee and bacon, in the shadow of the abandoned house, they resumed their journey into the sun-scorched hills. During the early hours of afternoon the softness went out of the sky; it changed color, blanched with the heat as lead whitens in the smelting furnace. No fleck of cloud hinted of moisture; no breath of living air rippled the burning dust. It was a region of pulverized glass, of calcined mirrors, of tin reduced to a powder. The white hills, humped and deformed, squatting all awry, seemed to be fragments of prodigious monuments reared to the memory of strange races of men, and now leaning in misshapen mystery against a wan and ashen sky. And upon this desolation weighed a solemn and mighty sadness, a brooding majesty, the hot, mummified silence of some colossal tomb.

The aridity knew no contrasts. No more pine trees darkened the white-blazing hills. Nothing grew here but the gray and thorny cacti, the meagre sage-brush and now and then a sheaf of bristling spines as stiff as dagger blades of bronze—a weed known as the Spanish bayonet.

In the midst of this over-pressure of light and heat, some one suddenly shouted in amazement. It was Moore, whose eyes were staring at the pack-mule. He had discovered that the flank of the animal was wet, and that the leg was coated with an ash-colored streak where water had dried. The canteen, the large vessel strapped to the mule had fallen a-leak.

"Look, Bob—look there!" Moore exclaimed, and then swore prodigiously. "It was back yonder," he said. "I was getting the coffee-pot and the frying-pan. I dropped the canteen; it slipped out of my hand."

"That 's too bad," said the older man. Hastily pouring the water into the empty canteen, he added slowly: "It surely is too bad. Must have cracked open at the seam."

Neither of the men made comment about the pitifully small measure of water which yet remained for their use. They stood motionless, staring dumbly into each other's eyes.

"Better turn back," said Bob. "We can't go on like this."

They realized, moreover, that it was the part of prudence to return as rapidly as possible to the place where they had filled their canteens.

Now that the supply of water was so diminished, it was curious how exaggerated their thirst immediately became; they drank sparingly, yet the last drops were spent before sundown. Even after darkness had fallen the journey was continued, but at the end of an hour they were so overcome by fatigue that they quickly laid their camp for the night. Short shrift was made of removing the pack-saddle, and as nearly as possible the load was taken off in bulk. The men unfastened their large roll of blankets, but certain parcels of extraneous clothing and rain-coats remained firmly lashed to the saddle that they might be put back on the mule without much displacement. In the night the temperature sank almost to the freezing point, but the rose-orange sun of the next day, enormously swelling up from behind a hill-top, was scarcely an hour old before the white wilderness of sand was again scorching like the fire-box of a locomotive.

"We were wrong, Bob, not to keep the trail," Moore presently observed. "It would have been better, safer, to go back by following the same course, exactly as we came."

"No, it will be better this way—a short cut."

"That may be, but the old trail for mine. I wish we had kept it."

"Never you mind," Bob retorted. "This is all right, I tell you, and you need n't get into a sweat about it."

"That 's just it, old scout; I don't sweat; I *can't* sweat, but my blood is on fire."

In a parched voice he huskily articulated the words, and there was a strange swallowing motion in his throat, as if he choked on a fish-bone.

"We better put some of this sage-

brush in our hats," Bob presently observed, plucking a few handfuls of the crispen leaves, which crunched with a dry sibilance under the pressure of his fingers. "Good for the head,—prevents sunstroke."

For a time the men walked on in silence; then Bob began to talk a great deal. A peculiar restlessness had come upon him; he grew worried about his spectacles; was confident he had lost them, even when he found them in his pocket, carefully put away in their case, he was still fretful.

He was not absent-minded, he declared, and he tried to prove that he was not. He had taken offence because Moore had said he was absent-minded, and for a long time he argued solemnly about this, as though a criminal charge had been brought against him.

This nervous irascibility was succeeded by another mood quite as singular. He grew vivacious, laughed as he talked, made fun of the way he had lost his spectacles. A feverish animation had sprung up in him, and he became jocular, essaying all sorts of humorous comments and sometimes nudging his companion in order to elicit appreciation.

"Don't do that—don't!" Moore protested; but he only laughed, immoderately.

"Oh, come out of it!" he exclaimed, and resumed his efforts to kindle mirth in his companion. And behind all this clowning activity was something grimly serious—a determination to oppose with foolery the growing apprehension that was gripping his heart. He knew that thirst—real thirst—had begun.

Already the muscles of his face were stiffening, and the delicate tissues of the flesh were visibly wasting away.

After an interval of morose silence, Moore suddenly clapped his hand to the back of his head.

"Have you got it, too?" he asked.

"Got what?"

"A throbbing weight back here?"

"Serves you right," said Bob. "Anybody with an intellect too big to carry around——"

"Oh, stop—do stop your gibberish!"

Moore walked fast, urging the mule forward by slapping it across the flanks with his slouch hat.

"Here, my boy, get your teeth into this," said Bob, making an offer of a bit of beeswax which he had taken from among the thread, needles and buttons of a small canvas "housewife." "Chew that; it 's good—makes the saliva flow." Then he added, as he thrust his sun-tanned fingers through his brown and gray beard: "Wish I had these cut off. They don't belong to this sort of a trip."

He tried to speak lightly, but he kept making faint clacking noises with his tongue, anxiously moving it about in order that it might not glue itself to his teeth or the roof of his mouth. With the handkerchief which encircled his brown neck he occasionally wiped the spume off his lips.

"If a fellow has to give up," said Moore, "if he can't beat it back to water, if he has to lie down out here, why, then they crawl all over him—the bugs. I 'm not losing my nerve, Bob; you must n't say that about me; I 'm all right on that—no coward, you understand; but they crawl all over a man, and that 's what I 'm afraid of—the bugs."

"Faster!" Bob called out, "chew faster! and stop that silly palaver! You 're all right; *I 'm* all right. Only I guess we better rub grease on us, on our face and hands. Bacon rind will do. No it won't, neither! Got salt in it, you know—salt—salt—salt in it. Ever think, Moore, how good tears would taste, if there was n't any salt in them?"

Down the cheeks of the bearded man slow drops were running, for there was a strange pulling at his eyeballs. From them a weight seemed strung—a choking weight that was lodged in his throat. Yet despite the pain of it, he did not lose his sense of responsibility for the welfare of his friend.

"Must n't do that, my boy—hon-

estly you must n't. It only gives the sun a better chance at you." His companion had suddenly ripped open his shirt collar. "Must n't expose the neck like that," Bob expostulated. "Lord knows it will dry up quick enough without that."

"Can't help it. I have to breathe, don't I? And what is it to you? I 'll do as I please. You can't boss me, Bob, and you need n't try to."

There was bitter displeasure in the husky croaking of Moore, and his hand jerked nervously as he fumbled at the lump which seemed to be swelling in his throat. Then he began to whimper with pain and resentment. He was n't going to have anybody domineering over him: Bob could mind his own business. For a long time Moore scolded fussily, but by and by he stopped abruptly.

"Listen," he said. "Do you hear anything, anything—queer?"

In his ear-drums was a ringing rumor, a humming as of wind through telegraph wires.

"Wish it would stay at one pitch," he added, "but it won't. Awful queer about that."

"Head feels like you 'd taken a big dose of quinine, does n't it? I can't take quinine. Always makes my head go like that."

After fretting about the humming in his ears, Moore fell to upbraiding Bob for having given away all those cans of tomatoes.

"Glad you did n't bring along any lemons or oranges," he said. "You would have ditched them, too. That 's the way you do things. But if I had an orange to suck, or a lemon, a good sour lemon! There 's nothing like it to slake the thirst except, of course, water—hot water or cold water; I don't care what kind of water."

With rasping voice he droned the song about the old oaken bucket; then he fell to mumbling about the dry well at the homestead. He did not defend himself for having emptied his canteen; he did not blame himself for carelessness in dropping the other canteen, but he could not find abuse enough for the aridity of that well. Invective gushed from his lips, and later the garrulity of an old woman came upon him. He babbled of cooling beverages: wine in his father's cellar, tea with ice in it, milk from the spring-house where moss and dripping ferns cover the rocks. His thoughts became fugitive, unintelligible; but the theme was always the same: something to drink—he must have something to drink!

Sometimes his halting utterance stopped short, and he would clutch suddenly at his head, gripping it savagely as if trying to squeeze out all the pain. Then the talk began again.

With painful obstinacy his tongue clacked on; but now and again the husky monologue trailed away into silence. Realizing before long that there was no oral quality to his talk, he would laboriously resume his vocal mouthings—slowly and cautiously, as though afraid that he might again forget to pronounce his words.

"There it goes!" Bob suddenly called out. He was staring fixedly before him. "Yonder—see that?" For a brief space he stood motionless, and then with a gasping sigh he toiled forward once again. "I thought I saw—I thought," he explained, "but it was n't that; it was n't a sprinkling wagon. Right there, close to me, I could hear the hiss and gush of water, could smell the damp, good, dusty smell as the wagon passed by. It won't do to go wrong. We must n't get lured away by these—these lakes and things. We must go right and watch out for ourselves. We must—For God's sake, Moore, don't look like that!"

His companion's face had taken on the animal leer and snarling grimace of a hyena. He was no longer talking; he was making noises in his throat, hoarse croakings and gurglings like a deaf-mute in the throes of torment. His bloating lips were not merely dry: they were glossed over with spume as with a dull varnish which was cracking and curling up.

Even though the power of speech had gone from him, he did not lose consciousness. He walked faster and

yet faster, as though he had in mind a definite place which he must reach before his skull should pop open like a dry seed-pod.

He must not let this thing happen; he must hold his head together. He tried to do it, tried to raise his arms, but they did not seem to belong to him—they were so unresponsive to his will, so far away! He saw his hand and held it wonderingly before his eyes. Were they his, those fingers? If they were, he would do something with them. He would—yes, that was it; he would brush the flies away. They were a great bother. If only his tongue had not squeezed out of his mouth, they would not pester him so; or if he could shut his eyes against them. But he could not; the sun had sucked away the strength of his lids, had burnt up his last tear, had stripped his vision all naked to the glare of sand.

Noticing what a torment the insects were to Moore, his comrade suddenly brushed them away, scooping his hand at them, striving to catch them and crush them. For those others—the buzzing things inside his own head—those he could not reach. But Bob thought he was getting used to them; he believed he would soon learn to bear them very well if only he could get rid of the bursting, crushing weight of pain at the base of the skull, that thing which was forever, with each labored pulse-beat, spouting molten metal down his spine.

In this racking torture there were lulls and intermittent excesses, and sometimes the insect humming would resolve itself into dialogues of distant voices which he could listen to, but without understanding, although he had a feeling that presently he would comprehend all that was being said. At the same time he knew very well that this was but the fever of his blood. His mind was acutely awake, and a certain congratulatory gladness came upon him that such strength should have energized his reasoning faculties.

These intervals of relief did not long endure. Lights danced before his eyes, flickered, spun, dizzily swelled and diminished, and sometimes a weed of bristling leaves would suddenly transform itself into the carven stateliness of a fountain. A fire of clear water would go spouting up, and elusive pulsings of rainbow would blossom in the spray.

Visions beleaguered him: there were sweet shadowings of quiet pools, and running brooks, and placid lakes that dream of tranquil skies; there was violet haze and there was purpling twilight. All the moist and mystical loveliness which he had tried to reproduce in the impotent colors of his brush was again trailing before him, and confusing itself with his agony of soul.

It is strange that when his suffering was worst a clear-cut, rational and utilitarian idea should have come to him. With what he mistook to be a robust bigness of voice, but which, as a matter of fact, was only a husky whisper, he was presently shouting:

"Tomatoes! we've got them, Moore—tomatoes!—a whole quart of 'em!"

The other man did not hear, did not pause. Very slowly his staggering feet trod the sand; but the old haste, the panic to get somewhere, still scourged him on.

Bob, for his part, had suddenly found new strength and a certain lumbering agility. Croaking with joy, he hobbled forward, reached the mule, and as his jerking hands began to fumble with the strings of the pack saddle, he kept spluttering out a crazy turmoil of exclamation.

"I remembered them, the tomatoes. I was standing there, not thinking of anything, but all of a sudden—They 're in here. I *know* they are. I forgot—forgot all about them. I wrapped them up in my raincoat—raincoat—raincoat. Think of that: *raincoat!* You did n't think of them, Moore, but I did. I thought of the tomatoes. I remembered about them. I was standing right over there."

He cackled with choking mirth. He found the can, plunged his knife into the cover, and a drop of red liquid splashed his hand. He snatched

his fingers to his mouth. He devoured that jewel of moisture, rasped the place where it had been against his tongue. Then he worked more carefully, being in great anxiety lest he should waste a drop.

While cautiously opening a breach in the tin, the acid smell of the liquid, deliciously savory, rose to his nostrils, and greed flamed up in him, a consuming lust to have this liquid for his own, every bit of it for himself.

Fool! Why had he mentioned the can? If he had n't, no one would have suspected; this would be his, all his, to the last drop of it. Even yet it might be. Why not?

And besides, what advantage would it be to Moore? He was too far gone to get any good from it. Then why give him any of it? Why waste it?

Bob looked furtively after his companion, that slow-toiling, hatless man, who was resolutely laboring on and still on in his puerile frenzy of haste. Kneeling on the sand, gripping the can between his knees, he remained where he was. He did not drink. He went on staring at that man—staring with the sullen hate of one who feels that some enemy is about to rob him.

Then began one of those Titanic struggles which are fought out within the consciences of men. It was war between instinct and morality, between atavism and advancement. On the one hand, brutal and primitive lust to live; on the other, pride of race and defiance of death.

Frightful conflict! In one body two beings, beast and man, wrestling together. Wolf-howl of flesh; man-cry of spirit! Carnal strength against strength of soul—lust against love!

The battle was brief, decisive.

The man got up.

He strode resolutely after his comrade, reached him, and whimpering in his pitiful anguish like a little boy, he unfalteringly pushed the can into the hands of his friend.

"Take that. Drink," he said.

Then he turned away his face, and darkness heaved in about him, a dizzy ocean of gloom that blotted out all the burning solitudes of sand, all the delirium of heat, all the white blaze and stupefaction of this terrifying wilderness.

Months afterward, at a Press Club dinner, we heard from Moore a detailed account of how he and Bob went a-digging of bones in the Bad Lands.

"But the end?" some one asked —" how did it end?"

"Well, I suppose I must have drunk the tomato juice, although I was so far gone that I don't see exactly how I could have managed it. At any rate, we kept on going, both of us. Our salvation lay in a mere chance. It happened that a prairie-dweller, a ranchman and his family, had been traversing the hills in a covered wagon at the margin of the Bad Lands. Some of the man's cattle had strayed away from the range, and he was in search of them. His wife and children had gone along to pick sand-cherries for the baking of pies."

Moore's recital had been rather depressing to all the guests, and it was therefore a welcome relief to hear some one suddenly call out:

"I say, old chap, what became of the jackass?"

"Which *one?*" Moore gravely inquired; and before the tittering had died away, he added: "As for the pack-mule, he does n't know to this day that he was ticketed for the other world. We were going to kill him for his blood; we were determined to do it, but naturally we kept putting it off. Finally, when Bob got ready to do the deed, he found it was n't necessary. Assistance was coming—the covered wagon with a big jug of water in it.

"As I said before, the ranchman and his wife knew all about what should be done for people in our condition. We stayed at their house for some time, and I tell you what: I was a pretty sick baby."

Presently, during a lull in the table talk, we heard a firm and robust tread outside in the hallway, and immediately afterward a brief clatter, the

noise of some one knocking the bowl of his pipe against his heel to empty ashes. Then the door opened and a bearded man came in. As soon as the guests caught sight of him, he was hailed with a clamor of cordial greetings. Glasses were filled; everybody stood up, and a hearty toast was drunk—

"To Bob: his rocks and his bones!"

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

By CLARENCE ROOK

Timeliness is given to this appreciation of an unusually interesting personality by the recent presence of Mr. Zangwill in this country, where his play, "The Melting-Pot," dealing with the condition of his co-religionists in the United States, and dedicated by permission to President Roosevelt, is attracting general attention.—THE EDITORS.

MR. ZANGWILL has never made the slightest attempt to dissemble his Hebraic origin. He is proud of it, glories in it, and I believe that the ambition which lies nearest his heart is to go down to posterity as the nineteenth-century incarnation of the Jewish literary spirit. Now and then perhaps he insists rather too strongly on his aloofness from the Christianity which is not too evident among his contemporaries. There is a story to the effect that a lady whom he had taken in to dinner, being interested in the celebrity at her elbow, inquired if his Christian name was Isaac or Israel. "I have no Christian name," said Zangwill, "but my first name is Israel." I do not know if the story be true. It is quite characteristic both of his conversational readiness and of his pride of race.

Zangwill, indeed, is a typical Jew. Not, however, the usurious money-grubbing Jew who misrepresents his race in the imagination of the unthinking Gentile. He exemplifies rather the mental agility of the Hebrew, his adaptability to circumstances, his receptivity, above all his untiring diligence in the pursuit of an object. He needed these qualities; for he was born face to face with poverty and spent his early years in fighting it. This, indeed, he regards as a gain. He holds that to sympathize you must experience. A man may easily adapt himself to a richer, politer, more cultivated society, but to feel with the poor he must have been himself poor. And the novelist who has risen from the ranks and passed through all grades of society finds the advantage in his extended range of sympathy.

London was his birthplace; but he quitted London as a baby—taking his parents with him,—and passed his childhood at Bristol and Plymouth. Up to the age of fourteen he learned his lessons at the Red Cross Street School in Bristol, and gave early evidence of precocity by reading words of six syllables with astonishing ease. For a time he became a teacher in an East London Board School, and devoted his spare time to reading for a London University degree. A young

man who is breaking his heart and cracking his voice in teaching the boys of the East End has somewhat less of leisure than the Oxford undergraduate. But Zangwill not only lived laborious days; he worked well into the night, and by the time he was of age he had taken the B.A. degree with honors.

Then he was ready to start life upon his own lines. He was quite confident of being able to succeed in literature—even more confident than he is now. Also he had some idea of becoming a professor of psychology—a study which has always attracted him. But one's career sometimes takes the bit between its teeth, and Zangwill, instead of professing psychology, wrote "The Premier and the Painter," which he still believes contains some of his best work. It brought him some reputation, but little money. Its success encouraged him, however, to throw up teaching, which he hated the more because of his inability to get on with headmasters. He found the headmaster's standard of conduct a purely arbitrary one, and false into the bargain, and it irritated him. He had no funds but his own conceit of himself. Armed, however, with this, he answered an advertisement and was made editor of *Ariel*. He gave the paper birth, nursed it and buried it; being its first and only editor. But it was an amusing paper while it lasted; it gave early welcome to some of our best-known humorists and illustrators, and it brought Zangwill into the ranks of regular writers. He scored his first great success with "The Bachelor's Club"; and the world—the little world that reads books—wagged its head and said: "Good! Here is a man who will make us laugh." At "The Old Maid's Club" it laughed again. And then Zangwill, having got a hold upon the ear of the public, determined to pull it down. He refused to stand upon his head to provide a British holiday. The Ghetto called him, and he answered. One may regret the lapse of a humorist into seriousness. But in writing of the Ghetto, its children, its tragedies and its dreamers, Zangwill is doing the work that lies nearest his heart.

Zangwill refuses to be labelled as a wit, as an essayist or as a chronicler of the ghetto. Out of a full mind he has much to say—for he is an insatiable reader and a hard thinker,—and he chooses the form best suited to his subject. He has many projects and believes thoroughly in his ability to carry them out. For, as I have implied, Zangwill has the advantage of a good conceit of himself, which he exhibits quite plainly to the close observer. With a surface modesty he combines a perfect confidence in his own powers, though he cannot be sure that the public will have sufficient insight to understand him. About a month in every year he devotes to lecturing, which brings in a certain income and enables him to travel about, mix in varied society and dig fresh information from new environment. His lectures, sparkling with epigrams and quaint inversions, read better than they sound, for his voice though clear is rather monotonous. One of his great ambitions was gratified when he became a successful playwright; be began this sort of work by writing more than one single-act comedietta and dramatizing his "Children of the Ghetto." Asked by Mr. Charles Wyndham for a play, some years ago, he called and suggested the outline of his proposed plot. Mr. Wyndham surprised him by saying that he was just then rehearsing another play of which the plot was the same: it was "Rosemary." He cherishes designs, too, upon comic opera. Nor need it surprise you if one day he recurs to his earliest ambition and writes a work on psychology. It will not be a long one. Philosophy, he maintains, has always suffered because philosophers have cultivated neither literature nor humor. There is no reason why any system of philosophy should not be compressed into twenty brightly written pages. And the experiment would at least be interesting.

Zangwill is not one of the literary men whose brains run to furniture. He is not insensible to art, as readers of "Without Prejudice" will know, and he has written with keen appreciation of the Continental galleries. But to him a chair, when it is in your own room, is a thing to sit upon and write. His personal surroundings are of the simplest.

While unmarried, he lived for some years with his people in an ordinary house in a row of ordinary houses in the ordinary suburb of Kilburn. His workroom was an ordinary front room on the first floor; and when you called on him he would clear a corner of a table piled with books, pamphlets, manuscripts and other literary litter, and sit upon it and talk. There was little furniture but table, chairs and books. In this room both he and his brother Louis Zangwill did their work. In a small room at the side was a mysterious tin chest. When Zangwill felt unduly conceited or unduly depressed, he opened this tin trunk and took out a handful of the press-cuttings with which it was filled.

One cannot talk long to Zangwill without feeling that he possesses most of the most excellent characteristics of his race—tenacity, suppleness, adaptability. And the strongest impression left upon one's mind is that of intellectual agility, an agility which is so evident and so continuous that it almost tires the spectator.

Yet in the past few years we have had little from the pen of Zangwill, though certain comedies of the Ghetto have reminded us of the author of the "Bachelors' Club." But that intellectual ability has turned the former editor of *Ariel* (who thought he could do better than *Punch*) into a serious, thoughtful and rather silent man. Israel Zangwill started by hating life, went on to laugh at it, saw the sad absurdities of it, and then, I think, sat down to reconstruct it. To construct it on the basis of nationality—or rather on the basis of race. For he is a Jew, not naked of success, but unashamed, and the reply to the lady who enquired as to his Christian name—was it Isaac or Israel?—gives the clue: "I have no Christian name. My first name is Israel."

And for some years Israel Zangwill has given his energies to the making of a colony of men and women of his own race in the Holy Land, or even on the east coast of Africa, and the comic editor of *Ariel* has become the serious leader of the Zionists who look for a New Jerusalem upon this sublunary earth. He is the leader of the Zionists to-day—the Jew that won his way with laughter to the moment when he had caught attention.

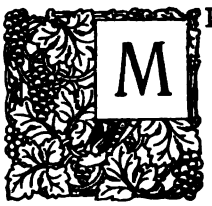
There is a certain fascination about Zangwill, in spite of his monotonous voice; when he rises to speak, the rest listen. He has a face that is redeemed from ugliness by the sheer force of intellectuality. I well remember a meeting at which Zangwill spoke for the ambitions of the Zionists, and showed his race both in speech and aspect, and with the courage that is his heritage.

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

VIII.—MRS. DOWE ENTERTAINS MISS LIVINGSTON OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER



MRS. JARED DOWE stood in the gallery watching the great red touring car containing her departing guest, Miss Lucile Livingston of New York, Colonel Dowe and his two daughters, till it disappeared in the distance. Then, with a sigh of satisfied relief, she turned and walked into the house.

Once in her comfortable rocking-chair drawn close to the open fire, Mrs. Dowe resigned herself to the solace of her own reflections and the peaceful atmosphere of her own quiet drawing-room. This was a joy not long to be hers, for scarcely was she seated when the ringing of the bell and the sound of a familiar footstep aroused her to her customary hospitable attitude. She greeted her guest with languid pleasure.

"You certainly are kind, Tillie. You always do run in to surprise me when I am alone, and it is very thoughtful of you. Your living so close does have some advantages, because your seeing so much saves me the trouble of having to tell you all about things. I knew this evening you would come as soon as you saw I was alone. I was saying to Sallie Potts, 'Don't you worry about my being lonesome. Miss Tillie Carter will watch you go and come right over.' Sallie Potts is so thoughtful, and always does think about my being lonesome.

"Of course you saw them start, Tillie, so I won't have to tell you how they looked. You saw that handsome brown broadcloth dress of Lucile Livingston. Yet, Tillie, near as you were, you could n't see that it was lined with canary-colored satin. She certainly did look distinguished. You know, Sallie Potts always wears blue, and she says she 's going to have her next blue suit lined with silk just the shade of a blue jay's wings. Is n't Sallie Potts original?

"Did you ever see Colonel Dowe looking more splendid? When I pinned a jessamine on his coat I declare I thought him quite as elegant as my dear father, and you know, Tillie, my father was always spoken of as the handsomest man in Georgia. And did n't Sallie Potts and Little Bettie in their blue suits and picture-hats look—well, I know how you always do agree with me about my beautiful girls, so I 'll not talk of them—I never do talk about my children. And then of course you saw them, so it is n't necessary to tell you they had on the suits we ordered in Atlanta, at that new tailor's. You have heard how expensive he is. Well, Tillie, confidentially, no one ever has told half the truth about how expensive he is. Even Jared was surprised when the bill

came, and you know it is n't easy to surprise him about my shopping trips. My suit did n't come—it certainly is most trying. The more you pay for clothes the less real comfort you take getting them. Ever since Miss Belle Watson moved away I have n't had a real manche-maker. Miss Belle certainly was a comfort, and it was a real pleasure to have her make you a dress, because you always saw all of your friends there, and generally heard about their new clothes, too. Going to a city tailor is mighty unpleasant, and you don't feel that they take much interest in your things, excepting when they make out the bills. You know, Tillie, I never do discuss the price of anything, so I know you don't expect me to tell you—but you do remember, Tillie, how we used to think Miss Belle Watson was extravagant. Well, would you believe me, Tillie, twice what I paid Miss Belle for that elegant heliotrope silk—the one with that beautiful hand-made fringe—you know the price of that, —and it was n't but half what those new suits of the girls cost.

"As I was saying, my dress did n't come, and even if it had, not even a new dress and dining on a private car could have made me feel equal to going out to-night. I am going to have one of my headaches—and you know, Tillie, what my headaches are. I promised Jared I would n't let it get very bad before he comes back, because Jared does enjoy taking care of me when I have a headache. He always puts eau-de-cologne on my temples and turns the light down low and sits by the sofa and takes my hand and tells me all over again about the first summer he was courting me. No, I would n't allow myself to have a bad headache if Colonel Dowe was away. I should feel, Tillie, that I was taking advantage of his absence.

"When I decided to stay at home, Lucile presented me this gold-mounted bottle of smelling-salts. Now, Tillie, was n't that a handsome thing for her to do? and it certainly did ease the pain some. Then I told Sallie Potts I knew you would run in to surprise me the moment you saw them go. Of course, you and every one else on this street saw them go.

"Well, Tillie, you know what an exciting week it has been. Entertaining nowadays is getting to be mighty complicated—with automobiles likely to stop at the gate any moment with more guests, and special trains, and private cars; and then, Tillie, the telegrams! I do believe the telegrams were the hardest part of it all. You see, it began with Colonel Dowe's telegraphing me from Montgomery that he was bringing Miss Lucile Livingston home with him. He had gone over to Montgomery to see Miss Livingston's father on business. Mr. Livingston is the President of a railroad that owns some land near here, and there is some talk of buying more land, but you know I never do talk about my husband's business. Besides, I have n't had one moment since Jared came home to find out what they are going to do, and naturally you must not expect me to discuss that. Well, Miss Livingston came South with her aunt and Miss Livingston's French maid, and they were going to stay in Montgomery a week, and then go to Pensacola to take a trip on their yacht. After seeing Colonel Dowe, Mr. Livingston decided he must go back to New York for a day, and the aunt wanted to go too. Seeing Lucile did not want to go back, naturally Jared invited her to come here and wait for her father to return. So Jared telegraphed me they were coming.

"She wrote Olive Wilson (Olive went to school with her in New York), and would you believe me, Olive Wilson telegraphed asking her to stay with her. Then Olive came over to see me, to tell me she expected Miss Livingston. I told Olive very courteously that she was to be *my* guest. Then Olive wanted her to divide her time between us. Now, Tillie, can you imagine me dividing a guest with any one—and especially

"I NEVER DID SEE SO MANY ELEGANT THINGS"

with Olive Wilson? Of course, until Jared came I did n't know how it would turn out. Sallie Potts and I certainly were worried. Then when they came and I had talked with Jared, I saw my duty plainly. Mr. Livingston had trusted his only daughter to Jared, and of course Jared could n't allow her to leave his house until her father came for her.

"One thing I am grateful for, Tillie, the French maid went back to New York with Miss Livingston's aunt, so I was spared the embarrassment of having her here too. I have lived through this week in spite of the telegrams and Olive Wilson and her dog, but a French maid, too, would have been a trial. You know, Tillie, what we all know about French maids. It 's true I have n't any sons, and Jared never does even look at any other woman; still it would have been a trial, you know, Tillie, for a woman of my refinement to have had such a person in my house. I am not suspicious, Tillie, you know that; but I should have felt that the creature had her ear to the keyhole to hear every word I said, or was leaning over the banisters or out of the window, trying to see a man. And even if she can't understand any English, still it would have been very unpleasant to have her turned loose about the place.

"Naturally I do feel it is a distinction to entertain Miss Livingston. You have heard, Tillie, I know, because yesterday I told Mrs. Perkins, confidentially, that Miss Livingston has been visiting the White House. While of course we know the President has entertained one person we could not approve of, yet not even in the South has any one ever said anything uncomplimentary about the ladies who have been his guests. But, Tillie, it has been very trying—you saw her trunks. Three of them. But you could n't know that the big one was full of dresses. The square one had nothing but hats, and the flat one was for the other things. When I think of the way they were packed and the way they are now, I almost think I could stand having the French maid come. Tillie, I never did see so many elegant things.

I do wish I could have let you see them—it certainly would have been a pleasure. But of course you know, Tillie, I could n't have showed them to you. Not even for you could I violate the sacredness of a guest's privacy. No, Tillie, I know even you could not expect me to do that! or to talk about the things I saw. But I will tell you confidentially, Tillie, she had silk petticoats and shoes and silk stockings and hats and gloves to match every costume. It certainly was a revelation of elegance.

"OLIVE ASKED ME IF I OBJECTED TO HER CLOSING THE WINDOW"

"Yesterday morning Lucile began to get telegrams. Her father was to get here Sunday evening instead of Tuesday morning; and there was Jack Perkins getting up a German for Monday night. It certainly was trying! Sallie Potts telephoned Jack, and he said they could have the German that same night. It being Saturday they could only dance until twelve o'clock. So Sallie Potts invited some of the boys and girls to come here to supper afterwards. Then she and Little Betty went down to help Jack about decorating the hall. They were no sooner gone than the telephone rang and I knew, of course, it was Olive Wilson. I happened to be in the sewing-room with the door open, and I heard Lucile say: 'Yes, Olive, come over. I am all alone; everyone else is busy.'

"So, as it was such a warm morning, I took my sewing down to the front gallery, and I was no sooner seated than I saw Olive Wilson and that disgusting dog she brought back from California last winter, coming in the gate.

"Well, as I was saying, Olive and Lucile went into the drawing-room and I heard them both making a terrible fuss over the dog. Then Olive came to the window and asked me if I objected to her closing it, because they were chilly. Now, Tillie, how could I object? So I said of course not—that I was just beginning to feel chilly myself; and I went in. In a few minutes Mary sent in some Madeira and fruit-cake. Now, Tillie, you can imagine my feelings when I saw Olive Wilson drinking father's rarest wine; but you can't know—no, nor ever will know—how I felt when she began

"GODFREY LIVINGSTON, FOLLOWED BY OLIVE, STARTED TEARING AROUND MY GARDEN LIKE MAD"

feeding my best Christmas fruit-cake to that dog! Just as I was wondering how long I could endure it, we heard a horn blow and a noise like a threshing machine coming, and Lucile exclaimed: 'Oh, Mrs. Dowe, there 's my brother Geoffrey. I forgot to say I had a telegram saying he would be here to-day instead of to-morrow.' (She always was forgetting to tell about her telegrams.)

"In another moment in came Mr. Geoffrey Livingston, and we were no sooner comfortably seated when, before I knew what had happened, that awful dog grabbed the heel of my slipper and was out of the room. And would you believe me, Tillie, Olive Wilson laughed and asked if he was n't cute. Lucile did look frightened, and Mr. Geoffrey Livingston, followed by Olive, started tearing around my garden like mad. Finally they brought my slipper back with the ribbons all chewed and wet. I certainly was too indignant for words. Of course I knew Lucile's brother would stay all day—and there was the man running the automobile: he was almost as bad as a French maid. In the South it is mighty difficult to know just what to do with white servants, when they come visiting. I was just on the point of making myself ask Olive Wilson to stay to dinner when she jumped up in that abrupt way of hers, and said she and her naughty dog must go home. She looked at Mr. Livingston when she said it, so he offered to take her in the automobile. Of course he was late to dinner, and then when he came he announced he was taking Miss Wilson to the German—and of course that meant we had to invite her to supper.

"After dinner I went out to speak to Mary about giving the chauffeur his dinner, and, Tillie, I did have a shock. There in my kitchen he, a white man, Tillie, sat at the table with the darkies, eating his dinner with them. I spoke to Mr. Livingston about it, and he laughed and said: 'Mrs. Dowe, he 's French, so he did n't worry; he likes niggers.' Well, that 's worse than anything I ever had heard about the French, and I certainly did feel Providence had taken care of my feelings when Miss Livingston's aunt took the French maid back to New York.

"Yesterday was a mighty trying day, Tillie. You know I always make the chicken-salad myself, and no one wants to go into a kitchen where a Frenchman is eating with darkies like he was one of them. So I went into the storeroom and Sallie Potts came down to help me. Sallie Potts always does help me, Tillie.

"Of course the German began early, it being Saturday night, so supper had to be early. With dinner late and with that man entertaining the servants, I did think it was as much as I could stand. Just as I was ready to start to the German with the girls—O! I forgot to tell you, Tillie, in New York a girl never goes to a party with a man alone; she must always have a chaperon. Of course I could n't go with Lucile and her escort and leave my own girls unchaperoned. You know, Tillie, I could n't ever allow them to do anything that would seem improper to my guest, even though it is the usual thing for them to do. So I decided to go with the girls and have them meet their escorts at the hall. Poor Little Betty cried all night because she had to miss the drive with Jack Perkins. It being her first German, Little Betty certainly was disappointed not to go with Jack. Sallie Potts says that just shows how silly Little Betty is. It being her first German ought to have kept her from crying, because there are plenty more to come. If it had been her last, Sallie Potts said, she would have cried with her. Sallie Potts is so sympathetic!

"AS I WAS SAYING TO SALLIE POTTS, LUCILE'S VISIT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A PLEASURE"

"Well, as I was saying, just as we were starting I smelled something burning, and when I went to see, there was Mammy asleep and all her beaten biscuits ruined; so I told Jared I would have to stay at home to see she made some more, and he must chaperon the girls. It certainly was hard on Jared. The night before he had to bring them home from Aunt Polly's, where they stayed till one, and to-day he had to drive twenty miles in the country. But naturally, even though he was tired and counting on having a quiet evening, he went with the girls and I stayed at home, and the supper was a great success.

"Everything went off beautifully, even if Little Betty and Jack Perkins did n't make up. You see he was so disappointed on not taking her that he did n't ask her to dance once, and Little Betty naturally resented it. Of course sitting together and not speaking to each other and refusing to talk to anyone else, did make their end of the table quiet. And Olive Wilson talking at the top of her voice at the other end of the table did prevent conversation there. Then Jared was so tired he went straight to bed, and you know how I always depend upon Jared at my suppers.. He does enjoy talking to young people, and I do think it is a lovely sight to see a whole table listening to Jared's stories. Last night Jared was simply too tired, and I tried to take his place. But the day had been so fatiguing I did n't feel equal to trying to talk. Besides, that 's Jared's part of the entertaining. You know, Tillie, listening to my friends' conversation is the part I always take.

"It was two o'clock when the supper was over, and the girls all had escorts to church this morning, so I let them have breakfast in bed. When they were gone, Millie and I packed as much of Lucile's trunk as we could. After church the young

men stayed to dinner, and it was five o'clock before Lucile remembered to tell us that her father's last telegram said he wanted Colonel and Mrs. Dowe, their daughters and Miss Wilson to dine with him at six-thirty in his car. He was coming on a special train to Albany, and then his car was to be attached to the regular eight-o'clock train going South. Of course that meant more confusion, and Lucile left two complete suits that I will have to pack and send to her. Yes, Tillie, it certainly has been trying, and to-night I was too tired to think of dining even on a private car with the president of a railroad and taking any pleasure in it. Then, Tillie, you saw the way my garden is ruined —even Mother's rose-bush broken. I declare it 's no wonder I am going to have a headache.

"But, as I was just saying to Sallie Potts, Lucile's visit certainly has been a pleasure, even if we did worry about being able to keep her, and if it has ruined the garden. Tillie, I do mourn over the garden. Still, Tillie, you know it has been a comfort to be able to entertain such a distinguished person so easily; it certainly has."

And Mrs. Jared Dowe, taking evident comfort from the gold-mounted smelling-bottle, drifted quietly into one of her rare silences.

ISADORA DUNCAN

HAS Psyche come again upon the earth—
The golden butterfly in human form?
Her wings we cannot see, yet still we know
That they are there though all unseen of man.
Else how could human feet dance with such joy—
So light, so swift and with such rhythmic grace?
Her body lithe revives old Grecian forms,
Until the spirit of that ancient race
Seems born again in this fair dancing maid.
The music thrills; the nymph holds us enthralled,
And draws us back to fairy-lands of Greece.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

CALIFORNIA PARADOXES

By FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY

THE stranger in California soon discovers that the difficulty of arriving at the truth about a thing is greater there than in most places. It is to be assumed that the number of constitutional liars does not exceed that of other centres of equal population, but contradictions are inherent to the environment, to the personal hallucinations of pilgrims and health-seekers, to the scenic and climatic phenomena. It must be admitted, however, that a habit of picturesque exaggeration has survived intact from the days of the "Argonauts." The Golden State had so many marvels that the beholder felt an irresistible temptation to enhance the merely commonplace and to represent the exceptional as of daily occurrence. Emerson said that "only the Yosemite justifies its brag." Happily the gigantic redwood trees have been rescued from the axe. Two veteran grapevines are within easier reach of the tourist, at San Gabriel and Carpinteria; but they are not distinctively Californian prodigies, for at Hampton Court in England an equally remarkable vine is on exhibition.

One may travel through California for a year, and outside of Chambers of Commerce see no vegetable product that is more extraordinary than certain picked specimens from farms in the Middle West. Through jars made of magnifying-glass everything assumes mammoth proportions; but huge squashes and grape-fruit stand uncovered in these exhibits as veritable witnesses. The fertility of the soil, with only half a drink, is the wonder of wonders. Grapevine roots reach down to the subsoil that lies above bedrock and retains moisture. This subsoil is the secret of California crops and the life of her beautiful, stately trees. With a moderate amount of watering the number of blooms on geraniums, heliotropes and rose-bushes in Southern California will double the output of any plant of the same species in the East.

Yet there are always contradictory conditions within a day's journey. A tomato vine may drop its fruit on the roof of a one-storied house on a cultivated slope, while the valley beyond it is bare of everything save yellow stubble, the deserted ranches along the highway showing that produce and available water have been insufficient during the summer to sustain man and beast. A shopper returning from downtown who mops her face and declares that it is "awfully hot," is quite as reliable as the man who sits reading his paper on a shady portico and glances up at the thermometer to confirm his own opinion that it is delightfully cool. Be it noted that the Weather Bureau's thermometers inspire scant respect because of their persistent defiance of public and private illusions.

In a large part of California there are no distinct seasons. This creates confusion in the mind of the newcomer, who is served with canned peas in July and fresh ones in November, and with raspberries and strawberries at Christmas, and finds lilies and roses blooming more luxuriantly in the so-called winter than in the parching summer. Decay and reproduction are seen taking place at the same time, the vegetable organism sloughing off its waste and rebuilding

itself: while one part of a tree is rusty and yellow, another part is fresh and budding. Orange blossoms often shed their perfume from the same bough with ripe oranges. The towering caps of "Old Baldy" and "Grayback" hold a snowfall above them through several days of tropical sunshine. The poet needs to change the time-honored symbolism of the withered leaf and old age, the death of the year and the mortal sleep, the spring awakening and the resurrection; there must be a continual mental readjustment to fit an environment in which the phases of the material world do not correspond with those on the other side of our continent. Even the rainy season is an uncertain proposition; it is supposed to come sometime between October and March, but rarely two years in succession does it fulfil the engagement, merely sending out an occasional showery day to prevent despair.

Whether or not there is a rainy season, there is always that capital stock in trade—the Climate. Somewhere in California magnificent weather can be found in any month of the year, but a person cannot sit in one spot for a twelvemonth and have it on tap. March, April and May are varied by fogs on and near the coast; June, July and August are blazing hot in the foothills and mountain valleys.

Climate is the High Muck-a-Muck, the Grand Panjandrum, the Dalai Lama, foremost in thought and talk on sidewalk and portico, in parlor and bedchamber. But the obvious fact that the idol does not smile with uniform benignity night and day, in the house and out of the house, on both sides of the street and at the corners, causes a loud-voiced dissatisfaction. Savage worshippers berate their god when he fails to fulfil their expectations; and this species of ingratitude is very common in California, where the weather is oftener perfect than in any other of the United States. Visitors, after a few months of surprise at the prolonged stretch of magnificent days, begin to pick flaws in these "Daughters of Time," and end by becoming weather cranks like the rest, forgetful of what they came away from in the East.

In memory of tornadoes and earthquakes that have occurred, there is a constant tendency to magnify every unpleasant symptom. A slight obscuration of the sun is called "a high fog,"—a few extra swirls of dust, a "dust storm,"—a respectable rainfall, a "cloud-burst." The desert is always an unknown quantity, a standing mystery; it figures in the popular mind as a capricious ogre, while the ocean represents a beneficent, life-giving spirit; and yet the extraordinary climate is largely due to the modifying influence of dry desert air upon moist currents of sea air. When, occasionally during a summer, the amenities of this interchange are neglected, human beings become conscious of a peculiar enervation, and delicate women suffer nervous collapse. Many who live in Riverside and Redlands become used to a baking process. Walled in by high mountains, the thermometer easily reaches 110° in the shade during the day; but the refrigeration during the night is dangerous to the sound sleeper who leaves windows and doors open.

Refugees from the heated regions of California and the torrid summer climate of the Middle West usually aim for the Pacific Coast, which is generally comfortable. Camping parties in the mountain country expect to have a rough time, and are not disappointed; they begin with a stage ride of from fifteen to forty miles from the railroad, through dust half a foot deep. A great haziness envelops these high altitudes: the only way to reach the bottom facts about them is to go and see for one's self; for the bronzed, merry campers in khaki suits and divided skirts, who return at the expiration of their holiday, will always declare that "Raspberry Canyon" or "Peri's Gulch" was "just grand!" They will make light of the want of conveniences, of tarantulas, "side-winders" and "whopper-jaws" and even of rattlesnakes; and as for the trail of poison-oak on their hands

and faces, "Why, everybody who goes to the mountains must expect to be poisoned *some;* it is not so very bad after the first few days, and it *may* not break out again next year."

Every California town possessed of climatic advantages has a millionaire clique, sometimes a surprisingly large one. A few wealthy persons have given parks and libraries, opened their own grounds to the public; but in many instances the wonder is how so much money can be represented in a community with so little effect upon general interests. The millionaires buy everything they want elsewhere; their hospitalities are limited to their own set—as is apt to be the case everywhere. As a matter of course they are figureheads to the stranger — merely a feature of the perspective. In no place is the millionaire effect upon the landscape more attractive than in little Santa Barbara. A striking antithesis is here presented: on a hillside near the sea the live-oaks part to reveal velvet terraces, shimmering fountains, bowers of orchids and roses, while on an opposite slope at the other end of the town the belfry tower of the Old Mission is outlined against the sky, and barefooted Franciscans fulfil their vow of poverty, musing over the vanity of worldly pomp and riches by the crucifix in the quaint path to the historic mausoleum.

As the millionaire set monopolizes the "swim," young girls with parents of limited means are apt to have a dull time unless they have the good luck to live in one of the larger cities. Many of them are over-educated for their social opportunities. The standard of schools and colleges is high, but the aim after graduation seems to be to conceal culture, to adapt one's self to the Conglomeration as soon as possible. After spending hundreds of dollars on music, a girl will pack away her symphonies and sonatas to play "Ragtime," and sing the love story of the "sweet little Chimpanzee" and "the King of the Cocoanut Grove." After galloping through French and German at the public schools, perhaps Latin and Greek at Berkeley or Stanford, she discovers that Pidgin English and Mexican Spanish would be far more useful in her post-marital dealings with petty tradesmen, laundrymen, drivers of vegetable carts and applicants at the back gate in general. But this is the experience of educated folk in all communities where society is not largely leavened by habits and traditions of culture. Only New England women have the everlasting grit and the traditional esteem for learning to keep up mental improvement along with household drudgery; and their bad climate helps them to do it, by removing the temptation to spend much time out of doors. Yet a great deal of reading must be done in California, notwithstanding the temptations to idleness, judging from the library reports.

The most fashionable subject of conversation save the weather is (naturally) Disease, for a great many half-sick people are sitting about with nothing to do but air themselves, and they enjoy airing their ailments as well. All through the State, in the mountains, by the sea, in the small towns, one meets these stranded men and women, wishing time away, and feeling as if a Chinese wall separated them from their distant homes. If in California for their health they are afraid to go back in winter; having stayed over one summer, they must wait until another comes. Those who have fixed no time for their return, who are merely waiting vaguely until they "get better," think longingly of the sleigh rides, the coasting, the merry return to a hot supper, the stories told by the evening fire. The wind howling around the corners of the house would come back like a strain of sweet music, if it brought with it the old independence of weather. The profusion of Gold of Ophir and American Beauty roses cannot begin to compensate for that glorious, lost freedom. The hybiscus flowers open one by one their flaming chalices only to shrivel into the oblivion of withered scrolls to-morrow; others will bloom in their places.

The mocking-bird that nests in the jessamine vine has some ravishing notes; but suddenly his sweet, untrammelled voice awakens an untamable regret in the soul of the stranger, for that "first fine careless rapture" of the young human being, which perished under the discipline of the nursery, never to be revived. The listener feels like running away from the mocking-bird's song, to make somebody happy, for the last stronghold of the fugitive happiness is in the impersonal; but this chance too often eludes the California exile, for there are few abjectly poor people to help: the army of tourists rushes by at a frantic speed and the residents suffice unto themselves. A wistful expression settles upon some faces. The caretaker of a show place commanding a view of the grand San Bernardino chain of mountains and its exquisite valley has grown weary of the vision. "I would n't give two squares of Philadelphia for the whole of it!" he remarked to one enthusiastic visitor among the perfumed bowers and orange groves of his domain.

A bright New England woman of the old stock has lived among the foothills of San Diego County for thirty years. She and her husband were pioneers there, hoping to make a fortune by raising bees. They were disappointed, but she did her part nobly to her family and neighbors. Still keen for books, for ideas, for the exploitation of theories, she feels her limitations, and longs to return to Massachusetts, especially to her early home, Martha's Vineyard. The convenient season for such a visit never offers; perhaps it never will in this phase, for her hair is whitening now, the years are bowing her shoulders. But—who knows? Once her "spirit loosed upon the air," before she hears the summons to "go up higher," it may be endued with the power to seek the twisted pine trees of a windswept isle in the Atlantic, dearer than all the fronded palms of the Pacific Coast. The lamp in the lighthouse tower would guide her into port. No one would see her pass through the apple orchard; she would know where to find the gabled roof, the attic chamber of her dreaming girlhood—become the vestibule of heaven at last, the first of the Father's "many mansions" to receive the long-banished child.

As few statements can be made about California that are not susceptible of direct contradiction from some other standpoint, this is the place to say that this foothill pioneer is exceptional; she has the Puritan tenacity. Discontent, homesickness pertain mostly to the first two or three years. After that term, refugees, whether for health or business, became more or less westernized, made over by degrees into a new spirit: they become rooted like the palms and pepper trees which were foreigners once. California, with her balmy air and warm sunshine, has a more powerful grip than any other State in the Union. Aliens once subjected to it become indistinguishable from natives; in fact, the tourist meets relatively few natives, and almost every printed column descriptive of Californians in reality deals with natives of other States and countries who are residing in California.

Is it worth while to spend several years in California at a pecuniary sacrifice, for the sake of improving the health? Hundreds—nay, thousands—will attest that catarrhal affections are seldom benefited, that the extremely dry climates of the West are almost as unfavorable to them as the damp, rainy ones of the East. Redlands, the dry place *par excellence* in California, has engendered many cases of catarrh of the nose, throat and ears among the public-school children—a fact well-known to specialists in that town. The membrane has to adjust itself to great changes in every twenty-four hours—to the difference between night and day, the house and the street, the sun and the shade. A six months' drought necessarily charges the air with innumerable irritating particles of dust, even where the thoroughfares are sprinkled, or

oiled. Yet, although colds are very prevalent, there are no grippe epidemics; and the catarrhal sensitive gains this much, that the winter will not be spent indoors recovering from the effects of that dangerous disease. Pneumonia, however, is not uncommon. The truth is that California resembles every other region in being better for the healthy than for the delicate; and yet, with the usual paradox, if the visitor has passed the stage of mere delicacy, and is on the awful road to consumptive decay, there is always a chance that the Southern California climate may effect a cure, or at least retard the progress of the disease. The tourist actually meets a few persons who declare themselves "cured," although they can only go East for an occasional summer. The mystery remains unsolved: Why is a climate that is bad for catarrh, good for consumption? This secret is well kept by the germ family.

One thing should never be forgotten—*viz.*, that there is a great dread of consumptives and a marked indisposition to harbor them. Withal, they do get in, not only at hospitals and sanitariums, but at hotels, lodgings and private boarding-houses, money being the "open sesame." The State probably has a larger revenue from the crop of consumptives than from the grape or the orange crop. Sufferers of this kind need to come, not only with an ample bank-account, but in company with a friend or relative who will do the prospecting, board-hunting, etc., keeping them in the background as much as possible. It is supreme folly to go out there poor and alone, obliged to resort to a fifty-cent room at a third-rate hotel, or to go at so late a stage of the disease that a hemorrhage may occur in the railroad station.

No one would take the responsibility of stopping the medical crusade against the *bacillus tuberculosis*, but it becomes apparent to the Western traveller that if the malady were as contagious as modern science declares it, California, Arizona, Texas and Colorado would be decimated every year, instead of increasing in population all the time. John Chinaman has a terse way of expressing his conclusions: "No catchee consumption. Ev'y man get his own consumption. He take cold: if he lich man he live two or flee year, if he poor man he live one."

However salutary the medical verdict and precautions may be, the most noticeable effect, so far, is the annoyance and inconvenience to persons who have not, and never will have, tuberculosis. In the Western States, the average health-seeker from the East coughs from asthma, bronchitis or catarrh, not from tuberculosis; but the distinction cannot be made in a hurry by observers, hence all who cough are suspects, and most of the better class of boarding-houses close their doors upon them. It is risky to clear one's throat while applying for board in some places.

Both in summer and winter delicate persons will find in the town of San Diego the most equable temperature on the continent. A beautiful view will greet their eyes from the hilltops, a good Carnegie Library will afford material for thought. The San Diegans will discourse eloquently to them about the grandeur of their city *in futuro*, when the present generation will be as silent as the Franciscan Fathers who settled in "Mission Valley" before the river retired six feet below ground. Did ever a fine harbor call to advancing civilization in vain? Once the Panama Canal completed, say they, this port will be nearer the Orient by six hundred miles than any other; great shipyards will be built on the now deserted wharves, and incoming wealth will tap the mountain-sides for an efficient water supply, the crying need of the present. The jealousy of Los Angeles, the neighboring big city, is perfectly natural. Smaller towns have always been proud of San Francisco as the incarnation of far Western enterprise; but the prosperity of Los Angeles, their second city, is viewed with but little sympathy. They will not admit that for an all-the-year residence, in spite of

occasional fogs, Los Angeles has the most enjoyable climate in California, save that of San Diego; it is rarely uncomfortably cold in winter, and only oppressively warm for a few days at a time in summer. But for the disorganized state of domestic service, it would be an elect home for persons of means. Every avenue of trade is open and crowded with competitors; all the material, social and psychic "fads" of the world, from modern New York and London back to ancient India and Egypt, flourish along its highways and byways. Progress nowadays always includes the remote Past. In this brilliant Californian city which has sprung up by magic between the mountains and the sea, a truly progressive and retrogressive woman may have her nose remodelled, if she wishes, her hair blondined, her skin changed, her double chin made single, her bones X-rayed. She can have her palm read by a genuine Gypsy Queen from Spain, her horoscope cast by astrologers, her mind turned inside out by clairvoyants, her grandfather's spook captured by spirit photographers. If Allopathy, Homeopathy and Hydropathy prove ineffectual as a cure, Osteopathy is ready to take their place. If that is rather slow in its effects, there are Static, Sporadic and Galvanic Electricity, the Short Circuit, Naturopathy, Mechanical Vibration, Hœmospasia, Helminthology and Chiro-Practice. When all else fails, she can repair to a learned, blue-gowned Chinese practitioner who will prescribe his potent herb teas after a pulse diagnosis, without impertinent questions. Lastly, there is Christian Science—which dispenses with all of the aforesaid. She can pay her money and take her choice.

The Concord sage has reminded us that we must "learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting." A lasting Californian spirit is discoverable through all changes. Let no one infer, because gambling and betting on races are popular in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and because the Sunday theatres are largely patronized, that the churches have no influence. On the contrary it is as difficult to find a seat in one of the large churches on a festival occasion, as it is to get one at a first-class theatre without engaging it in advance. Clergymen gifted with insight, eloquence and broadness of mind draw large audiences every Sunday; they are valued not because of their cloth, but in spite of it. Men and women are not weary of being lifted out of their material selves to a recognition of higher potencies: they are only weary of dogmatism and theology. There is less patience with the hidebound and the outworn in California than there is in the Eastern States. The moral standard impresses a newcomer as being lower, but there is less pretension, less hypocrisy, the public is truer to what it professes to believe. There is a strong appetite for the scandalous: one millionaire or another has a suit on hand to determine the status and assort the claims of his various wives and children, and the papers reek with testimony that to say the least is unfavorable to human nature; but it is a noticeable fact that public sentiment keeps on the side of inherent justice. The rich but guilty defendant finds no apologists for ill-treating a good, faithful wife. He is called "an old rip," "a close-fisted cuss," "a great scamp," and his opinions in the neighborhood of his residence are counted of less value than those of an honest rancher who may be working the adjoining acres in shirt-sleeves, and washing his hands at the kitchen sink.

In the East, money is a quality in itself—one that lends a roseate glow to its possessor; his virtues are magnified, his faults condoned: whatever he may be intrinsically, he is admired and courted. It is not so in California; there, too, wealth is regarded as the highest earthly good, and the multitude is eager in the chase for it; but the winner is merely a "lucky fellow," his "find" of gold remains outside of his personality. This estimate is another survival from the standards of

the first settlers. Along with the undisguised contempt for a bad rich man there is a spirit of toleration for delinquents who are honestly trying to rise again after a serious fall, a deviation from the path of honor. In the early days of the State, if an offender against the common sense of justice was not shot, strung up or stabbed on the spot, if he was allowed another chance, the probability was that a few years of decent behavior on his part, an evident intention to amend his ways, would gradually restore him to public favor, until finally he was considered as good as anybody. Resolute manhood conquers in California, which is still the most favorable place for outliving a mistaken past, the point that offers the least resistance. We recognize something great in this spirit of generosity when seen in frail humanity.

Travellers may leave California with a feeling of dissatisfaction, disappointment, for one reason or another, but its grip is upon them nevertheless; some day they will return, if they can, and meanwhile they will look back regretfully to features of its life and climate that cannot be enjoyed in the East. Primeval man knew nothing of houses; and his descendants retain subjectively a leaning towards an out-of-door life and a climate that permits it. The artificial charms of civilization never wholly counteract this bias.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR

By H. W. BOYNTON

IN the Preface of his Life of Keats* Mr. Hancock asserts: "It is possible for biography sometimes to attain the dramatic vitality of fiction." He has evidently tried to realize this possibility, and to that end he has employed a style of conscious vividness and picturesqueness. His horror of being academic leads him in the direction of a journalistic terseness and brusqueness. He has an admirable sense of what may be left out; but the pithiness of his narrative does not really consist in the brevity of his sentences. He has tried "to conceive of Keats as the protagonist of a domestic drama, . . . to select the significant moments, to reproduce the authentic local color of his daily life and to make him live, in a world of good cheer and vexation, as a vivid reality." Keats yet stands in special need of this kind of interpretation; for the common impression that he was a poet of languid sensuousness, and a man of weak and effeminate nature, yet persists. The testimony of critics like Lord Houghton, Arnold and Lowell—has scotched, not killed it. Gifford's politically inspired flaying of the poet, Byron's brutal sneer at the weakling who could be "snuffed out by an article," the famous whining inscription on his tombstone, have kept alive the unworthy tradition of him. Even Arnold cheerfully passes on Haydon's canard that Keats was once drunk for six weeks at a stretch. Mr. Hancock's evidence as a whole

* John Keats. By Albert E. Hancock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

obviously justifies the indignation with which his pen is tipped in the discussion of these matters. He does not try to make Keats out a marvel of staidness and consistency in the conduct of that youthful experience which alone was vouchsafed him, but he makes clear that in the ordinary relations he was a normal and healthy member of society. Though a little man, he once thrashed a butcher in a blind alley, after a tussle of an hour. He had a strong family affection, and was especially devoted to his little sister. His nickname among his friends was "Junkets." He was as fond of nonsense as a healthy boy ought to be. "The Keats that Hunt and Brown and Severn knew was a gifted young man who jested, drank claret, cut cards for half-guineas, accompanied them to the theatre. Usually he was gracious and sweet-tempered, sometimes tempestuous. Occasionally he went off by himself and wrote verses." Of the Fanny Brawne relation Mr. Hancock writes with a good deal of warmth. He calls attention to the indisputable fact that Keats wrote much of his best poetry while in the toils of this "enervating" passion. As it happens, an interesting document in this connection is forthcoming. That famous love-letter from which Matthew Arnold quoted is, it seems, in the possession of Haverford College, and is reproduced in this book facsimile. Arnold's judgment of it is perhaps too well-known. It had "the abandonment of all reticence and of all dignity, of the merely sensuous man, of the man who 'is passion's slave'." Nay, it was "the sort of love-letter of a surgeon's apprentice which one might hear read out in a breach-of-promise case or in the Divorce Court." Mr. Hancock indignantly denies the allegation and is pretty sharp with "the critic of the academic gown." But it must be admitted that the document here placed in evidence will seem to most readers to bear out Arnold's opinion. It is absurd to compare its abandonment with that of the "Vita Nuova." Enervation is expressed here, not as a total condition, but certainly as a familiar mood. Mr. Hancock himself says: "He was yielding to love in life just as he yielded to love in poetry. It was 'an ardent listlessness,' a luxury of enjoyment in repose." The truth is Keats's mind had its common side, and his spirit had its flaccid moments. Voluptuous self-abandonment to sleep or death or love is a favorite theme. However, Arnold recognized in him not only sensuousness, but "elements of high character." He was not made for domestic life, and loved his Fanny better at a distance: he could then fancy her the perfect being of his romantic dream. It is well that they could not marry; well in particular that she—poor worldly commonplace little Fanny—did not have to pay the full price of her limitations. She seems to have had, at all events, a faithful heart.

But this is quite as much a book of criticism as of biography, and it is criticism of unusual quality. Mr. Hancock's discussion of the Keats philosophy and his analyses of the longer poems strongly urge the acceptance of the later poetry as a mature achievement, and not merely a promise. After Arnold he uses the word "Shakespearean" to suggest the quality of Keats's highest performance: its "natural magic." But it is not suggested that he would ever have achieved anything like the Shakespearean breadth of power. He was a dreamer, not a maker: "He stands somewhere in remote space delivering oracular images of beauty; an intermediary between us and the invisible beyond."

On the whole it seems that Keats's lapses of taste—there are more of them in the letters than in the poems—were due less to lack of breeding than to lack of humor. For instance, here is a passage from one of his letters which is quoted neither by Arnold nor the present critic: "Talking of Pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the

other holding to my mouth a Nectarine—Good God how fine! It went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious embonpoint melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." This is like a child who gulps and smacks his lips, not yet having learned the absurdity of bad manners. In his lack of humor as in several other respects, Keats was more Miltonic than Shakespearean.

No more delightful letters than these of Lear's* have been published for a long time. It is pleasant to know that they are only an instalment of what we may expect; they end with the year 1864, and the painter-humorist lived nearly a quarter-century after that. Indeed, Lady Strachey intimates that more may be looked for, "should this series be found of interest to the public." The cautious form of this promise seems rather amusingly unnecessary. Surely these letters will be received with joy by the considerable remnant of "the reading public" which does not absolutely confine itself to fiction. In one library, at least, this portly volume has made its way at once to the shelf which holds Walpole and Gray and Cowper and Lamb and FitzGerald.

The book will perform an important minor office by, in a sense, clearing the memory of Edward Lear. The general impression of him (if there is any general impression) would be of a good-natured but somewhat fatuous Britisher who spent most of his time inventing absurd limericks and illustrating them with conscious but by no means deliberate crudeness. But Edward Lear was an almost incredibly hard-working and more than ordinarily successful landscape painter, who led a most interesting life, and was the intimate of many of the most distinguished persons of his day. That day was the day which we now incline to dispose of with a slight smile as "mid-Victorian." The situation of Lear giving drawing-lessons to the Queen (as he did at one time) and being blandly patronized by her, has a humorous aspect not recorded by him. But if evidence were needed to prove that that was not an age altogether compact of middle-class taste overlaid with a feeble romanticism, these letters would supply it. Lear's humor is of that riper sort which is allied to sadness; but there is not a trace of sentimentalism in him. Complaints of his own lot or momentary experience always end in outbursts of good-humored self-ridicule; there was not a particle of bitterness in him toward himself or others. And yet he was not at all what is known as a "good-natured" man. He was of the irritable tribe, and he was obviously not of the enviable few who find their work and their play the same thing. "No life," he wrote at fifty, "is more *shocking* to me than the sitting motionless like a petrified gorilla as to my body and limbs hour after hour—my hand meanwhile peck, peck, pecking at billions of little dots and lines, while my mind is fretting and fuming through every minute of the weary day's work." The truth seems to be that painting, although it was his life-work, and although it was successful, was less a product of his inspiration than his byplay of humor was. By way of offset, his humor was free from the danger of the overstrain to which professional humorists are liable. His letters are better fun than his nonsense books. His system of perverting and misspelling words is an art in itself: "Go and see the Flower-show, delilahs, high-derangers, and what not." He has a habit of giving the most incongruous bits of news in the same breath, with an air of perfect ingenuousness which is perhaps not wholly feigned. "The religious world bubbles and frizzes, and it is now said that the Athanasian Creed is to be repeated always before dinner in all godly houses—and sometimes afterwards also. One of the Hyaenas

*The Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey. Duffield & Co.

at the Zoological is dead, and one of the Giraffes has brought forth a puppy, I mean a calf, that is a giraffino. . . . A large and unpleasantly odorous black cat has adorned our doorsteps for five days, but that is not wonderful, only sad. Thomas Woolner has taken a house in Welbeck St. and Palgrave the poet has gone to live with him." Lear and Tennyson were very great friends, and Lear had a strong regard for Lady Tennyson. After one of his visits at Farringford he writes: "I should think, computing moderately, that fifteen angels, several hundred of ordinary women, many philosophers, a heap of truly wise and kind mothers, three or four minor prophets, and a lot of doctors and school-mistresses might all be boiled down, and yet their combined essence falls short of what Emily Tennyson really is." His letters to Fortescue ("40 scue") are full of such bulletins as: "A. Tennyson has written two more poems, one I hear is a dialogue between a gent and a lady." Or: "A. Tennyson has written an im: & also a small pome." It was his ambition for years to illustrate Tennyson's poems, and he actually thought of a series of two hundred and fifty pictures. A good many of them he actually drew, and Tennyson eventually caused to be printed a small edition of a volume called "Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Illustrated by Edward Lear," which contains twenty-two illustrations. Two of them are reproduced in this book.

There is a quality in the intimate letters of Britons like Cowper and FitzGerald and Lear which we must admit to be almost or quite undiscoverable in similar work of our own —an overflow of humor without self-consciousness. Lear's facetiousness does not obscure this quality in him; it is the mere froth upon the bubbling stream of his humorous fancy, and his fancy seeks to please itself. Now whatever may be said for American humor, unconsciousness of the gallery is not one of its virtues. Lowell always sparkled from a platform, and even Holmes, spontaneous and unquenchable as his humorous impulse was, had always a twinkling eye upon the pleased faces of his constituency. Aldrich's earlier letters, though always amusing, often strike one as a little labored and facetious. Later, with the refining and mellowing of his nature, most of this self-consciousness seems to drop away, and the humor to well up from some kindly spring without the services of any sort of pump. "I was fifty-nine yesterday. It is unpleasant to be fifty-nine; but it would be unpleasanter not to be, having got started." And a year later: "Who but Wordsworth could have taught Watson [William Watson] such a word as 'prehensile'? That 's Wordsworth down to the very roots. I can fancy the old gentleman saying it, his face beaming with that expression of yearning for milk which one finds in all his portraits." The body of letters included in Mr. Greenslet's Life of Aldrich do not suggest, as Lear's do, the emergence of a new classic among letter-writers, but they are of sufficient intrinsic charm to inspire the hope that more of them may be printed in due time.

There are few tasks more delicate than the writing of an "official biography." The distinguished man is recently dead. Persons survive him whose sensibilities are raw to the least touch of adverse opinion. The public in general cherishes that *nil nisi bonum* sentiment which is its easy tribute to the recently departed. Yet the recency of the bereavement is the publisher's opportunity. He must take his tide at the flood like other people. From his point of view the most acceptable thing would be a sort of extended obituary, adorned by such letters to and from the deceased as might enhance the impression of his merit. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Greenslet has had the free hand which mere lapse of time will give the possible biographer of Aldrich* a decade or two hence.

* The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. By Ferris Greenslet. Houghton, Mifflin.

Such a book as this must be occasional rather than final. All the more credit to the pioneer biographer for having steered clear of fatuity. Whatever suggestion of obituary amenity there may be in his presentation of the man, there is no gingerliness in his critical attitude toward the writer. The final chapter (like the final chapter of his Life of Lowell) presents an extraordinarily acute and just estimate of the actual literary achievement to be considered. "He was of the Flauberts, not of the Balzacs; his prose was the prose of talent rather than of genius; but it would be hard to find an English author who has made more of his native endowment." He was of those who practise and exalt the labor of the file, writing laboriously and revising endlessly. The end of it all, so far as his prose is concerned, can only be considered a partial payment for the labor involved. Mr. Greenslet has an interesting theory that the merit of Aldrich's prose, apart from its purity of form, lies in its poetic inspiration. His best prose, in short, "is touched with the breath of poesy." This is not, after all, much of a recommendation for prose, and the critic owns that in writing of Aldrich's, "however one may admire it, one is always a little conscious of putting one's best foot foremost." He passes with obvious relief to the discussion of Aldrich's poetry. Here, however, his attitude is equally discriminating, unless it be in his commendation of a blank verse hopelessly damned, as blank verse must be, by its lack of supreme merit. Blank verse is everything or nothing—and Aldrich's is not everything. Otherwise the biographer is safe in recognizing Aldrich's own self-criticism as well-nigh infallible. He gives some interesting data in connection with the poet's habit of revision and excision, and cites the "Poems and Sonnets" as of 1906 as containing the pure virtues of the poet. Those virtues are melody, gaiety, fancy. "For those who love poetry as a fine art," concludes Mr. Greenslet, "who read it for pure delight, his place in our literature is unique and secure."

Another new biography which has naturally something of the memorial or obituary character is Dr. Nicoll's Life of John Watson ("Ian Maclaren").* It will be recalled that Dr. Watson died in America less than two years ago. The circumstances of his presence here were characteristic. He was then in his fifty-seventh year. He had recently resigned from an important Presbyterian pastorate in Liverpool, which he had held for a quarter-century. He was then apparently at the prime of his power, but felt his strength flagging, and chose to give up his charge rather than take the chance of becoming a burden upon it. He planned a long rest, but before long had been persuaded to accept the Presidency of the National Free Church Council, and the Principalship of Westminster College, Cambridge. He had already lectured in America with great success, and now undertook another tour by way of rest before assuming his new duties. His first tour here had been made in the rôle of literary lion, in the early furor of his popularity as author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." But the figure that confronted his American audiences was not that of the complacent and beaming author who has made a hit, but of the sturdy divine, a little amused, a little impatient even, at the fuss made over a mere by-product of his busy hand. Dr. Nicoll makes it very clear that John Watson had no ambition for the career of a man of letters. Early in life he had become familiar with the rustic types which he loved to describe and imitate for the amusement of his friends. It was Dr. Nicoll himself who urged him to put them in black and white. Watson finally set himself to it, and after one or two unsuccessful experiments, which were

*A Life of Ian Maclaren. By W. Robertson Nicoll. Dodd, Mead & Co.

promptly condemned by his adviser, fairly "struck his gait," and the result was "The Bonnie Brier Bush." The book was by no means "flung off," but, according to his own account, was written with a care not to be exceeded by a Stevenson or an Aldrich. Of his early stories he says: "Each one was turned over in my mind for months before I put pen to paper. It took a prodigious amount of labor before I even had a story formed in my head. Then I blocked it out at one sitting. Then the thing was put aside while I went over and over in my mind each detail, each line of dialogue, each touch of description, determining on the proper place, attitude, share, color and quality of each bit, so that the whole might in the end be a unit, and not a bundle of parts. By and by came the actual writing with the revision and the correction which accompanies and follows. The actual composition of the 'Brier Bush' occupied fifteen months."

This is the method of a full-fledged literary artist; but his huge success apparently did not tempt him in the least to devote himself to writing as a profession. He did not find time or impulse to write with the same pains in his later work, and it showed a gradual waning in freshness and power. So he wrote no more stories; his life-work was that of a speaker and a doer. It is interesting to know, on the biographer's authority, that in his fiction Watson was a conscious sentimentalist. He admitted to a friend "that if he were to depict some phases of rural life, as he had known it, 'The House with the Green Shutters' would have been considered, in comparison, a flattering portrait." "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The House with the Green Shutters" certainly represent the two sides of the shield; there is truth in each, but the whole truth in neither; but it is good for the world, on the whole, that it finds a more profitable art in "The Vicar of Wakefield" than in the most skilfully worded police report.

One cannot, at all events, quite imagine John Watson, even in his "state" of Ian Maclaren, becoming hysterical over his own pathos. The sentimentalism of Dickens seems to have been less a matter of method than of instinct. This fact is made particularly clear in the course of the latest biography of him.* Mr. Kitton is an enthusiast; he could not be more offensively panegyrical if Dickens had died last week. Unfortunately he has very little humor, and a great knack at quoting the passages from Dickens's letters, and dwelling upon the incidents of his career, which idolaters might choose to ignore. Among such data are a series of passages in which Dickens describes with gusto the dolorous symptoms with which his own pathos afflicts him. He was the first to weep over the death of Little Nell (who was slain for literary considerations at the suggestion of Forster). He spent the night after Paul Dombey's death wandering "desolate and sad" about the streets of Paris. As he is finishing "The Chimes," he writes to Forster: "This book . . . has made my face white in a foreign land. My cheeks, which were beginning to fill out, have sunk again; my eyes have grown immensely large; my hair is very lank, and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part, twice. I would n't write it twice, for something." When he has finished the story, he has "what women call a real good cry"; and has to keep himself locked up for a while, as his face "was swollen for a time to twice its proper size, and was hugely ridiculous." But he really does not think the situation ridiculous. This is the very luxury of grief: he is proud of his sensibility, and does not perceive that to be able to lift oneself emotionally by one's own bootstraps is not a lofty achievement. However, he lifted the rest of the world also. That grim censor, Lord Jeffrey, waxes almost hysterical in

* Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings and Personality. By Frederick G. Kitton. D. Appleton & Co.

his praises: "Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I can never bless and love you enough. Since the divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room." And Thackeray, Dickens's great fellow-sentimentalist, exclaimed: "There 's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous." It was some years later that Thackeray produced his own death-bed masterpiece in the passing of Colonel Newcome. Pathos stood at a high figure in that day. Ah, well, it is not to be proved that our own habitual dryness of the eye is matter for congratulation: no doubt it is due to a changed taste, rather than to fact, that our thoughts or our natures are too deep for tears.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

Mr. Benson's "At Large"

I HAVE found considerable entertainment, lately, in looking through certain books previously read in another form—books already familiar to the readers of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, though unknown to the rest of the world till they reappeared in the dignity of larger type and stouter covers. There is getting to be a brave array of them—some grave, some gay, some combining gaiety and gravity in reasonable proportions. In the latter category first place should perhaps be given to Mr. Arthur C. Benson's "At Large"—a dozen informal discourses much in the manner of the "Roundabout Papers." It is a long while since I last read Thackeray's random talks from the *Cornhill*, but my recollection is that a playful note is struck in them oftener than the deeper chords, though these are sounded not infrequently. In Mr. Benson's essays, the prevalent tone is serious, though now and then the page is enlivened by a delicately humorous observation, or an amusing anecdote well told. On the whole, they stand very well the test of consecutive and continuous reading, though primarily intended to be taken up at monthly intervals. The range is wide, but the essayist keeps well on his feet even when treading difficult if not dangerous ground.

Lady Ritchie's "Blackstick Papers"

Forty-five years after the appearance of the "Roundabout Papers," Thackeray's daughter, now Lady Ritchie, reprints from the same magazine (and in part from the CRITIC and PUTNAM'S) a collection of disconnected essays called "The Blackstick Papers." To the old readers of this magazine, it is unnecessary to speak of the charm of her occasional papers, which reflect on every page the grace of the author's personality. To no recent volume of the same general character could the tern machine-made be less appropriately applied than to this; for Lady Ritchie writes only when the spirit moves, and revises all her work with painstaking and artistic care. Since the first appearance,

in periodical form, of the earliest of the essays in this by no means bulky volume, long years have elapsed. One can only hope that the interval between this and her next book will be much briefer.

Miss French's "House Dignified"

Essays of a very different character are to be found in Miss Lillie Hamilton French's "House Dignified"; for the author's purpose is neither moral suasion nor intellectual amusement, but practical instruction. Her motive, positively stated, is to teach the rich what to do, in building and decorating their houses in town or country,—to show them what the desirable possibilities are, by showing them what others have done. Negatively stated, it is to reveal to the wealthy the pitfalls that infest their path, by holding up warning examples of the atrocities committed in the names of Architecture and Art. But the good and the beautiful are dwelt upon with far more emphasis than the bad and the ugly; and the author shows a rare capacity for waxing enthusiastic, not to say dithyrambic, over the results achieved by home-makers with fathomless purses, who have turned their sordid cash into objects, large or small, that command the approval of a cultivated taste. Midas cannot go far wrong in building his Golden House, so long as he has the text and illustrations of this handsome book to guide him.

A Mountain Romance

Miss MacGowan's story of the Tennessee hills, in which she has had the collaboration of her sister Mrs. Cooke, is a powerful tale of one of those backwaters of civilization that abound in the region where she lays her scene. Her heroine is a handsome, full-blooded child of nature, largely a law unto herself; and the other characters, male and female, young and old and middle-aged, are equally typical of the time and place—even the cool-headed hero, with his fancied call to civilize his atavistic, feud-loving neighbors. Though the dominant note in this story is profoundly serious, the author's sense of humor is too keen and strong to be wholly subdued by what it works in—if, indeed, any story worth telling be really free from amusing adjunct or impediment; hence, there are lighter touches here as good in their way as the most dramatic scenes.

The Heart of a Woman

In strong contrast to this wholly American story is Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Heart of a Geisha." That the author knows Japan at first hand is obvious to any reader of this novelette. That she knows the heart of a woman is equally obvious, and more to the point. Her heroine saves the life of her lover by a bewildering, maddening dance, and so vividly is the scene described that one is convinced of its possibility, if not its actuality. That the aristocratic hero—one of the pioneers in the modern regeneration of his country—should afterwards marry the dancing-girl was a foregone conclusion, anomalous as the situation seemed to outsiders unacquainted with the facts. Mrs. Fraser has done no better work in fiction than this moving and dramatic little tale; nor, be it said in passing, one more daintily printed and bound.

These five works, with Mr. Lighton's Western romance, "The Shadow of a Great Rock," Jennette Lee's "The Ibsen Secret" and "The Emily Emmins Papers" of Miss Carolyn Wells, constitute this magazine's contribution to the book literature of the past year or so. Other volumes, as varied in character, derived from the same source, will follow at no long interval.

The Art of William Blake

On picking up a new book containing reproductions of a number of Blake's pictures, one almost inevitably reflects on the desirability that there should be published some work containing each and all of them. With this thought in mind, the reader

is interested to find in the opening paragraph of Elisabeth Luther Cary's "Art of William Blake" an emphatic statement that such a work is of prime importance—coupled with an expression of the writer's assurance that it is bound to appear in time, under the auspices of some society of art-lovers. In the meantime we welcome Miss Cary's interesting contribution to the ever-growing library of books about Blake. That she is an admirer of the poet-painter's genius need not be stated. The book's existence sufficiently attests the fact. That she is a sound and accomplished critic is well-known. It remains only to add that she has made a very discriminating selection from the great mass of material available for reproduction in illustration of her commentary.

Josiah Flynt's Confession

When he was writing the story of his life, Josiah Flynt always spoke of it as his "confession"; and such it truly is. Nothing, seemingly, is exaggerated, and naught set down in malice—even against himself. It is not a formal autobiography, but a setting-forth of such incidents and experiences as best revealed the writer to himself. These are such as best reveal him to the reader also, for the author of "Tramping with Tramps" was able to regard himself with notable detachment. His faults, his failings, even his offences against the law, when the law was wholly right and he himself utterly in the wrong, are set down coolly and deliberately, without giving the impression that the "confessor" is writing for effect. Let no one gather that the book is gloomy or morbid reading. Far from it. In his brief and unique career, Flynt (whose real name was Willard) became acquainted with more than one phase of life, and saw much of Europe as well as of his own country. His story is of unusual interest as a human document (though the phrase itself is getting to be rather overworked); and it is most interestingly supplemented by "appreciations" from such intimate friends and accomplished writers as Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Alfred Hodder (who died only a few weeks after Flynt himself passed away) and Miss Emily M. Burbank, and "a final word" of biography by the autobiographer's cousin, Mr. Bannister Merwin.

In Quest of the Beyond

Flynt's life was spent in a futile quest for the Beyond, and he warns all his readers against engaging in a similar pursuit. The warning will be heeded only by those who do not need it. It will pass by all who, like Flynt himself, are born with the *Wanderlust* tingling in their blood. "He was born," says Mr. Symons, "with the soul of a vagabond, into a family of gentle, exquisitely refined people: he was born so, that is all." "I fancy he never read [books] except when he was ill," writes Mr. Hodder. "His book was the man in the street; any man, in any street; policeman, cabby, convict, or man of gentle breeding." "He knew and understood the ways of men," Miss Burbank tells us, "and had the gift of words; but when he wrote for publication his imagination seemed chained to earth. . . . Then, too, it must be remembered that Flynt was the tramp writing, not the writer tramping." Mr. Symons describes his style as "too literal for art, and not quite literal enough for science." He wrote a good pedestrian prose, however, and contrived to turn out a number of books essentially different from other people's.

Flynt's face fitted his character and habits far better than his Christian name: he was the last man that one would think of calling Josiah. His eyes had a noticeably furtive expression. He was well aware of the fact, and explained it by pointing out that in his tramp days he had had to watch policemen and constables without letting them know it, while later in life he had been compelled to watch tramps and crooks without letting them suspect he was observing them.

The Lounger

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD assures me that he was not murdered by hostile Indians in the wilderness north of Winnipeg, as reported some weeks ago. Some of his Indian guides got in a "mix-up" and one of them came within an ace of being gathered to his fathers, and the rumor of Mr. Curwood's own death was based upon this fact; so, after all, it had a more substantial basis than half the rumors that are circulated nowadays. Had the report been correct, it would have meant a very untimely end, as Mr. Curwood is still a young man. Since he gave up local newspaper work in Detroit, his home city, he has been a very industrious contributor to the magazines, and will have a long list of books to his credit before he is many years older. His eye-opening series of papers on the Great Lakes, which ran serially in PUTNAM'S AND THE READER, will appear in permanent form in the near future; and he has already brought out "The Courage of Captain Plum," a novel more or less in the Rex Beach manner, in which he makes use of the incidents in a curious Mormon chapter of Michigan history; and "The Wolf-Hunters," the first of a series of Hudson Bay stories of adventure for boys.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD IN THE WILDERNESS

Mr. John Fox, Jr., has been a successful writer ever since he began his literary career, but nothing that he has ever written has met with the instantaneous success of his latest book, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The first edition numbered 100,000 copies. There are not more than half a dozen writers in the English-speaking world who have had such first editions. Mr. Fox is to be congratulated; and so is the reading public, for knowing a good story when it sees it.

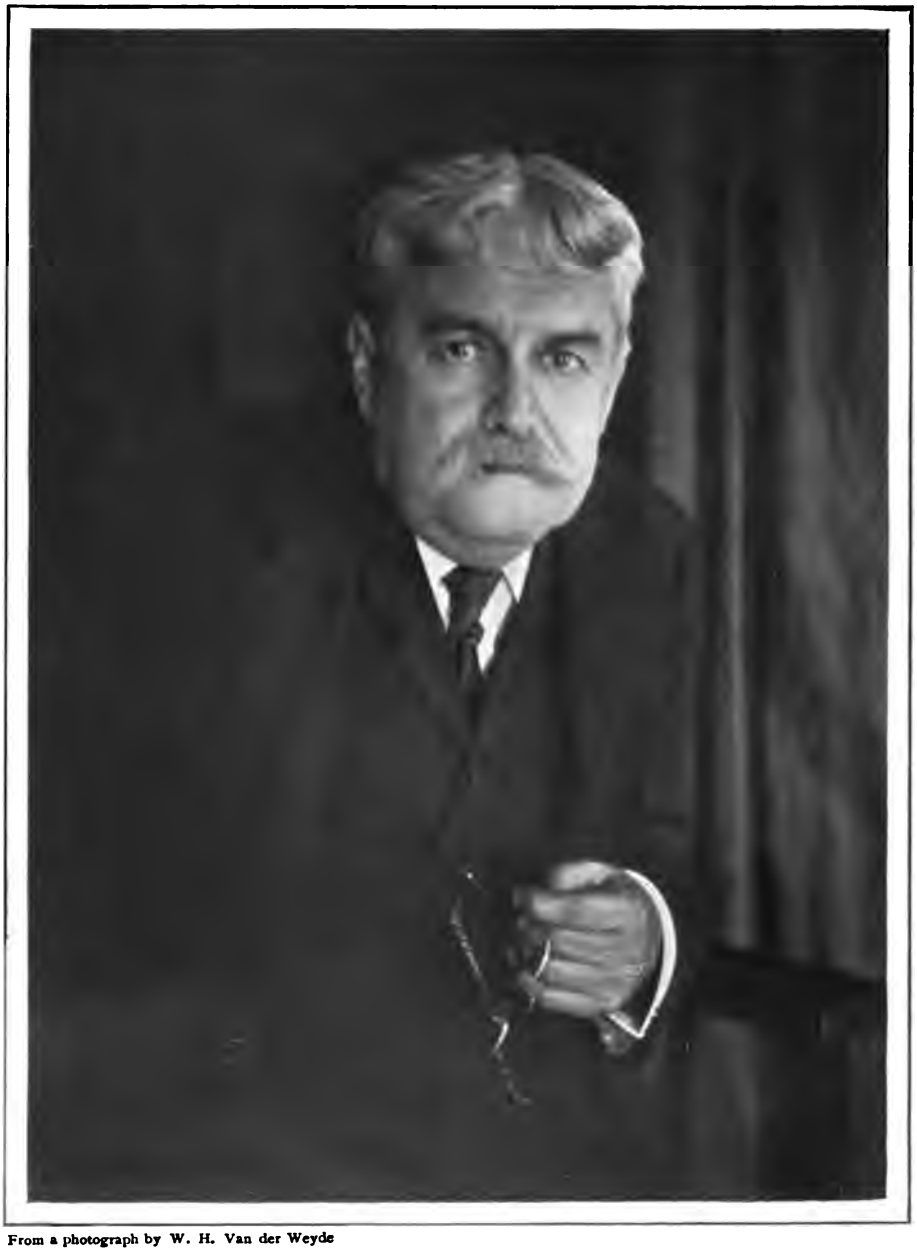
When I read in the papers, some months ago, that Miss Ethel Barrymore washed her hands of American society, and set it down as a foolish and frivolous thing, I said to myself: "There is no truth in this. We shall have the denial within a few days." The denial come the next day. Miss Barrymore had said nothing of the sort. I knew she had not. Why should she? Is she not the favorite act-

ress of the fashionable world? Is she not at home in the houses of the rich and great on both sides of the water? Are not the leaders of the Four Hundred her intimates here, and countesses and duchesses her chums across sea? and is she not playing the part of a titled woman, "Lady Frederick," at the present time? and has she not made a success of it?

"MASON CROFT," MISS MARIE CORELLI'S HOME AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The photographer who furnishes me with the accompanying photograph of Miss Marie Corelli tells me that it is the only one for which she has ever sat. It possesses therefore the quality of rareness which pertains to the portraits of so few celebrities. In its simple, natural attitude, also, there is a refreshing novelty about it. The famous novelist was presumably seated in her own house when the picture was taken. How she can ever go anywhere else one well might wonder, considering that she has one of the most charming homes with which any living author is blessed. The house is one of the handsomest of the old ones at Stratford-on-Avon (the buildings seen beyond it are quite modern affairs), and Miss Corelli has fitted up the interior with excellent taste and an eye to solid comfort. There is a garden at the rear, in which, at some distance from the house, stands a tiny tower. In an upper room thereof the novelist has fitted up a cozy little den, in which she does the greater part of her writing. This tower dates back to the spacious times of great Elizabeth. Miss Corelli has a host of readers in this country as well as in England, and it is no exaggeration to say that the writings of no other Stratford author (with the exception of Shakespeare) have ever reached so wide a public, nor the writings of any other author whose name is identified with the town, save Washington Irving.

MISS MARIE CORELLI



From a photograph by W. H. Van der Weyde

WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, PUBLISHER OF THE *Outlook*

Mr. F. N. Doubleday did a big thing when he engaged Mr. Rockefeller as his star contributor; but Mr. William B. Howland did a bigger one in securing the services of President Roosevelt as "Contributing Editor." The title is, so far as I know, a new one; but the combination is not unusual, and is eminently natural in the case of a man who has for so long been a prolific contributor to the periodical press, and who for the past seven years has been editing the United States. This photograph

of Mr. Howland, the *Outlook's* publisher, is an excellent likeness, though the expression habitual to his face is rather more cheerful than the one the photographer has caught. This may be due to the fact that, having seldom sat for a photograph, he felt a little trepidation on confronting the camera. Or it may be he has been figuring up the expenses involved in the big "deal" he has just made. But whatever those expenses are, there can be no doubt about his recouping himself from the increased circulation. No periodical in the country, by the way, has more consistently supported the President in the carrying out of his policies than has the *Outlook*. Indeed, it might almost be said that Mr. Roosevelt, as President, has been a consistent supporter of the *Outlook's* policies.

The Outlook Company
has the honor to announce that
Theodore Roosevelt
President of the United States
will on March 5th, 1909, become a Member of the
Editorial Staff of The Outlook
which will thereafter be the
exclusive channel for his writings on Political
Social and Industrial Topics

November 7th, 1908
New York City

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has founded a play on her story "The Dawn of a To-morrow." This story, if I remember rightly, appeared in only one number of *Scribner's Magazine*, but it was afterwards made into a book and had a remarkable success. It was not only read widely, but widely discussed. In her play, Mrs. Burnett has not followed the book exactly. She has made more of the girl; indeed, she has virtually taken the story merely as a suggestion, and has made a play which, I will venture to say, will have as much success, if not more, than "The Servant in the House." Mrs. Burnett has been intending to make a play from this story ever since it was written, and while she had it sketched out in her mind, she did not begin writing until some time last winter, and then she wrote it very much as she wrote the story, under the influence of what, for want of a better word, we call inspiration. Miss Eleanor Robson will, I believe, play the leading part in this drama of modern thought.

It is interesting to know the views of Mr. John D. Rockefeller on the subject of money-making. These views have not reached us second-hand, but are from his written word, reproduced in facsimile of his handwriting on the front cover of the *World's Work*. Says Mr. Rockefeller, in bold red ink: "I know of nothing more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the waking hours of the day to making money for the money's sake." Coming from such a source, this statement is interesting—if true.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

SARA JEANNETTE COTES

No one can accuse Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) of crowding her books upon the public. Her first published volume, "A Social Departure," was, as every one knows, a great success. In the course of time she wrote another book; then she let more time slip by before a third appeared. It has been several years since we have had a new book

from her pen. Mrs. Cotes has a bright and breezy style, which makes her writings particularly welcome in these days of "problem novels" and "problem plays." Her latest story, "Cousin Cinderella," is in her usual happy vein—as the title indicates.

Miss Anna Bartlett Warner, who has recently sold Constitution Island in the Hudson River at West Point, to Mrs. Russell Sage, at a price far below its market value, as the purchaser bought it for presentation to the United States Military Academy, has been much amused by some of the accounts of herself and her sister which have appeared in the newspapers since the sale was made. Even my own paragraph, in November, was not free from error. Miss Warner was not "born in 1820." While she will be eighty-eight some day, if she lives long enough, she is still well this side of that patriarchal age. One paper has given the date of her birth as 1802—which is obviously an exaggeration! The description, in another periodical, of Miss Susan Warner sitting "in a chair piled up with cushions," while instructing a Sunday-school class, and of her sister serving the students afterwards with "hot gingerbread," is equally amusing in its departure from the facts, though the surviving Miss Warner is delighted to find that members of the class still remember their old teacher.

As Mr. Taft received 322 electoral votes, it is fortunate that Mr. Bryan captured only 162. Had the Republican candidate received the 325 votes we were assured he would, and his Democratic rival 333, as we were told with equal confidence would be the case, both candidates would have received more than the number necessary to a choice, and we should have had two Presidents-elect on our hands until the fourth of March and two Presidents thereafter. The fact that we are not now confronted by such an *impasse* proves anew that Providence has a weak spot for the American people.

From a cartoon by Bowers in the Indianapolis *News*

IF CERTAIN ANTE-ELECTION PREDICTIONS HAD BEEN VERIFIED

Mr. John G. Neihardt, the Nebraskan poet, finished early in the autumn his eighteen-hundred-mile trip down the Missouri River. He started in a gasoline canoe, but after two hundred miles the power gave out, and the remainder of the long trail was made in an open boat, fighting continual head winds and low water with oars and paddles. For the last fourteen hundred miles he had only a boy

to help him. This was a strenuous life indeed; but the young poet thoroughly enjoyed it, though seventy-two nights in a blanket under the stars almost permanently disqualified him for sleeping in a bed. He found PUTNAM'S in some very wild places and the references to him and his work in the July number made him welcome, he says, at several ranches, and at a very isolated government post—up among the Mandan Indians.

From a recent photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE

I am very much taken by what I have read about the Edison houses. The idea of running a house in a mould—bath-tubs, sinks and all other modern conveniences, at the same time—is most interesting. A house built and equipped for one thousand dollars, is an attractive thought, and at the earliest opportunity I intend to make a pilgrimage to Long Island to see the practical workings of this idea. The next thing would be for Mr. Edison to invent moulded servants. It would be such a capital thing if we could have our household work done by some trick of mechanism. We could then live anywhere we liked, and be sure of good service. I cannot see that this idea is as preposterous as it looks upon the face of it. Do we not have machines into which, or at which, we can toss manuscripts, and have them come out bound magazines?

Perhaps because so much of her time is passed in fairy-land, Mlle. Genée, the Danish dancer, appears to believe in the magic circle and other mystic signs and tokens. Friends and admirers of her art, who know of this vein of superstition, are constantly sending her mascots. On being presented to this happy fam-

Homage of the penny dolls to the
illustrious lady, Arline Genée.

We are penny dolls: we bring
To fair Genée welcoming.
Venice made us of its earth,
We are but of humble birth,
But we can crow and grunt and ring
For fair Genée's welcoming.

Written down at the dictation
of the penny dolls
by Arthur Symons

VERSES TO MLLE. GENÉE DICTATED TO ARTHUR SYMONS BY THE PENNY DOLLS

ily, in London, recently, Mr. Arthur Symons, the poet and critic, asked and received permission to contribute to the collection. The following day a messenger arrived with a whole menagerie of clay animals, primitive —nay, even elemental—as to forms and colors; and with them, in lieu of a card, the verses here reproduced.

Several books recently published have a peculiar interest for me—Mr. William Winter's "Other Days," Mr. Will H. Low's "Chronicle of Friendships" and Mr. Paul Wilstach's "Richard Mansfield." Mr. Winter I have known, by sight or personally, for more than thirty years. I have sat behind him at the theatre, night after night, and seen his brown hair gradually sprinkle with gray and then turn to snowy white. He was not very young when I first saw him, but it was not long after his early manhood, when he was one of the group of poets, painters and journalists who formed the first real Bohemia that New York knew. In this group, among a few men still living, were E. C. Stedman, R. H. Stoddard, T. B. Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, George Arnold, and a few others whose names I cannot recall at the moment, and one woman—Ada Danforth. Occasionally Walt Whitman joined this circle, but he was not a regular member of it. It had no club-house, but met at a famous restaurant, long since passed away, known as Pfaff's. I do not know whether Mr. Winter was a critic in those days, but he certainly was a poet, for he was born one.

Nothing could be more fitting than that Mr. Winter should write a book of stage recollections. It is often argued that a dramatic critic should not be the friend of actors or actresses, lest his criticisms should be affected by personal feeling. It is, however,

almost impossible to prevent such acquaintance, or even friendship; for if a man writes about acting, he usually likes actors, and Mr. Winter's friendships with men and women of the stage have been many and close.

From the painting by Frank D. Millet

WILLIAM WINTER

One of his lifelong friends was Edwin Booth; yet the club that Booth founded and endowed, The Players, does not include Mr. Winter among its members, owing to a by-law ruling out dramatic critics. Mr. Winter does not give a whole chapter to his friend Booth; but the few pages that he devotes to that great actor show his devotion to the man and appreciation of his art.

I was particularly interested in the chapter devoted to Adelaide Neilson, for whom Mr. Winter had a deep personal regard, as well as admiration for her wonderful talents. He does not, however, place her in the list of great actresses, but says that she would undoubtedly have been one had she lived a little longer. (She died at the early age of thirty-three.) I have the most vivid recollections of this actress, having seen her in all her parts from the time she made her first appearance in this country. It was not until her last visit to New York, however, that I met her face to face. I was thrown with her in a personal way, and I can only say that I found her as marvellous off as on the stage. As for her beauty, I think it was even more remarkable at close range than across the footlights. Mr. Winter speaks of her last performance at Booth's Theatre in this city, in a bill made up of acts from the various plays in which she was most famous. I was present on that occasion and sat in the front row of orchestra seats. The house was crowded from pit to dome; not only every seat but every inch of standing room was filled. The applause almost shook the rafters. At the end of the performance, when she was finally called before the curtain, the enthusiasm was so tremendous that the actress was genuinely moved. After the performance I went around to her dressing-room, as she had asked me to do, and found her sitting in a chair with a far-away expression in her eyes and tears rolling down her cheeks. She looked up at me and put out her hand without speaking. I stood by her for a few moments, and when she could command her voice, she said: "I cannot speak now; come to the hotel." When Miss Neilson arrived at the hotel—the Clarendon—most of her company were with her, and she had recovered her composure, though there was still a touch of melancholy in her manner. We had supper together, and the party broke up some time after midnight. Three weeks from that night she lay dead in Paris.

The "Life of Richard Mansfield" is as interesting as one night expect from its subject. Mr. Wilstach has done his work well and apparently with the co-operation of the player's widow, for he gives letters and documents and indorsements that could only have come through her consent; and yet Mr. Winter says, in the preface to "Other Days," that he has reserved his sketch of Mansfield for a life of "that honored and lamented actor, a work on which, with his sanction, I have for several years been engaged, and which, under the title of the 'Life and Art of Richard Mansfield,' will presently be published as a companion to my biographies of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson." This looks very much as though there were to be two Richards in the field. Mr. Winter claims the sanction of the dead actor, while Mr. Wilstach's narrative is "based first of all on the confidences of his wife, and secondarily on his own intimate acquaintance extending over the last ten years." Mr. Wilstach unquestionably had access to abundant material, and he has performed his task with taste and discretion. He does not pretend to gloss over certain of Mansfield's eccentricities, his extravagances and his self-confidence, though he does not go into the details of his occasional high tempers, which would, after all, be unnecessary.

From the collection of Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell

ADELAIDE NEILSON

The story of Richard Mansfield's life is an inspiring one. It shows what a man of genius can do even when he seems to be held down by every cruel circumstance. Mansfield inherited most of his gifts from his mother, the well-known Mme. Rudersdorff; from her, too, came much of his eccentricity of temper. As a young man, he had the advantage of receiving a much better education than most actors get. As a matter of fact, he was not only educated but cultivated. As a boy, he studied in Germany, Switzerland—where education oozes from the valleys and mountain-tops,—France and England. He had a positive gift for languages. His mother being German it was not unnatural that he took kindly to that tongue; but he took equally kindly to French and he had a comprehensive acquintance with Italian, Spanish, Latin and even Russian. As a musician—musical talent being another gift inherited from his mother—he was exceptionally accomplished. As a matter of fact, he made his first appearance on the stage in musical parts. His mother cut off his allowance because she heard he was singing for pay in English country houses. That a son of hers should earn his living in this way infuriated her, and caused a breach between them that was never altogether healed.

Mansfield's first appearance in London was made in connection with the German Reeds. It ended disastrously, for when he sat down at the piano to do his "turn," he fell

From a photograph by Histed

Your servant to command

Richard Mansfield.

fainting on the floor. The manager thought it was from nervousness, but it was not. It was from want of food. After playing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas in England, Mr. Mansfield finally came to America; but he did not make any marked success here until he appeared as Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance." I was present on that memorable first night at the old Union Square Theatre, of which Mr. A. M. Palmer was the manager. I have seen many successes on the stage, many notable first nights, but I do not think that I have ever seen one comparable to this. No one knew much about Mansfield, whether good or bad, before the curtain went up, but they knew a lot, though not all, when it went down. If I live to be a hundred, which calamity I hope I may escape, I shall never forget that performance, for it was as great a surprise to me as it was to everyone else in the audience. Mansfield had his ups and downs after that, but the ups predominated.

From a photograph for "Putnam's Monthly" by Hollinger

WILL H. LOW

I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Mansfield slightly. He was an appreciative man, and every kind word I wrote of him was always followed by a letter of grateful acknowledgment. He sent me a photograph of himself once, on which he had inscribed himself my "servant to command"; and when he wrote a little book called "Blown Away," he sent me a copy with a most friendly letter. But something happened. To this day I do not know what. I sent him a manuscript of a play written by two clever young men, which I thought would suit him, and asked his opinion of it. He returned it with a short note in which he said that as I did not consider him an actor, I could not consider his opinion in such a matter of any value. Where he got the impression that I did not consider him an actor, I do not know. I have racked my brain, and I have searched the files of the periodical for which I wrote; but I

MME. CHAMINADE, THE FRENCH COMPOSER AND PIANIST

can find nothing expressing any such view. I not only thought Mr. Mansfield an actor, but I thought him a great actor. I thought him such the night he first played Baron Chevrial, and I thought him such to the end.

I congratulate the John Church Company on having brought Mme. Cécile Chaminade to this country. I have long been an admirer of Mme. Chaminade's compositions, and it has been a disappointment that, on my visits to Paris, I have not been able to hear her perform them. Her music shows temperament in its every note. In this respect she reminds me strongly of her compatriot, the late Augusta Holmes. I sincerely hope that Mme. Chaminade's visit to this country will prove so successful that she will come again, not only once but often.

Mr. Will H. Low's "Chronicle of Friendships" is devoted almost entirely to Robert Louis Stevenson. The artist and the author were young together in Paris and at Barbizon, and it is of those early days that he writes. R. A. M. Stevenson, a cousin of "R. L. S.," introduced Mr. Lo wto the latter, and before the day was out their friendship was begun on a firm and lasting foundation. Finally Low left Paris to return to New York, and the Stevensons went their various ways. It was not until Stevenson came to America that he and Low met again after those early days in the ever-young city by the Seine. It so happened that I was present at the re-union of the two friends after all these years, and such a meeting! It was in New York, at the St. Stephen. Both men were now married, Low to a French wife and Stevenson to an American. When the door of the room was opened and the two friends saw each other for the first time after so long a separation, they hugged each other like two girls. Whether they kissed I do not remember, but it would not surprise me if they did, for they were just as full of enthusiasm and youthful

spirits as in the old days. Then there was a great meeting between the wives. I did not intrude longer upon this reunion, but I was glad that I had seen it. The two Stevensons are dead. St Gaudens, who was one of the little band in Paris, is also dead; but Low still lives, and long may he live, and write other chronicles of friendship, of youth and of art.

CONTESSA MARIA LABIA, THE NEW PRIMA-DONNA AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, AS CARMEN

Mr. Hammerstein was not slow to learn the lesson of his first season of grand opera, and no complaint is heard nowadays that his company is weak in prima-donnas. This year's novelty among his female singers is the Contessa Maria Labia, who opened the third season at the Manhattan as La Tosca in Puccini's opera of that name, based on Sardou's play. Admirable as she is, as singer and actress both, her greatest achievements are yet to come; for she is still in her early twenties, and this is her third season only. Until last November she had never faced such an audience as gathered in the Thirty-fourth Street opera-house to welcome her to America. In Philadelphia at the opera-house which Mr. Hammerstein has built with amazing pluck and Aladdin-like rapidity, she has had an equally cordial greeting. Signora Labia excels in dramatic rôles, and has won special praise in "Carmen," in which part she is here shown.

It is curious that the best recent books about Alaska should be written by women — two, "The Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me" (both novels), by Elizabeth Robins, and "Alaska, the Great Country," by Ella Higginson, which is all fact. One cannot read Mrs. Higginson's book, even in winter, without wanting to pack one's bag and start off immediately for the frozen North. Every year thousands of people "go to Alaska," which means that they "take passage at Seattle on the most luxurious steamers that run up the famed 'inside passage.'" The country seems to cast a spell over every one who visits it; and it is something more than the gold fever that draws them back again.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Barrows, David P.	A History of the Philippines.	*Bobbs, Merrill.*
Cheetham, F. H.	Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire.	*Lane.*
Gairdner, James.	Lollardy and the Reformation in England.	*Macmillan.*
Hill, Frederick Trevor.	The Story of a Street: A Narrative History of Wall Street from 1644 to 1908.	*Harper.*
Welch, Catherine.	The Little Dauphin.	*Scribner.*

Travel and Description

Farrer, Reginald.	In Old Ceylon.	*Longmans.*
Gadow, Hans.	Through Southern Mexico: Being an Account of the Travels of a Naturalist.	*Scribner.*
Grimshaw, Beatrice.	In the Strange South Seas.	*Lippincott.*
Harrison, Alfred H.	In Search of a Polar Continent.	*Longmans.*
Mummery, A. F.	My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus.	*Scribner.*

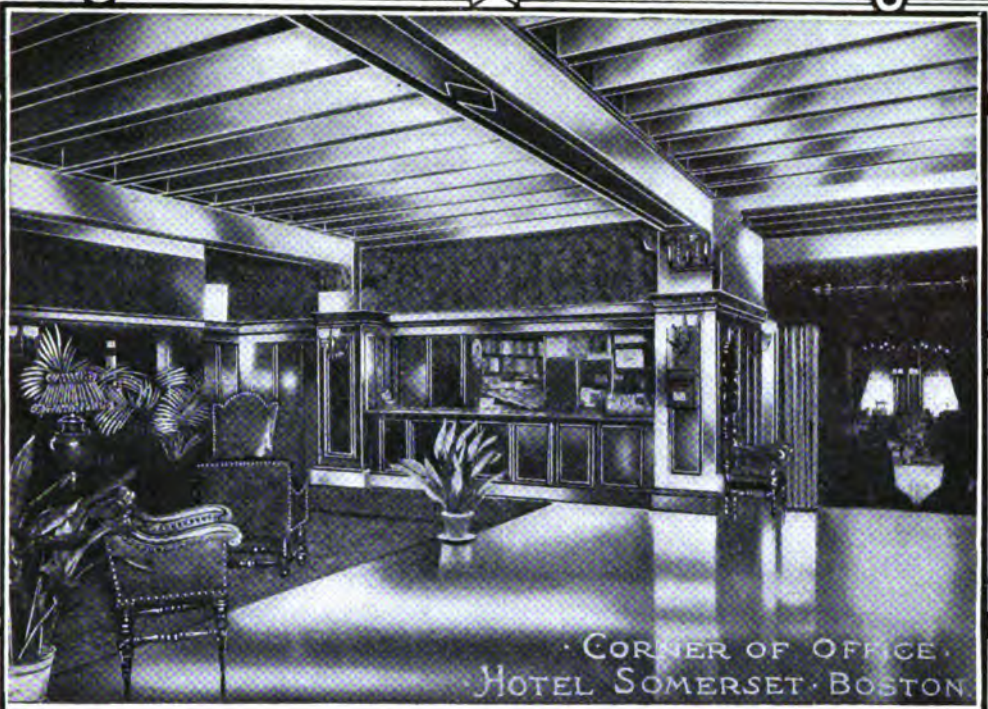
Fiction

Andrews, Mary Raymond Shipman.	The Better Treasure.	*Bobbs, Merrill.*
Bailey, H. C.	Colonel Greatheart.	*Bobbs, Merrill.*
Barnes-Grundy, Mabel.	Hilary on Her Own.	*Baker & Taylor.*
Bindloss, Harold.	Long Odds.	*Small, Maynard.*
Booth, Edward C.	The Post Girl.	*Century.*
Brady, Cyrus Townsend.	The Adventures of Lady Susan.	*Moffat, Yard.*
Cable, George W.	Kinkaid's Battery.	*Scribner.*
Craddock, Charles Egbert.	The Fair Mississippian.	*Houghton.*
Daskam, Josephine Dodge.	An Idyll of All Fools' Day.	*Dodd, Mead.*
Escott-Inman, H.	Wulnoth the Wanderer.	*McClurg.*
Foster, Maxmilian.	Corrie Who?	*Small, Maynard.*
Gorky, Maxim.	The Spy.	*B. W. Huebsch.*
Grahame, Kenneth.	The Wind in the Willows.	*Scribner.*
Harraden, Beatrice.	Interplay.	*Stokes.*
Payson, William Farquhar.	Barry Gordon.	*McClure.*
Pyle, Howard.	The Ruby of Kishmoor.	*Harper.*

Miscellaneous

Binyon, Laurence.	Painting in the Far East: An Introduction to the History of Pictorial Art in Asia, especially China and Japan.	*Longmans.*
Cundall, H. M.	A History of British Water-Color Painting.	*Dutton.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.



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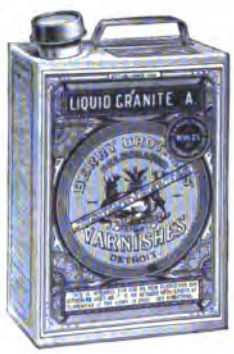

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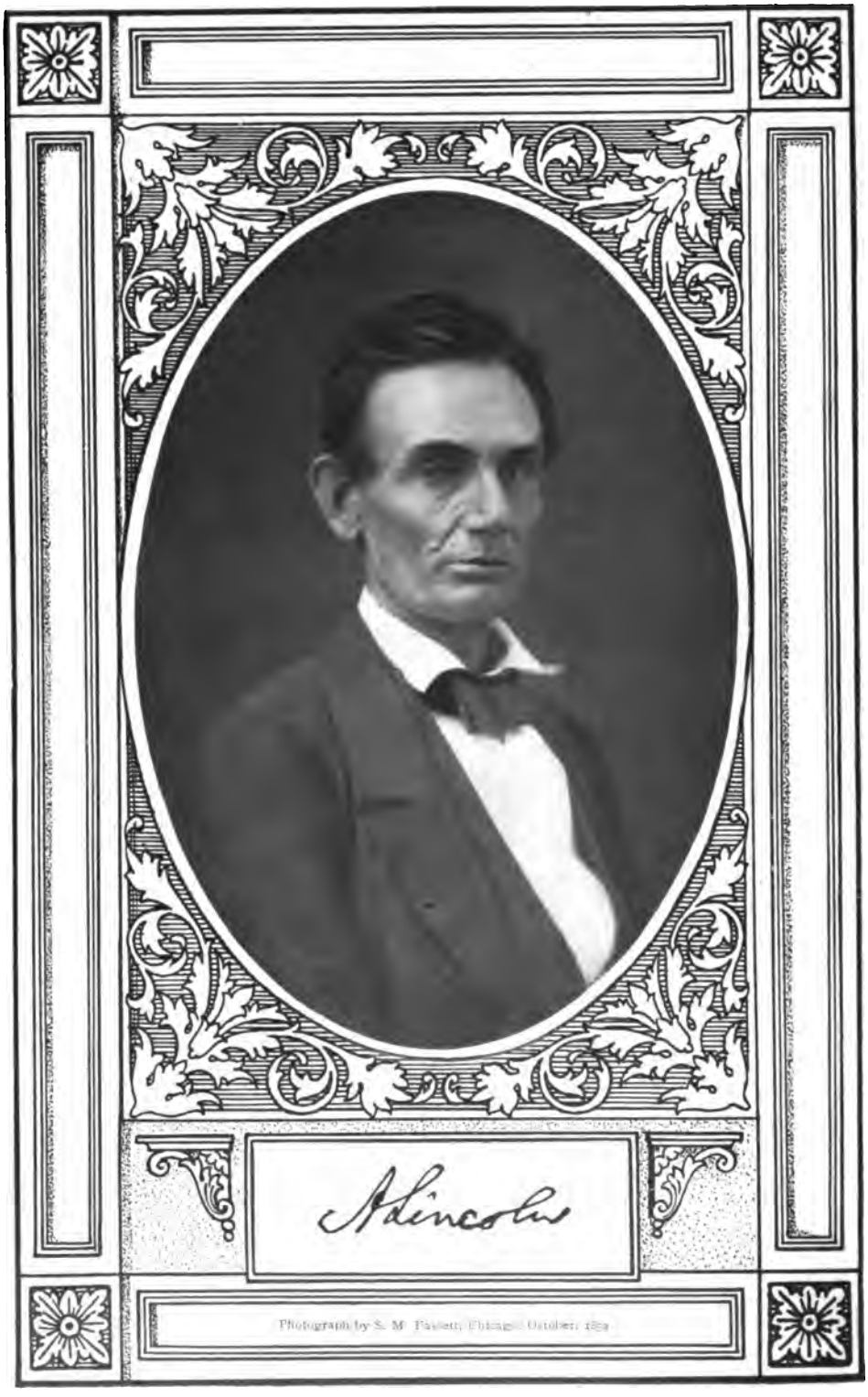
A Lincoln
Photograph by S. M. Fassett, Chicago, October, 1859

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PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V FEBRUARY, 1909 NO. 5

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

By JAMES GRANT WILSON

MY first talk, face to face with this most extraordinary man was in the autumn of 1858, when he was in the midst of his celebrated debating contest in Illinois with Senator Douglas. I was introduced to him by Judge Treat, one of my father's friends. We found him in a shabby little uncarpeted law office over a grocer's shop in Springfield. He was of unusual height, six feet four, being three inches taller than Washington and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse, rebellious dark hair; his arms and legs seemed to me the longest I had ever seen. His hands and feet were huge but well shaped, and his grayish-brown eyes were perhaps the saddest I ever saw. However, when a good story was told, whether by himself or another, his homely face lighted up till he was positively handsome.

Many things that were said during that hour's interview still linger in my memory. I ventured to inquire from what part of the country his ancestors came, and Mr. Lincoln answered: "Well, my young friend, I believe the first of our ancestors we know anything about was Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norwich, England, in 1638, and settled in a small Massachusetts place called Hingham, or it might have been Hanghim—which was it, Judge?"

Something was said about the wildcat Western currency of seventy years ago, a species of paper money then worth about as much as Confederate bills were worth after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. (At the latter time a parcel containing over a thousand dollars was offered to me in Mobile by a Southerner, who said he would be glad to accept a five-dollar greenback in exchange for it, which he did.) Mr. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi. Fuel was getting low, and the captain directed the pilot to steer in to the first woodpile he saw on the river bank. When the steamer reached one, the captain said to the owner on shore, "Is that your wood?" "Certainly." "Do you want to sell it?" "Yes." "Will you ac-

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cept wildcat currency?" "Certainly." "How will you take it?" said the captain; to which the owner promptly replied: "Cord for cord!"

Judge Treat mentioned to Mr. Lincoln that he had heard some interesting stories of Washington recently related to me at Arlington by Mr. Custis, the General's adopted son, who lived with him at Mount Vernon for eighteen years—among other facts, that Washington was perhaps the strongest man of his day and generation, and that in his youth he was a famous wrestler, never having been thrown. Said Mr. Lincoln: "It is rather a curious thing, my young friend, but that is exactly my record. I could outlift any man in Southern Illinois when I was young, and I never was thrown. There was a big fellow named Jack Armstrong, strong as a Russian bear, that I could not put down; nor could he get me on the ground. If George was loafing around here now, I should be glad to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to manage the aristocrat of old Virginia." Mr. Lincoln was very fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion he said: "I think the Lord must love the plain people, he has made so many of them."

Another droll story that still lingers in my memory was of Lincoln attending a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Lunatic Asylum near Springfield. The long hall being rather chilly, he thought it would be well to wear his hat. As he passed along, a little lunatic darted out from a door and confronting him exclaimed: "Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus!" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Columbus," replied Mr. Lincoln, removing his hat and proceeding to the meeting. Returning half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and wearing his hat as before, he was again accosted by the little man, who, drawing himself up, said in severe tones: "Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington!" "Pray excuse me, General," and Mr. Lincoln took off his high hat, "but it seems to me that less than an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus." "Oh yes, that is quite correct; but that was by another mother!"

Three days after my first interview with Mr. Lincoln, I was invited to dine with Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago, the only other guest being Governor Aiken of South Carolina. There was some conversation about Lincoln, and the Senator told the story of the Lincoln-Shields duel, his version differing widely from the usually accepted account. Certain articles had appeared in the Springfield paper, he said, reflecting on James Shields, at that time a schoolmaster. According to the Senator, Lincoln, Shields and himself were rival candidates for the hand of Mary Todd. After the campaign had been carried on for several months, it was announced that Abe Lincoln was the accepted suitor. But Shields persisted in paying attention to the young lady, much to her annoyance as well as to Lincoln's.

Finally an unsigned paragraph appeared in the Springfield journal, written by Miss Todd, purporting to be an old lady's advice to a granddaughter, warning her, among many other things, against allowing her hand to be held unduly long by Irish schoolmasters. The allusion was instantly recognized in the little community of fifteen hundred, and Shields threatened to chastise the editor unless he revealed the writer's name. The editor said he would not divulge it without the author's consent. "If you will return in fifteen minutes, I will give you an answer." Shields departed, and the editor ran around to Lincoln's office and stated what had occurred, saying: "Abe, what shall I do?" "Tell Shields I wrote it," Lincoln replied. Promptly came a challenge, which was as promptly accepted. Lincoln chose cavalry swords for weapons, and Bloody

Island in the Mississippi was selected as the scene of the duel. The day was clear and cold, and while the seconds were arranging the preliminaries Lincoln, to warm himself, began mowing the grass. When Shields, said Douglas, saw the giant figure swinging a long sword like a scythe, he leaned against a huge elm, and fainted with fright! And so ended the bloodless duel.

During the years 1859–60 I frequently met Mr. Lincoln when his legal engagements called him to Chicago, where I was publishing and editing a literary journal called the *Record*, with an office in Portland Block. On the sixth story of the large Dearborn Street building, the sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, had his studio. I happened to meet Mr. Lincoln on the stairway, about the middle of April, 1860, and he informed me that he was giving sittings to Mr. Volk for a portrait bust; when he came down he would stop and see my sanctum. He did so, and as he looked around at the large, carpeted room, with its well-filled book-case, some attractive pictures, and busts of Shakespeare and Burns, he said: "Well, I never saw an editorial office like this before. It don't seem to resemble my Springfield law shop that you saw two winters ago." He was particularly interested in the busts on learning that I had brought them from Stratford and Ayr respectively, saying: "They are my two favorite authors, and I must manage to see their birthplaces some day, if I can contrive to cross the Atlantic." By appointment, Mr. Lincoln stopped the following morning at my office for me to accompany him, and we went up the four pair of stairs together in a trial of speed. His long legs took him three steps at a stride; but I was quicker with my shorter stride of two steps, so we arrived at the goal neck and neck, to the intense amusement of the astonished sculptor who awaited us at the head of the stairs.

The previous day Volk had made a plaster cast of Lincoln's face (now in the National Museum at Washington, together with the casts of his hands which he made later), to aid him in making his well-known bust. During the hour that Lincoln remained in the studio, he poured out an almost unceasing stream of drolleries, while Volk was modelling the clay. My recollection is that Lincoln gave the sculptor six or more sittings of from one to several hours in duration. The original plaster bust is now in the possession of the sculptor's only son, Douglas Volk, a well-known painter, whose present home is in

Original Manuscript of second Inaugural presented to Major John Hay.

A Lincoln

April 10. 1865

Fellow Countrymen!

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention, and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in

the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern ~~half~~ part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war, the magnitude, or the duration, which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that

the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those

by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether".

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just, and a lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations.

Maine, while the original marble bust was destroyed in the Chicago Historical Society building during the great fire of 1871. Volk's life-size statues of Douglas and Lincoln are in the Illinois State House at Springfield.

A few months before Lincoln's nomination, which I witnessed in the immense Chicago "Wigwam," hearing, among others, the inspiring speech of George William Curtis, I visited the venerable James K. Paulding, the friend and literary partner of Washington Irving, at his residence near Hyde Park on the Hudson. The author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," who was Secretary of the Navy in Van Buren's administration and of course a good Democrat, expressed great interest in Lincoln, having read all the speeches made by him in his debate with Douglas, which I had sent him. He then surprised me by saying that in the summer of 1842, after Mr. Van Buren had completed his term as President, they made a tour to the West, proceeding as far as Illinois, and spending a day or two in Chicago, then a small and unattractive town. Later, when on their way to Springfield, they were delayed by impassable roads and compelled to spend the night at Rochester, several miles from the capital. Some of the ex-President's Springfield friends, knowing the wretched accommodations of the place, came there bringing bottles and other refreshments to entertain the party at the country inn. "The Democrats," said Mr. Paulding, "also brought with them your Whig friend, Lincoln, to aid in entertaining the New Yorkers. Thanks to his anecdotes and descriptions of Western life, together with other witty stories, we passed a joyous evening in the little prairie tavern. If the tall Illinoisian receives the nomination for President, as you think very possible, I believe I shall be tempted to vote for him." During Mr. Lincoln's first administration, I inquired if he remembered meeting Van Buren and Paulding, and he replied that he had very agreeable recollections of the delightful evening spent at Rochester with the two distinguished Democrats. The President was much interested in my stating that Paulding contemplated voting for him, but that before the nomination he had followed his friend Irving, as if he had only waited to gather up and carry to him the grateful homage of their common country. Irving died in November, 1859; Paulding in April, 1860.

Soon after Lincoln's election, he held a reception in the principal hotel of Chicago. For several hours a continuous procession of his friends and admirers passed before him, many of them old and intimate acquaintances. It was amusing to observe Lincoln's unfeigned enjoyment, and to hear his hearty greetings in answer to familiar friends who exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?" he responding in like manner with "Hello, Bill!" or "Jack," or "Tom," alternately pulling or pushing them along with his powerful hand and arm, saying: "There 's no time to talk now, boys; we must not stop this big procession; so move on."

More than two years later, General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to visit a younger brother who, having been mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, had been removed to the Georgetown hospital. After seeing my brother I called at the White House, and the President said: "How are affairs progressing with the Western armies? and what brings you to Washington?" When informed, he remarked: "If you will come in this afternoon at four o'clock, we will walk over to Georgetown and see the young captain."

On arriving at the White House, I found a Congressman in earnest conversation with the President. Looking at me as if I were an intruder, the politician stopped and Mr. Lincoln said: "It is all right—we are going out together; so turn on your

Executive Mansion.

Washington, March 15 1865

Thurlow Weed, Esq

My dear Sir.

Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech, and on the recent Inaugural Address. I expect the latter to wear as well as — perhaps better than — anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I think needed to be told; and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it, falls more directly on myself, I thought others might offer for one to tell it.

Yours truly

A. Lincoln.

oratory." So the member resumed, talking vigorously for five minutes or more, in behalf of his constituent, an applicant for some office. The President, looking critically on the right side of his face and then on the left, remarked, in an interested manner: "Why, John, how close you do shave." That was the way in which he baffled the office-seekers; and although the Congressman was disappointed, of course, he could not avoid laughing. After his departure I said, "Mr. President, is that the way you manage the politicians?" and he answered: "Well, Colonel, you must not suppose you have all the stategy in the army."

When we arrived at the hospital, Mr. Lincoln saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and his favorite son Willie, who had recently died. This interested him so deeply that the following afternoon Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and she too saw the likeness. During the fortnight that my brother survived, the President visited him several times, and Mrs. Lincoln sent the young soldier little delicacies made by herself. This incident is introduced chiefly to illustrate the fact that the President

was one of the tenderest-hearted of men.

One day the President and the Secretary of State, accompanied by a young staff-officer, attended a review near Arlington on the opposite side of the Potomac. An ambulance drawn by four mules was provided. When the party arrived on the Virginia side of the river, where the roads were rough and badly cut by artillery and army trains, the driver had so much difficulty with the team, in his efforts to prevent the wheels dropping into the ruts, that he lost his temper and began to swear; the worse the roads became, the greater became his profanity. At last the President said, in his pleasant manner: "Driver, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?" Greatly astonished, the man made answer: "No, Mr. President, I ain't much of anything; but if I go to church at all, I go to the Methodist Church." "Oh, excuse me," replied Lincoln, with a smile, and a twinkle in his eye; "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Secretary Seward, and he 's a churchwarden!"

Two years passed, and I was again in Washington, remaining on duty there for more than three months. Late one evening when I dined with the President, the Secretary of State and Mr. E. B. Washburne, member of Congress from Galena, Illinois, were announced. Mr. Seward said they desired to show the large gold medal, just received from the Philadelphia Mint, which was voted by Congress to General Grant for the capture of Vicksburg. Mr. Lincoln, approaching a small centre-table on which there was a drop-light, opened the morocco case containing the medal upside down.

After a long pause, the writer ventured to remark, "What is the obverse of the medal, Mr. President?" He looked up, and turning to Mr. Seward, said, "I suppose by his obverse the Colonel means t' other side!" There was no sting in this, and the victim joined in the general laugh. Indeed, Lincoln was too kind-hearted to exercise his trenchant power of repartee. "Wit laughs *at* everybody," he said; "humor laughs *with* everybody." The President's jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the sea of troubles that almost overwhelmed him, he affected a serenity that he was far from feeling, and his fun and mirth at momentous epochs were censured by dullards who could not comprehend their philosophy.

The following anecdotes and incidents belong to January and February, 1865. "A frontiersman," said Mr. Lincoln, "lost his way in an uninhabited region on a dark and tempestuous night. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by terrible thunder and more terrific lightning. To increase his trouble his horse halted, being exhausted with fatigue and fright. Presently a bolt of lightning struck a neighboring tree, and the crash brought the man to his knees. He was not an expert in prayer, but his appeal was short and to the point: 'Oh, good Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light, and a little less noise!'"

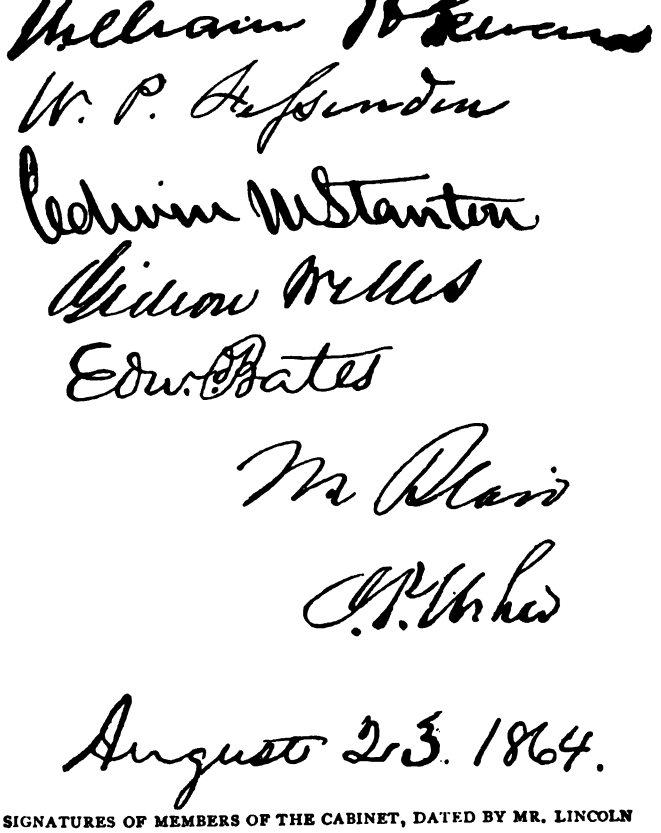
Something led Mr. Lincoln one evening to mention the fact that David Tod, the war Governor of Ohio, who declined his invitation to succeed Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, had occasion to visit Washington in 1863, on government business. During an interview the President remarked: "You are perhaps aware, Governor, that my wife is a member of the Todd family of Kentucky, and they all spell their name with two *d's*. How is it that you use but one?" "Mr. President, God spells his name with one *d*, and one is enough for the Governor of Ohio."

I called at the White House once with Isaac N. Arnold, a member of Congress from Chicago, who afterwards wrote an admirable biography of Lincoln. In the course of conversation the President expressed his admiration for Dr. Holmes's poem "The Last Leaf," and said that his

favorite hymns were Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and the one beginning:

> Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
> Thy sovereign will denies.

His favorite poem, he said, was one entitled "Mortality," the author of which he had failed to discover, although he had tried to do so for twenty years. I was pleased to be able to inform him that it was written by William Knox, a young Scottish poet who died in 1825. He was greatly interested, and was still more gratified by the receipt, not long afterwards, of a collection of Knox's Poems, containing his favorite, which had appeared in hundreds of newspapers throughout the country, and had been frequently attributed to him. A few days later I received a characteristic note of thanks for the volume. This much-prized letter was abstracted by some Lincoln admirer, a score of years ago, from a large autograph book containing my most precious literary treasures.



SIGNATURES OF MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, DATED BY MR. LINCOLN

Another evening the President told a few intimate friends of an unknown person applying to the Secretary of State for a foreign mission, preferably to France. Mr. Seward informed his visitor that the position was not vacant. "Well how about Berlin?" That post also was held by an estimable gentleman. "Can you make me Consul to Liverpool?" "No, for the place is satisfactorily filled." "Perhaps you can appoint me to a clerkship in the State Department." Upon being informed by the Secretary that he was sorry there was no vacancy, the obscure individual in the threadbare coat said: "Well, then, will you lend me five dollars?"

The day before the President left Washington for Gettysburg, he prepared a brief address on two sheets of White House paper, to be delivered after Edward Everett's oration. On the morning of the nineteenth of November, 1863, at Gettysburg, he wrote with a pencil the concluding portion of the address, which was substituted for the second sheet of the Washington draft written two days previous; and this is what has been frequently reproduced as the original. According to the testimony received from his private secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, who were present, Mr. Lincoln did not use the manuscript in delivering his immortal ad-

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met here on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have, thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather

for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

FACSIMILE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS *as actually delivered*, MADE FOR JOHN HAY ON THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN FROM THE DEDICATORY EXERCISES, AND NOW FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

dress, but departed from it in several particulars. On his return to Washington, at the request of Major Hay the President wrote down what he had actually said. This precious document is really the genuine original of the Gettysburg address as delivered; for the copy made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore in 1864, with the title and date, as well as the autograph signature, was made several months later, and has often been facsimiled, being known as the standard version. George Bancroft's copy was of about the same date as this. The copy here given is in the possession of Mrs. John Hay, who is also the fortunate owner of the equally valuable manuscript of the Second Inaugural address. Through her gracious courtesy, these priceless historic relics are now first reproduced in facsimile.

En passant, the writer may perhaps be permitted to mention that he is the fortunate possessor of a precious memorial of the martyr-President and five other great heirs of fame, in a ring which contains the hair of Washington, Hamilton, Napoleon, Wellington, Lincoln and Grant. The first was received from Washington's adopted son, G. W. P. Custis of Arlington, Virginia; the second from Hamilton's widow, when she was ninety-six and he sixteen; the third from Captain Frederick Lahrbush of the Sixtieth Rifles, who guarded Napoleon at St. Helena, after being at Waterloo; Wellington's hair from his eldest son, the second Duke; and Grant's and Lincoln's from the Presidents themselves. When the author of this article asked Mr. Lincoln, on his last birthday, for a lock of

his hair to add to Washington's and Hamilton's, he said, "Help yourself, Colonel."

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of the President when he delivered, on the east portico of the National Capitol, on the morning of Saturday, March 4, 1865, the famous Second Inaugural Address, which is one of the gems of the English language. Clouds hung like a pall in the sky, as if portending trouble and disaster; but as the tall form of the President appeared on the crowded colonnade, he was greeted with hearty cheers from thousands of throats. Almost immediately sunshine fell upon him as he began to read, in a strong high-pitched voice, what he believed to be the best of all his oratorical efforts. After the vigorous applause which followed its conclusion, the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Chase, and the memorable inauguration ceremonial came to a close. In this, no less than in the briefer address previously delivered on the greatest battle-field of the New World, Lincoln reached a height to which the nineteenth century afforded no equal. Writing to Thurlow Weed ten days after its delivery, he expressed his own opinion of the address. (See letter on page 523.)

Breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone at his house in Harley Street, one of several guests introduced the name of Mr. Lincoln, and all enjoyed a few anecdotes of him, related by the writer. The distinguished statesman admitted his great qualities, and said that the President's Second Inaugural Address was "unquestionably a most striking and sublime utterance, not surpassed by any delivered during the nineteenth century."

During the six years and more that I was acquainted with our great Civil War President, I never saw him smoke, or use tobacco in any form, and but a few times observed him drink a glass of wine. Desiring to be confirmed in my impression as to his abstemious habits, I wrote to his secretary and biographer, the late John G. Nicolay, who replied (April 7, 1900):

> You can truthfully assert that President Lincoln was always absolutely truthful in thought, word and inference, that he never smoked or was profane, and generally that he never drank. The only qualification that could possibly be made on this last point is that he did sometimes at his own table and especially at State dinners, sip a little wine; but even then in a perfunctory way, in complying with a social custom, and not as doing it from any desire or initiative or habit of his own. You are quite correct in your recollection that the President read his second inaugural address and that he used spectacles. Colonel Hay possesses the original manuscript, and I have the original Gettysburg address. The great reputation of Mr. Lincoln as a relator of amusing anecdotes during his lifetime has attracted to his name, like Sydney Smith's, numberless stories to which he could have made no claim.

A few weeks after the inauguration, in company with Mr. Arnold, M. C., the writer called at the White House, and Mrs. Lincoln brought out the beautiful Bible used by Chief Justice Chase on that occasion in administering the oath to the President. The 27th and 28th verses of the 5th chapter of Isaiah were marked as the verses which Lincoln's lips had touched in kissing the open book. She was of the opinion that the text admonished him to be on his guard, and not to relax his efforts. The Bible was a gift from the Chief Justice to Mrs. Lincoln.

About the end of March, I accompanied to the theatre the President, Mrs. Lincoln and the young lady who was with him when the assassin's bullet closed his career a fortnight later. He sat in the rear of the box leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. When the curtain fell after the first act, turning to him, I said,

"Mr. President, you are not apparently interested in the play." "Oh, no, Colonel," be replied; "I have not come for the play, but for the rest. I am being hounded to death by office-seekers, who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief that I am here." After a slight pause he added: "I wonder if we shall be tormented in heaven with them, as well as with bores and fools?" He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies.

A few moments later I felt Mr. Lincoln's heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my great surprise I saw him sitting upright, his eyes gleaming with fun. "Colonel," he said, "did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?" "No, Mr. President, but I shall be delighted to hear it." "Well, when Grant was about ten years old, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary coin, he crawled in under the canvas tent, as I used to do; for in those days," said the President, "I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a clever mule in that circus that had been trained to throw his rider, and when he appeared in the ring it was announced that any one in the audience that would ride him once around the ring without being thrown would win a silver dollar. There were many candidates for the coin, but all were thrown over the animal's head. Finally the ringmaster ordered the mule taken out, when Master Ulysses presented himself saying, 'Hold on, I will try that beast.' The boy mounted the mule, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length, when about seven-eighths of the ring had been achieved amid the cheers of the audience, the boy was thrown. Springing to his feet and throwing off his cap and coat, Ulysses shouted in a determined tone, 'I would like to try that mule again,' and again the audience cheered him. This time he resorted to strategy. He faced to the rear, seized hold of the beast's tail instead of his head, which rather demoralized the mule, and so the boy went around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And," added the President, "just so General Grant will hold on to Bob Lee." Ten days later General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House.

Before we separated that evening the President said: "If you will come in to-morrow afternoon before your departure, I will give you my last photograph that has just been taken by Brady." The following day I received it with his name written in full. He seemed to have a presentiment, for "Now, my dear Colonel," he said, "perhaps you will value this after I am gone."

It seems but yesterday, when, on this occasion, I looked for the last time on his homely and honest face, which I had known when it was free from care, but now beheld careworn and haggard, and felt his still strong hand encircling mine as he said, "Good-bye, Colonel, and a safe journey to New Orleans. *Au revoir!*" adding with a laugh, "I hope my French pronunciation is correct. If not, how is this for German?—*Auf wiedersehen!*"

A fortnight later, I was awakened early in the morning at my home on the Hudson, by the tolling of the church-bells. When I inquired why they were ringing, I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant once said to me that the day the President died was the saddest of his life, and I think that, with a single exception, it was the saddest day of mine. A few days later, I listened to America's greatest preacher as, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, he gave voice to the universal grief.

At Lincoln's burial in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, on May 4, 1865, the Second Inaugural Address was read over his open grave—as the friends of Raphael selected the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the principal feature of his funeral.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

By HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO NORWAY

BEFORE entering upon a discussion of the American diplomatic service let us first consider what diplomacy is and what the practical use of such a service—subjects regarding which there appears to be no little misconception.

A dictionary may tell you that diplomacy is the science of conducting negotiations and making treaties—a definition as loose as it is incomplete, for neither the conduct of negotiations nor the making of treaties is a science, but an art, the latter requiring a considerable knowledge, it is true, of the science of international law. While these are among the important functions of a diplomat, they by no means constitute the major part of his duties. The making of a treaty, it is true, involves the drafting of protocols and the signing of the final instrument. These are, however, but the reduction to writing of the results of the negotiations between the parties upon the terms of their agreement. The art of conducting international negotiations would, therefore, be an equivalent of this definition. But such a definition omits the most important and ever-present duties of a diplomatic agent and the supreme functions of diplomacy—namely, the constant and unremitting effort to promote and maintain cordial relations between his own country and that to which he is accredited and, at the same time, to watch over the observance, by the foreign state, of his country's rights and those of its nationals, as defined by treaty and the accepted usage of nations.

Diplomacy is in fact the art of conducting negotiations with one government on behalf of another; of entering into international engagements by virtue of governmental authority; of promoting and maintaining cordial relations between nations and of protecting national rights and interests against infraction by foreign states.

Evidently its successful practice by a diplomat requires considerable proficiency in several other arts and sciences, including the art of entire self-command, not to mention the sciences of international law, political economy and constitutional law, as well as an intimate knowledge of the statutes of his own country, the art of drawing up protocols and other instruments where the exact value and significance of every word may have an important bearing upon vested rights in unforeseen circumstances, and this not only in his own tongue but in that of the usually accepted language of diplomacy. The loose phraseology of the early treaties, defining the delineations of the boundary of Alaska, cost to the United States and to Great Britain large sums of money to establish what, under the terms of those treaties, the boundaries really were.

International relations are unavoidable; indeed they are highly desirable and their cultivation is very important, not only in regard to the duties of each nation in the general community of states, for states as

individuals have obligations toward each other, but as regards each nation's individual interests. As regards contiguous states this is obvious enough, but how about a state separated by miles of ocean from others? What interest has it to maintain relations with nations remote from it?

This question has been seriously considered, not only by individuals, but by nations; and, within our own time, we have had before us the example of states undertaking to hold aloof from foreign relations—an attitude which the march of civilization rendered it impracticable to maintain in the nation's own interest. Japan, which within the last century held the view that it was sufficient unto itself, is now among the foremost of the powers of the world in its maintenance of foreign relations, affords such an illustration.

A nation which undertakes to shut out foreign intercourse must of necessity find that, under modern conditions, such an attitude is, in its own interests, untenable.

How, then, are mutual relations and correspondence between nations to be best maintained? Clearly the chief magistrates and sovereigns of states cannot engage in personal correspondence. Were our President to undertake to carry on such a correspondence with the rulers of all the nations of the earth, he would find himself physically unable to attend to the other functions of government. Were he to delegate this duty to the Secretary of State, that official would be placed in the same position as regards the rest of his duties, and it would resolve itself into the appointment of a sub-secretary for correspondence with each country, who would be at the disadvantage of dealing with questions at arms' length and without the important advantage of personal contact. Moreover, such a system would require a similar arrangement on the part of each foreign nation; furthermore, just as commercial concerns find it desirable to conduct their foreign business through the medium of personal agents, to represent them on the spot, so nations find that, in the still more complicated and important affairs of states, their interests require the presence of personal agents, resident in foreign countries, to deal with governments upon such questions as arise.

Nations, therefore, have agreed among themselves to conduct their intercourse through the medium of such emissaries, and by general treaty provisions have prescribed their relative status.

These treaty provisions, whether formally subscribed to by the respective states or not, are universally recognized as governing the subject.

These, therefore, are the reasons for the existence of a diplomatic service.

What, now, are the peculiar duties and functions of the American diplomatic representative? For such duties and functions of diplomats are more or less affected by the foreign policies and other conditions of his country.

In the first place, the American diplomat finds himself in an exceptionally advantageous position as regards the foreign relations of his country owing to our principle of the avoidance of entangling foreign alliances. He has, therefore, to consider his own country's interests only in its relations with that of his residence.

Having presented his credentials to the sovereign or president of the state, as the case may be, and entered into relations with the other officials of the government, he will at once proceed to inform himself of all the conditions of the country, its government, policies, external and internal, resources, commerce and the character and temperament of the people, studying not only the national character and point of view, but, in particular, that of its leading and most influential men; for it is an important part of his mission to add to the prestige of his country by making himself acceptable both to the government and to the people. Such an attitude is always highly desirable in the interest of those cordial relations, so

public servant to eke out his necessary expenditures from his own resources. Not to mention monarchies, lest exception be taken thereto, we pay to our Ambassadors, in salaries, less than half what our sister republics give to their diplomatic agents of the same rank, while the latter supply also to their adequately furnished houses.

An Envoy, on the other hand, occupies a very different position. He is the representative of one government to another and while he presents his credentials to the head of the state, he does so without any claim of personal representation. He is also sent in extraordinary capacity and with plenal powers to negotiate as the Minister of his country, but with a much more modest rank and claims for consideration. It is a position of great dignity, entailing the maintenance of a considerable establishment, but incomparably less so than that of an Ambassador.

Minister Resident, of which grade the United States still accredits a few, and Chargés d'Affaires, who are accredited to the Minister of Foreign Affairs only of the country in which they may either permanently or temporarily represent their government, complete the list of our foreign representatives.

The secretaries of our Embassies and Legations by no means occupy mere clerical positions, nor are they simply the private secretaries of the chiefs of mission. The charge and arrangement of the archives of the mission form, of course, a part of the duty of such secretaries; but they are also expected to assist their chiefs in obtaining all possible information as to the country of their residence, both as regards social and economic conditions and the general trend of public opinion upon governmental policies. They are entrusted with the confidential affairs of the mission and, in the absence of the chief, the First Secretary becomes Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*, a position which necessitates his assuming the responsibilities of the conduct of the relations of the mission with the Government, keeping his own Government fully informed thereof.

There appears to be a somewhat widespread impression that our diplomatic officers abroad are chiefly occupied in the pursuit of social pleasures, devoting but little time or attention to any serious labors: nothing could be farther from the truth. Our Embassies and Legations are busily engaged in duties, the evidences of the greater part of which are, of necessity, hidden from public view in the confidential files of the Department of State.

It is true that from the very nature of things it is essential that diplomatic officers should mingle much and conspicuously in the society of the country of their residence, and doubtless this element in the life of a diplomat offers a certain attraction to young men of means. But he who enters the service in the expectation that his duties will be limited to "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasings of a lute" quickly finds himself deceived. Not infrequently, in addition to daily routine, he is called upon unexpectedly to give close application at unusual hours to very exacting labors.

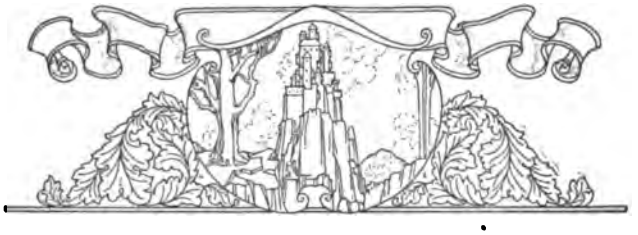
Under the new and admirably ordered system of organization of our diplomatic service, inaugurated by the present administration, diplomacy is recognized as a profession, and promotions are now made upon the basis of tried qualifications and proved proficiency in the service, while new appointments are subject to careful examinations of candidates in the essentials of its practice. As our interests abroad advance with the march of the world's economic progress and as our own widening sphere of international influence increases, the great advantage of having men of experience and special training in our foreign service becomes daily more apparent.

The cost of our foreign service is an inappreciable item in our annual budget of national expenditure. Based upon the mere value of our trade relations, in which it is a factor

of very great influence, its cost is ridiculously small. As a factor not only in maintaining our own peace with the rest of the world, but that of the nations of the earth toward one another, its value to us as a world power is inestimable.

Our great municipal fire-extinguishing organizations do not either entirely prevent or control great conflagrations, but they do extinguish many a fire which experience tells us might well have resulted in the destruction of untold property if left to take its course.

War like fire is an absolute destroyer of material wealth. It may, and in fact always does, bring to some individuals a profit in reproducing destroyed material, but to the world at large, as to the belligerents in particular, it is a great calamity. Its effects indeed are like those of a great conflagration but upon a larger scale. Apart therefore from other considerations, in this particular the maintenance of an efficient diplomatic service has much the value, though with a wider influence, to a national government that a fire department has to a municipality. Doubtless in the days of the primitive hand engine, the maintenance of a municipal fire-department was far less in cost than that which modern needs have developed. Still cities find the protection warrants the expense. In the early days municipalities relied upon the combined self-interest and altruism of their citizens to form and maintain fire companies which furnished their own equipment. This system was abolished in favor of municipal fire protection involving greater cost but incomparably better results. As has been pointed out, not alone here but in many other writings, diplomacy is a great though not an absolute preventive of wars. We have organized an admirable and efficient service to this end but we have failed as yet to equip it with the means of exercising its capacities to the full. The salaries paid to our agents abroad are less than half those paid even by powers of the second class, while the absence of permanence of the offices and official residences of our representatives gives to our Embassies and Legations a temporary and shifting appearance which militates against that influence which our plenipotentiaries should possess. The house of an ambassador or minister is, by the usage of nations, extraterritorial. It is recognized by the conventions of international intercourse as the soil of the representative's own country. It should be our pride that our flag floats, in every foreign capital, over territory which we enjoy as ours by right and not alone by conventional usage and international hospitality.



LINCOLN'S NOMINATION

As Seen by a Young Girl from New York

By MARY KING CLARK

I had just left school and had contracted a cold which threatened my weak lungs. The physician ordered me away at once, either to the south of France or to the far West of our own country. My great-uncle—Governor John Alsop King,—as Chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, had a private car at his disposal, and on learning of my condition he at once offered to take my father and me as far as Chicago. After a rest of a few days there, we might continue our trip farther to St. Paul, where I was to spend the summer with a sister of my father's, whose husband was rector of the church there.

On the appointed day my father took me to the train, where I was met by my uncle and introduced to the members of the party—men selected for their patriotism and political integrity. First of all was the Governor himself—tall, dark, superbly built, holding his head high; then stately Simeon Draper, with his eagle's beak and merry blue eyes; Moses Grinnell, with his white sidewhiskers and generally well-groomed, English look; R. M. Blatchford, a sturdy patriot and a man of deep religious feeling. A little apart was Raymond of the *Times*, whose cautious policy did not endear him to these strong, fearless men; and Nathaniel Blunt, a politician in whom there was no guile. Mr. Blunt was accompanied by his daughter.

As the train pulled slowly out of the station my uncle arranged that our first halt should be at Niagara Falls—for the pleasure and convenience of the invalid girl. This plan was carried out, and early the next day we resumed our journey, stopping at the stations of the principal towns or cities we passed through, to be met always by crowds of excited men who insisted on a speech from the Governor; and ever his voice rang out clear and firm for the Union and for our candidate, the only man who, under God, could save the nation—New York's noble son, the wise, true statesman, William H. Seward. Loud applause followed his stirring words. New York as a unit had set its heart on this nomination. Our delegates were pledged to bring their candidate in triumphantly; but whispers were heard of a dark horse. The West was pushing an unknown man, and the West was young and strong and obstinate. Eagerly the Southern population watched our movements, for a quarrel with the West meant victory for the South, and the end of our nation. Slowly we steamed on, stopping at many stations, with always the demand for a speech from the Governor, and his ready compliance with the people's wish.

At last, late in the evening, worn out with the events of the trip, we approached Chicago. The city was illuminated in our honor, and there was a crowd at the station to welcome the New Yorkers. Terrified, I stared at the crowd pushing and pressing on us; but my uncle called upon our

strong man, John C. Heenan,* prize-fighter and gentleman, to pilot me to the hotel where rooms had been secured for the New York delegation. Clinging to his strong arm, the tired, delicate girl was speedily and safely landed at the hotel, and soon forgot the dangers she had passed in a sound, dreamless sleep. I arose early the next morning to accompany our party to the Wigwam—so called because the chiefs of the Republican party were to meet there; and here I witnessed a contest famous in history. It needs the pen, not of an unskilled woman, but of a mighty writer, to tell the tale of those three days.

The Wigwam where the Convention was held was a large, circular building, like a circus, partitioned off into numerous boxes or compartments like stalls, each one assigned to a State. Kentucky faced New York on the opposite side of the great amphitheatre, and as our men took their appointed seats my girlish heart swelled with pride, because they were physically head and shoulders above the other delegates. Subsequent events proved their superiority to be not merely physical.

The battle began. One by one the States first on the list arose and announced their candidates. There was no confusion: the battle was not for them to fight. Silence followed. Then the men of the West and Southwest arose, and, though very young and inexperienced, I noted a lack of organization in their manner of rising, one after the other, almost timidly it seemed to me; and the Kentucky Chairman drawled out the name of Abraham Lincoln. Loud hisses and great excitement followed. Raymond in our box leaned forward eagerly, and from the back seats, from the Copperheads and Secessionists, came louder hisses and sneers for the "Rail-splitter."

Up rose New York, as one man. Well to the front, our Chairman lifted his head and called, loudly and clearly, "New York nominates William H. Seward." Excitement and cheers, followed again and again by cheers from the back seats. Raymond's mouth was set. No speeches were made; that work had been done before.

The walk from the Wigwam back to the hotel was slow and solemn; heads and backs were bent, as if the burden of responsibility were too heavy; only the Governor never lowered his head as he led his men back to the rooms in the hotel, where they talked earnestly in low, guarded tones. "The West is determined; so are we! But we cannot do without the West." Now came a low whisper from Raymond: "We are pledged to our constituents; we must stick to our candidate, or we shall seem to be renegades." Uncle John's eyes flashed fire, and "Better to seem so, than to be," quickly spoke Nathaniel Blunt.

Again on the morrow the same scene at the Wigwam. The West stood firm, and the name of Abraham Lincoln was on every lip. Now the issue lay with New York, and New York never faltered; white and stern were the faces of our men, and again Uncle John's voice rang out, "New York nominates William H. Seward." The men in the back seats whistled cheerfully; things were going their way. New York was committed to Seward, we could not back down. The clouds gathered over our nation, and the old statesmen at home said, "Our country is lost!" But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory; the people chose better than they knew when they appointed those delegates. That day's walk back to the hotel was at funeral pace, and in our rooms we had hopeless fears. The doors were locked; they would fight their battle alone. "The Union is lost!" cried one man sadly; "the West will never give in." "God reigns," said Mr. Blatchford, hopefully and reverently; and they bowed their heads and, I know, prayed for guidance at this anxious time, to know the right and be given the strength to do it; and the verdict was given.

*All delegations carried with them a fighter to keep the peace; for in those hot days men's opinions often cost them broken heads.

But the last day,—my courage fails as I try to tell the story. Again the Wigwam and the crowd; again the West calls out louder and firmer "Abraham Lincoln!" A death-like silence—a pause. The nation's fate hangs on the next move. Raymond's hands bleed, they are so tightly clenched. It needed but one look at New York to tell the tale—faces drawn, white and aged as if ten years had passed in that one night of struggle. Still together as one man, their Chairman well to the front, New York arose. Draper's eyes flashed. The Governor, white as marble, with his mouth set, called out loudly and clearly, "New York withdraws her candidate and seconds the nomination of Abraham Lincoln:" Here the scene was beyond description. At the back, Copperheads and Secessionists fled quietly away; great men wept like boys and hugged each other in their excitement. Our return march was triumphant: heads high, backs erect. The deed was done; the nation saved.

The names of those noble men should be written in letters of gold in the Hall of Fame in the city of New York. I am sure that in the world beyond, to which they have gone, they are permitted to see the fruit of their sacrifice.

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

IX.—THE CONQUESTS OF SALLIE POTTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER

LITTLE BETTIE and Jack Perkins were seated in the summer-house. She was busily embroidering a sofa pillow in orange and blue. The soft September air blew her curls in a most tantalizing way as she sewed.

"They do make a lovely picture, Tillie, and it was just like you to notice it—you certainly are appreciative" said Mrs. Dowe as she and Miss Carter seated themselves on the veranda.

"It reminds me of the time Jared was courting me and going to the University of Virginia too—how history does repeat itself! You know, Jack's grandfather is going to give him his law library and leave him his house. Little Bettie is so innocent and with that pink rose in her hair and her pink dress she reminds me of how I used to look. Little Bettie certainly does look like I did, but Sallie Potts is more like me in her ways."

As she was speaking the postman came up the walk, and Mrs. Dowe flushed with pleasure as she took the letter he handed her. "It 's from Sallie Potts. I declare, Tillie, Sallie Potts is a comfort, she certainly is. I don't see how I am going to get along a whole month without her, and she has only been gone ten days. I am sure you will pardon me if I read it." Breaking the seal, she took out of the envelope half a dozen closely written pages. "Sallie Potts does write such nice letters, and I know you are anxious to hear all she says."

Ever since Sallie Potts had gone to New York to visit her sister, Miss Carter had timed her daily visit with the postman's afternoon delivery, so she was quite content to wait, knowing that after Mrs. Dowe

LITTLE BETTIE SILENTLY SEWING AND JACK PERKINS SILENTLY WATCHING HER

had first enjoyed her daughter's confidences herself, she would be only too glad to take a second pleasure in their recital. Miss Carter was used to second-hand joys. Living alone, her only relations two brothers who lived in another State, her only personal experiences were in the occasional visits of her nieces, and these were so fraught with a sense of responsibility that her enjoyment was overshadowed. With Mrs. Dowe and her daughters she felt no personal care, so her greatest delight was in the confidences of her friend. While Mrs. Dowe read her letter Miss Carter watched the young people in the summer-house, Little Bettie silently sewing and Jack Perkins silently watching her.

As Mrs. Dowe came to the end she called out: "Little Bettie, it 's a letter from Sallie Potts; she 's visiting at Lucile Livingston's and has met a real lord. I just said that, Tillie, because of course Jack Perkins will tell his mother, and by to-morrow everybody will hear it. One comfort of telling you things is, I know you never repeat them, so of course I always tell someone else, too. Oh, Tillie, Sallie Potts is having a grand visit, and it certainly does console me for being so lonesome, to know she 's having such a good time. Sallie Potts always does have a good time. And, Tillie, just think, Kate and Edward are going to Europe! Oh, Little Bettie," she called out again, "Kate and Edward are going abroad! Is n't that interesting?"

"Do you know, Tillie," she continued, resuming the conversational tone, "Sallie Potts says everybody she 's met has been to Europe at least twice. I declare it is surprising how people do travel. Sallie Potts is visiting Lucile Livingston now, and just as soon as Lucile heard that Sallie Potts's birthday was on the tenth, she said she was going to give her a German, and Sallie Potts and Mr. Geoffrey Livingston are to lead it together. The Livingstons are so attentive, and, Tillie, their house up on the Hudson, where Sallie Potts is visiting, is as big as a hotel. Just think, Tillie, they have thirty servants and a sitting-room and bathroom with every bedroom. Sallie Potts has a French maid who brings her breakfast and helps her dress and

combs her hair, only Sallie Potts says she always combs it over as soon as the maid is gone. Sallie Potts says it gives her such a good chance to speak French. And Sallie Potts does love to speak French. Just as soon as she got there the maid took her keys and unpacked all her things. Sallie Potts says she certainly was glad Kate loaned her the new steamer trunk and hat trunk, because the big leather one she took surely would have been inconvenient.

"Tillie, Kate 's got so many new things for her trip. I declare, Edward's practice must be very large, and he 's so indulgent that Kate has everything her heart desires. Sallie Potts says she has a new steamer-trunk and a steamer-rug and so many interesting conveniences. The steamer-rug must be handsome—Sallie Potts says she 's going to bring her father one for a present when she comes home. She says it certainly will be convenient for me when I take a nap—Sallie Potts is so thoughtful of her father! Did I tell you about Kate's singing? Well I do declare, I never would have forgiven myself if I had forgotten to tell you. Sallie Potts wrote me all about it. And when I tell you, Tillie, I know you will agree with me that I certainly have a right to feel proud of my girls—especially Sallie Potts! They went to a party given for a most distinguished English lord at one of the handsomest houses on Fifth Avenue. Sallie Potts wore her yellow silk and she says that Kate looked like an angel in a new lace gown and sang divinely. And, Tillie, Kate received an ovation. Sallie Potts was so happy—you know how she always admires her sisters; and then, Tillie, the most distinguished-looking man took Sallie Potts in to supper! It certainly is gratifying to hear what a good time they are having.

"Tillie, Sallie Potts does write such amusing things. She says at a party in New York it 's hard to tell the guests from the servants—that is, the men—because they all dress alike and some of the servants look so distinguished and some of the most distinguished guests look so insignificant—Sallie Potts certainly is original! The very first day she was there in New York, Lucile Livingston went right to see her and took her out in her automobile to Central Park and then to a place called Sherry's for luncheon. (Sallie Potts says Sherry's is more fashionable than Delmonico's.) She 's been to so many elegant entertainments and she says nobody lives any handsomer than the Livingstons. Just think, Tillie, Sallie Potts says they have a real gold service—now is n't that a revelation of elegance! Next week Lucile is going to Italy with her aunt. Sallie Potts says it 's mighty entertaining to hear people talking about their trips abroad, and it seems to her everybody is going to Europe.

In the library at Mr. Livingston's she found a book just like the one she bought at Mr. Gordon's auction; and Baedeker must be alive, because Kate bought a new book of his about Germany. He must be a prolific writer, because Sallie Potts says he 's written books about nearly every country. She says Mr. Livingston always talks to her about books, and he 's so interested in everything she says. One day he found her reading one of Baedeker's books and asked her if she was interested. She said yes, she thought it was full of valuable information, but she didn 't care for his style; and, Tillie, Mr. Livingston was so pleased with her literary taste he told everybody that night at dinner how refreshing she was. I declare it 's charming to see how everybody admires Sallie Potts.

"On her birthday, Lucile and Geoffrey Livingston gave her a gold chain bracelet and a diary bound in blue leather with a gold lock, and, Tillie, the key that locks the bracelet locks the diary too—is n't that ingenious? Of course, though Sallie Potts does n't say so, I can tell that Mr. Geoffrey Livingston is being devoted to her, but, Tillie, I can see that she prefers the English lord—

Sallie Potts is so ambitious! But even if she does prefer the English lord, I know she never would consider him, Colonel Dowe is so prejudiced about foreign marriages. It certainly is gratifying about Kate and Edward going abroad, and their letters will be interesting, only Kate does n't write trying to address her, and with him living at Kate's you can see how it would be. Then at Lucile's there was Geoffrey Livingston being just as devoted to her as George Rogers was; so, Tillie, it got so embarrassing —she just had to go back to Kate's. And that is n't all, Tillie. I know

SHE THOUGHT BAEDEKER FULL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION, BUT DID N'T CARE FOR THE STYLE

like Sallie Potts—confidentially, Tillie, nobody does. I certainly do wish Sallie Potts could go to Europe. Just think, Tillie, Edward is going to study to be a specialist and Kate 's going to have her voice cultivated. I declare Kate and Edward certainly are fortunate—they have everything they want. Sallie Potts is coming home next week, and, Tillie, confidentially, and because I know how sacredly you do guard my confidences, I 'm going to tell you why Sallie Potts is coming home so soon. It 's mighty interesting and I know you will enjoy hearing it. The truth is, Tillie, Sallie Potts has n't had one minute's peace in New York—no, not even at Kate's; for ever since Kate's wedding, George Rogers has been you will be interested when I tell you that the English lord—no, Tillie, not even to you can I betray the sacred confidences of my own child—no, I can't do that, but confidentially I will tell you that I know enough from what Sallie Potts says to know he 's the real cause of her embarrassment. If she never talks about him when she comes home, and, Tillie, I I feel confident she never will, you will understand it 's because she 's so modest. You know how modest Sallie Potts is! I never would tell any one what I 've told you, Tillie, but knowing how appreciative you are, I knew you would enjoy hearing about Sallie Potts's conquests. I declare I never did hear of a girl having such a good time or receiv-

ing so much attention as Sallie Potts!"

Mrs. Dowe paused with a sigh and as she did so saw Colonel Dowe coming up the avenue. Seeing him also reminded her guest of the lateness of the hour, and as she arose to go Mrs. Dowe protested, but the protest was not strong as she said: "I know it is n't the part of courtesy for a hostess to urge a guest to stay, so I won't; but, Tillie, I certainly have enjoyed seeing you—I always do enjoy seeing you and talking about my girls. Especially about Sallie Potts. Sallie Potts's conquests certainly are interesting. And then, Tillie, I know you have shared my happiness on watching Little Bettie and Jack Perkins too. All the world loves a lover, Tillie—even you. I declare, even if it is too bad you did n't marry, you must agree with me you have had a long happy girlhood—you certainly have, Tillie, and I will say your living next door is a comfort. Come over to-morrow," she added as her friend descended the steps, I reckon I 'll have another letter, and I know, after what I 've told you, you 'll be interested. Did you ever hear of a girl's having such a good time as Sallie Potts?"

I NEVER DID HEAR OF A GIRL HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME OR RECEIVING SO MUCH ATTENTION AS SALLIE POTTS

As Mrs. Dowe watched her guest depart, the light slowly faded from her face—the triumphant expression which had shone as she recited her daughter's conquests,—and was replaced by a look of motherly anxiety while she awaited the coming of Colonel Dowe. As he took the cosy chair by his wife's side, she unfolded the letter and began:

"It 's from Sallie Potts, and, Jared, she 's having such a disappointing visit. I can't help feeling mighty worried about the child. She does not say so —you know, Jared, it would n't be Sallie Potts if she complained, and she does n't; but she does say enough to make me right much worried.

I am troubled about Kate, too, Jared; she and Edward are going to Europe. Kate says if a physician wants to be a success he must be a specialist, and if he wants to be a specialist he must study in Berlin. So Edward borrowed the money and Kate's afraid he didn't borrow enough, but they are going anyway. Kate 's been so busy getting ready she forgot to write me about it—now is n't that just like Kate? George Rogers is going to take Edward's practice while they are away, and he and Edward are so busy they have n't been at home a single evening since Sallie Potts got there.

"Kate took her out one evening to a party when Kate sang. It was a very distinguished party given for an English lord. And would you believe me, Jared?—Kate wore Sallie Potts's new lace dress and party wrap, and Sallie Potts wore the dress of mine we made over and mother's lace-shawl—Sallie Potts certainly is unselfish! Of course Kate took her, but, Jared, Sallie Potts did n't even see the English lord. She said it was mighty interesting just to sit and watch the people. At first Kate did n't know anybody but the hostess, who only invited her because she is a patient of Edward's and knew Kate could sing.

"After Kate sang, she was so busy meeting people herself, she forgot all about Sallie Potts; so, Jared, just think, Sallie Potts sat in a corner all by herself and, would you believe me? even after everybody began to have supper, Kate and Edward never thought about her. Sallie Potts never would have had anything to eat if a strange man had n't brought her some salad and a glass of wine. Sallie Potts says he was a most distinguished-looking man and, although he had a nice voice and lovely manners, still he did n't have anything to eat himself and did n't sit down, so she was afraid he might only be a waiter and she did n't say much to him. Sallie Potts says Kate keeps correcting her and won't let her say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir,' and Sallie Potts says when she leaves the 'sir' off she feels so impolite she can't take any pleasure in talking.

"At the Livingstons' it was lovely, but Geoffrey Livingston was only home one morning; and after promising to give Sallie Potts a party on her birthday, Lucile Livingston decided suddenly to go to Italy and forgot all about it. And while she had some nice presents, Geoffrey Livingston never even came home on her birthday; so Sallie Potts went back to Kate's. She has too much pride to wait around for any man who does n't come home while she 's there. Of course, now they are all going to Europe next week, and naturally Sallie Potts is coming home.

"You know, Jared, even if she does write and say Kate 's so kind and the Livingstons are attentive, it is n't kind or attentive to invite anyone to visit you and then decide to go to Europe before the visit is over. And, Jared, just think, Sallie Potts never even saw the English lord, and she says he 's such a distinguished English lord, too. Sallie Potts says the way people travel and talk about places they 've been certainly is embarrassing. She says they all know French, and it does n't sound at all like the French she learned, so she can't understand it.

"Sallie Potts says she 's going to learn French, and she 's spent the money you sent her for a birthday present on a new way to learn it. She says it 's better than any teacher she can get down here, and she can have a lesson whenever she wants it because it 's a phonograph and all she 's got to do is to wind it up and take a lesson. Sallie Potts certainly is ambitious.

"And, Jared, that reminds me—I am worried about Little Bettie. Jack Perkins is here every day, and she 's wearing his fraternity pin, and, Jared, you know what it meant when I began to wear *your* fraternity pin. I declare, Jared, I 've felt sad every time I've looked at her this afternoon.

Little Bettie's only seventeen, and even if I was married before I was eighteen, I do think Little Bettie ought to see more of the world before she marries anybody. Jack Perkins is too young, too—we can't tell what kind of a man he will be, and we never can be sure the Judge is going to make Jack his heir until he does, and the Judge is too healthy to count on his doing it soon. Jared, you know, while I am ambitious, what I really want is to see our girls happy; but I do think they ought to see more of the world and meet more people.

IT WAS INTERESTING JUST TO WATCH PEOPLE

"I declare, Jared, I do deplore Sallie Potts never even seeing that English lord. You know, Jared, how gratified you would have been if she had met him—and to think she never even saw him! It certainly is disappointing; and now Sallie Potts says she 's coming home, and she says she is n't ever going to go away again until she 's travelled more."

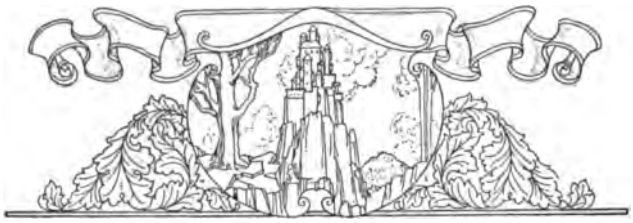
A CALIFORNIA PSALM

I LIFTED up mine eyes unto the hills
  Where fair Los Gatos like a lovely gem
  Is set in California's diadem;
The sky was wreathed with sunset daffodils,
And honey-dew that twilight-hour distils
  Lay on the poppy fields and wet the hem
  Of Evening's robe, who softly sang to them
A slumber song of Dreamland vales and rills.
Unto the hills I lifted up mine eyes
  As one who seeks some guerdon or reward,
    And lo! into my heart of hearts there crept
The grateful balm that weary mortals prize—
  The help that cometh even from the Lord,—
    And, gazing long, I ceased to gaze, and slept.

CLARENCE URMY

MURAL PAINTING BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD FOR THE ASSEMBLY ROOM OF THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT MADISON, WISCONSIN

This decoration—recently exhibited in New York, and one of the best things the artist has ever done—symbolizes the past, present and future of the State. The central figure seated on a rock typifies Wisconsin, the surrounding female figures typifying Lake Superior, Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River. The three men nearest the central figure, at the spectator's left, represent the earliest explorers of the Northwest, while those at the right represent a later group, including a Jesuit missionary. The uniformed figures at the right are those of the color-guard of a Wisconsin regiment in the Civil War. The standing figure in the middle of the foreground typifies the Present, presenting the lumbermen, miners and agriculturists of the State; while at the extreme left stands the Future, with a figure representing the Conservation of Force pointing out the necessity of preserving the forests of the State. At the left also is seen the dome of the new Capitol.



POEMS

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

MILTON

(Read at Columbia University, December 9, 1908)

Voice archangelical, supreme, sublime;
  Most dedicate and rapt of all the quire
  Of singers since humanity and time
  Were fashioned from the sempiternal fire!
None of the laureled race with thee hath name
  Save him, the bard austere and benedight,
  Who, like thee, traversed the infernal flame
  And dared the dread and Everlasting Light.
Milton! the reverberate centuries but bring
  Thy presence nearer; thou dost mightier loom
  Even as thy day recedes; yea, thou dost sing
  With accent more divine, sounding the doom
Of base, infectious and unholy thought,
While upward climbs the world by one high spirit taught.

THE WARRIOR-PRIEST

(Read at the Meeting in Memory of Bishop H. C. Potter, at the Century Club, December 12, 1908)

He was our warrior-priest beneath whose gown
  The mailèd armor took full many a dent,
  When, at the front, all gallantly he went,
  In civic fight, to save the belovèd town;
Then did the proud, outrageous foe go down,
  To shame and wide disaster swiftly sent,
  Struck by his steel to flight—in wonderment
  To see that calm brow wear the battle frown.
For he was courteous as a knight of eld,
  And he the very soul of friendliness;
  The spirit of youth in him lost never its power;
So sweet his soul, his passing smile could bless;
  But this one passion all his long life held:
  To serve his Master to the last lingering hour.

SHAKESPEARE'S NEW HOME

(Read at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the New Theater, New York, December 15, 1908)

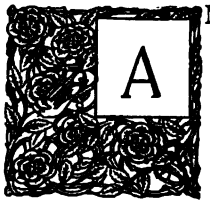
Shakespeare's new home is this, here, on this stage,
  Here shall he reign as first in London town;
  Here shall the passion of that high Renown,
  Embodied newly, know its ancient rage.
Here shall the trembling heart of man regain
  Its heritage of laughter and quick tears,
  And find fresh courage to compel its fears,
  And learn in larger life a balm for pain.
Nor shall the master's spirit quench the blaze
  Of spirits new that may new beauty wake,
  But fan these to bright flame that from new days
  New music, modes and majesties shall take:
And if a New World Shakespeare loom erewhile
How swift, from that great shade, the welcoming smile.

Photograph by Anderson, Rome (See page 551)

THE DAUGHTER OF NIOBE

SOME RECENT FINDS IN GREEK MARBLES

Notes by ALICE RINALDI and ESTELLE M. HURLL



AMONG the most famous of the lost statues of antiquity is the Discobolus of Myron, originally made in bronze in the period between the Persian War and the fifth century B.C. The work of this sculptor shows great fondness for movement, and it is known that he produced many statues of athletes, both typical figures and commemorative portraits, with which it was customary to decorate the sacred grove of Olympia. The Discobolus was carefully described by Lucian as reproducing with marvellous fidelity the disk thrower of the ancient games: "bent down into the position for the throw, turning towards the hand that holds the disk, and all but bending on one knee, he seems as if he would straighten himself up at the throw." Whether this was a typical figure or an actual portrait of an Olympic victor we do not know.

Though we may never hope to see this wonder in the form in which it left the artist's hands, we have formed an idea of its character from the marble copies which have come down to us. One of the best known of these is that of the British Museum. Much finer is the Lancelotti copy, belonging to the prince of that name and jealously cherished in his palace, where it was practically lost to the world. There is therefore great rejoicing among enthusiasts over the most recently discovered copy which has come to light within the year. This was found at Castel Porziano, a favorite shooting place of the King of Italy, on the road to Ostia. Excavations were in progress here on the grounds of an ancient Roman villa, when the first glimpse of marble gave promise of some rich find. It is said that the Queen was so eager in the cause that she shared in the final uncovering with her own hands. Hence the statue will always be known as the Discobolus of Queen Helena. Unhappily the work was in various fragments, and some parts are still missing. Nevertheless a careful study of other existing copies, especially of the Lancelotti statue, has made it possible to effect an exceedingly satisfactory restoration. It was placed by the King in the National Museum (Baths of Diocletian), where it will be accessible to multitudes of art lovers and critics. It is already pretty generally agreed that this is the finest extant copy of Myron's original.

The Aldobrandini statue is a less recent find which was first brought to extensive notice last year by the determined efforts of the Italian Government to secure the prize. It has been said that even the fabulous offer of half a million francs was exceeded by a would-be foreign purchaser; but the Italians have a patriotic zeal to keep their treasures at home. This beautiful marble was discovered in 1878 in the grounds of the Villa Aldobrandini, on the sea cliffs of Anzio. The quaint old seaport town was once a fashionable winter resort where Nero and succeeding emperors sought recreation. It

Photograph by Anderson, Rome

THE DISCOBOLUS OF QUEEN HELENA

contains many interesting Roman remains full of associations of former glory. In 1878 some heavy rains washed away a portion of the cliff belonging to the Aldobrandini grounds, and a fine piece of first-century wall was revealed, containing two niches. It was in one of these niches that the famous statue was found. It represents a young woman in woollen draperies holding in her hands an article variously interpreted as a tray, a roll or a scroll. Some authorities suggested that this was a poetess reading from her own verses. Others see in her a priestess making a propitiatory offering of wool. The marble is accordingly known either as the "Aldobrandini statue," from the place of its discovery, or the "Greek Priestess," or the "Priestess of Anzio," from its supposed character. In any case she is a beautiful creature, about six feet in height, with a finely modelled head calling to mind the Olympian Hermes. Archæologists have united in high praise of the workmanship, and are reasonably certain that it belongs to the golden age of Greek sculpture. Professor Loewy, of the University of Rome, lecturing on the subject at the International Artists' Club, claimed it as, in all probability, an original work of Praxiteles. A German authority (Klein) assigns it to some sculptor of the succeeding generation. It is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

Photograph by Anderson, Rome

THE ALDOBRANDINI STATUE

The fame of these two statues has nearly overshadowed that of a find of two years ago, the so-called "Daughter of Niobe." This marble was uncovered in the Via Sallustiana, in the Ludovisi quarter, Rome, in ground belonging to the Commercial Bank. It is at present in the possession of the Bank, but when in future years the public awaken to its beauty we shall hear more about it.

Photograph by Millet, Minneapolis

Arthur Upson

ARTHUR UPSON

THE recent death by drowning of Arthur Upson, whether as the result of an accident or of premeditation, may, perhaps, take rank with Poe's as one of the two most tragical in American literary annals. Mr. Upson's body was found, after he had been missing two days, in Lake Bemidji, Minnesota. The boat which he had used was capsized and lacked one oar when recovered.

Arthur Upson was born in Camden, New Jersey, thirty-one years ago. He removed to Minnesota in 1894 and, with the exception of several years spent abroad, resided subsequently in Minneapolis and St. Paul. He was best known as the author of several volumes of verse—"At the Sign of the Harp," "West Wind Songs," "Octaves Written in an Oxford Garden," "The City" and the

recently published "Tides of Spring." Miss Rittenhouse gave him a place in her half-dozen "Younger American Poets" (1904). Temperamentally and artistically Mr. Upson was nearly related to Chatterton, Shelley and Francis Thompson.

Mr. Upson attempted suicide three years ago, and this, together with the fact that he sometimes suffered periods of melancholy, is responsible for the suggestion that his death was not entirely accidental; but many circumstances, such as his improved health, his happier outlook upon life, and his growing reputation, are evidence to the contrary. His "Tides of Spring," a "dramatic romance," published simultaneously in Edinburgh and Boston, has been accepted for presentation this winter by the New Theatre of Chicago.

Mr. Perry Harrison (Security National Bank, Minneapolis) is the treasurer of a fund for the publication of an edition of Mr. Upson's Poems for the benefit of his mother, who is widowed and childless.

EXPLICIT CARMINA ILLIUS POETÆ

Vale, Arthur Upson

CONVOLVULUS and columbine
  And apple blossoms with sweet breath:
Thy flowers all, now doubly thine,
Be strewn upon thee for a sign
  Of song and early death.

We shall not find a tenderer one
  Of those whose souls, in toil and haste,
    Were as gold censers swung along;
None tenderer has forgot the sun,
  Of all who wrought most fair the chaste
    Circumference of strict song.

Most like that Flaccus of the Porch
  Whose boy's face fronts the centuries
    Against the broils of bloody Rome:
Not such an one to bear thy torch
  Above thy time's iniquities;
    Soon tired for thy long home.

Like Sappho, Shelley, in thy death,
  But all thyself in supreme song:
As long as time remembereth
Thy perfect Octaves be a breath
  The West Wind bears along.

  Convolvulus and columbine
    And the apple-trees of May,
  With a billion blooms that gloom and shine
    Rose-red and white as whey;

  And an oat-song of old days be thine,
    Piped thin from a hill in May——
  Through a billion blooms that gloom and shine
    Rose-red and white as whey.

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

OUT OF THE STORM

By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE VORTEX OF A CYCLONE"

ILLUSTRATION BY PERCY COWEN

"HUSH!" said my friend the scientist, as I walked into his laboratory. I had opened my lips to speak; but stood silent for a few minutes at his request.

He was sitting at his instrument, and the thing was tapping out a message in a curiously irregular fashion—stopping a few seconds, then going on at a furious pace.

It was during a somewhat longer than usual pause that, growing slightly impatient, I ventured to address him.

"Anything important?" I asked.

"For God's sake, shut up!" he answered back in a high, strained voice.

I stared. I am used to pretty abrupt treatment from him at times when he is much engrossed in some particular experiment; but this was going a little too far, and I said so.

He was writing, and, for reply, he pushed several loosely-written sheets over to me with the one curt word, "Read!"

With a sense half of anger, half of curiosity, I picked up the first and glanced at it. After a few lines, I was gripped and held securely by a morbid interest. I was reading a message from one in the last extremity. I will give it word for word:—

"John, we are sinking! I wonder if you really understand what I feel at the present time—you sitting comfortably in your laboratory, I out here upon the waters, already one among the dead. Yes, we are doomed. There is no such thing as help in our case. We are sinking—steadily, remorselessly. God! I must keep up and be a man! I need not tell you that I am in the operator's room. All the rest are on deck—or dead in the hungry thing which is smashing the ship to pieces.

"I do not know where we are, and there is no one of whom I can ask. The last of the officers was drowned nearly an hour ago, and the vessel is now little more than a sort of breakwater for the giant seas.

"Once, about half an hour ago, I went out on to the deck. My God! the sight was terrible. It is a little after midday; but the sky is the color of mud—do you understand?—gray mud! Down from it there hang vast lappets of clouds. Not such clouds as I have ever before seen; but monstrous, mildewed-looking hulls. They show solid, save where the frightful wind tears their lower edges into great feelers that swirl savagely above us, like the tentacles of some enormous Horror.

"Such a sight is difficult to describe to the living; though the Dead of the Sea know of it without words of mine. It is such a sight that none is allowed to see and live. It is a picture for the doomed and the dead; one of the sea's hell-orgies—one of the THING'S monstrous gloatings over the living—say the

Drawn by Percy E. Cowen

HE PUSHED SEVERAL LOOSELY WRITTEN SHEETS OVER TO ME WITH THE ONE CURT WORD, "READ!"

alive-in-death, those upon the brink. I have no right to tell of it to you; to speak of it to one of the living is to initiate innocence into one of the infernal mysteries—to talk of foul things to a child. Yet I care not! I will expose, in all its hideous nakedness, the death-side of the sea. The undoomed living shall know some of the things that death has hitherto so well guarded. Death knows not of this little instrument beneath my hands that connects me still with the quick, else would he haste to quiet me.

"Hark you, John! I have learnt undreamt of things in this little time of waiting. I know now why we are afraid of the dark. I had never imagined such secrets of the sea and the grave (which are one and the same).

"Listen! Ah, but I was forgetting you cannot hear! I can! The Sea is —— Hush! the Sea is laughing, as though Hell cackled from the mouth of an ass. It is jeering. I can hear its voice echo like Satanic thunder amid the mud overhead—— It is calling to me! call—— I must go—— The sea calls!

"Oh! God, art Thou indeed God? Canst Thou sit above and watch calmly that which I have just seen? Nay! Thou art no God! Thou art weak and puny beside this foul THING which Thou didst create in Thy lusty youth. *It* is *now* God—and I am one of its children.

"Are you there, John? Why don't you answer! Listen! I ignore God; for there is a stronger than He. My God is here, beside me, around me, and will be soon above me. You know what that means. It is merciless. *The sea is now all the God there is!* That is one of the things I have learnt.

"Listen! IT is laughing again. God is *it*, not He.

"It called, and I went out on to the decks. All was terrible. IT is in the waist—everywhere. IT has swamped the ship. Only the forecastle, bridge and poop stick up out from the bestial, reeking THING, like three islands in the midst of shrieking foam. At times gigantic billows assail the ship from both sides. They form momentary arches above the vessel—arches of dull, curved water half a hundred feet towards the hideous sky. Then they descend——roaring. Think of it! You cannot.

"There is an infection of sin in the air: it is the exhalations from the *Thing*. Those left upon the drenched islets of shattered wood and iron are doing the most horrible things. The THING is teaching them. Later, I felt the vile informing of its breath; but I have fled back here——to pray for death.

"On the forecastle, I saw a mother and her little son clinging to an iron rail. A great billow heaved up above them——descended in a falling mountain of brine. It passed, and they were still there. The *Thing* was only toying with them; yet, all the same, it had torn the hands of the child from the rail, and the child was clinging frantically to its Mother's arm. I saw another vast hill hurl up to port and hover above them. Then the Mother stooped and bit like a foul beast at the hands of her wee son. She was afraid that his little additional weight would be more than she could hold. I heard his scream even where I stood——it drove to me upon that wild laughter. It told me again that God is not He, but IT. Then the hill thundered down upon those two. It seemed to me that the *Thing* gave a bellow as it leapt. It roared about them churning and growling; then surged away, and there was only one—the Mother. There appeared to me to be blood as well as water upon her face, especially about her mouth; but the distance was too great, and I cannot be sure. I looked away. Close to me, I saw something further—a beautiful young girl (her soul hideous with the breath of the *Thing*) struggling with her sweetheart for the shelter of the charthouse side. He threw her off; but she came back

at him. I saw her hand come from her head, where still clung the wreckage of some form of headgear. She struck at him. He shouted and fell away to leeward, and she—smiled, showing her teeth. So much for that. I turned elsewhere.

"Out upon the *Thing*, I saw gleams, horrid and suggestive, below the crests of the waves. I have never seen them until this time. I saw a rough sailorman washed away from the vessel. One of the huge breakers snapped at him!——— Those things were teeth. *It* has teeth. I heard them clash. I heard his yell. It was no more than a mosquito's shrilling amid all that laughter; but it was very terrible. There is worse than death.

"The ship is lurching very queerly with a sort of sickening heave———

"I fancy I have been asleep. No—I remember now. I hit my head when she rolled so strangely. My leg is doubled under me. I think it is broken; but it does not matter———

"I have been praying. I—I—— What was it? I feel calmer, more resigned, now. I think I have been mad. What was it that I was saying? I cannot remember. It was something about—about—God. I—I believe I blasphemed. May He forgive me! Thou knowest, God, that I was not in my right mind. Thou knowest that I am very weak. Be with me in the coming time! I have sinned; but Thou art all merciful.

"Are you there, John? It is very near the end now. I had so much to say; but it all slips from me. What was it that I said? I take it all back. I was mad, and——and God knows. He is merciful, and I have very little pain now. I feel a bit drowsy.

"I wonder whether you are there, John. Perhaps, after all, no one has heard the things I have said. It is better so. The Living are not meant——and yet, I do not know. If you are there, John, you will—— you will tell *her* how it was; but not—not——— Hark! there was such a thunder of water overhead just then. I fancy two vast seas have met in mid-air across the top of the bridge and burst all over the vessel. It must be soon now——and there was such a number of things I had to say! I can hear voices in the wind. They are singing. It is like an enormous dirge ———

"I think I have been dozing again. I pray God humbly that it be soon! You will not——not tell *her* anything about, about what I may have said, will you, John? I mean those things which I ought not to have said. What was it I did say? My head is growing strangely confused. I wonder whether you really do hear me. I may be talking only to that vast roar outside. Still, it is some comfort to go on, and I will not believe that you do not hear all I say. Hark again! A mountain of brine must have swept clean over the vessel. She has gone right over on to her side. . . . She is back again. It will be very soon now——

"Are you there, John? Are you there? It is coming! The Sea has come for me! It is rushing down through the companionway! It—it is like a vast jet! My God! I am dr-own-ing! I—am—dr——"

BUNYAN IN PRISON

A-MANY lay with him in Bedford jail—
Cutthroats and thieves and women of the street;
Spawn of all evil sprawled about his feet,
The while he dreamed his Dream and told his Tale.
What mattered it to him? Within the pale
Of those four walls, him Faithful stopped to greet
Or with stout Hopeful walked in converse sweet,
And Christian o'er Apollyon did prevail.

And so the foul wards widened when he willed—
Let in a world in little, then, narrowing, grew
To semblance of the Giant's dungeon dull;
Shifted to shapes of vale and mead—or, filled
With all the Vision's glory, changed into
The shining rooms of the House Beautiful.

"Then saw I in my Dream"—The fair refrain
Sprinkles the printed page, till we forget
He had his waking hours, when the fret
Of fear that just missed madness teased his brain.
Travailing with his own peculiar pain,
In every path his Pilgrim knew, he set
Feet that might stumble but linger not, and yet
Knew not the end—that was the Dream again!

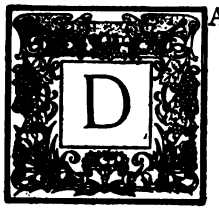
What wonder, in his book, the Valley grim
Stretches ere rise the Mounts Delectable,
And the Slough lies before Emmanuel's Land,
Full many a league? God's peace came late to him
Who trod the road from Earth to Heaven, and spanned
With his rack'd soul the gulf 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

FRANK PRESTON SMART

GWEN'S STRANGER

By LILY A. LONG

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT EDWARDS



AVID! Is it really you? In the middle of the afternoon! I did n't suppose a man remembered during business hours that such trivial matters as women and tea-tables existed in the universe."

"I had business in the neighborhood," said David, as calmly as though he were telling the truth. "I just thought I 'd drop in and find out what it was you wanted to consult me about."

Gwen, small, quick and vivid in all her ways, tilted her head up at him like an inquiring bird.

"You 'll have some tea first," she said, and crossed the room to touch the bell. Her movement somehow suggested a flash of light. Then she turned to observe him from a distance. "Sit down, David. Until I see you safely established in a chair, I simply have to hold my breath for fear you will smash something—though I don't know that you *do* smash things more than other people, to be quite fair. But you always seem on the verge of it. I should think you would make yourself nervous!"

David sat down carefully.

"I have broken one or two things in my time," he said, with a sort of sotto-voce grimness. "What was the important matter you wanted to see me about?"

Gwen dropped into a big chair which quite engulfed her, and, propping her chin on her palms and her elbows on one arm of the chair, she considered him gravely.

"If all conversation were conducted on your method, there would be such a surplus of unused language left on the hands of the dictionary-makers, that they would have to shut down their factories for a year. Don't you know that if you come to a point too soon, all your angles will be obtuse instead of acute? That 's no personal reflection on your mentality, David. It is merely geometry. You may put the tea-table here, Frances. And I am not at home to anyone this afternoon. How many lumps, David?"

"I don't care."

"But it is stupid not to care. Do you prefer it sweet or very sweet?"

"I don't know."

She pressed her lips together and slowly dropped in one lump after another until the small tea-cup was full. Then she poured tea into the interstices and gravely handed him the cup. He took it with equal gravity, and, with some difficulty, managed to sip it.

"You are hopeless," she protested. "Well, to come to the point—since you are so anxious to cut the interview as short as possible,—I have had a letter from L'Étranger."

David looked distinctly surprised, even startled.

"A letter? Recently?"

"A day or two ago. And it 's a letter that has given me a great deal of perplexity. You see, it is n't just one of his ordinary letters. It 's a—a love letter."

David said nothing—so far as one

"YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT L'ETRANGER," SHE CONTINUED

could hear. He looked as though he were doing some rapid and explicit thinking.

"You are the only one who knows about L'Étranger," Gwen continued slowly. "I never mentioned him to anyone else. I could n't. It was too intimate. And I have n't shown all of his letters even to you. But this was so serious and so unexpected that I thought it over and decided to ask your advice. You remember, don't you, how the correspondence began?"

David had restored his sugary cup to the tea-table. He was looking at Gwen with a face carefully composed.

"I—think so."

"I was just seventeen, and more romantic than even the average. I expected Prince Charming to come for me some day very soon, and I was sure I should know him under any disguise."

"*Any* disguise?" David asked, with a half-laugh that was somehow like a strangled sob.

"Well—any disguise except the commonplace," said Gwen, with her gravely considering eyes fixed upon him. "You could n't expect Seventeen to pierce that. Indeed, I am not sure— However, to return to the point. I quite thought for a time that I had discovered him in the person of a beautiful young music-master with long hair and soulful eyes, Herr Holterhoff" ——

"Holterberg!"

"Why, did you know him?"

"Of course. And loathed him."

"That 's odd. I did n't know you knew anything about him. Well, he sang sentimental songs at me when he should have been putting me through my scales——"

"I knew he did, the consummate ass."

"Because he sang to me? I thought that showed his discrimination. Without undue vanity, I still think it was probably the best that could be said of him. He was romantic, too, in his own way, and I am not sure how far we might have gone in our absurdity if L'Étranger had not created a diversion. A mere German tenor, whose cuffs—even Romance had to admit it—were not always immaculate, could never hope to compete with a political exile whose identity must for state reasons be kept secret, and who, having seen you once and once only, could never forget you, and begged most respectfully that you would lighten his loneliness with an occasional letter. Herr Holterberg's star sank into the sea from that day."

"Then at least that fool L'Etranger did that much good."

"Please don't be bitter about L' Étranger. I don't like it. And there is n't any reason. Especially from you. You must not forget that I showed you his first letter, and you said that he wrote like a gentleman and you saw no harm in my answering. I wonder that I had sense enough to make you share the responsibility, but I did."

David made a restless movement. "I have not forgotten."

"And there has n't been any harm, —at least none to me. On the contrary. It has done a lot for my education. I was thinking it all over last night. It certainly has been a curious and unusual correspondence, and I have often wondered if he is n't really some very important person. There was always that undercurrent of romantic adoration to keep the affair going, but aside from that, the letters were very clever and interesting. He asked my opinion about books—which consequently I had to read. He flattered my culture by slipping in French phrases—so I kept up my lessons. He discussed world-politics—which I should never have cared a blessed atom about, if left to myself. It may all have been unconscious on his part—I suppose, of course, it was; but, really, if I am not an ignoramus in some things, it is very largely due to L'Étranger. The people I knew did n't talk to me about those things—I suppose they did n't think I was worthy of pearls of thought. He did n't

really know me, you see, and so he gave me the benefit of the doubt." There was something wistful in the look she gave him—a mute appeal for forgiveness if she hurt him.

David sat as rigid as a prisoner at the bar, bent only on letting no show of emotion betray him. "Some people cannot talk as easily as they can think—or write," he said, impersonally.

"I know. And some people don't realize that it might be worth while trying! At any rate, they don't seem to try."

David's jaw took on, if possible, a squarer line than ever. "What about this last letter you speak of?"

"I 'm coming to that. As I said, there was always, in his letters, a sort of play at love-making; but it was the exaggerated, fantastic sort that you did n't have to answer or recognize. But after a while I began to feel a difference."

David's eyes never left her face.

"It was less obviously fantastic. I almost thought sometimes— Then, suddenly, the letters stopped."

David's eyes fell for a moment.

"That was just about a year ago. There had been breaks before, sometimes for months at a time, so I did n't really think I had lost my unknown friend. In fact, I was rather—relieved. It seemed to remove a possible—complication."

David looked up sharply, but this time her eyes were on the rug.

"Then, for the next few months I was too busy to give much thought to L'Étranger fickle or L'Étranger false. A certain friend of mine who had been working too hard and looking out for everybody but himself was taken down with typhoid fever, and I, even I, had a chance to do something for him."

David flushed—slowly, as he did everything, but intensely.

"I shall never forgive that idiot of a doctor for allowing me to be taken here instead of to a hospital. It was an outrageous imposition."

A soft little smile touched the corners of Gwen's mouth lingeringly, as though it would have liked to stay if invited. But her words were nothing if not sedate.

"On the contrary, it was a privilege which in the name of friendship you could not refuse us. You know, David, you are generous of everything except yourself."

"You mean I don't like to give myself away," he said, under feint of a half-hearted laugh.

"You are scared to death at the very thought of it," she said, cheerfully. "You put yourself into a burglar-proof safe every morning, and try to make even yourself forget the combination. I can't remember back to the time when I did n't know you, and yet I did n't even begin to have a glimmering of knowing you until you were a helpless convalescent in the house and could n't get away."

The uncomfortable flush still lingered on his forehead, and he muttered something inarticulate that was expressive only of embarrassment. Gwen waited a moment, but when it was clear that he did not mean to speak, she took up her tale.

"So—I rather forgot about L'Étranger, you see, and rather took for granted that he had forgotten about me. But he had n't, and all this time he must have thought me heartlessly indifferent. The letter which has just reached me was written at that time. In it he asks me to let him come and explain himself and try to—win my love."

David picked up his sugary teacup and looked speculatively into its depths.

"Well, what answer are you going to send him?"

"That 's what I wanted your advice about."

He put the cup down abruptly and looked at her with a certain pained sternness.

"Advice? Surely you know that the only honest answer to such a letter is the one that your own heart prompts."

"You speak as though it were a simple matter to know your own heart."

"Is n't it? I have never had much difficulty in knowing what I wanted—so far as that goes."

Gwen thoughtfully pleated the end of a fluttering ribbon between her fingers. "That 's where men have a tremendous advantage over women. You just make up your mind what you want, and then you plunge right ahead and get it,——"

"Not always."

"But it would be very indiscreet for a woman to make up her mind irrevocably as to what she wanted, before she knew whether there was a chance of getting it. After a great many generations of experience, women have developed to a fine art the power of holding judgment suspended. Besides, for certain reasons, this special case has more uncertainties in it than even the average. So, I have written two answers to L'Étranger." She took two sealed letters from some fragrant hiding place, and balanced them daintily against each other. "They look very much alike, don't they? Square and white and addressed in exactly the same way, with exactly the same tilt to the stamp! I could mix myself up on them very easily, if I did n't look for the little cross I put on the back of one of them. Which shall I send,—right or left?"

"You ask *me?*" It was the tense cry of one on the rack.

"Or shall I put them down on the table, like this, and mix them about, so, until I don't know myself which is which, and then pick up one at random, without looking at the back of it, like this, and mail it, whichever it be?" She crossed the room, with that curious effect of sudden flight, and laid her hand on the bell-pull.

"No—Gwen! For heaven's sake not that way!" David was on his feet.

She came back slowly. As she dropped again into the great chair, she turned the envelope over.

"It is the letter with the cross that my hand picked up," she remarked.

"And that says——?"

"It says 'Come.' Why should I not send it?"

David touched his forehead with his handkerchief, nervously.

"Let us suppose a case," he said, slowly. "Let us suppose you sent it and he came. And suppose you were terribly disappointed in him. You would have lost not only your ideal Stranger, but your—I mean, it would be hard on him, too."

"One must take some risks, in any adventure," said the girl.

"But suppose it were certain that you would not care for him! Suppose he proved to be slow and dull and utterly, hopelessly commonplace!"

Gwen's eyes were fixed upon him with a startled doubt in their depths. "He could n't be that," she said, slowly. "An exile for reasons of state,——"

"Suppose that were all a fiction to lure the fancy of a girl of seventeen away from an undesirable musician."

"But—he knows French! Intimately."

"He might have picked that up from a French guide when he was a boy, hunting in the Canadian woods."

"But surely he is a man of culture! He reads and thinks and knows about the great affairs going on in the world. David, why do you speak so?"

"Because he is a fraud—I mean, he probably is. You must n't send for him." His face was stern and set.

Gwen watched him with a look where wonder and doubt grew slowly tremulous with another feeling. She clasped her hands hard together.

"Suppose, for all that, I should love him when I saw him?" she said under her breath.

David suppressed a groan. "You would n't."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because—oh, Gwen, you do know him! You have seen him! And you could never love him! Never. You have told him so!"

With a little cry, Gwen dropped her face into her hands. David gave her a despairing look, and then got up and walked restlessly about.

"I wish I had n't had to tell you. I was mad when I wrote that last letter—that 's my only excuse. The fever was already in my veins—the typhoid, I mean; not the other fever—I was used to that; and my brains did n't work right. I got to thinking that I simply could n't bear it, not to have you know—which was mere delirium. It would have been better to keep your interest in L'Étranger than to lose that and gain nothing in exchange. I knew that, as soon as my senses came back. When I understood that my wild letter had somehow failed to reach you, I was profoundly thankful. I was sane again, and I saw facts as they were, not as I should have liked them to be. If you could only forget my lapse into insanity——"

He paused and glanced at her. Her face was still half hidden, but she shook her head slightly.

"No, of course you can't,—that suggestion was mere foolishness," he said, slowly. "Facts are facts, and to ignore them is merely a pretence. And there has been enough pretence. But now, since the subject has been opened, I should like to say a little more, if I may. I should like to have you understand why I did it. May I?"

She lifted her head, but not to glance at him. A half-frightened look rested like a veil upon her face. But after a little pause she said, slowly,

"I should like to understand."

"I was not in love with you at the beginning," David said doggedly. "It seems queer that there could ever have been such a time, but there was. But you were Raeburn's sister, and when Rae died I felt that I had to look out for you in some ways as he would have done. So when that obnoxiously good-looking young German appeared, I very soon began to hate him."

A faint quiver touched the corner of Gwen's lips for a moment.

"So—I invented L'Étranger. That really was all there was in it. I knew you well enough to know how to appeal to your romantic imagination, and I worked the vein shamelessly."

"So it has all been just a fraud from the beginning—not so at all," she said, slowly. It was not an accusation, merely a statement.

David did not flush. He was leaning forward with an intense look that made his pale face extraordinarily vital.

"On the contrary, it has been ideally true,—the truest thing in my life. Oh, of course the Étranger part was a fiction. That was only the shell. But for that matter, this commonplace business-man shell that I was born with, and with which you are often and justly impatient, is just as much a fiction—just as far removed from my real self, I mean. As L'Étranger, I could say the things I should have been too shy and self-conscious to ever express as David. So, apart from the mere framework, my letters gave you my real self—my thoughts, my dreams, my hopes, the inside poetry, the best of me. I should really like you to understand and believe that. You have not been wasting your friendship on a make-believe. L'Étranger's letters were as genuine as yours."

Her eyes widened with the wonder of it. "I can't get used to the idea. *You* L'Étranger! Why, all your life you have made me believe that you cared for nothing but the practical things. Do you really mean that L'Étranger's pretty sentiments—oh, the poor prisoners!—were shut in behind that scoffing outside?"

David flushed at last. "Is it so impossible to believe?"

"Well, you must admit that it is a surprising idea to take in all at once."

"Yes, nothing but the egregious vanity of a man would be surprised at your amaze. At first I did n't care whether you ever understood or not—indeed, I rather enjoyed the masquerade, and let my natural self be as boorish and stupid as—as was natural to it. Until I found that I was in love with you. Then

I took for granted that you must know what I was inside—which was vanity, and was properly rebuked."

"You never tried to make me understand," she flashed. "It was unfair to expect it of me when you never took the trouble to prepare the way."

"Would it have made any difference in your answer if I had?" he asked abruptly.

The color flamed suddenly over her face as the significance of his question reached her, and she shot a look of surprised indignation at him.

"You are the most extraordinary man! Do you suppose I would admit that I might have answered differently if this and if that? Of course not!"

"Of course not," he echoed, with a tone that gave the words another meaning. "I never really supposed that you could care for me in that way. There was no earthly reason why you should. And I was glad enough to keep what you could give me—your generous friendship. But I don't quite know how I could have managed to go through it if it had not been for L'Étranger. I used him to write out my heart to you. It was a great comfort to me, though of course to you it meant nothing but his Gallic gallantry."

Gwen looked thoughtfully at the rug. "It was rather difficult to answer some of those letters," she said.

"But you did answer them—so sweetly, so cleverly, so adroitly, that I rather lost my head. A mad idea came to me that, though David had failed, I might make you love L'Étranger, and then trust that love to make you forgive all when I had to confess. It was under the influence of that hallucination that I wrote the last letter. When I came back to my right mind, I was very thankful it had failed to reach you."

Gwen pursed her lips up thoughtfully. "Why?" she asked, succinctly.

He bent his head upon his hand with weary resignation.

"Because, even though L'Étranger were to succeed in arousing your interest, how could I, David, hope to profit by that? It would be me, the David you knew only too well, whom you would meet if you were to grant L'Etranger's prayer. I could fancy your embarrassment and dismay. So we would be back exactly where we were before,—where I had proved my inadequacy once."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"So, when you proposed, just now, to mail that letter in your hand which says 'Come,' I could not let you do it. It was so obviously unfair to let you invite a disappointment like that. If you must know, I 'd better tell you—and see the look in your eyes instead of imagining it!"

"Yes," she said in a small voice, "it certainly was better to let me know beforehand."

Something of challenge there was in her small voice—the age-old challenge of the woman who presumes on her known power. He turned sharply to look into her eyes of ostentatious candor.

"Well," he said steadily, "you know now all there is to know. And L'Étranger's letter is still unanswered."

The elfishness faded from her face leaving it very serious.

"I told you I was in two minds about answering that letter," she said.

"Yes."

"This letter, which you stopped me from mailing, says 'Come.'"

"Yes."

She balanced it a moment in her fingers, and then slowly, thoughtfully, without looking at him she tore it across.

David blanched suddenly and drew a sharp breath. He did not speak at once. But after a moment that seemed long to them both, he said, in a voice not quite his own:

"Well, that 's honest, Gwen. And I really did n't expect anything else, so it 's all right. It 's perfectly all

right, and I don't want you to think for a moment that I am going to be hurt by this. We simply won't ever speak of it again, and after awhile— But just now— Good-bye, Gwen."

"Are n't you going to read the other letter?" she asked in that small voice. "That 's the alternative answer, you know."

"The one that forbids my coming?"

"Yes."

"But you have already given me that answer."

"Still, it is hardly gracious to leave my letter unread. And I think you ought to know the reason why I forbid your coming."

With his puzzled eyes still fixed on her face he picked up the letter that was lying on the tea-table, and tore the white envelope open. As he read, his face set itself in hard lines. He folded the letter slowly, held it a moment as if in doubt what to do with it and then thrust it into his coat pocket.

"Of course I did n't know there was any one else," he said, slowly. "If I had, I should not have bored you with all this tale. I—hope you will be happy, Gwen. I think perhaps I may be away for some time, so you will take my good wishes, now, won't you? And again, good-bye."

She watched him turn away with something like dismay in her eyes, but did not speak. But at the door, a thought struck him, and he turned abruptly.

"If you care for some one else, how was it possible for you to consider for a moment sending the other alternative?" He pointed accusingly at the torn fragments of the first letter in her lap.

"Oh!" said Gwen, buoyantly recovering her self-possession. "Why, if I had mailed that letter, of course I should have torn up the other."

"But you say in this letter that you care for some one else, and therefore it is best that we should not meet. Is your feeling for this other man so flimsy that you can destroy it by tearing up your avowal?"

"Why, I like to try things on," said Gwen, impenitently. "And, besides, I told you at the beginning that a woman has to wait and see how things are going to turn before she makes up her mind beyond recall. I 've adored L'Étranger for years, you know, and I half thought— But then, on the other hand, I half thought— And so, you see,——"

"But you can't love two people at the same time, Gwen. It is n't possible."

"Is n't it? Well, then I suppose I don't. In fact, I 'm quite sure I don't, if it is an impossibility. There must be a mistake about it somewhere." She lifted the torn bits of the letter in her lap with a puzzled air. "There was n't any mistake about my wanting L'Étranger to come, because—well, really I have been in love with him since I was seventeen. And I am sure there is n't any mistake about my caring even more for the other one, though I confess I have n't known him so long. But if it is impossible to love two different people at the same time, I can only explain it on the theory that they are not two different people, in spite of appearances."

He crossed the room with swift strides.

"Gwen, do you possibly mean—? I don't understand!"

"Then this is the first time," said a small and fluttering voice, "that L'Étranger ever betrayed that he *could* be dull of comprehension!"

NEW YORK AT TABLE

By RICHARD DUFFY

RESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard, once talked with a woman celebrated solely for her extreme age and her homely wisdom. The dread summons had sounded faintly, yet near. In the hour when her life lay in complete perspective he asked: "What have you enjoyed most in life?" The woman answered unhesitatingly: "My victuals."

Of all reported deathbed utterances that I have doubted, this seems least liable to suspicion. Shall you or I be equally outspoken on the same occasion? Are we living now so that we enjoy eating? Or, do we gorge and starve ourselves by turns, as we follow any one of fifty quack theories about nourishment? Do we feed ourselves merely according to chemical notions; or, are we aware that civilization has made of a necessity—in primitive times a disgusting necessity—a social art, on which may depend the success of love, business, or the fate of empires? A man may be judged as fairly by what he eats and drinks as by his handwriting or his clothes.

There are people who will sneer at so serious an acceptance of the idea of food and drink. There are those who will lift warning brows and call to mind ancient degenerates that made gods of their bellies. Yet, neither cynic nor ascetic, both so often dyspeptic, can win to his prejudice the normal human being who must eat, and who would like to fulfil the obligation knowingly and pleasantly. Nowhere can this be done more easily than in New York. Two things only are required: sound digestion and a long purse. From early morning until nearly as early the next morning people are eating and drinking in New York hotels and restaurants. They eat breakfast, luncheon, quick lunch, a snack in the afternoon with tea, dinner and supper. They drink before meals, between and after. If you were to read of the thousands of pounds of meat, the carloads of fruits, vegetables and other eatables that are bought to provision New York each day, you would gasp at the figures, look at them once again, and in twenty minutes forget them. You would not forget, however, that they astonished you; nor that the sum of money spent daily in New York's restaurants and hotels for food and drink is enormous beyond belief.

It is not alone that there are so many people in the city who have to eat and must therefore pay, but also that there are so many ways and so many places to eat so well. To spend six months in New York under proper guidance is an international post-graduate course in the art of living. You will search diligently and with discouragements to find plain American cooking of Egypt, Illinois. In your quest you may hear of the remark of Edgar Saltus, that "nothing can be worse than plain American cooking." You will find frequent Maryland kitchens, because there are so many Southerners who come to New York to get their real home cooking. Here, too, the man from Massachusetts may be sure to find all the baked beans and pie he wishes; for the objection you or I may have against pie and baked beans has not appreciably affected

the demand for either in this versatile city that belongs no more to the original Dutch or Mayflower descendant, than it belongs to the Italian immigrant, or to the Pittsburg steel magnate who, flushed with wealth, comes prepared to drink champagne with his soup.

But New York is not Boston; so if you dread beans and pie you have only to turn the corner into a German Speisehaus that looks for all the world like a bit of old Nuremberg planted on Broadway. Inside, the woodwork and tables are black, the pictures, college caps, trophies and mugs, of the chaste superfluity of colors dear to Teuton blue eyes. Everything is substantial and heavy as a German joke. The bill of fare is a book. You may buy a copy unless you belong to the unnameable class of cads that hold it an accomlishment to steal anything they can lift as a souvenir. The words that describe the dishes of real German restaurants must be unfit for publication. At all events, they are never translated. I have always been afraid to ask the waiter to translate some of them lest I be unable to eat what I had already committed myself to pay for. The stuff is relishable, especially if one is hungry and not hurried. And in the days of beef trust exposures one's curiosity somehow dwindles. To eat at the table of any nation one must have time; to eat with Germans one must have time and to spare.

Even if you do no more than drink beer with the Germans, you must have leisure, not only of inclination, but of fact. I have adventured in Nuremberg, Broadway, New York, with a man from Kansas and have seen him drink three glasses of beer to my one. A Texan I know would have drunk four. It is not the thirst of the superman that drives them so. It is the hyperactivity of the American nervous system by which they are mastered. For, you see, a real New Yorker is no more a thorough American than is a Parisian. He is ·l in spirit, but he cannot withstand the force of his foreign environment. He sips his imported beer, served not too cold, and talks deliberately in serious or in sentimental vein.

If you tell the real New Yorker that you are of New England ancestry and have an innate distaste for beer, he will admonish you that the best German physicians recommend the potion of Gambrinus; that Nuremberg is good for nervousness; that Muenchner is not so heavy, but of similar value as a sedative; that Wuerzburger is the beer for normal men who are neither too fat, too lean, nor too anything; and, desired of desiderata, that Pilsner will induce leanness. He will drift into an explanation of rye bread, of pumpernickel, of the seven and forty convolutions of wurst. You tell him you hate not only beer, but also the Germans. Undismayed, he suggests that perhaps you will like an English chop-house; takes you a few blocks away, turns into a side street and leads you into a dingy, old-fashioned doorway.

Here is no orchestra greeting you jocundly with a Strauss waltz; no mottoes of beer-land speckling the wooden-timbered walls. Instead old programs, old wood-cut prints of Forrest and Kean, of Booth and Davenport and Gilbert and of political celebrities in the days when New York came to a full stop at Fifty-ninth Street. There are mementoes, too, of the city's volunteer firemen; fishes in glass cases, hung like pictures, a framed daguerreotype here and there, and over all the musty air that seems inseparable from English ale. On the tables are the half-dozen bottles of condiments, which English cooking requires, because their cooks lack imagination and inventiveness. The real New Yorker will take you to such an eating-house for a steak, chop, or for fish. Each of these is good when served, but you have to wait a long time. To beguile the interval, the waiter will hand you the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. For this occasion I prefer *Punch*.

English chop-houses are few in New York to-day, and most that survive have German proprietors. Twenty years ago the chop-house was the popular restaurant. Then dining-out was more exclusively a man's habit; but with the tide of prosperity, the growth of the city, and the terrors of the servant problem dining-out has become a passion of women. Henry James regrets that New York can have no atmosphere of tradition about any of its buildings, because they are continually being made over or completely destroyed.

The restless analyst cannot have adventured into an old chop-house familiar to most New Yorkers. If he had, perhaps the exception of the instance would only have accentuated his general impression. The absence of chattering women, of a clattering orchestra, of garish lights and decorations ought to have gone welcomely to his Briticized soul. He would have liked, also, the stalwart British chop and the vegetables cooked plain. For once in a New York restaurant he would have escaped French bread. If he took ale, he could have it tepid in a mug or a toby. All the patrons are *habitués* who look with kindly, curious eyes at an incomer, as if prepared to tender the usual nod of recognition. Peace and plenty are here—and *Punch*. The most strenuous are glad of these on occasion.

A contributing cause to the decline of the English chop-house was the invasion of the Italian and the French *table-d'hôte*. At first the Italians outranked the French in popularity; and, in the old days, when University Place was still uptown, and a man might be famous for what he ate, or for his clothes, the restaurants cherished by *gourmets* were nearly all owned by Italians. Since that time the Italians seem to have found it more profitable to become bankers or contractors. There are still many Italian *table-d'hôtes*; but the *table-d'hôte* itself is fast falling into the same class as the bargain counter. The truth seems to be that Paris is to-day the mistress of the art of eating as she is mistress in the realm of frocks. If an Italian wishes to make a fortune as a *restaurateur*, he gives his place a French name and models his *menu* after those to which Paris devotes so much talent, even genius. At present Parisian cooking prevails in the most fashionable restaurants in England and on the Continent. August Keller, of the Ritz-Carlton system of hotels, is no less German than the Kaiser, though he wears his moustache in French style, and looks like a writer of feminist novels. As supervisor of the *à la carte* restaurant on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, he is my authority for the intimation that the *table-d'hôte* dinner must go.

Cooking is as much a national talent of the French as country life is of the English, or keeping a standing army is of the Germans. Both men and women know how to cook. The girl who cannot cook and the girl who has no dowry are similarly defective for marriage. A man condones many shortcomings in a wife who cooks well, or who makes her cook cook well; and a husband who appreciates his wife's culinary gifts may indulge his idiosyncrasies unopposed. Molière, who had a king as patron and impresario, submitted his comedies to his cook first.

Natives of the various sections of the republic vie with one another in the product of their kitchens; and there are cities the world would hardly hear of, were it not for some dish. Caen, for example. Think of a city being known because of its ways of cooking tripe. *Tripe à la mode de Caen* is all we encounter, though the Normans have sixty ways of preparing it. *Bouillabaisse*, which Thackeray has sung so delightfully, is fish-stew from Marseilles. (Of course, it must be admitted that there are more people who like Thackeray's verses on this *plat* than there are who like the dish itself.) The earthen *casserole*, in which you can make anything toothsome, is a French contrivance that has become a fetich of the advanced New York housewife. We all like the way the French cook

things, though we do not like all they cook. Mussels and snails are delicacies French restaurants serve without rivalry from Americans, English or Germans. A scientist has averred that snails contain one hundred times more nourishment than oysters; yet the lobster palaces do not include them in their bills of fare.

But nobody of distinction of appetite goes to a lobster palace to eat. One goes there in gaudy mood, or when every other place is filled or closed, or with the kind of man who thinks gayety means overdressed women, bediamonded men, waiters rushing with champagne as if they had the fire-buckets, and a caterwauling orchestra that repeats the George M. Cohan music every fifteen minutes. At midnight the din and the excitment incline a sedate man to ask himself whether he is not in a riot. If you have a lobster digestion, you don't hear the din or feel the maelstrom of omnibuses, waiters, headwaiters and patrons swirling about you. A man who is eating lobster has to concentrate all his faculties, mental, physical, moral and intellectual on the ordeal. You have heard, no doubt, of the young lady who was asked, over her first lobster, how she liked it. "I think," she declared, "it 's perfectly delicious, if there were n't so many large bones in it. They look like celluloid, don't they?"

The lobster palace is not so ancient an institution, and its rise may be said to synchronize with the decline and fall of comic opera into musical comedy. After one of such terrible mixtures of stale fun, rattlety-bang music, sextets and pony ballets, the inevitable consequence is the lobster palace. What the next downward step must be is awful to contemplate!

As every one is aware, the lobster palace has outgrown the confines of Manhattan and flourishes in other cities. Chinese restaurants were profitable in Chicago before they timidly opened doors in New York, where they are still an item of slumming ɜraries. Along lower Second Avenue is a comfortable and decent line of middle-class Viennese cafés and restaurants where once dwelt families of social substance. Here your soup, golden-hued and glittering with green spangles of herbs, is rendered mysterious by the miniature cannon-balls of gray meat that lie sodden in its depths. With the roast you are sure to have a *compôte;* the names of the Hungarian wines look like misprints; and the orchestra, whose violinist-leader is also a physical torturist of the most extreme type, floods the high halls in *art nouveau* with music at once ravishing, tender, barbaric, strange.

From this part of the town one may go north a little way if curious to taste the spiced esculents of the Spaniard. His table is to be found more often in a boarding house, it is true, partly because the Spanish restaurant has never caught the crowd, and partly, perhaps, because the Spaniards, Cubans or Mexicans, with money to spend, drift more naturally into eating places of Parisian character. Also, since the liberation of Cuba, revolutionary juntas have become obsolete. In those conspiring days the real Spanish restaurant was a cherished property of sleuth reporters. Conspirators are now located in the oriental precincts of Syrian restaurants, or are described as drinking Russian tea to the accompaniment of interminable Russian cigarettes in the Ghetto. Even a Japanese dining-saloon is to be met with here and there, while Greek restaurants are being thickly planted in the radius of New York's Aurora Borealis—the White Light District.

You, who crave novelty, therefore, may dine with a different nation each night of the week, a device to acquaint yourself with foreign lands that is less expensive than the cheapest tour. For the lands themselves, their skies, their architecture, their history—in a word, for their entire panorama you must depend on the conjuring power of your imagination. Without imagination you will not enjoy the unpurchasable luxury to

be drawn from your foreign surroundings. More lamentable still, you will not eat and drink, you will only take nourishment more or less blunderingly. Digestion suffers, and that which might be a grace of life degenerates into a painful duty. To know what to eat, and when, is to know one of the roads to happiness. To know what to eat wherever you may be, is equally an accomplishment. It puts you in touch with a city, adds to your enjoyment, facilitates your business, acts as an automatic welcome within whatever gates chance or adventure may cast you. With this *sesame* adroit men can pose as natives after a fortnight's stay on Manhattan Island.

Breakfast, in New York and other supercivilized towns, is a negligible repast. To begin with, it is, and ought to be, as exclusive as one's bath. One may not have any appetite left if one has supped very late; or, one may not have any money left if one has supped very well. For either of these reasons most New Yorkers have got into the habit of reducing breakfast to the lowest terms, which calls to attention a coquetry of the shining city. You or I, that dine or sup to-night in an astorial palm-room, may, with no loss of self-esteem, take fruit and coffee and rolls next morning at a rapid-transit restaurant, where everything shines with the enamel of the tiled walls, from the lettering on the plate-glass front to the white of the eggs that are fried.

It is well that we should not eat too much at breakfast, that moment when we are trying to be recreate, even as all our side the world, with the coming of another sun. It is well that we should be all alone then, to face in reflective mood all the foolish things we have ever said and done —including those of the night before. To have anybody talking opposite is a jangling intrusion on that interval of fresh ideas, freshly opened pores, fresh hopes and daring for the day of struggle and unguessed import on which we are about to venture.

We eat an orange and sip our *café au lait*. Yes, real coffee, not too strong, and in quantity half and half with boiled milk. To begin the day by drinking a substitute is to assume a hypocritical attitude towards one's self at the start. If we feel that coffee hurts us, and, feeling that it hurts us is hurt sufficient, by all means let us be intrepid and throw it out of our dietary. Let us not be like the baby that sucks a rubber nipple. So we sip our coffee, and we think that this day is to be a miniature compendium of what our life will have been when we have supped for the last time. We look at the sunlight on the wall with a warmer eye, as though we would assure it of our loyalty and affection. You see what a solemn and beautiful moment it is; one to be kept inviolate even from the newspapers. After the coffee, moreover, is the best time to read the news. The mind is quickened; the mists of sleep have vanished from the brain; we are ready for the actualities of the world awake.

Of course, there are those who would be famished after such a Continental breakfast. Much as they like the many foreign traits that make little old New York the yearning of her daily two hundred thousand of transients, they insist on a good breakfast. Some of them will even go so far as to desist from wearing a derby or straw hat with a frock coat, in order to please New York, but they won't limit themselves to what they call a penitentiary breakfast. This is happily ordered; for, if everybody that comes to New York should do exactly as the New Yorkers, the city would be deprived of much of the variety and curiosity it presents to the people who are *obliged* to live in New York all the time. It is awesome to think what a dead city it would be without its ever-rushing tide of travellers.

Can you imagine the desolation of Fifth Avenue and Broadway if all the hotels and apartment hotels were tenantless? The shops would be few and far between. A theatre would be as much a monument as the op'ry

house in a town of central Iowa. The plutocratic hotel proprietors who motor through Europe twice a year would be earning honest quarters by serving twenty-five-cent regular dinners on Third Avenue. Show-girls would have to marry stage-carpenters, instead of millionaire mine-owners or lumbermen. There would be no Tenderloin; and Dr. Parkhurst, about to sail for his annual purity crusade against the Tyrolean Alps, would have to admit, with tears in his eyes, to the reporters, "I have nothing to say." All the Scotch and Irish whiskey houses would have to withdraw their opulent representatives; and nothing would remain for the wine-agent to do but take a line of patent medicines. Gamblers would have to open auction rooms to sell second-hand furniture; and District Attorney Jerome would have no art museum to raid impolitely save that in Central Park. After many previous announcements the last horse car would finally disappear from the heart of New York; and the human megaphone, who talks as the sight-seeing car runs, would be forced to write historical novels for bread, and a castle in Capri. The Night-and-Day Bank would have died a-borning.

Therefore, habitual New Yorkers slight not the stranger in the midst of your city. Into it he pours his treasure gladly and recurrently. Its fame he spreads brilliantly over his own country and in all others to which his letter of credit takes him. He feels better in New York than in London; he is understood more easily in New York than in Paris; he can swing his muck-rake in New York and not be arrested for *lèse-majesté* as he would be in Berlin. Frown not if you see him gorging oatmeal, ham and eggs, wheat cakes, fried steak and onions, with French fried potatoes, for his breakfast on a torrid 15th of July. Remember those things taste good to him, and that he eats them because he likes them. Can you ask a better reason? Besides, if he stays here long enough, and up late enough, he will be affecting the same light breakfast that you prefer.

Usually, the man who eats a heavy breakfast takes little or no luncheon. That is, if he has sense and anything like a responsive sensory system. In New York, however, for either social or business intent, one must always be prepared to enjoy a midday luncheon, corresponding to the *déjeuner*, or real breakfast of the French. While breakfast should be eaten in privacy, luncheon ought in nearly all cases be made an excuse for a congenial meeting. It is the most adjustable of repasts. To luncheon one may ask an acquaintance of two hours; one's wife to feast the birthdays that he and she no longer count, but remember; or one's still youthful mother-in-law.

With the approach of the dining hour begins the most dazzling portion of the brilliant pageantry of a New York day, which, like the mariner's, is a day and a night. From Madison Square to old Long Acre countless light signs suddenly are revealed, flamboyant as much of the jewelry worn in this section. Hither come the festal crowds, with bright expectant faces, crossing and scraping the homebound lines of workers. Gradually and discreetly Fifth Avenue bares to the view her long line of lamps that look in twilight like pendant pearls. Down the shiny asphalt hansoms, broughams, victorias move swiftly to the clicking hoof-beats of horses, passed now and then by the speedier insectile gait of the cumbrous electrics. They draw up confidently before smart restaurants, whose footmen lavish obsequiousness in nice proportion to the equipage, the toilette of Madame, the easy air of command of Monsieur. Behind the deferential crooked back of these servitors glide in unnoticed the arrivals on foot. Unnoticed only until the coat-room boys reach for the men's hats, and indicate the whereabouts of maids for the women. By seven o'clock no tables are disengaged in the main hall. Habitual patrons may be seen

pleading without avail for an opportunity to spend their money. In some remote alcove an orchestra plays. At this time it receives slight attention. The women are studying one another's gowns, indulging in rapture over this one, sniffing at that, and frankly smiling at a third, which they know must be the product of the "stylishest modiste" west of Chicago. The men pretend to be interested, and really are interested when a gown, that is described as a perfect dear of a Paquin, happens to bedeck a form of unmistakable appeal.

Your *vis-à-vis* falls into silent rapture as glory after glory in women and clothes dawns upon her gaze. You see a celebrity here and there, nod to a friend at a near table, accept the headwaiter's "Bon soir, M'sieu'" with a flattered air, and ponder on the architecture of your dinner. If you are easily pleased you accept the *table-d'hôte* without question, and apply your discretion to the list of wines. But if you have a soul above prunes, you will indulge the æsthetic pleasure of ordering your dinner, with a due regard for her mood and yours, for the day of the week, the state of the weather, the time of the year, the play or the opera you are to inspect later, the amount of time and money you have to spend. Whether you have time unlimited and twenty dollars, or a million and only ninety minutes, you will not eat too much or drink too much, conscious that moderation is as fixed a law of art as of morals. Until your first dish is served you may muse again on the elegance and beauty and glitter surrounding. There are the color and wondrous sheen of the clothes and the hair of the women, the strange lights in their jewels, the stranger in their eyes, the gleam of shoulders against the silhouette contrast of the formal dress of the men, the brawling murmur of voices, cut into sharply by sudden laughter.

Throughout the city, in varying degrees, the same diurnal comedy is now in being, on ground floors, on roof gardens, and in cellars. The shop-girl and her sweetheart revel in the lights, the tawdy decorations and the general joyousness of their humble *table-d'hôte* with wine. The bourgeois dines out one night a week with his wife at a *bourgeois* restaurant, where the orchestra plays the old operas that seem to have been written for their springtime of romance. Along the Avenue the smart dine with their wives—or, with somebody. It is not good for man to dine alone.

The solid Middle Western merchant and his wife, of lynx-like observation, who have been making little economies for the New York trip during six months, let money sift through their fingers to-night as so much sand. The pale young man, of Emersonian brow, whose grandfather founded a fortune on a shoemaker's last, is known to the waiters as a millionaire from Boston. The handsome middle-aged man, of military carriage, whose *vis-à-vis* is appraised by the universal gaze, is a bank clerk. His story will be in the newspapers some morning. The visitors who have come resolved not to spend all their money are here; and they know that when they have got back to the routine of home they will have spent more. Dining also are the native New Yorkers, who always spend more than they have, no matter how much they acquire, one way or another.

In the city of illusions the hours of toil and stress have come to a pause. The children are let out to play; and they hold with the wise man, who said: "A dinner lost can never be regained."

THE BROKEN URN

By EMMA BELL MILES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALDEN K. DAWSON

ABOVE the cabin, in the edge of the clearing, stood a great irregular block of sandstone. Gaunt and barren it may have been, as first fallen from the cliffs that towered behind the forest; but centuries of weather had made it a thing of friendliness and comfort. Succulent grasses, rooted in the loam accumulated by the yearly drift of fallen leaves, sprouted from every crevice; ferns trembled over its edge; the fence led only to the rock on either side, so that its bulk interposed to spare the mauling of several dozen rails; a hollow scooped under it on the woodland exposure afforded shelter in winter to any number of pigs; and beneath the overhang facing the valley two little girls had built a playhouse. Here signs of frequent occupancy were not lacking: the ground was lightly printed all over by slim bare feet, and the rock was smudged with wood-smoke above a tiny furnace of stones. No real playthings were visible, but the rock shelves were stocked with potsherds and broken crockery, and there were tin pails and even little skillets and cookers, cleverly fashioned from old tin cans, for the making and serving of real bear-grass salad.

It was, however, too late in the season for bear-grass. The tide of young summer had brimmed the valleys, and came rushing up the slopes to burst along the bluffs in a high-flung surf of laurel bloom. The two small friends were seated now on the grassy top of the rock, shaded by a great arching tupelo; they were piecing quilt patterns. They had laid out for comparison on their knees and about on the grass, the Eagle, the Dream, the Texas and Kentucky Stars, the Crazy Ann, the Tree of Paradise, and three or four varieties of brick-work and log-cabin. The pattern under immediate consideration was the Broken Urn.

"I been a-studyin'," said Nigarie, the sprightly, dark one, "whether hit would n't be the prettiest to piece the urn out whole."

"Let 's try hit that-a-way," agreed Sarepta, a child with an angel's face.

Against nature, the beauty was also the worker, and Sarepta's small skilled fingers swiftly cut and laid out in pink and brown calico the design they had mentioned, her big gray eyes shaded by sumptuous lashes, brooding full of tender dreams above a tangle of flaxy-gold curls falling about the down-bent, intent face, pure in outline and tint as a pearl.

Even loquacious Nigarie sat acutely observant, scarcely speaking, her three-cornered kitten countenance with its hard, round little cheeks under the beryl-green eyes puckered to disproportionate anxiety, till the urn was an accomplished fact, so absorbed were they both in this, their one avenue of artistic expression.

"Hit 's some like grandma's Vase of Friendship," commented Nigarie, drawing a long breath when it was done.

"We could call this the Friendship's Urn," suggested Sarepta, timidly. Nigarie usually did the suggesting for the pair.

That small person now ran a reckless hand to the bottom of her basket and plowed up her collection of scraps. "This rosebud sprig 's the prettiest I 've got. Hit 's a piece of Easter's weddin' dress," she volunteered.

"I 've got one block all pieced outen scraps Easter an' Ellender given me," Sarepta showed it.

"*I 've* got one made all outen the boys' shirts, and some over," Nigarie tossed her braids. "Harmon's and At's, and this pink stripe 's Macon's, and this 'n's Joel's, and here 's Mart's; and hit 's set together with Sam Stetson's."

"Sam Stetson's!"

"Cert'n'y; I reckon Sam Stetson ain't none too good to have a piece of his shirt in my quilt if his pappy does keep the hotel, an' he is goin' to school in the settlement. I wish't I could swap you out of that blue gingham, Sarepta. I want hit to go with this sprig weddin' dress."

"I 'll—I 'll let ye have it all for—for that one." The gray eyes glowed as she indicated the pink striped scrap from Macon Kinsale's shirt—and she cherished it tenderly, tucking it jealously deep in the bottom of an orderly basket when Nigarie willingly exchanged it for the blue gingham.

The trade effected, they sewed busily.

"That 's goin' to be plumb pretty," commented Sarepta at last, leaning to look at her friend's work. "Do you reckon you 'n 'me 'll ever—make us a weddin' dress?"

The sweetest imaginable color crept over both little faces, and shining eyes were bent swiftly to their needlework.

Sarepta's fingers stole toward the pink striped scrap in her basket.

"Mine 'll be silk," said Nigarie confidently.

It was even so. . . . All through the years, Nigarie was shielded, favored. As an only child, she went to school while Sarepta was fulfilling at home the duties of the eldest girl in a large family. Work was found for Nigarie at Stetson's summer hotel, and when she came home it was to make ready for her marriage to the proprietor's son, Sam Stetson. Sam was in business now in a flourishing little city, and doing well. Nigarie promised to write often to Sarepta; but soon the letters became fewer, and after a time they ceased.

Even while there was communication, Sarepta had slight understanding of Nigarie's social evolutions, as described in occasional newspaper clippings enclosed. Statements about refreshments, decorations and costumes conveyed little meaning to a mind accustomed to clothe its thoughts in the antique dialect of the mountains. But she made out that the wedding dress and several others were indeed of silk.

She was not disturbed by that, for she could dwell on her own wedding, when she came down-stairs, shining with a mysterious happiness, in her lawn and cheap ribbons, to find the big log sitting-room filled to overflowing with her kin. She had tremblingly given her promise to love, honor and obey, and had kept it, with a willing spirit if not always to the letter. But Macon's "protect and cherish"—well, as a true wife she never permitted herself to form any conclusion as to whether it had been forgotten five minutes afterward. Macon had done the best he could; as time went on she reiterated that to herself almost fiercely. He had done the best he could!

After the first infare with their meagre furnishing to a cabin on his uncle's land, they had moved, in seven years, nine times, from shack to cabin and from cabin to shack, hounded by poverty and circling like stags as close to home as possible. Macon had indeed done his best; but Sarepta, whose wants were so few, had to pinch in ways she considered hardly decent. She had always lived on little; she learned now to live on next to nothing. She ate food which she had always regarded as fit only for pigs or chickens. Her mind was occupied, not occasionally but constantly, with problems that were like gravel in a shoe, as insistent as they were contemptible:

"If I divide this inch of pork, will it season Macon's potatoes for supper and again at breakfast? If I pick a mess of sarvices to-day, have I got sugar in the house to make a cobbler for Sunday dinner? Can I, by piecing Macon's shirt sleeves, and lining the yoke with flour-sacking, get enough out of this gingham to make me a sunbonnet?"

Women always get the worst of poverty. And Sarepta was no miser by nature. Some wives eat the biscuit end of the pone and the skin of the meat because they are afraid no one else will; she chose them because she could not bear that any one else should have to.

Again and again they strained every nerve and sinew to win a shack and clearing of their own, only to be disappointed. Every time, just as the signing of the deed seemed a probability of next week, something happened—a drought on the garden, a murrain on the cow, or another baby. Three of these had come—and gone—leaving no more visible impress than a little less elasticity of Sarepta's figure, a little deepening of the shadow behind her beautiful eyes; for each, after a few weeks of ineffectual striving to digest the cows' milk which the poor mother was obliged to give it, had quietly straightened out in her arms and died.

The fourth was three weeks old and already ailing, on the day of Nigarie's return.

Sarepta heard the news from a neighbor woman who shared her tubs and huge pot and did washing for the hotel people. Nigarie's fat baby, her airs and her summer wash frocks were subjects of an intermittent conversation that went on all morning below the spring in the hollow. The mountain woman's beauty one might almost say was undiminished by her hard life. In the limp unlovely frock it shone out a luminous, incongruous fact. No one seeing her, pounding away at the bat-block and replying with mild monosyllables to the rhapsodies of the other, would have guessed that she was almost sick with terror lest this last puny life slip also out of her grasp. A woman must learn to chatter of other things, lest the gods take notice and in pity slay.

It was the first of April—beautiful weather, but the hard time of year, when the hungry winter has gnawed the last scraps of pork rind from the smoke-houses of well-to-do farms, and the small fruit and truck-garden have not yet begun to relieve the poor. Sarepta was dreading the approach of hot weather on the baby's account; yet she was wondering how to round out a good dinner for Macon from bulk pork and meal. As she carried the last of the wash up to hang it out on the fence, she saw the flicker of a white dress moving along a woods-path. Some one was coming to see her—some one fashionably attired, yet carrying a baby on her hip like any mountain woman! Then she recognized Nigarie.

She stood and trembled, without a word to say, abashed not at all by Nigarie's finery, but because she did not know on what ground the visitor would meet her.

Transgressing all mountain custom the new-comer flew at her with a little laughing cry and kissed her on the cheek.

"My, ain't you pretty yet!" she said half enviously as she entered the cabin. "I 've been to the bear-grass rock—remember, Sarepta?" Nigarie's bright eyes were full of misty recollection as she untied the baby's cap. "It's just like it used to be," she said thoughtfully. "Funny how things stay, and we change. I filled Sammy's apron full of bear-grass; shall we have a sallet for dinner? Where 's your baby, honey?"

With a catching of the breath that was almost a sob, Sarepta brought out the thin little occupant of her cradle. Without a word she laid it across Nigarie's knees.

The little creature began to wail feebly, and before his mother could take him and hush him, Nigarie, moved by what impulse of immortal compassion who can say, lifted him to her breast.

Drawn by Alden Dawson

NIGARIE'S BRIGHT EYES WERE FULL OF MISTY RECOLLECTION AS SHE UNTIED THE BABY'S CAP

"Why, he's starved most to death," she said gently. "I reckon you ain't been able to nurse him. I wish I could—why could n't I?" She broke off and laughed in her usual elfish inconsistent fashion. "Sammy pesters me most to death," she said with apparent irrelevance. "There ain't any fun stayin' at a hotel with a baby. I 'll bet I 'll never try it again. As soon as he 's old enough I 'm going to leave him with Mother Stetson. He 's so spoiled he would n't do anything but holler if you put him down."

But skilled Sarepta had taken the fat little new-comer with his royal airs of kinghood and disposed him on a quilt upon the floor. Smilingly, silently, she furnished him with a green switch, and attracted the cat's attention.

"Well, you are a wonder," Nigarie said—"but then, you always were. I 'm sick of the hotel—do you reckon you could board me for the rest of the time I want to stay? It would be like the old days—and you could take care of Sammy when I wanted to go somewhere."

Sarepta on her knees looked up at the ruling spirit, sitting above her, nursing her baby, and a mighty gratitude, a wordless emotion which she could not for the life of her have expressed, shook her from head to foot. Here, then, was the answer to her prayers.

"I 'll make you as comfortable as I kin," she managed finally to say. "We 're mighty poor folks—but you know that—you heard it over at the hotel before you ever put foot in this house. Oh, Nigarie, if you would only stay with me a while!"

And so the butterfly woman, the little cuckoo who never wanted a nest of her own, folded her wings for a season in this humble place. She nursed Sarepta's baby as she nursed her own. The envious eyes of the mother were on her as the little fellow's thin body rounded, and the puny limbs grew stronger. To Sarepta it seemed almost a miracle from heaven, and the little cabin a holy place.

The days were filled with a deep peace and vital joy. Nigarie was happy in having some useful work, or rather in being herself actually necessary to the daily welfare of others; Sarepta, in watching her child grow, in the presence of a dear and merry companion, and in seeing Macon take that long-looked-for "start." For he, profiting by Nigarie's presence, secured work with a valley farmer, and began working out the purchase of some two acres of land. He came home every Saturday night, carrying on his back provisions for the coming week, and left before day on Monday morning. Hence Sunday was the white milestone of the week to both women; for Macon was gifted with temperament and charm.

Sarepta's kitchen outfit was hardly less crude than that of the playhouse had been, yet she always contrived a little feast for his day at home. Talent he had, too. All the long still afternoon and after the moon had elimbed above the mountain he sat on the porch, his chair tilted back against the house-logs, and played upon the banjo. He played, and set the whole fragrant night throbbing, until their only neighbors, among the pines far up the height, sat listening too, in another cabin door; played until the two mothers, the long-continued rhythm going to their heads, sprang up, took hold of hands and danced together like two girls over the shaking puncheons; played until the spiders peeped out from the roof-boards to hear, and the whippo-wills came right up to the fence and thrilled the night with their wild jodeling. And in truth his music was hardly less eerie than theirs; a barbaric jangle, interspersed with strange rocking whoops and calls, and elaborated with curious fingerings—snaps and slides and twangs unknown to banjo-players outside the mountains.

There were in it tone-pictured incidents of cabin life, and echoes of the larger enfolding life of nature—murmuring undertones as of drumming rain, ghostly half-whispered minors, and long chuckling meditations mel-

Drawn by Alden Dawson

THE TWO MOTHERS JOINED HANDS AND DANCED TOGETHER

lowed as if by the product of hidden stills. He sang too in the excellent baritone of the mountaineer—not the elder ballads which girls delight in and mothers croon, but man-songs—real folk-song of raid and foray, rollicking drinking-songs, with boast and challenge, and peculiar baying rhythms that reached a climax in the long-drawn hunting-yell.

Some of this music was known to his hearers; some, unacknowledged, was his own composition or improvisation. Nigarie had heard better in theatres, of course, but this was knit in with her earlier recollections. To this every fibre of her being responded as to the dramatic element—breath of sweet keen frost or exultant storm.

She had not known such contentment since she left the mountains.

"We 've been everywhere, Sam and me," she remarked one evening as the three sat together in the dark. "I 've lived at the sea-shore, in the West, and we had a winter in New York; but I always wanted, I think, to come back here—on a visit," she added the concluding words hastily, for she knew that no place on earth could hold her long.

In the fall Nigarie Stetson returned to her own life. Those restless, wayward, eager feet went back to seek new paths—and yet new ones. Sarepta watching her departure through tears that were not all bitter, a round, rosy baby on her shoulder, knew somehow that the visitor would never return. And she wondered at herself meekly. Where was the bitterness of loss, where the canker of envy she had once thought to endure when this moment arrived?

She turned a thoughtful face and kissed her child. She entered her small

dun dwelling and looked about at smoke-browned beam and rooftree with new eyes. She began to realize that in the unhurried, intimate conversations of those long summer days she had come into an understanding of the quiet, unassailable dignity of her own position, and learnt the intrinsic worth of usefulness as contrasted with the false value of unearned riches. She felt dimly and half unwillingly, as she contemplated Nigarie's lot, that there was something almost disgraceful about being "kept" in soft and delicious idleness. Even the remembrance of the three starved babies was no longer a bitterness. Surely it were better to have borne and loved and lost them, every terrible, precious memory of them, than to bear the burden of feverish apprehension which Nigarie evinced toward motherhood itself; to speak continually and openly of the baby as an unearned burden.

She established her boy in his cradle, preparatory to taking up her work. She was suddenly full of a zest for life to which her days had long been stranger.

Macon, having completed his purchase of land, was now busied near home, hewing logs for a cabin of their own. By way of doing his best he had come into the house, ostensibly for a drink, but really to try a new tune on his banjo. At some political meeting the phrase about "dipping the pen in gall" had caught his fancy and suggested to him a new couplet to which he was tentatively fitting an air:

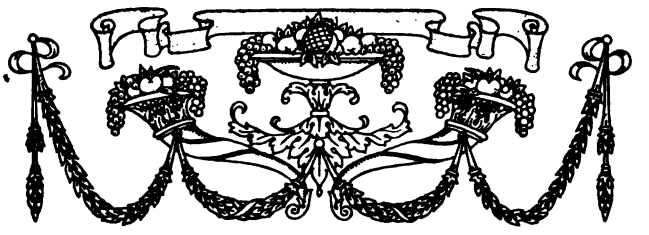
"I dip my pen in golden ink, to write my love a letter,
And tell her that most every day I love her a little better."

The nearly perfect monogamy of the region renders it unlikely that a mountaineer compose verses in honor of any but the one woman. As his wife came in Macon tossed the new song at her with a half humorous, but wholly gallant bow.

She laughed, as it seemed to her, immoderately—there was so much to laugh at! She turned once more to the babe in the cradle; how rosy he was, and how he laughed, too. She went, on feet that love made light, to prepare her dinner of herbs.

Later, she might lose sight of the vision somewhat, for we are all as incapable of holding constantly to great thoughts as of putting such definitely into words; but when the trailing glories paled, here was a child, gloriously alive, to remind her that she had once been inspired with the profoundly rational courage of seeing things as they are.

And on the cradle, pieced by Nigarie in the summer mornings while both babies slept, lay a little quilt of the pattern they had named the Friendship's Urn.



SIR FREDERICK TREVES

A Surgeon who Happens to be a Man of Genius

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

THERE is something in some men that casts a kind of spell over those who come within reach of them. Preachers and orators there are who hold huge audiences of people of every grade of culture, and who are equally magnetic with individuals in the home. There have been soldiers whose armies could scarcely help winning battles, for the units of rank and file had no sense of fear or doubt, having no will but that only of the imperious will behind them. There are men who, in the casual acquaintanceship of life, impress their personality on others in just the same way. When certain sailors that I have known were on deck, I could sleep in fog on a lee shore, and their crews could make a ship do things quite impossible except when the skipper was on the bridge. How many a burglar has been restored to his relations by the power of a particular attorney to fascinate twelve good men and true! Women have perhaps more frequently displayed this power, and not always by their mere beauty, or their rank, or their grace, have twisted men around their fingers and made fools out of wiseacres, and even upset kingdoms. Some call it genius, which is only a name to describe it by. It is surely an action and reaction, a force and its result, such as exists in the reaction of a coherer or a keyboard to a wireless wave. Personality, I always like to call it; because it is not proportional merely to brain substance and does not attach itself to every "Scarabee" or scholar. Nor does it depend on the body. If it does, then it has not been characterized always by size or beauty. But it works through the body, and, whatever it is, the man of whom I write has it, and has much of it. And it is an all-important attribute for a medical man.

I have known Sir Frederick Treves to tackle many diverse propositions, from sailing an open lugger across the English Channel on a dirty night, through handling, as a young lecturer, a crowd of medical students who had traditions to maintain that even Bob Sawyer might have envied, and again through entertaining crowds of the sharpest London urchins and holding his own there (to my mind, a more difficult task still), to standing before kings; and, in the "American language," I never yet knew of his being "fazed."

We used to say, when I was a school boy, that if a fellow was really good in one branch of athletics, you could pretty well count on his being good all round; when the cricket season was over a good man would find his place at football, and could generally be looked to for help when the Easter term brought the track team out. And so it seems to me of Sir Frederick Treves. To me he has always been the ideal all-round man; and I would just as soon to-day take his advice on how much of the mainsheet to get to claw a vessel best to windward, as I would on how far to venture in a delicate surgical operation.

If Sir Frederick Treves was scheduled to speak after dinner, you might be certain that his remarks would be helpful to digestion with their dry, terse humor. Yet at the same time you could count on his not blinking the subject for conventional reasons. One speech alone has been almost enough to make him famous, a speech in which he included among the dangers to our soldiers in South Africa during the war "the plague of flies and women." That speech was far from wasted breath, as he well knew.

Again, if it was a surgical lecture he was to deliver, you could be sure you would go away with the facts in mnemonic form. It was sure to be delivered on the same plan that Moses wrote the first chapter of Genesis on, which latter has worried so many good men because the patriarch didn't give primeval man a work on the lines, and at the length of, a Thomas Carlyle. I remember his trying to impress the definite existence of the peritoneum and its importance on our minds at a surgical lecture once, by saying: "Gentlemen, I have come here from dissecting a hippopotamus at the Zoo, and I was able to swing freely by its peritoneum." (He was surgeon in ordinary to the London Zoölogical Gardens to fill up the time between ten thousand other duties.)

If you found an article of his in the *Lancet*—which does not as a rule rival the comic journals for attractive reading—you would be sure to read that article through; for no one ever knew him to write a pot-boiler. His name was always a guarantee that there was something he wanted to say worth saying, and, however dry or professional that was, his article was always full of humor. Moreover, you would wonder how the solemn scientific authorities that you yourself have stood so in awe of, could have listened to such sensible but revolutionary speaking unless they preferred to think it was all banter. He could n't do the most ordinary thing in a conventional way. Though comparatively poor in those days, we students always looked to him for a good prize for athletic contests. I was delegated as secretary for the Rowing Club on one occasion to interview him on the subject of a forthcoming regatta. He promptly presented me with a huge three-handled beer tankard to be competed for in an ordinary dingy—"with a coxswain, that the oarsman may devote all his energies to the progression of his boat."

As a conversationalist, I personally have never fallen in with Sir Frederick's equal. During a long summer vacation spent with him and his family in the Scilly Islands, it was the custom to sit out in the evening on the roadside (I can't claim the cottage had a piazza); and night after night those who were of our party listened to stories none the less keenly because some parts were playfully legendary. On the other hand, so adaptable and unconventional is he that, when I first went to sea among the deep-sea fishermen of the German Ocean, again and again things were told me, and retold, by "unlearned and ignorant men" who had sat at the feet of this landsman on their own lockers during a single short voyage among them. It had greatly surprised some of them that, in a winter trip on the worst fishing grounds anywhere, they "could n't capsize that doctor." Moreover, on one occasion when we had landed at Ymuiden, into which our fishing smack had run with a cargo of fish, we went on to Amsterdam, where nothing seemed to delight Sir Frederick so much as that, in our seafaring garments, we were not looked on as fit to enter a decent hotel for dinner.

As a writer, the world is beginning to know him in other than professional fields. His "Tale of a Field Hospital"—a short brochure written after his visit to South Africa—is a classic, and has been described as "the best thing written about the war." His epigrammatic, terse style, and the underlying depth

Photograph by La Fayette, London

Frederick Treves.

In the uniform of the King's Household

of sentiment that characterizes the man everywhere, come out better in none of his writings. His book called "The Other Side of the Lantern," written after a trip round the world, is well worth the time devoted to reading it, if for nothing else than the chapter describing the embarkation at Tilbury. It affords a bit of characteristic humor which one would gladly pay for in these days. This sense of humor greatly helped his popularity among students, a fact well testified to by his election to the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University—by a most unexpected majority—against a powerful rival to a "mere doctor." I have a letter written by him when sitting in the examination hall at Cambridge University in his capacity as examiner, in which he says: "I can't help being amused with the trepidation of some of the candidates, for I am myself all the while reading up for my examination in seamanship and navigation next week at the London docks; and unless I can get more time, there seems every probability I shall only go there to be plucked."

THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, LONDON

Recently granted to Sir Frederick Treves by King Edward. (The famous Thatched House still stands in the grounds, its ceilings and walls decorated with paintings by Angelica Kauffman)

Those who know him only as the inflexible surgeon who removed limbs wholesale, as in his "removal of the whole fore-quarter for cancer," or who would open a brain or a joint, or handle the peritoneum at a time when aseptic surgery was in its babyhood, cannot credit him with those simple but lovable emotions which we associate with tenderly nurtured men or gentle women. Yet I cannot forget the emotion with which I was shown one evening a tiny sovereign gold piece given him by a grateful patient and guarded as a priceless treasure. A sailor from Norway had been operated on by Sir Frederick in hospital. His life had been saved, and he had gone his way with the hundreds of others, who as a rule never call even to inquire who was the surgeon who "did the thing." Late one evening a timid knock brought Sir Frederick himself at that unusual hour to his door in Wimpole Street. A tall,

gaunt sailor in threadbare attire asked if this was where "Mr. Treves lives." At his earnest request, though somewhat under protest, he was allowed to enter. He at once proceeded to get out a jack-knife, and from the lining of the belt of his trousers he cut out a small gold piece and offered it to Sir Frederick. On his refusal to accept it, the man was so hurt that Sir Frederick listened to his story. The man had, on leaving hospital, sought a berth at the London docks, but, being a stranger, had been unable to get one. He had got out of money, and had gone hungry day after day, though he knew that he had, sewn up in his waistband by his wife in Norway, the piece of gold in question. He had got so pulled down by bad living that he at last decided he must spend the money, but that very day had succeeded in getting a berth on a ship, and his advance had given the food he stood so sorely in need of. He had promptly tramped all the way to Wimpole Street. How he found out Sir Frederick's address was always a puzzle, for he was not the famous King's Surgeon in those days. All I was told was that the sailor did the thing so humbly, and yet so insistently, and departed so incontinently, that Sir Frederick found himself bowing into the darkness, holding the gold piece in his hands, and with an overwhelming sense of inferiority strongly impressed on his mind.

His latest work, on the West Indies, is an admirable reflection of his own real interests outside his profession. I think I may honestly say no man living could, without much preparation, show as exact a knowledge of every sailor through the ages, who had any real claim to be a sailor no matter whether he bore letters of marque or did his work under the "Black Jack." The first gift I ever received from him, who was the most distinguished and learned professor in the school, was Clark Russell's "Frozen Pirate"; and, if I remember right, the next was Froude's "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century." It

THE LIBRARY, THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK

SIR FREDERICK TREVES IN KHAKI
Taken in South Africa during the Boer War

is n't a mere question of loving men of the sea. It is rather because the following of the sea has a way of giving men opportunities to do things, and of labelling pretty distinctly those who respond to them. That seems to me, however, to be only natural, for if I were asked to name any man I have known personally anywhere, who has made the most of his life, I should without hesitation say Sir Frederick Treves. Yet, with countless other interests and occupations, it is as a surgical author, and a most brilliant exponent of the surgical art, that Sir Frederick has risen to fame. It was true once, and I believe it is true still, that "Sir Frederick Treves is the most prolific surgical author alive." His pen and knife were, when I first knew him, never idle; and I can hardly say from which I learnt most. His books were classics on both sides of the Atlantic, and I doubt if any surgical work yet written can compare with Treves's "Operative Surgery" for the practical assistance it gives to a young operator who is in doubt. The book is just like the man. It says, "Do this one thing," "Use that one instrument," "Make that

particular incision," "Insert that ligature and no other"—so that you can go up to your work confident that all will go well. You are no longer in doubt, and the trepidation resulting from it, even though there be better ways of working; for you are inspired with your author's own confidence—a feeling so absolutely essential to success in surgery. You seem almost to see your patient walking away well and grateful before you begin.

In teaching, also, at the London Hospital, I never knew any man who could command the hearing he could. His house-surgeon would be taxed to his utmost on his visiting days to get the great crowd that used to follow Sir Frederick round the wards, to allow space for even nurses and dressers to pass to the patients' bedsides. When acting in that capacity, I myself have had to stand behind rows of graduates and undergraduates from all over the world, who had come untold distances to hear him and were not going to be shouldered into the background while a humble house-surgeon tried to create an unseemly disturbance by getting near the patients in order to explain the progress of the case. Not that that was generally necessary, for, with ten thousand other duties, Sir Frederick always went round his wards alone and personally saw every one of his cases every Sunday morning note-book in hand. In this way he always fully justified the trouble men took to follow him, by having groups of cases ready to illustrate the valuable points he intended his audience to carry away with them. You could always rely absolutely on his being up to time, and his students looked on him as infallible.

Those were great days for London Hospital men. The famous Sir Andrew Clark was teaching Medicine, Frederick Treves was teaching Surgery. Many a day have we students bewailed our evil fortune that those two men chanced to be in the ward at the same time. Many times have we run hot-foot from the surgical to the medical side, and *vice versa*, in order not to miss the clinics of either of these famous teachers.

There were one or two things that specially impressed us students more, perhaps, than others. One was Sir Frederick's dogmatism in a profession where dogmatism is practically impossible; and where, if anywhere, it seems to pay best to sit on the fence, and so come out on top whatever happens to the patient. But Sir Frederick always said: "To teach diagnosis, you must diagnose. To be a surgeon, you must make up your mind, for your own sake. You won't give a patient confidence by saying, 'Your trouble, M'am, may be cancer of the œsophagus, but it may be measles.' You will never earn the confidence of your patients by not venturing on definite decisions. By ambiguous utterances and pretending to be wiser than you are, you always stand to lose your patient's as well as your own respect."

This simplicity, if I may call it so, this straightforwardness and utter absence of any pretence, contributed largely to his popularity; though in things medical, alas! the public love to be humbugged, and indeed pay well if you will only condescend to it. I can't say Sir Frederick despised medicine for that reason; but, when handed a stethoscope by his corresponding physician before a group of students at a bedside, I have seen him take it up and look through it, and ask, with a twinkle, what it was for.

Though one cannot exactly call him a specialist, yet he knew the limitations of one man, and would purposely hold an ophthalmoscope upside down to show it was the province of the specially trained men to get the facts ready. Indeed, Treves was developing, I think, unconsciously, that admirable system so perfected by the Mayo brothers, where, when any case finally comes to them for decision as to treatment, together with each patient is handed in the result of an examination of every organ that can contribute to a

correct result, each examination having been done by a specialist in his particular line—in fact, "teamwork." No man would less like to be represented as overestimating the value of the specialist as against the man who looks on a knowledge of every part of the body as essential to a correct understanding of any one part. The general practitioner has many distinct advantages over any specialist. But there can be no question that in certain abstruse cases the help a specialist can give may be just the clew necessary to guide to a correct decision.

As a chief to work under, Sir Frederick was always considered *facile princeps* in my time, and his appointment was the "blue ribbon" on the surgical side. I mention this because some surgeons are themselves great and deft at their work, but yet lose a large part of their real value to the great public, because they do not know how to trust others, and use to the real best service of mankind the great capacities they themselves possess. I mean by this that the greatest living surgeons do the work of the poorest of the poor at all our hospitals, not merely because the poorest need better attention than the middle classes—the middle classes have to be satisfied with such skill as they can pay for, not being allowed free treatment,—but because it is absolutely essential for the world at large that the doctors should know their work. For they, after all, will be far more often tended by the general run of medical men than by the giants. And doctors and surgeons can only know how to do good work by having done it. This is a certain fact. All the book reading in the world won't make a good surgeon. But a man having the actual work delegated to him under the immediate hand and eye of a master like Sir Frederick can't help being an immense gainer. The poor patient need have no fear for the result, while the world is richer for the unselfishness of the man who can stand by in the theatre full of a cloud of witnesses, whom he would like to send away to advertise his dexterity and acumen. Instead of that he often would step to the background, while he watched, advised, and directed the hands of his house surgeons, that they might the better aid people unknown in the days to come.

There is one thing, however, perhaps more worthy of note than anything yet referred to, and that is, that no single life better exemplifies the old adage that "Work spells success." Sir Frederick had his own way to make, without any financial backing, and only a few dollars to fall back on. He was confident enough to take a house in Wimpole Street, the haunt of the Greatest in the Profession. For years it was said that the light of the London Hospital never went out in Wimpole Street. This, being interpreted, meant that other members of the staff of the hospital had not finished burning the midnight oil before Frederick Treves was out of bed and beginning his day's work. A restless nature and the vagabond life I have myself led has kept me always an early riser. Yet through all the times I have enjoyed the hospitality of the quaint house in that haunt of doctors, I have never yet crept down early without finding that Sir Frederick had been up and done good work while I lay a-snoozing. Four A.M. has seen him at work day after day, summer and winter, the simple preparations necessary to render it possible being made in a few minutes by himself. At seven o'clock the flannels and sweater, which served just as well for intellectual work as physical, were doffed. A cold bath and a light breakfast at 7:30, and then the more conventional garments and the operative work at his private hospital; then away to the lecture-room and public. A light luncheon at home, private visiting and ward work, and then dinner at seven, and the evening always with his family. While at work, he worked indefatigably. But to be able to work—*i. e.*, to do work that is satis-

factory,—no man ever believed more in play. I think nothing surprised me more, when I first learnt it, than that a man so sought after could actually throw everything aside and leave London regularly for three months every year. This he has done almost as a religious observance ever since I have known him, and I think for nothing have I admired him more. Surely it is a mark of greatness to know these things, and act on them. To be able to regulate one's life as he has done impresses you with the fact that, while a master of other men, he is master of himself; that while he was a veritable Tartar in discipline with his assistants, he was equally strict with himself—and this in a man with his sense of humor, his *bonhomie*, and the love of life he possesses so abundantly, shows a versatility that very few men possess.

There is another aspect of Sir Frederick's character which I shall only touch upon very lightly. For, in spite of the permission to write this article, it is a sacred subject in the hands of an outsider. This, however, I cannot refrain from saying: I have never known any one more devoted to his family; not in that silly, sentimental way in which some slobber over their own prodigies, but as shown by the fact that if you wanted at any time to see Sir Frederick, when it was n't his time for hospital or some other work, you need scarcely ever "ring him up" and ask if he was at home. You were safe in going to the trouble of even a train journey to town, and just calling round. In recreation hours, one was sure to find him home. A man so attractive as an after-dinner speaker, a man so well known through the length and breadth of the land, a man whose skill has benefited countless of the great families of England, a man so famous for having saved the life of his sovereign, would naturally be dined to death if only he would weakly consent to it. Moreover, there are meetings of learned societies in his own profession alone, enough almost to ab-

THE TREVES WARD, LONDON HOSPITAL, WHITECHAPEL

sorb every evening in the week. Yet all I can state is the fact that any day after eight o'clock in the evening you could count on finding Sir Frederick smoking his daily pipe over his own hearthstone; while two hours later, if you had the hardihood to pursue him, you would catch Sir Frederick in bed.

"To be healthy is to be wealthy," "To be healthy is to be happy," "To be healthy is to be wise." These were simply rock-bottom axioms; and, more than that, were the obediently kept rules of life in Sir Frederick's household. Early to bed, early to rise, long and absolute holidays, and at all times the simplest of lives, have gone a long way as adjuncts of the original personality, to produce the Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., M.D., G.C.V.O., C.B., F.R.C.S., LL.D., Sergeant-Surgeon to the King, etc., of to-day. The value he laid on health as a factor in life was shown in the upbringing of his children. His two daughters could fence, swim, row and ride as few can. On one occasion, taking an idea from Sir Walter Besant's book "Armorelle of Lyonesse," a story of the Scilly Islands, Sir Frederick had made a golden torque, or bracelet, to resemble the one discoverd in the story. He then announced a race for any girls who liked to enter, in the ordinary Scilly Islander's punt, such as Armorelle

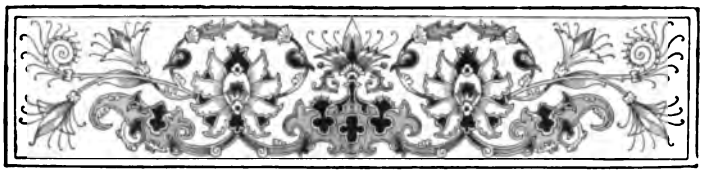
SIR FREDERICK TREVES ON A MISSION SHIP, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. GRENFELL

had used in her famous row. The punts were all brought to one spot, and the competitors drew lots which they should row in. It spoke well for the practice of hygiene in his own home that his daughter, necessarily brought up in London, should be able, on the fateful morning, to enter, scull away from the whole crowd, and come in a long winner, thereby earning the right to give away the bracelet at the town hall at the ball given in honor of the occasion. Moreover, the swimming race for men over forty-five was won by Sir Frederick Treves himself.

Though at that time a young man scarcely known, Sir Frederick was one of the judges chosen for the section of healthful and reasonable dress at the great "Health Exhibition" in London. When I asked him one day how he knew if dresses for his girls were really up to the standard of health, "Oh, I hold up my hat at arm's length," he replied, "and if they can kick it out of my hand without inconvenience, I consider it to be all right."

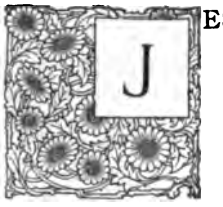
To-day Sir Frederick is a man whose advice counts more with his sovereign than probably that of any living man, a man who is exercising invaluable influence in a thousand beneficent ways in reforming abuses that have become sacred from age, and which those who could have altered them long ago have been afraid to change; a man with that peculiar and rare courage, which has never been afraid of "what people will say"; a man giving of his great capacities to these things without seeking recognition or reward; a man who stopped practising surgery at the very zenith of his fame, just when money, if he had desired that, must have rolled in like water over Niagara, and whose only explanation, so far as I ever heard one given, was, "It is better to retire decently when you can do so, than live to be kicked out later for incompetence"; a man who, as a civil surgeon, is sent out to a war, and on his return is made to take a place at the War Office, and who has been most largely responsible since the appointment for the introduction of that very kind of reform and improvement which gave Japan the world's commendation in her recent struggle with Russia.

The object of this article is not to tell good stories. We have many things to do, here on the Labrador, Mr. Editor, which press more for time, than the call for mere ear-tickling stories. But of this I am confident, that among all that stimulates the youth of a nation to greater effort and higher ideals, none are more helpful, more practical, or more imperious than the life and example of a really great man. No sermon can touch the oratory of a life that is worth while. It was Frederick Treves who introduced me to a life among sailors. It was he who stated the case plainly for me, when I balanced up between a life in London and a missionary life at sea. From that day to this, in a thousand ways Sir Frederick Treves has been a stimulus and an inspiration to me, to say nothing of the thousand personal kindnesses that I, with all his other old students, am indebted to him for. The great characteristic of his life, the secret of his success is his absolute, indefatigable thoroughness. Whatever he does he does well and no amount of toil is counted lost, so long as the end is reached. I think of him when I hear "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men." He possesses Abraham Lincoln's capacity for "pegging away." If any one would undertake to give to the world the life story of this man in a style that is worthy of him, I know well the story would be yet one more factor in that long group of events which tend to, and I believe firmly shall yet, one day, make this earth better and happier and nearer to the Kingdom of Righteousness, which is the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ. In this belief, sir, I have tried to write this article you have asked me for.

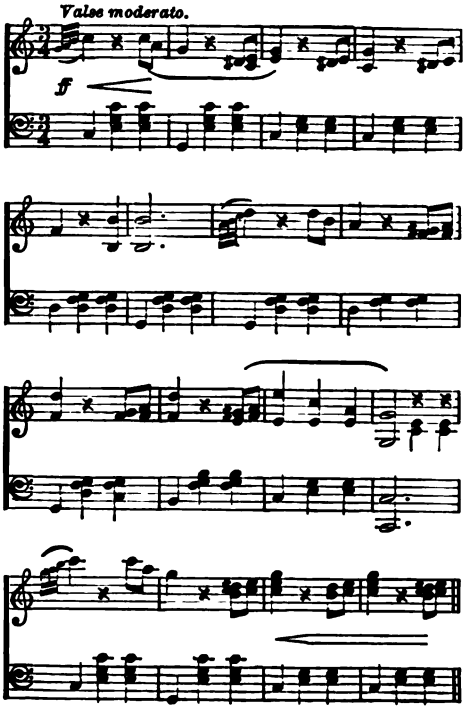


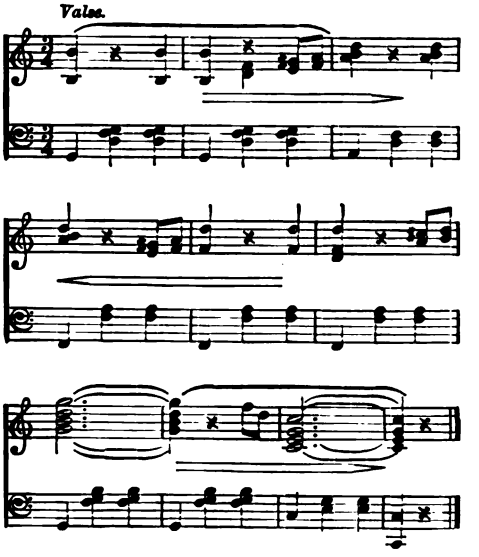
THE ORCHESTRA RIVALS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER and GEORGE L. LOUIS



JESSUP let his fingers run idly over the keys of the piano for a few minutes, as a man will when he is merely amusing himself. I had been listening, for Jessup is almost as clever with the piano as with the violin, which is saying a good deal, but he had been playing for himself rather than for me. Then, suddenly, he ran into this:





"Odd story, that," he remarked.

"What?" I asked.

"That," he replied, and he played it again.

"Very likely," I agreed. "It has a nice sound, but I 'm not familiar enough with the language to pick out the story. I 'm no musician, you know; I merely like what I like because I like it."

Jessup laughed. "What language would you call it?" he asked.

"I presume," I answered doubtfully, for I felt that I was on dangerous ground, "that the right answer to that question is, The Universal Language of Music."

Jessup laughed again. "You are progressing," he said; "but I did n't

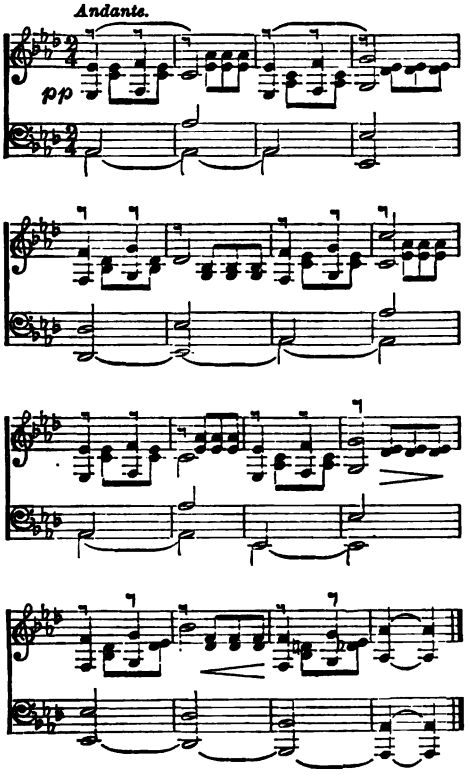
mean that. The voice of a nation is heard in its music."

"The American eagle must scream in rag-time," I commented.

"Never mind that," persisted Jessup. "What 's the language?"

"Spanish," I ventured. "It has the quick passion of Spain."

"Good guess," Jessup commended; "but this story of mine is told in two languages. Here 's the other." And he played this:



"Rather short story," I remarked.

"I did n't find it so," said Jessup. "You can do a tremendous lot with a few bars of music."

"Go ahead with the story," I urged. "You 'll have to translate it for me."

"What 's the language?" demanded Jessup.

"Sounded to me like the pleading of a love-sick German," I told him.

"You 'll do," laughed Jessup. "The Spaniard and the German made things very burdensome for me a few years ago." He swung toward me on the piano-stool, smiling reminiscently, and then began his story.

"The characters in this little by-play," he said, "were the Spaniard, the German and Kitty, not to mention the stage-manager and myself. I was leading the orchestra for a light opera company. The Spaniard was one of the violins, and the German the cello. I call them Spaniard and German, although I think they were both Americans of Spanish and German ancestry respectively. Anyhow, they had the racial characteristics. The Spaniard was quick and passionate, the German rather slow and ponderous but with that touch of romance in his soul that is responsible for some of our most beautiful music. Kitty was pretty, vivacious, flirtatious. She had been promoted from the chorus and given one song—just one song. I 'll come to that later, for it made trouble.

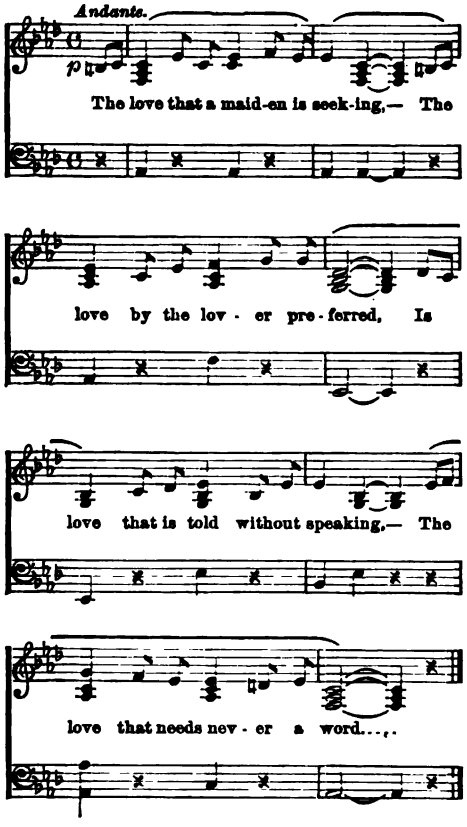
"I don't know when the two men first became interested in Kitty; I had never seen either of them speak to her up to the time trouble broke out, and I don't believe either of them ever had, but a lover can always scent a rival. The Spaniard and the German became decidedly objectionable to each other. Kitty—I give her credit for that—had no idea of the trouble she was making, at first; in fact, she has told me that she was not even conscious of the existence of either. But they were certainly conscious of her existence and of each other's. They had no words, but I occasionally caught the Spaniard looking at the German in a way that made me nervous. And the German, usually good-natured, became moody and uncompanionable.

We all noticed it, in time. They passed without speaking, and they avoided the rest of us almost as much as they did each other. When a man begins to flock by himself it is always well to look out for trouble; when two men in the same organization begin to act that way, you

know about where to look for the trouble. I remember thinking that an explosion was likely, but, even then, I had no idea of the occasion for it.

"Well, one night, when Kitty sang her solitary song, I began to understand. It was a little love song, a simple little thing, and Kitty always got an encore. I don't remember the whole song, but it ended with these lines."

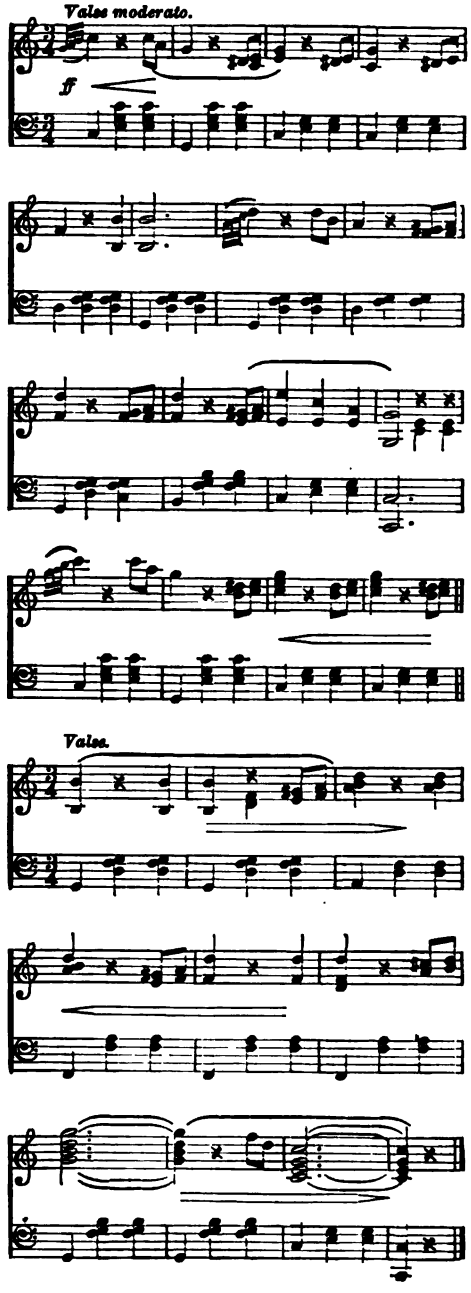
He turned back to the piano and sang the following:



"The love that needs never a word," he repeated. "That 's what made the trouble. Then followed a soft interlude, preliminary to an ensemble.

The interlude carried no air with it —that is, it should have carried no air with it, but this time it did. The Spaniard was playing it, and it was clearly an answer to the song: 'the love that needs never a word' was being offered to Kitty with all the abandon typical of his country or his ancestry—just the few notes that I gave you, but it told the story."

He played it again, this time without the accompaniment:



"That 's what we heard above the interlude," he went on. "To the audience, unacquainted or only slightly acquainted with the opera, it was only a part of the score, but you may imagine it pretty nearly lifted me out of my chair. Kitty gave the Spaniard a surprised look, and then smiled. It was all over in a moment, of course, but I happened to look at the German and I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit. I looked back at the Spaniard, and he was fairly beaming with happiness. Then it was all clear to me: this little soubrette was the one who was making all the trouble. It might be that she had been unconscious of it so far, as I afterward found was the case, but it was my judgment that things were not going to be any better when she realized her power for mischief. That smile she gave the Spaniard did n't please me at all.

"Well, the stage manager was astride of my neck as soon as he could get at me. I knew he would be.

" 'Are you trying to make a spasm of this opera?' he demanded.

"'Had n't thought of it,' I replied.

"'Well, that unexpected interpolation pretty nearly tied the chorus up in a knot,' he went on wrathfully. 'Where 'd you get the idea that we needed a section of Madrid in an American opera?'

"'I did n't have anything to do with it,' I protested. 'Alfonso worked it in for his own diversion.' His name was n't Alfonso, but we called him that on general principles.

"'Then you tell Alfonso that we don't want any hidalgo business here; that one more break like that will give him a good swift start for Spain where he can play for the bullfights.'

"The stage manager was angry, and I did n't blame him. Nevertheless, I suggested that he take a good look at Alfonso before he asked anybody to talk to him that way. 'Alfonso looks to me,' I said, 'like a man with a sharp-pointed temper, especially in matters of the heart. I don't mind being killed, but I hate to contemplate being carved.'

"'What 's this got to do with the heart?' he asked.

"'Everything,' I answered; 'it 's Alfonso's way of making love.'

"Just then the Spaniard passed us. He was still smiling, but there was something in the smile that made drastic interference look foolhardy.

"'Oh, well,' said the stage manager, 'do it your own way; only make it clear that the composer of this opera wrote all the music that we care to use in it.'

"I naturally tried to break it to Alfonso gently, for I have learned that a man who gets between a Spaniard and his love is quite often pried out with the point of a knife. 'Alfonso,' I said, 'I don't want you to think I am without sympathy, but the stage manager requests me to say that we are running no affinity-bureau.'

"Alfonso, strangely enough, did not understand, so I tried again.

"'When you have anything to say to a girl,' I told him, 'take her quietly into a corner somewhere and whisper it to her. The stage manager, who is a brutal chap, objects to having love thrown over the footlights. Being also a close-fisted chap, he hates to have the audience get more than it pays for. In brief, Alfonso, cut out the musical extras or your balloon goes up.'

"'You speak of the little interpolation?' he asked.

"'Merely in a casual way,' I explained. 'Don't get excited.'

"'She has heard me,' he said; 'it is enough.'

"'And then some,' I added; 'but let it go at that.'

"'The true love,' said Alfonso, 'is too sacred to be of the score all the time.'

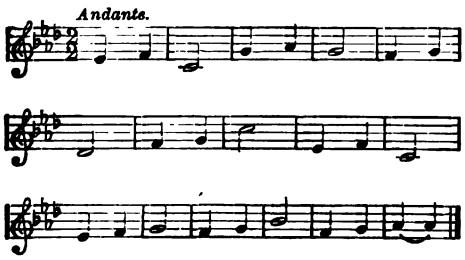
"'That 's the stuff!' I cried. 'You bottle the true love up for private use.'

"I told the stage manager that everything was all right, and that made a lot more trouble for me.

You see, I foolishly neglected to figure on the German, and the German, if he lacked the originality and the daring of the Spaniard, could play to his rival's lead all right. He never would have taken the initiative, but he had the determination to follow, and he probably spent the day in preparation.

"Of course, I don't have to tell you what happened. My eye was on the Spaniard when we finished the 'unspoken love' song—I was afraid he might forget or change his mind—but he needed no watching. The German, however——"

He turned to the piano again.



"That 's what he passed up to Kitty—a less passionate appeal, but just as certainly reflecting 'the love that needs never a word.' Coming as it did, I 'm surprised my head did n't hit the dome of the theatre. I was ready for the Spaniard, but the German handed it to me like a jab in the back. I know just how Julius Cæsar felt when he got the unexpected one. And it gave Kitty almost as bad a shock. I had rather expected Kitty to lay out a little trouble for us, and, sure enough, she tried. But she was watching for the Spaniard, just as I was. She sang her encore to the Spaniard—not directly enough to attract the attention of the audience, but with enough directness to make him understand that she understood. And then the German cut in. It was a good deal like bidding for a mandolin at an auction sale and finding a trombone in the package you take home. Kitty did n't know where she stood for a minute, but she has a quick wit: she recovered herself and the German got a smile.

"I detailed two men to keep the Spaniard occupied until two others could get the German out of the house. For myself, I knew I was going to have business with the stage manager just as soon as he could get to me after the show. And he did n't disappoint me.

"'Is this an opera or a catch-as-catch-can medley?' he wanted to know.

"'So far as I am concerned,' I answered, hoping thus to calm him, 'the orchestra has me guessing. I don't know how the love-bug got loose and I don't know how many have been bitten. It begins to look serious.'

"'Serious!' he exclaimed; 'it 's a pot-pie—I mean, pot-pourri—of matrimonial yearnings.'

"'Oscar did seem to yearn some,' I admitted.

"'Is his name Oscar?' he demanded.

"'It is,' I replied.

"'Fire Oscar,' he ordered.

"'That 's easy to say,' I returned, 'but can we make the union stand for it?'

"'Union!' he roared. 'Union! Do you think I 'll let any union make a vaudeville love-fest of this opera?'

"'Nevertheless,' I argued, for I had had some dealings with unions, 'it is a difficult matter to handle. The union rules are strict, and a man may not give more than his contract calls for. Oscar's contract does not call for any improvisation. If you kicked to the union because he improvised, the union would probably hold that you owed him extra pay for extra service. Or else they 'd fine him. Anyhow, they would n't let you discharge a man for excess of zeal.'

"This was so reasonable that he calmed down a bit. 'Well, it 's got to be stopped,' he declared. 'If you can't fire Oscar, take him out somewhere and beat him with a club.'

"'Oscar is a large German,' I objected. 'A large German may be slow to anger, but he 's hard to handle

when he 's mad. Don't you think it would be easier and more effective to fine the cause of all the trouble?'

"'Meaning?'

"'Miss Eldred,' I said, she being the Kitty I have previously mentioned.

"'What 's she done?' he asked.

"'Smiled alluringly upon both Oscar and Alfonso,' I explained.

"'What kind of a show do you think I 'd have,' he retorted, 'if I fined a soubrette for smiling? That 's what she 's paid for.'

"Seeing the problem that this presented, I suggested that he might argue with her. It might be unwise to discourage smiles, but they could certainly be used with less troublesome results.

"He became meek at once. 'I 'm afraid to go near her,' he said. 'She 's made a hit with that song, and if she gets my ear for two minutes she 'll have an increase of salary. You try it.'

"Having nothing to lose, I said I would, but I decided to speak to Oscar first. I went at him with a diplomacy that ought to give me a job in the State Department at Washington. 'Oscar,' I said, 'that line of Come to Me that you put up is fine, very fine, but it won't do.'

"'So?' said Oscar.

"'Quite so,' said I. 'The prima donna threatens to quit.'

"'Because why?' asked Oscar.

"'A fine, large, rotund, handsome man like you ought not to have to ask that, Oscar,' I explained. 'She is jealous. If you want to unload a cargo of love quietly, where no one can see you do it, there is no reason why you should not give it to whomsoever you please; but anything of that kind that goes over the footlights, in plain view of the audience, belongs to the prima donna under her contract. If you were a little shrimp of a man she would n't mind, but it makes her peevish to have a large love like yours handed out to a soubrette. You must n't do it any more.'

"'I already haf the last word,' said Oscar. 'I am satisfied.'

"Well, that made it look all right to me; but I wanted to be sure, so I went to Kitty, too. I told her she was disorganizing the orchestra and should stop.

"'What can I do?' she asked, just as if she did n't know.

"'Nothing,' I said, 'except to stop noticing the light-headed fools.'

"'What makes you think I 'm noticing them?' she inquired; and you can imagine it jarred me.

"'I don't think anything about it myself,' I explained tactfully, 'but they think you 're smiling at them.'

"'Men are so conceited,' she said. 'How can I help what they think? I 've got to smile in the direction of somebody; I can't smile at the ceiling, you know, without being ridiculous.'

"Trying to argue with a girl on a question of flirtation is a thankless task, but I foolishly stuck to the job. 'Aim at somebody else,' I suggested.

"'You?' she asked.

"'Not on your life!' I cried. 'I can take care of all the smiles you want to give me in private, but nothing over the footlights! Why, I 've got to maintain discipline in that orchestra and how do you think I could do it if I had to hire a bodyguard to protect me from two of my men?'

"And that was the best I could get out of her, except that she thought it was very silly of me to make so much out of nothing at all. However, I felt reasonably sure of the Spaniard and the German now, so I let it go at that.

"But I reckoned without the lure of the smile and the wordless love song. It was too much fun for Kitty and she led them on: the Spaniard slipped in his interpolation that night. When I tried to reason with him he said that I ought to have stopped the German first. I knew what the German would say, and I also knew what the stage manager would say. My first job was to head off the stage manager, and I think I showed great resourcefulness in doing it. He came charging down upon

me the moment the show was over.

"'I 've got it all fixed now,' I told him before he could speak.

"'How?' he asked.

"'Why,' I said, 'the thing that puts the chorus up in the flies is the unexpectedness of these musical declarations, so we only need to schedule them——'

"'Schedule them,' he thundered.

"'Exactly,' I explained. 'Give the Spaniard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and the German Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. That will be three nights and a matinee each, and we 'll all know what to expect.'

"He began to say harsh things to me, but presently the beauty of the scheme caught him. 'Can you hold them to schedule?' he asked.

"'Sure,' said I.

"'Try it,' said he.

"Well, it was fair, and I got them to agree to it. Then we had a continuous performance that was diverting to the whole company, especially Kitty. It was fine for Kitty. She was absolutely impartial, but she kept them both going. I argued with her many times, but she beat me at it always. She could look so wonderfully innocent that I was almost ready to believe that it was all unintentional on her part, only I knew it was n't. I did n't blame them much either, for she was a mighty pretty and attractive girl and could have had almost any man going. In fact, I am now convinced that she was having as much fun with me as with either of the others, although she was enjoying that novel courtship to the limit. The way those two men passed up the Be Mine music would have had some thousand-a-night stars faded to a faint shadow.

"But it could n't last, of course. One night the Spaniard and the German got together and it took four of us to pry them apart. The only thing that prevented a tragedy was that we got to them before the Spaniard could get his knife out. Then we had them both put under peace bonds, but we knew that peace bonds would n't hold them very long.

"'We 've got to end it,' said the stage manager.

"'How?' I asked.

"'If Kitty would only make a selection——'

"'What!' I cried.

"'That would end it,' he declared. 'Any man will give up when the game is hopelessly lost. All this trouble is over trying to get her. Settle that and you 've settled the whole thing. Neither one of those fellows would make a fool of himself over the other's wife.'

"'She 'll never do it,' I said.

"'She must,' he insisted. 'Tell her so.'

"I refused at first, but, in the interests of art, I finally agreed to see what I could do. I 'm strong on art, you know, and I 'd do a lot for it. The stage manager had the right idea, too."

Jessup lit a cigar with the air of a man who has finished his story.

"She agreed?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"She did," said Jessup. "She just laughed at first, but I insisted that it was the stage manager's orders and absolutely necessary to harmony. She made fun of both, but I finally struck the right note. Then there was no trouble."

"And the rivals?" I asked.

"Became the best of friends," said Jessup; "never a word between them after the matter was settled."

"Remarkable!" I exclaimed. "Who got her?"

Jessup turned to the piano, played again the Spaniard's and the German's pleas, and then broke into the Star-Spangled Banner.

"I did," he said.

DESERTER-HUNTING

By JOHN S. WISE

FIGHTING men, to make them fight for you, is a unique phase of recruiting; yet that is precisely what I was called upon to do in the late autumn of 1864 by the Confederate Government. It is an interesting chapter in the history of the desperate struggle of the Southern people to achieve their independence.

At that time, southwestern Virginia, along the North Carolina border line, was populated by a rough, independent race of mountaineers. I refer particularly to the counties of Floyd, Patrick Henry, Carroll and Grayson. They were inhabited by a singular race, *sui generis*, and although I have devoted considerable study to the effort to determine the sources of their original settlement, I have never done so to my own satisfaction. They had a good many Dutch names among them, and there was a large percentage of Dunkards and Mennonites and what not; but, with the majority, religion did not cut much figure. At that time nobody there had much wealth and—*per contra*—nobody was a pauper. They were very ignorant and very provincial, but supplied, within themselves, with abundant means of self-support, that made them fairly comfortable, according to their simple wants, and about as independent of the outside world as any community on the planet. They produced, for their own consumption, abundant supplies of corn, wheat and rye, which they ground, in good country mills on their mountain streams, or else distilled. They raised enough hemp and flax and cotton to furnish their clothing, and were abundantly provided with domestic looms. They were well supplied with poultry, good horses and good cattle. They manufactured and drank corn whiskey in unlimited quantities, and their homes were tucked away in a region so inaccessible and remote from the line of march of the armies that they never were ravaged by a war which made itself felt nearly everywhere else. Few negroes and very few slaves were to be found among them.

They had little knowledge and less sympathy with the troubles of the slaveholders, and as a class were opposed to secession. They were attached to the Union more than to their State, but they had not very clear views on patriotism, and with the natural love of men for war, they entered the Confederate service in considerable numbers when the war came on, and furnished some excellent fighting men. The "Grayson Daredevils" was quite a noted command. But, as the war progressed, these fellows got tired of it. The hardships and privations of long service and absence from home, coupled with their lack of finer sensibilities, their former life of perfect independence, and that natural longing for old associations which is peculiarly strong in the mountaineer, made them quit without leave in large numbers, and go home. It was not a question of patriotism: it was one of homesickness. They knew, and the military authorities knew, that the task of ferreting them out of their mountain fastnesses would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack. The only way of reaching them with an adequate provost force was by a few roads, and as everybody was kin to everybody

there, a cow's-horn blown at a cabin door on sight of soldiers would give any deserter ample warning of their coming, and time to lose himself in the mountains until they should be gone, just as the same signal still serves to thwart the wiliest of whiskey tax collectors. In a word, the deserter out there had a perfect "snap," so well known to his old associates in the army, that, as the pinch of war grew harder, many a fellow whose stomach for war failed him decided to visit his mountain friends until the trouble was over. Thus, in time, this region literally swarmed with native and visiting deserters, so numerous and so well armed that they assumed the local government, and ran the section as a "kingdom" of their own. The civil authorities, weak at all times, but now utterly disorganized, were powerless to repress such overshadowing violence, and the arrogance and arbitrary blackmail the freebooters levied on the communities furnished the government its first chance of neighborhood assistance in getting at them.

Things had come to a high pass in November, 1864, in Floyd County, when Colonel Bob Preston and his regiment of reserves were ordered to march over there from Christiansburg and capture or disperse the deserters. Colonel Bob was a character. He was an old man with a white Abraham beard and a build and countenance like those of the conventional Kris Kringle. Everybody throughout that section knew him. The Prestons were the largest, most influential and most beloved family in all those parts, and Colonel Bob was brave and generous and charitable and sentimental enough to deserve his great popularity. He went into the war as colonel of the "fighting 28th," and he fought it for all it was worth, from Manassas until age and the frank acknowledgment that he knew nothing about "solgerin," as he expressed it, compelled him to give it up. The army adored the old man for his courage and his *bonhomie* and was full of jokes about him. Marching one day in column of companies, he was attacked in flank. The regiment wanted to fight, but for the life of him he could not think of the order. No time was to be lost. So, quick as a flash, Colonel Bob cried out: "Twenty-eighth! Swing round to the left by companies, like a gate, and, when you get in line, sic 'em!" The Twenty-eighth understood, and did its work all right.

Once more Colonel Bob had been called from his home, in the autumn of 1864, to command a local organization, composed of boys between sixteen and eighteen and men over forty-five years of age. This was one of the last resorts of the Confederate Congress to secure troops for local defence, and they were called reserve regiments. Colonel Bob's regiment was one of the best of them, composed of ten companies from the counties on the line of the railroad from Bristol to Lynchburg.

What I considered a hard fate cast my lot with them. I was not yet eighteen. I had been wounded in May, 1864, in the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at the battle of New Market, and, through my father's procurement, had been commissioned as second lieutenant and drill-master. I thought it meant service on the staff at Petersburg; but my dear old father had already lost his first-born, and I was his little Benjamin. He had induced me to take the commission by appealing to my vanity, and then had me ordered to southwest Virginia to drill a reserve regiment, where there was no fighting. In this he made a mistake, for the day after I reported to Colonel Bob Preston we had a fine fight with Burbridge at Saltville, and our "cradle-and-grave" command did well. After that we went up to Wytheville and encamped until we were ordered to Floyd County on this deserter-hunt. A march of about twenty miles from Christiansburg, a point on the railroad, landed us at a high protected position, at a place in Floyd County called Locust Mount, in the heart of the mountains, and the midst of

"Sisson's Kingdom," as this realm of desertion was called.

The Sissons were a numerous family, nearly all of whom had deserted, and the deserters were led by a bright, resourceful fellow of that name, who was a veritable modern Robin Hood, and until then had held undisputed sway. Old Colonel Bob knew his man and did not underrate his strength, cunning or resourcefulness. The deserters had brought away their arms and ammunition with them, and were full of fight; but Colonel Bob was a good diplomatist. We went into camp and he spent some days in studying the situation. Our headquarters were visited by many citizens who all professed to have felt the burden of mob rule and to be anxious to end it, but many of whom were no doubt spies.

The Colonel learned that the deserters had a regular fortified camp not far distant, in a strong position; and he decided, in view of their numbers and experience in service, not to attack it. But he also learned pretty accurately the names of their most influential leaders, the locations of their cabins, and the fact that most of them were in the habit of sleeping at their homes at night. Out of this information grew his plans to secure these leaders and break up their organizations. But while we were spying on them, they were not idle. They had men constantly observing us from neighboring points of vantage. Under some sort of guarantee of safe conduct, Colonel Preston met representatives of the deserters and endeavored to appeal to their patriotism and induce them to return to duty upon promise of full indemnity for past offences; but nothing came of it. One thing they did pledge themselves to, and that was that their attitude was purely defensive, and that we need not fear attack from them. Lured by these assurances, and by the abundance of provisions in the neighborhood, we made bold to sally forth in search of fresh eggs, milk, butter and the like, until this was broken up by bitter experiences. Our doctor rode out one day and was fired on in a narrow pass from a point high up on the mountain-side. When he returned to camp with a broken arm he realized that deserter-hunting was no joke. About the same time I was a little more fortunate, as I escaped myself, though my horse was hit, under similar conditions.

Colonel Preston realized that in these pretended negotiations the deserters had no other purpose than delay, so he resolved upon an aggressive attempt against them. In one or two desultory night raids, we succeeded in capturing several of their important men. How well I remember the appearance of these fellows when they were brought in. Human nature is the same all over the world and in all classes. There were the defiant men, the placid men, the reticent men, the garrulous, the bold, the cunning, just as one may see them under like conditions among much more civilized people. One fellow particularly impressed me. He was said to be a strong man in his band. He had been trapped by lying in wait for him at the home of his sweetheart. He was a handsome fellow, with a strong, determined look that was not that of a desperado, but suggested danger if opposed. The old Colonel knew him and knew his people. He talked kindly and deprecatingly and persuasively to the man—told him the injustice he was doing to his State and to himself by his course, and begged him to make up his mind to return to duty, and to go back to his companions, on his own parole, and persuade them to come into the camp of their brethren.

The scene was effective. The old Colonel did his part well, and for a time I thought he would win his man. But it was of no avail. After seeming to waver, the prisoner, though expressing personal regard for Colonel Preston, drew himself up and said: "Colonel, I have thought over and over, many a time, all you have said. My mind is made up fur good and all and nuthin' will change it. I ain't a-goin' to fire another gun.

It 's none of my business that you all are a fightin' about. It 's a rich man's war, and they are tryin' to make it a po' man's fight. I 've had ernuff. You can send me back, or shoot me, or do what you like, but I tell you now, I 'll desert again, the very fust chance I git. My home and my fambly is mo' to me than anything, and if I git killed no slaveholder ain't a-gwine to take keer o' them." The man was returned to the army under guard, and I have often wondered what became of him. The folly of trying to recruit an army from such material needs no comment.

For several weeks we continued our work, and scenes such as I have described were repeatedly enacted. At last, having ascertained the residences of most of the leaders and secured necessary guides, and having made a show of departure, Colonel Preston planned a general raid for a certain night, and about a dozen parties started simultaneously about midnight. On the whole, the raids were very successful. Nearly every party secured some prisoners. I went with one of the parties and witnessed the plan and execution of its work, which was no doubt the same as that of others. Reaching the vicinity of the cabin in dead silence the men were deployed around it. A barking dog was quickly silenced, and the commanding officer advanced and demanded admission. No answer came for a long time, although noises inside were distinctly audible.

At last admission was granted by a weeping female who pointed to the cradles of her sleeping children and declared they were her only companions. Lights were brought and a vain search made for a man, until, just as the guard were about abandoning it, strange noises were heard outside. Hurrying to the spot whence they came, one of the guard was found in a desperate struggle with a man who was attempting to escape. The guard had been left outside. He dis-

the deserter emerging from
d in the yard, through a hole
een covered by an innocent-

looking hen-coop; and we arrived none too soon, for, although the guard had grappled with his adversary, he would soon have been overcome by the man's superior strength. Having secured our captive, we examined his device and found that he had dug a tunnel under his house to guard against just this emergency; that when aroused he had raised a trap-door in the floor, dropped into the tunnel, and but for his almost accidental discovery by the man outside, would have made his escape. Oh, what a tongue-lashing that guard received from the irate spouse, when she found that her tears and protestations were vain!

It was sunrise before we reached camp, and when all the raiding parties reassembled, we had a wretched-looking band of prisoners.

We remained but a short time longer in Floyd County. Reliable information came to us that, discouraged by our successful efforts at capturing their leaders, the deserters had broken camp and departed for the mountains of east Tennessee Colonel Preston satisfied himself that but few deserters remained, and that they were not influential. So we marched away, being sadly needed elsewhere.

I doubt whether the Confederate cause was benefited to the extent of one efficient man by all our labors, and I heard that within ten days after our departure the whole colony of deserters were back doing business at the old stand, and remained in undisturbed enjoyment of "Sisson's Kingdom" until the war ended.

After that, they continued to be the greatest manufacturers of moonshine whiskey to be found, and, while we often hear beautiful stories of their loyalty to the United States in war times, the same inclination to be a law unto themselves that made them fight the Confederate Government has made them swindle the Federal Government out of its revenues on whiskey, and obey only such of its commands as comport with their own crude ideas of the personal liberty to which they are entitled, regardless of government, whether Union or Confederate.

POSITANO

THE AMALFIAN CORNICE ROAD

By ARTHUR COLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIOT T. PUTNAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

A LITTLE red-stacked steamer carried me from Capri to Sorrento against a cold wind that blew down over Naples from the Apennines. The dawn widened into day: There were grimy laborers forward with antiquated implements of digging, baggage in baskets and roped bundles, gnawing chunks of bread. On the after deck a young priest in faded and worn garments memorized passages from a vast dilapidated book. A boy in his charge went to sleep leaning against him, one whose stockings would not stay up, who fell off the bench from time to time, pulled up his stockings and silently climbed on again. The priest gazed out of his abstraction, finger in book, and struggled with an obstinate memory.

The vetturino at Sorrento drove a fiery white pony with feathers and jingling bells. I saw the young priest glide with unworldly steps and absent eyes, the boy clinging to his skirts, through the tumult of the market square. The smoke of Vesuvius hung flat and black over the bay. The steamer glided away, and its smoke went up seeking the smoke of Vesuvius. We clattered through narrow alleys and climbed a winding highway. Steep pinnacles of hills were about, with crosses, chapels and nameless brown ruins, terraces of lemon and olive groves, pink and white villas half buried in foliage. So we came at last to look down on the opposite sea, and dropped rapidly to the great Cornice Road. The vetturino was disposed of em—with difficulty—at Positano. He wished to drive me to Amalfi and talked disputatiously. The great road was before me, where one might walk and linger and take his fill of its silence and its chances.

"A journey on foot hath many pleasant commodities," remarked Francis Petrarch, in the course of a "View of Human Nature"; "a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labor, the labor of nature—to go."

Like other dreams of freedom, this dream of Petrarch's is full of absent-minded assumptions. At a certain point of weariness it would be greater freedom to ride in a vettura. Men have talked of a "return to nature" as if it were possible to have departed from nature without departing from the universe, or as if, when they had returned to wherever they were endeavoring to return, they would be somehow less subject to the tyranny of conditions than before. "He hath but one labor, the labor of nature." He never had any other. If we ever get away from nature, which is problematical, it is only when we travel, as Sir Thomas Browne recommended, "into a very far country, even out of ourselves," seeking a pearl called happiness, "not in the Indian but in the Empyrean ocean." Within the kingdom of conditions liberty is as subject as physics to the laws of compensation, of complement, of variation around an average. A hawk pays for the efficiency of his wings in the air by the inefficiency of his legs on the ground. He is swift but he cannot eat grass, and a confined appetite cripples liberty as much as a confined locomotion, so every discriminating traveller knows.

The advantage of walking is that one travels on the whole more significantly. There is more to be gained or lost in going a mile in a half-hour than in going twenty miles in the same time; and its evil and good have more salient features.

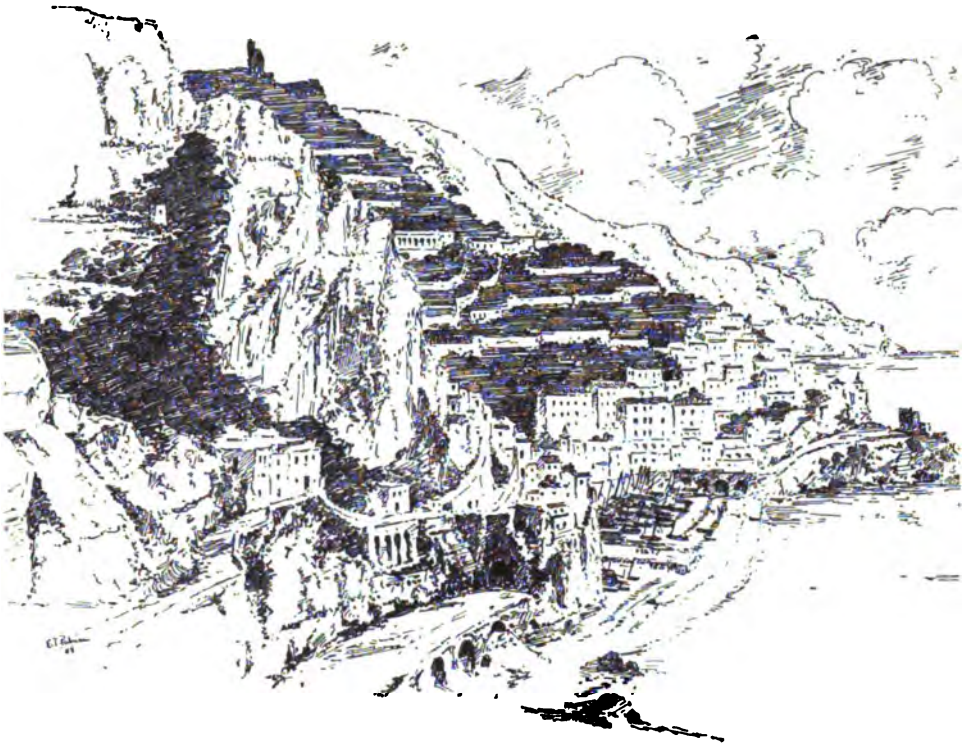
Two derivative ideas spring from this; the first, whose bearings are evident, is, that the penalty of speed is uniformity; and the second is one of those ideas in which one does not pretend to see more than a glimmer of one or two facets—namely, that differences in time are probably more significant than differences in space.

Some men desire ideas that they can see all about, and pronounce to be square or round, or denounce as irregular. They have no liking for an "O Altitudo." So they say of writing and speech, that if they are not to be readily and wholly comprehended, the fault is in indifferent thinking slovenly expressed.

I can not bring myself to admit either the fault or the reason. On the contrary slovenly writing may be clear enough, provided the thinking is conventional and the usages insignificant. A newspaper paragraph is quoted as a type of slovenly writing, and its clarity is singular. The clearest understanding between two people arises in the exchange of their common conventions. What is written with the sternest care may be the most difficult reading, its difficulty being one of the marks of its truth. The words that we call simple are for the most part old, complicated words, braided and blended words; new and scientific words are simple. "Home" and "night" are complicated, "hydrostatics" and "nitrogen" are simple.

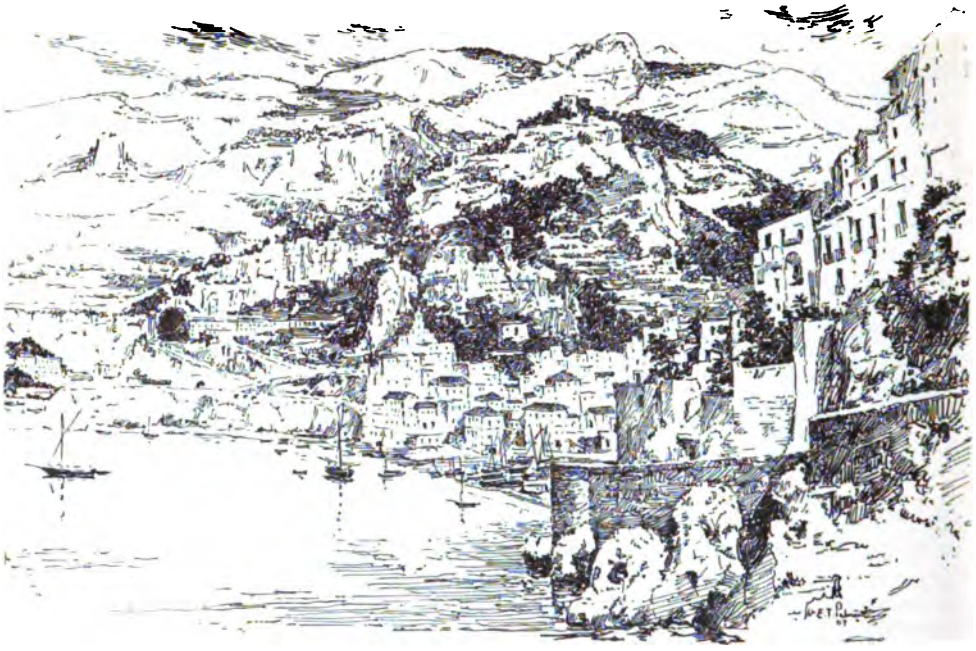
With significant and connotative words, one has not so much knowledge, as a certain friendship grown of recollections and adventures in common. They are known as a person is known—by name and feature, by hearsay, intimation and inference. There are no synonyms equivalent as two nickels are equivalent. Ben Johnson put into rhythmic epigram that a man might sin "securely" but not "safely," seeing very well that the words were no synonyms. One is more alien and without, the other more intimate and within. It was as if the citizens of a walled town were said to be "secure" because of their walls, and "safe" because of their courage.

No sentence ever brought to one mind what the mind which constructed it intended it to carry. The writer put down what he could to represent the state of affairs in himself, and it created a state of affairs in the reader,



but that the two states are ever equivalent is more than improbable. The greatest common divisor between you and your neighbor is not large. The remainder is larger than the divisor, which, to your true mathematician, is one of the most annoying things that can happen; and mankind has been infinitely troubled by the size of these remainders, and gone to wars and persecutions about them, and drawn its inspirations and forces for achievement from these remainders. As for ideas, probably there are none that have not at least one side seen only by the stars.

And so in travelling one would fain take significant and connotative steps, and out of them construct a progress that will have such features as never seem vacant in retrospect—such humanities, convolutions, lingering intricacies, change of solitudes and societies, heats and colds, recognitions of heaven and earth and the sea. It is poor travelling that is only to arrive, as it is poor reading that is only to find how the book ends, or in which there is no worth in the detail, and the main of it flits by, phantom and featureless, like the telegraph poles in railway travelling. Such books and such travelling leave sand and ashes and flatness in the mouth. The play of "As You Like It" ends cheaply enough, but its coming thither is a progress ambled and paced delicately well. In travelling I would not mind forgetting to what place I had intended to go, if by any means I might find satisfaction from hour to hour. The great allegories are all journeys in search of something at the journey's end, or of something to be accumulated by the way, and the latter are the truest allegories. When Child Roland came to his dark tower he thought it was the end of the story, but it was not. On the contrary he conquered the tower as he had conquered the journey, the desolate heath and the discourage-



AMALFI

ment. They were all different things that happened by the way. Wherever one stops, if he has accumulated something, then he has reached a consummation. The reward of endeavor is scattered along the endeavor, rather than lies in the prize and vanity of the goal.

II

The Cornice Road was a good road to travel on significantly. It was white and level. It twisted about promontories and sharp cavernous bays. It was cut and blasted into the cliff, made stalwart with masonry, and ringed with tunnels. The cliffs hung over, and again dropped back for inland glimpses up sudden gorges, of mountain beyond mountain streaked with snow. Beneath it all day crept the flat blue sea, beachless except where the little sandy "Marine," with their white huts and brown nets, lay under the viaducts. Hardly a sound of its washing came to that height. Lonely fishing boats floated away, asleep on blue silk and glittering mosaic. Square old towers stood out on the promontories, built to watch for African pirates. The town of Prajano hung precariously, fitted into ledges and terraces, out of which town came a swarm of children with tangled hair, shining eyes and liquid little voices, offering to sell oranges or take any number of soldi of pure tribute to the sunlight and pleasant decadence of Italy. They followed a mile or more and stayed their feet at last with gracious farewells, soft-voiced and smiling. "A dios!" they said, "Nichts! Get away!" thinking them equivalent terms of three languages, wishing it understood in some language that they parted kindly. One inference appeared, that those who spoke English had been slightly more impolite than those who spoke German, of travellers before me on the Cornice Road. There was an orchard of olive trees below the road, overhanging the sea. It became desirable to lie down under an olive tree, and lunch on the bread and red wine of Positano and the oranges of Prajano, and to con-

template the flat gleaming water through gray leaves of the olive tree.

The disciple Philip was sitting under a tree when he was observed by one who presently called him "an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." I have never seen the passage interpreted as implying surprise, as if it were so extraordinary a thing to find in an Israelite, this guilelessness. I have supposed it a simple intimation of character, and have noticed that the act of sitting under a tree, under the benediction of its leaves and mottled shadows, gives a sense of this quiet innocence, and tends to turn one's mind back to his New England apple trees, if it was his good fortune to grow among them, where his will was the wind's will and his thoughts long thoughts. The apple leaves gave better shade than these slim flickering olive leaves, with them in those days there went a world of breathing intimacies from which he has drifted away since on the tide of years and theories. New islands from time to time have risen from under their drowned horizons, new Indian Oceans, new Pacifics blue and enormous, new Antarctics with clanking gates. Such have seemed the outlooks of space and the promises of time, so he has forgotten that things of the spirit spread their wings as broadly in a moment and the width of a familiar hearth. It would be well to go back and taste the sap that is nearer the root. After all a traveller is an exile.

If the English language is not used in America to any great effect of literature, it is no better reason than that it is used ungraciously on the Cornice Road, for looking to any other language or land for vitality and a pulsing current to make living and working worth while. If the Italian of the fifteenth century did well it was in the first place by being an Italian, and not in the first place by virtue of Greek marbles and manuscripts; he painted more earnest pictures before he knew too much of either. Ulysses found Phaeacia a goodly land, and observed that the climate was milder than the Ithacan, but he knew better than to stay. The exile, who has taken his roots from their native soil, will never set them properly elsewhere, or find such satisfaction in doing his work for other than his own time and people, and among them. One must come sooner or later to Emerson's conviction touching alien days and places, "that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till." Italy is no playground for the worn women who climb the cliff paths with baskets of compost. It was none to the men who built the square decisive watch-towers against African pirates. The fisherman who pushes his boat over the gleaming water is not picturesque to himself, but going fishing. "Imitation is suicide," and to take advice is to imitate the man who gives it. You need advice no more than an egg needs advice. An egg that has conceived the notion of becoming a chicken, does not need advice but introspection. Outside interference may make a palatable omelet of him, but it will never help him to live. If our harvest is thin it is because we do not plough deeply enough in the strong soil. There was something fertile in the soil that put forth Whitman, and something sandy in the soil that did not receive him. But to repeat old idealizings, to interpret interpretations already made, of conditions as they once appeared, is easier than to dig in our own gardens. It is easier now to make a good statue of the nude, or one draped in flowing toga, than of men or women in the habit they wear, but I doubt whether the first sculptor who attempted trousers was more appalled by his problem than the first who attempted drapery; who thought that drapery in marble inevitably looked as if the wearer must needs break his shins on it and that the gods were to blame. We need concentration. If we dig long

and deeply we shall raise our own ideals and find them perennials.

To idealize is not to leave something out. It is to put something more in. To idealize by elimination is to produce cheap stupidity, the beauty of a parlor colored print and the ethics of a copy-book. There is no more idealism in artificial commonplace than in realistic commonplace. If there is no personality or illumination there is nothing in either case.

Literature comes of interesting men expressing what is of interest in them. Their style generally expresses it better than their opinions. There are some myriads who are interesting, and some other myriads who are voluble, to one who is both with an electric connection.

On the other hand, to become restless and combative under an olive tree over the Mediterranean is not doing justice to the olive tree or the Mediterranean, nor making a reasonable progress toward Amalfi.

III

A swarm of children demanding soldi followed me through the town of Amalfi and up the "Street of the Mills." They were not so agreeable or successful as the children of Prajano, but there was talent among them. A larger boy who had talent drew a smaller conspicuously in front and smote him with flat solid hand. There were wailings, and a chorus led by the talented but depraved, to the effect that grief might be comforted by a soldo. The soldo was given and grabbed by the talented but depraved. Exit the talented but depraved, pursued by the small person enraged, and by the chorus of interested commentators. The "Street of the Mills" was silent except for the old women who gossiped unmoved in their doorways.

I went back to bargain with a jubilant vetturino for a carriage to Salerno, climbed to the Cappuccini Convent Hotel, a large white swallow's nest against the cliffs, and slept like a monk with his salvation secured in a plenary indulgence.

The jubilant vetturino cracked his whip, saluting the morning and the sea. It is an eloquent action with the vetturino. It is a greeting, a warning, an emphasis. It expresses his happiness and cheers him if he is dull. We fled past Atrani and Minori, clumps of white walls and red roofs, yellow macaroni spread on canvas over half the highway; past Majori, its red and gray clock tower and the green-striped dome of its church.

The road ran nearer the sea, but still showed its weakness for tunnels, for eccentric plunges in the cool, dark rock; still twisted snakily, and developed a new point of view to each shifting moment. Each gorge and bridge and village ran the gauntlet of a series of mistaken opinions concerning them. The Cornice Road is a temptation to opportunism, to that idle plasticity of mood in which it appears that either we or the rest of things are fluid, and it matters little which. Even in a vettura one travels there significantly, remembering—as

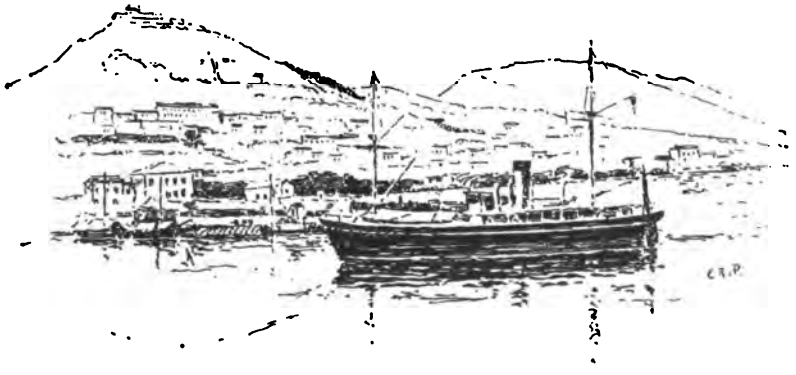
he looks back on his pilgrimage in time, where differences are more significant than in pilgrimages in space, —how he seemed to have been always passing from one conviction to another, discovering that each in turn was but a point of view. Only the large conservative facts, like the sea, and the seasons of planting and harvest and sleep, recur with their tests and comparisons, their unmoved reassertions that there is somewhere a stability in change to justify his guessing.

So we came to Salerno. The ancient town lay low down by the curve of the bay, with its gray castle on the hill, and its memories for me of "Der Arme Heinrich," of Hartmann von Aue; the poem was recast by Longfellow, in "The Golden Legend," into placid resemblance to the form of Faust, and touched with other meditative reminiscences of travel and medieval readings, the Dance Macabre paintings in the bridge at Lucerne, mystery plays, Walter the Minnesinger, and the quarrels of seraphic and cherubic doctors at Salerno. It is the story of the sick prince whom only the blood of a spotless maiden, given willingly, could cure. They journeyed to Salerno and its famous medical college, the prince and the maiden in her devotion—in "The Golden Legend" through a murmur of mild moralizings, in "Der Arme Heinrich" on the whole in a more effective way,—and the prince was cured without the sacrifice, and married the maiden according to the old, sunny fashion.

And the Bay of Salerno was blue, wavering, shining. The learning of the Salernian doctors never cured it of its illogical pleasantness and persuasion that it was feeling very well. The prince looked at it and it occurred to him that he felt very well too. It were better to marry the spotless maiden and call himself cured without argument. We shall never get over the habit of marrying princes to maidens of humble birth. It is a phase of our inveterate cheerfulness.

It is a good plan in Salerno to persuade a brocaded clerk to bargain with competing vetturini.

The vetturino who did not obtain me clutched his hollow breast and craving throat. His heart was climbing, swelling. He wailed. He accused the other of desperate crimes, his ancestors of nameless infamy. The victor was short, bowed-shouldered, with a thin beard and a wen over one eye. He was dignified and scornful, and shrugged the small of his back. The brocaded clerk smiled contentedly from the sidewalk, and the victor drove away with his victory, which consisted in driving me nineteen miles over the edges of mountains to Pompeii.

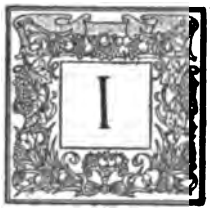


SALERNO

THE MAKING OF A DOCTOR

A Man Story

By CORNELIA A. P. COMER



I WILL tell you something I myself like to think about. It concerns a red-headed man who was a doctor born. Life be praised that men still come into this grim old world with the gift of healing and the vim of red-headedness!

Jonas Okerberg, the Swede doctor from World's End, was in Seattle for a day's shopping with his betrothed wife, Hilma Peterson. Though they were buying things for their future home, the shops and the crowds worried the man.

Short and squat was Jonas Okerberg, with a massive head, long arms and a powerful but awkward frame. His bright-red hair bristled upon his head, halo-fashion; his features were roughly modelled; his face was covered with brown freckles, but in his eyes was that curious blue fire you see in those Scandinavians who have retained their primitive inheritance of baresark energy. Carefully dressed as always, he was still plain almost to repulsion, and uncouth; nevertheless he had the stamp of power and the indefinable air of a man who has found his place.

The day had dawned one of those radiant February mornings that make the drizzly gray winter of the Pacific Northwest suddenly seem like an evil dream when one wakens. The air was wine-like and very clear. White-caps sparkled on the blue waters of the bay. Over beyond it in the early sunshine every gleaming white peak and remote folded valley of the Olympics, those marvellous Hills of Dream, stood out with dazzling distinctness. There was a new heaven and a new earth. The sunshine gilded even the dingy crowds that forever jostle up and down the busy streets of the mushroom metropolis of Puget Sound.

Okerberg and Hilma, arriving on an early train, joined this throng, and trailed up and down the street, and in and out of shops, until Okerberg's body was weary and his soul sick. Hilma was less fatigued.

This Swedish girl was also a striking figure in her way, tall, broad-shouldered, with heavy braids of fair hair and a noticeably noble carriage of the head. She was something of an autocrat, for her father was a prosperous ranchman and since her mother's death Hilma had been the head of the household, a position of authority that had developed her natural independence beyond the wont of women in Swedish homes. Her English was still broken, but she was so business-like and competent, even in the strange crowded shops, that the red carpets, green chairs, brass bed and all the more important matters were off their hands soon after their early lunch.

As their train did not leave until late afternoon, Hilma proposed that they take a car to one of the suburbs on Lake Washington to have a cup of coffee with a married friend of her own. Both were unusually silent on the way. Contact with crowds always depressed Okerberg, while Hilma was revolving deeply in her

mind a speech she was resolved to make that afternoon. She had a condition to lay down before her marriage-preparations went farther.

Though both were very positive characters, they had respected each other's independence thus far, and there had been no disagreements during their short engagement. Hilma expected no disagreement now. As she saw it, she was well within her rights in what she was about to demand.

Her friend was not at home, so they turned and walked slowly along the edge of the bluff overhanging the lake, finding seats at last upon a boulder at a corner. Below them were green lawns, gardens where crocuses and even wall-flowers were already in timid bloom, and scattered houses to the water's edge. Here and there, great firs, rooted far below, thrust their soaring tops high above the bluff, their strong lines framing the wonderful picture of the gleaming lake with the snow-crowned Cascades lying beyond its farther shore and the great white cone of Rainier rising abruptly in the south.

"It looks like a pretty good world to me," said Okerberg contentedly. "How does it strike you, Hilma Peterson?"

"It iss pritty—yas."

"'Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,'

—that 's Seattle all right," said the doctor.

Hilma did not answer. She was casting about for a way to introduce the subject that was on her mind. Not finding an opening, it was characteristic of her that she should calmly plunge into the matter.

"Jonas," she said gravely, "here is someping I want to tell you aboudt. Down home t'ey are making talk aboudt you and Miss Marshall. Not bad talk I don't mean. Just foolish chatter. I know what you have done for t'at girl. You have made her over. But there was often no nurse and so, many times you give her the medicine and help her mother to nurse her. Also you go twice and t'ree times a day, even now she can walk acrost a room. It iss not I who say it iss because you like her t'at you do all this. It iss my friends make the silly talk. But I won't have t'at. It iss perhaps not right you go there so much. After we marry, you dondt doctor t'at girl any more. It iss not that I mind, except this—folks shall not talk nor chatter at all aboudt anybuddy I marry. An' you—you dondt want them to talk, neider."

Okerberg, brought down to earth thus heavily, turned upon her a bewildered face that quickly grew contemptuous. He began to bristle.

"They chatter about me and one of my patients, do they? By the Lord, then, they 'll have to talk! My patients are my patients. World's End is full of idiots. You are n't cut out of that piece of goods, I hope, Hilma Peterson?"

The unexpected opposition irritated the girl. Her strong chin protruded and she shrugged her shoulders.

"It iss nothing for you to give up doctoring her. I dondt see why you want to make talk. T'at iss never good. I know it iss all silliness—but I tell you what t'ey talk, and you get mad."

Okerberg pulled himself together and thought hard for a moment. If his stubborn will and that of Hilma Peterson clashed definitely here and now about this matter, trifling as it seemed, everything would shortly be over between them, and yet neither wished such a result as that. To yield to her in a matter so purely professional was impossible. To prevent this clash, then, he must make her see with his eyes. In some fashion he, the wordless, the man of deeds, must find a way of setting himself, his life and aims, forth before her so that they would beat down this stupid opposition.

The problem of how to make a woman understand has downed many a hardier man than Jonas Okerberg. He got upon his feet and began to

walk up and down before her in absorption. What should he say, and how? There was to him a kind of torture in the thought of self-explanation, such as only silent men know the secret of. The seconds passed slowly to them both, and when at last he began, the sweat was standing out upon his forehead:

"Hilma, listen. I have never told you much about myself, have I? Now I am going to tell you all I know. I never had any people. Nor any home. I did n't know what decency and comfort were. My father and mother came to this country to seek their fortune. They were young and not used to hardships and they both died that first winter in Minnesota. I was brought up in the Swedish orphan asylum down at Vasa. Then by and by I went to live with a farmer who used to beat me because I did n't do a man's work in the harvest. The sight of a wheat-field turns me sick even now. I ran away to Minneapolis when I was twelve, and I 've worked for my own hand ever since. I was a sullen little devil and nobody wanted to help me. Perhaps they did n't know how much I needed it. I sold papers, cleaned sidewalks, did chores, ran errands. I lived where and how I could. The part that is strange to me is this: through it all, ragged little tough that I was, there was something warm and wonderful deep down in my heart. It was the feeling of what I was meant to do, of what I must do finally. Boys often feel like that. I guess it 's the chief thing that keeps them straight and working upward. I knew I had it in me to help people, to heal them, to down disease. *I knew I could.*

"I kept at school. I put myself through the High School; I had a year at the University, and then I started in on the medical course. . . . Hilma, there was so much to learn, and I was so crazy to learn it that sometimes I could not spare the time to earn my food. And then, at night, when I had worked all day on a cup of coffee and perhaps a mouthful of bread, I would go out and walk up and down the alleys . . . in the bright moonlight . . . sneaking close up beside the barns as if I were a thief. For I came to know what nights the garbage cans would be set out for the man who emptied them early in the morning. There would always be broken pieces of bread . . . now and then frozen fruit—sometimes bits of meat . . . O kind Heaven!"

The man's face was a dark angry red and his jaws closed suddenly like a trap. He had never in all his life told anyone of those bitter hours before. Nothing but the conviction that he must make very clear the passion and purpose of his life could have wrung it from him now.

Hilma sat quietly, her face impassive, listening and looking off at the snow-peaks. It was impossible to say if she were stirred or not. Okerberg was panting, but he wiped his forehead and pushed steadily on.

"Do you understand? I was willing to do even this that I might get to be a doctor quicker. When you feel that way, as if a thing were laid on you to do, you don't dare waste a minute. You work—and work—and what must be done, you do.

"I got my degree at last, and I began to practise as I could. There was a man I knew in a railroad office who was sick soon after I left the hospital. He thought I helped him more than anybody else. He could n't afford to pay much of a bill, but he said he could get me a pass out here if I wanted to come and look about me. So I took the pass and started. When I got here, I wanted to stay. This is a man's country. It was hard sledding, but I saw my way.

"Maybe you know how I got started down at World's End, Hilma. I made friends with the lumbermen and I cut prices on the other doctors and built up a small practice that way. That 's not the thing to do, you know. It is n't what they call professional etiquette. And, mostly,

men who do it are no good," admitted Okerberg with fierce honesty. "That is a true thing. But I was n't mistaken about myself. I know I am uncouth and hampered by growing up in the gutter—but I can help the sick. When I got a little ahead, I bought an interest in the drug-store. After that I soon got firm ground under my feet. The other doctors were more or less down on me, naturally—I don't blame them—but my patients believed in me.

"When I got where I could, I built and fitted up the hospital. Of course you don't know the difference, but I made it perfect. In equipment it is far ahead of the hospitals up here in the city. Any man might be proud of it."

"I know it iss good hospedal," admitted Hilma grudgingly. "Thora Lindahl, she was seek there, and she said she never was so well took care of—never."

"Yes, for I can get the best nurses now. The really good ones always want to work where the equipment is good and the patients stand the best chance. And the doctors are friendly now too. They came to see that it was n't the money I was after, but my start in my own path. Every man that is born into the world has a right to that—and I don't know that it matters much how he gets it, within the limits of decency. It 's up to him to make good in that one thing—and if he can't do it somehow, he 's a weakling.

"And now—I have my start. Everybody comes to me now. When cases need study, I can put them in the hospital and command the environment and the conditions. . . . And if they can't afford it, I can.

"About the Marshall girl, I sought them out, Hilma, and made myself responsible. They did not come to me. I had seen her and I thought I might help her. So I went up to her mother at a church social and began to talk to her about her daughter's case. That was unprofessional too, though nobody criticizes me now. But when you seek cases out like that, you can't throw them over afterwards."

He broke off and looked down at her wistfully. Was he making it clear? Was he getting it before her? Did she see how this dumb passion to help and heal might come to be the most insistent thing in a man's life, and that in which he best fulfilled himself?

He feared that he was not convincing her. Well, he must try harder. It was very difficult to put into words these thoughts whose authority for him was so great that he trembled where he stood. If he could only make her *feel* that vibration of tenderness for the helpless, make her share that hurry in the blood, that sudden inrush of strength and will to aid, that came upon him with the sight of physical overthrow and weakness,—ah, then she would understand indeed! But how impart to another with mere words the incommunicable secret? Life offers each man an intimation meant for himself alone. Is it possible to put the key of one's soul in another's hands?

Apprehension gripped his heart, but he began again, slowly, carefully.

"I want to tell you the way she got sick. When they lived East she was away from her mother, in the city, studying. She was taken with appendicitis very suddenly. The woman she boarded with called her own doctor, and they took the girl to the hospital and operated before her mother could get there. The surgeon's instruments were unclean and that poisoned her blood so that she was sick for months, and no one thought she could get well. When she began to be better, her muscles were shrunken and useless, almost as if she had been paralyzed. Nothing that was done for her helped her, though they tried many things for many months. So finally they came out here, because it was a complete change of climate, and they had relatives here. But it did her no good. They had been out to

the Coast before, on a visit, four or five years ago, when she was eighteen or thereabouts, and I saw her once then. You would n't believe now what she was at that time—all vital, animated, full of life and spirit. You know how it is with young girls."

Hilma's eyes narrowed a trifle at this, but they still rested on Rainier placidly, and her expression did not change.

"I looked at her, all white and broken, unable to walk or even to stand, and I said to myself that it was devilish that so much strength and grace should be as if it never were and that it would be work worthy of any man to get them back again. But I did not feel sure it was possible. You see it is like this, Hilma, muscles become flabby and helpless in two ways—through disuse and poisons in the blood, as it had been with her, or through some trouble in the brain or spinal cord—what they call a central lesion. When it is that last way, there is no hope of making people whole again, but if it is just the nerves and muscles that ail, then, if it has not gone on too long, they may get well again. My old teacher—one of the professors in the medical school—was going to be in Seattle for a week, and I heard of it, and had Mrs. Marshall take her daughter up to see him. I knew he would tell me the exact truth so far as man could know it, and I trust his medical sense.

"Now, this is what he said to me, Hilma: 'Okerberg,' he said, 'there is no central lesion. It may be that a cure is possible. But only once have I seen it done when the muscles were so far gone as hers. Only once. The attempt is a matter of time and almost endless patience. Much depends upon the girl's recuperative power, and very, very much upon the absolute thoroughness and persistence of the treatment. There is a chance. Electricity, massage, nerve-stimulus, muscle food—those are easy to prescribe, but for her the treatment must be more than thorough, it must be superhumanly intelligent. Those muscles must be fed, those nerves stimulated with as much caution as you would use in feeding a baby that cannot assimilate. You must feel your way. It must be done with brain and heart, and watched almost by the hour—and you know as well as I how often nursing and doctoring are done that way. If you are willing to do it in that way, Okerberg, if you dare undertake to be her earthly Providence and to watch over her as they say God watches over creation, unresting and unsleeping,—why, there is certainly a chance. But even if you do man's uttermost, even then—who knows?'

"That is what he said to me, Hilma, and my blood stirred as though he had challenged me to a fight. I felt myself grow hot and grow cold, and I said: '*I* know. If to be patient and to be watchful and to persist is all—that I can guarantee to the end of time.' So, then, we brought her back, her mother and I, and the fight began. I taught her mother how to do everything. Sometimes I helped her when there was no one else, and always I went three times a day—yes. Is that much when one has promised oneself to watch a sick person as the Lord watches Israel? And the months have gone by, and now, now, she walks! I ask you—is that a thing to stand between you and me?"

He halted in front of her now, arms fallen loosely at his sides, looking into her face. He had made his plea; he had shown her his work, and he was near exhaustion. He had done his possible to make her see it all,—but would she?

Hilma Peterson looked up into his face. The weariness and the dejection in it would have touched any woman.

"It wass goot work you did," she said quite gently. "I could be a proud woman t'at it iss in you to work like t'at—yes. But, after all, it changes nothing. It iss like I said. It makes talk. And talk I will not have, not about me or my man."

All her Scandinavian tenacity was

in her face. This was her ultimatum, but Okerberg did not understand, and stood staring down at her stupidly.

"Talk iss never good," she explained patiently.

"I told you they were fools. I have shown you how it really is." He spoke sternly, almost angrily. Such persistence in the lesser view seemed incredible to him.

She grew impatient under his fixed look and moved restlessly.

"Talk iss never good," she repeated. "I tell you what t'ey talk and you get mad. So maybe there iss someping in it after all. Maybe you could like her best. I dondt know. Mens is mens," said Hilma perversely.

Reaction fell upon Okerberg. His soul seemed to have been poured out vainly before something as insensible as a graven image, and his tired nerves revolted hotly and suddenly.

"Yah!" he jeered savagely now, the blue flame flaring in his eyes. "You mean you think they are n't men. Well, I tell you right here, you 're wrong. A man is a man when he gets out of himself, when there 's an idea that owns him body and soul. There is n't any other way to be alive and be a man but that. And the idea that owns a doctor—or ought to own him—is that he is in the world to help the sick. Have n't you the brains to see that, Hilma Peterson? If a doctor does n't see it, he is n't worth the gunpowder to blow him up with!"

He was walking back and forth before her again, clenching and unclenching his great freckled hands after his fashion when under strong excitement.

"Not for money, Hilma Peterson, not for opportunity, not even for fame. And never, Heaven knows, for sentiment or stuff like that. For nothing—nothing—in God's world but the advantage of the sick!"

She did not know that the phrase he used was as old as his profession and part of its immemorial oath, but she recoiled a very little from his eyes. He was looking at her fiercely from under his heavy brows, as if by looking he could brand his words and their meaning upon her very soul.

"As for that girl down there," he went on, "I 'm putting her on her feet. She is gaining every week. She is going to walk and laugh and sing again. And the world is going to have more light and brightness and courage in it because she lives. And I shall have done it—I, with these hands, this head. She was as good as dead and I have raised her up. I tell you, it 's worth all I came up through—the mire, the kicks, the starvation, the struggle—it 's worth it all to have lived to do once a thing like that! And you"—his gaze seemed to burn as it rested on her face—"you would take it away from me, would you?"

Hilma looked back at him calmly. She too had a point of view and trusted in it absolutely. His words flew far over her head, and she shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"Talk! T'at 's what t'at iss," said Hilma Peterson as superbly as himself. "Talk! If you and me marry, you dondt doctor t'at girl any more. Do you see?"

"Very good," said Okerberg. "Then we don't marry."

Hilma Peterson lifted her fine head proudly. The force of an idea was behind her also. It might be, as she suspected it was, a conventional notion, such an idea as the vulgar have, but it sustained her as effectually as one more sublimated.

"Very good. Then we dondt marry," she repeated gravely. "I hear a car come. I take t'at car."

Okerberg, a little stunned with the suddenness of this, moved forward with her toward the corner where the town-bound car would stop. Hilma was silent. She might tell her friends afterward that she "gave it to him goot and plenty," but she was not a virago, nor without her own sense of personal dignity in these matters.

As they stood waiting for the car, she looked curiously for an instant from his ugly, powerful frame to her

own powerful and beautiful one. She knew that she was stately, deep-breasted, strong-armed,—a comely woman graciously and finely made for all the ends of life. As she saw it, he was losing for a mere bit of obstinacy a wife whose strength and fairness were more than his due. That the weight of worldly advantage was on his side hardly made the balance between them even when Nature had been so kind to her. Yet she was deeply satisfied with him, as he with her. A sudden compunction stirred her, a wish to do nothing in anger.

"You 're sure it iss all right, Jonas? You wandt it this way? You wondt give up doctoring her?"

He shook his head doggedly. "It might happen again," he said drearily. "A man's work must be in his own hands."

"Very good," said the woman. "I go see aboudt returning some of those goods we dondt want. I rether go alone, Jonas. I see you at the train."

He helped her on the car and proffered a nickel to the conductor in payment of her fare.

"Good-by, Jonas."

"Good-by, Hilma."

The car sizzled away around the curve. Okerberg watched it hungrily until it was out of sight. It seemed, as it lurched and fled, to be dragging at his aching nerves.

He turned and came back alone to the high point where they had been sitting.

What was this that had befallen him, and why did it affect him so strangely? He felt physically bruised and sore, stunned, shaken. His hands trembled. Suddenly a deep, dry sob tore him, and he struggled hoarsely for his breath. Already he missed her frightfully. He had not suspected how much all this meant to him until now. Looking down the years he saw them blank of all that he had counted on so confidently.

"*Hilma Peterson! Hilma Peterson! You have robbed me of my little sons!*"

The tumult in his soul was great and very bitter. It defied his will. He sat there motionless a long time, staring out unseeing across the marvellous prospect lying beneath.

He felt old and tired. It had taken him years of toil to shape his life as he had done. A younger man or one less purposeful might have taken this blow more lightly. On Okerberg it fell with a cruel force. He was not romantic, perhaps, but he was tender and hearth-worshipping to the core. He had chosen a woman of his own race and one not too unlike himself. They satisfied each other with the profound approval that is a hardier thing, a stronger tie than any that mere romance can weave. He had counted upon her presence in his life. He tasted of the hope of home and peace. It did not seem to him that he could ever brew that magic drink again.

Slowly the inner storm subsided. Through his daze he became aware that the outer world was rapping imperatively at his consciousness as a messenger raps in haste. He rubbed his eyes confusedly.

The shadows were growing longer and the prospect before him had become more than beautiful. As he looked, it seemed to assume that aspect of significance inanimate things often take on in hours of reaction. What did it mean? What was it trying to say to him? He stared at the great white mountain in the south with blood-shot eyes. August in white magnificence, as though acknowledging an equal or a friend, Rainier looked back at him.

Okerberg drew a deep, sighing breath. He could not have put it into words—his store of words was exhausted and he felt as if he would be glad never to open his lips to explain a thing again—but he began to understand. This big, unfinished Western landscape with its gigantic vegetation, its vast sweeping outlines, its lack of intimate, delicate detail and its terrible beauty, had always seemed to him more like some imagined scene from a past geologic era than like a part of our

old, familiar, finished earth. It was but the overwhelming preliminary sketch for a completed landscape, and it was revealing to him now, as clearly as though in words, how much work there was left in the world—work for God and man, but especially for Jonas Okerberg.

Had he been unhorsed for an hour? shaken? overthrown? What of it? Had he lost his betrothed and with her all those brooding dreams more beautiful than she? So be it. He could live without Hilma Peterson. He could even live without that winsome flock to be born with perfect bodies such as hers and strong spirits like his own—the children of his long desire. It was possible to live without everything but work.

The blue fire flamed within his eyes. One could always stop whining and go to work. While he and the world endured, that could not be taken away from him. For, always, those who stand will need to be strengthened, and those who have fallen to be raised up.

God made the world—but left much work for man to finish. How slow man was! How obstinate! How dull of vision, feeble and incompetent! And yet how much there was that he could do!

Up to this moment Okerberg had worked blindly as his temperament commanded. Now for a brief space the cloud that hangs over all our spirits was lifted and he *saw*. Into his heart there rushed a strange sense of alliance with vast purposes, of co-partnership with the divine. The world was to be finished, to be helped, upheld, and he had his share to do here in this rugged, tremendous West. For by healing men's bodies he could help to set their spirits free. And this, just simply this, was the Great Achievement that the ages toiled toward!

The vision thrilled him to the soul; it salved his hurt; it made him strong.

Slowly he rose to his feet. The landscape still held that wonder-look of significance, of instruction meant for him alone. He lifted his hat from his head and faced the mighty outline of Rainier with level eyes. Deep in his soul he made a wordless pledge.

He heard a car start far down the hill and turning toward the street, he pulled out his watch with a quick, reassuring thought of the people who needed him that night, who hung upon him helplessly, demanding strength, succor, life itself at his strong, ugly hands.

MODERNISM IN ART

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

AUTHOR OF "MODERN ARTISTS"

THROUGHOUT the ages it has been the mission of sculptor or painter to interpret life in terms of art. To-day it should be the task of the critic to reverse that process — to translate art back into terms of life, not to carry it further into the nebulæ of vague and formless speculation. Antiquarians, metaphysicians, preachers, and professors of composition and perspective have long held the field undisturbed. They should make place for the normal man of healthy, human instincts, who loves light and color, and to whom even a sense of beauty is not, after all, so remote and unattainable a possibility.

Under the ægis of a modernism which looks with gratitude upon all that is vital and social, and with gracious commiseration upon that which is pedantic and archaic, it

should be a pleasure to examine a handful of the latest books upon art, beginning, quite logically, with Julius Meier-Graefe's "Development of Modern Art."*

Herr Meier-Graefe is, first and last, a passionate modernist. Blazoned upon his title-page are the inspiring words "A Contribution to a New System of Æsthetics," and if, on digesting these two imposing and copiously illustrated volumes, there may not be found either a fresh or a clearly formulated theory of criticism, his point of view, his opinions, and his predilections are none the less novel and enlightening. In brief his thesis is that Rubens, the child of that wondrous marriage between North and South, was the veritable founder of modern art, and that from him flowed over the frontiers into France and across the Channel to England the fructifying influences which have given shape and color to all subsequent artistic progress. This particular idea is neither original nor is it elaborated with notable sequence or continuity. It is not, in fact, as a constructive theorist that Herr Meier-Graefe is at his best, but as a sprightly and penetrating essayist who covers the various phases of modern activity as no one else, save the erudite and cosmopolitan Muther. The author possesses exceptional qualifications for the task in hand. An Austrian Jew, long a resident of Paris, where he was a business associate of Bing, the promoter of L'Art Nouveau, a man who in his capacity of expert and connoisseur has visited every leading public and private collection in Europe, Herr Meier-Graefe's opportunities for familiarizing himself with his subject have been wellnigh unique. Starting with no pronounced national bias, he has followed his own convictions both personal, and perhaps also commercial, and it is hence interesting to observe just where they have led him. Unmistakably he is a bitter opponent of all German art save that of Liebermann and his circle, and a sympathetic and persuasive apologist of the later French Impressionists. It would manifestly be ungallant closely to analyze the reasons for this position. The book is withal so scintillating, so deliciously iconoclastic, and of such refreshingly advanced tendencies, that one may well ignore its lack of single-mindedness. With but few lacunæ the entire field is reviewed in a flexible and discerning fashion and the chief personalities silhouetted in spirited and clever outline. The pages devoted to industrial art and the stylistic movement on the Continent are particularly authoritative, and everywhere is visible an observant, acquisitive mind and a faculty for turning brilliant periods. The work originally appeared in 1904 from the house of Hoffmann in Stuttgart, and has been admirably translated, though it is difficult to explain why the two closing chapters, entitled "Goethe und Diderot" and "Nietzsche und Wagner," should have been omitted from the English version.

Although the subject of their beautiful memorial was the very incarnation of the modern spirit, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell have not, in their "Life of James McNeill Whistler,"* sought to add anything new to the sum of scientific criticism. Exquisitely printed, bound and illustrated, appropriately suggestive in physical appearance of "The Gentle Art," which itself bore the stamp of its author's exacting approval, this definitive "Life" will prove an unmixed joy to Whistler admirers the world over. It is frankly devotional in feeling. It is hero worship of the most zealous and prostrate kind; yet what apostle of the modern movement can quarrel with hero worship when it takes the form of Whistler worship? The text has been so scrupulously compiled that it is a pity certain minor blemishes should have crept in, such as the persistent misspelling of Velázquez, the superfluous accent in Vielé-Griffin, the

* The Development of Modern Art. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated from the German by Florence Simmonds. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and Joseph Pennell. J. B. Lippincott Co.

comma inserted in the name McClure Hamilton on p. 221 vol. ii., and Van for Jan Toroop on the same unpropitious page. Such slips are, however, microscopic and—inevitable. The book as a whole, and it is the work of many loving hands, completely achieves its purpose. It is the minute and painstaking record of an apparition unique in the annals of art. By it one is brought nearer to, and is enamoured of, that sensitive nervous organism and that exalted æsthetic conscience which constituted the very being and essence of James McNeill Whistler.

While expressing itself differently, there is a distinct spiritual affinity between the attitude of the Pennells toward Whistler and that of Mr. C. Lewis Hind toward Augustus Saint-Gaudens.* If the Pennells are devotional, Mr. Hind's enthusiasm for his subject certainly takes the lyrical form. From an emotional standpoint it is fortunate that Mr. Hind's appreciation was conceived simultaneously with the holding of the memorial exhibition of the sculptor's work at the Metropolitan Museum last spring. From an analytical and critical point of view the matter assumes another aspect, and still one must not be severe with a writer who so frankly admits having given free rein to subjective impressionism. Mr. Hind's method nevertheless possesses distinct compensations. He more than once displays the divination of a true poet, and any one might envy him the expression "austere sensitiveness" with which he so aptly characterizes the artist's work. The final word upon the art of Saint-Gaudens has not, thus far, been said, and perhaps when it has, there may be a perceptible revision of estimates. The creator of the Farragut, the Lincoln and the Sherman was a manifestly sincere and lofty craftsman. Yet in his life-work promise would seem all too frequently to have outrun performance. This was obviously a defect of temperament, and this the underlying tragedy of an earnest artistic career.

It is not the Spanish art that Whistler so loved and from which he drew so much legitimate pictorial inspiration that Mr. A. G. Temple treats in his sumptuous volume* but the art of a much later period. Few books are more welcome or arrive at a more psychological moment than Mr. Temple's "Modern Spanish Painting." With their masterful characterization and sonorous wealth of color, the Spanish painters of to-day have been carrying all before them at the recent Continental exhibitions. The names of Zuloaga, Sorolla and Anglada are plausibly familiar to the picture-loving public, and any work which seeks to place them in proper relation to the art of their country merits grateful consideration. A careful scrutiny of Mr. Temple's text does not, however, disclose any reckless or prodigal sympathy with the more advanced phases of Peninsular painting. In his conscientious review of the leading artists from Nieto and Lopez to the present time the author openly betrays a weakness for the tradition of Fortuny rather than that of Goya, and everywhere seems to prefer "finish" to suggestion. In common with many Englishmen he is, even at this late day, decidedly shy of impressionism, naïvely assuming that "the Impressionist stops only too frequently, because he has not the capacity to carry his work further," and later adding that "it is only the master who can finish." It would be neither urbane nor magnanimous to quarrel with Mr. Temple over such issues. He has given us a superbly printed and illustrated work, and if his personal vision is not exactly modern, he has certainly contributed to a better comprehension of Spanish painting, both as author and as Director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, London, where, in 1901, he organized a memorable exhibition of the leading Spanish masters of the past and present.

* Augustus Saint-Gaudens. By C. Lewis Hind. Special Extra Number of the International Studio, 1908. John Lane Company.

* Modern Spanish Painting. By A. G. Temple, F. S. A. J. B. Lippincott Co.

That luxurious finish and love of externalism which, in painting, appears to the convinced modernist so inappropriate, is the very soul of Mr. Leonard Williams's enchanting work on "The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain." * It is indeed impossible to appreciate the canvases of such men as Pradilla, Alisal and Checa without some knowledge of that handiwork which Mr. Williams here treats with such unusual knowledge, sympathy, and enthusiasm. Behind painting proper, and especially the historical painting of the Spanish school, and enriching it at every turn, lies a wealth of visible splendor the like of which the world has perhaps never seen before or since. Roman or Visigothic, Saracenic, Moriosco or Renaissance, ecclesiastical or secular, Peninsular ornament has always been characterized by a barbaric glow beside which all else seems pallid and impoverished; and it is through this maze of consummate and opulent craftsmanship, this realm of Silver, Gold, and Jewelry, of Iron, Bronze, Wood, Leather, Pottery, Glassware, Ivory and Textiles, that Mr. Williams conducts us with sure and zealous hand. Not once does he lose sight of those deeper historical and ethnographical factors which shape all achievement whether of thought or of form. Not once does he separate art from life, and hence the value and vitality of his contribution to a theme which has so persistently been dehumanized. It is by their works that he teaches us to know these races which have so strangely met and mingled, so passionately fought and wrought, in the making of Old and New Spain. And, knowing them, we know their works.

The great currents of æsthetic endeavor the world over are ever in motion, sometimes turbulently, sometimes with a movement scarcely perceptible, and it is significant to note that while Spain was gathering the materials for her magnificent effulgence from the prodigal resources of her own country or the far-away treasures of Potosi there were working with naïve simplicity and patience in the Gothic twilight of Germany a group of men whose few scattered prints and engravings are among the priceless heritage of all art. It is such quaint spirits as The Master of the Playing Cards, The Master of the Gardens of Love, and such resourceful geniuses as Martin Schongauer, Albrecht Dürer and their like that form the basis of Mr. A. M. Hind's "A Short History of Engraving and Etching"* which is frankly a model work of its kind. To the exact perceptions and trained sympathies of the true lover of line Mr. Hind has added, in the preparation of his volume, the minute and precious learning of the specialist. Although he is a trifle summary in his treatment of the men of to-day there can be little save praise for Mr. Hind's efforts toward systematizing a complicated subject. The Classified List, the Bibliography, and Index of Engravers are invaluable to any student of black-and-white, and the analyses of the individual artists are marked by ready intuition and a fine sense of proportion. A useful and welcome pendant to Mr. Hind's book will be found in Mr. Frank Weitenkampf's "How to Appreciate Prints,"† in which the Curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library covers the field in a concise and informing manner. Mr. Weitenkampf is doing much the same sort of work for his collection as Mr. Hind, Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Campbell Dodgson are doing for that of the British Museum, and it is an excellent service, for there is perhaps nothing that so chastens and purifies taste as a just knowledge and appreciation of the quiet magic of line.

Similar in purpose though more restricted in scope than Mr. Hind's volume is Mr. H. M. Cundall's "A History of British Water-Color Painting," ‡

* The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain. By Leonard Williams. A. C. McClurg & Co.

* A Short History of Engraving and Etching. With Full Bibliography, Classified List and Index. By A. M. Hind. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

† How to Appreciate Prints. By Frank Weitenkampf. Moffat, Yard & Co.

‡ A History of British Water-Color Painting. By H. M. Cundall, I. S. O., F. S. A. E. P. Dutton & Co.

a copiously illustrated and well printed work covering water-color painting in the British Isles from the primitive and tempera-like illuminations in the Book of Kells and the Book of Durrow to the brilliant art of the late Hercules Brabazon. The chapters devoted to Miniature Painting, the Topographical Draughtsmen, the Associated Artists, and the Institute are carefully prepared and contribute much toward the better comprehension of a branch of art which has found innumerable practitioners and yet, until now, few if any worthy chroniclers. There are, however, certain shortcomings which must be noted despite a constitutional aversion from destructive criticism. That master of southern sunlight, the late Arthur Melville, does not receive adequate consideration; nor, indeed, does the inimitable Whistler. As a matter of fact Mr. Cundall's attitude toward everything modern is typically British and reactionary. He speaks contemptuously of "a new school of painting styled impressionist," and, for sensitive spirits, mars an otherwise able and serviceable book by quoting, at its close, a characteristically Philistine arraignment of free technique from the heavy pen of Sir William B. Richmond.

The blunt naïveté of Mr. Cundall's position toward the new in art becomes, in Mr. J. E. Pythian's "Fifty Years of Modern Painting"* something altogether delicious in its confiding ingenuousness. The author acknowledges at the outset that he is not going to take sides on any mooted question or to quarrel with anyone, though he admits that "quarrels do at least relieve life and books of tameness." Later, he avers that he does not purpose singing "Rule Britannia!" throughout his pages, because, as he sententiously remarks, "We gain nothing, and lose much, by indiscriminate glorification of ourselves and deprecation of others." Thus reassured, one launches upon an examination of Mr. Pythian's performance, which everywhere reveals superb caution and a praiseworthy reliance upon the efforts of his predecessors, who number, at random, such names as George Moore, Robert de la Sizeranne, Théodore Duret, Wynford Dewhurst, Richard Muther and our own master critics, Samuel Isham and Charles H. Caffin. Mr. Pythian's first-hand knowledge of modern art is largely confined to the British Pre-Raphaelite movement, in the treatment of which he displays loving care and circumspection. When he crosses the Channel his touch is hardly so sure, especially when he calls Greuze a "French Dutchman" and Chardin a "French Jan Steen," and remarks of Degas's impressions of ballet girls, that, however beautiful they may be as art, "they wring from us the cry, 'O the pity of it!'" It is difficult to imagine just what may reasonably be deplored in the work of Degas. One feels like generously transferring some of this superfluous fund of pity to Mr. Pythian. But that would seem meddlesome, and, moreover, the worthy man himself counsels us to be pacific.

It is not the prejudices of thinly disguised moralists like Mr. Pythian which contribute to a deeper and more intimate understanding of the origin and function of the fine arts, but rather the attitude of such ardent students of human progress as the late Grant Allen. In a series of papers reprinted under the title of "Evolution in Italian Art,"* this able exponent of Darwinism makes an attempt, and a successful one, to apply to painting the well-established law of descent with modification. The special province of Mr. Allen's researches is that of early Italian art, and it cannot be denied that he has achieved interesting and significant results. His treatment is wholly thematic. He chooses such organic types as the Sposalizio, the Visitation, the Annunciation, the Adoration, the Presentation, and the Pietà and views

* Fifty Years of Modern Painting: Corot to Sargent. By J. E. Pythian. E. P. Dutton & Co.

* Evolution in Italian Art. By Grant Allen. A. Wessels Co.

each composition as a particular variant upon some special central form. He aims primarily to show persistence of type, and secondarily differentiation of variety, and, above all, to reveal every picture in the light of a single moment in a long chain of historical development. The method is obviously that of the scientist pure and simple, not that of the conventional æsthetic critic, and Mr. Allen's courageous application of the principals of evolution to art is most stimulating. It is certainly refreshing now and then to encounter clear and systematic reasoning and a logically sustained premise in a field so thickly dotted with the flowers of misapplied sentiment and misfit knowledge.

Through the gates of Venice, whence flowed that exotic stream of Byzantine and Oriental motive so frequently met with in the initial portions of Mr. Allen's text, let us now turn, under Mr. Laurence Binyon's guidance, toward the mythical cradle of all æsthetic life. There is no book in the language quite like Mr. Binyon's "Painting in the Far East."* So simple and direct are his pictorial and poetical perceptions that you get at once at the secret sources of an immeasurably remote and tortuous fountain-head. The artistic unity of Asia is Mr. Binyon's theme, and in a series of illuminating chapters he proceeds to demonstrate that it is in China that the central tradition of Asian painting is to be found. His thesis unfolds itself spontaneously like some lovely blossom, and his accompanying exposition of Oriental color, line and rhythm offer a helpful initiation to a style which few Occidentals rightly appreciate though many lay claim to that distinction. Not only is Mr. Binyon's book specifically valuable; it is also collaterally so, for it is impossible to grasp certain of the more important phases of current art without some feeling for Oriental painting, prints and ornament. The early schools of Italy and Spain drew heavily, as we have seen upon this wondrous treasure-house, and the latest exponents of line and pattern from Whistler to Aubrey Beardsley were greatly in its debt. At many different periods has the Asian æsthetic ideal found its devotees in the Western world; yet real knowledge of the subject is limited, and hence such a work as Mr. Binyon's should find place on the shelves of almost every apostle of beauty.

Something of a mystic and a visionary himself, the author is singularly fitted to interpret the spirit of the East as revealed in its painting. And, despite innumerable complications chronological and artistic, he has managed to unravel the tangled thread of development with patience and clarity, preserving always, amid a baffling though pregnant symbolism, the note of concrete application. The book abounds in such passages as the one in which, after comparing the realists of the school of Ukiyoyé with the Dutch genre painters of the seventeenth century, Mr. Binyon warns the reader that he "cannot detach one of these prints from the life that produced it," for, he adds, "some tender filament or clinging root binds it to the nation's living heart."

This is the very soul of all sound æsthetic interpretation. And, furthermore, such sentiments contain the essence of that new criticism which is only beginning to shake off the fetters of the past and fortify itself with the priceless equation of human personality.

* Painting in the Far East. By Laurence Binyon. Longmans, Green & Co.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

Miss Helen Keller and the World She Lives in

MISS HELEN KELLER has become so much a national institution—like Niagara Falls, the Bunker Hill Monument and the memory of George Washington—that one hesitates to proclaim any discovery concerning her, for fear it has been made already by someone else. If the discovery I have made has been anticipated, I have not happened to see it announced. It is so obvious, however, to the reader of "The World I Live In," to say nothing of her earlier book, "The Story of My Life," that I shall not claim priority of discovery for myself, but gladly admit the pretensions of any rival claimant. What I have found out is merely that Helen Keller is that rarity of rarities, a genius. All honor to Mrs. Macy, who, as Miss Sullivan, brought the light of reason to the young girl's benighted mind. Enough cannot be said in praise of her patient skill, her intelligent and unselfish devotion. But while it was her happy lot to sow the seed, and the seed was of the best, she did not create, though she prepared, the soil in which it fell; and it depended on the nature of that soil whether the seed should take deep root and grow and flourish and yield an abundant harvest, or lie parched on stony ground, or pine and wither after a hasty sprouting in the dust. As it happened, the soil was surpassingly good, and the harvest has been rare and bountiful.

A Writer of Genius

I find I have marked fifteen passages to be quoted in support of my contention that Miss Keller is a woman of genius; but I am not reproducing them, partly for want of room, but mainly because the matter is not one to contend about. The book is a small one, its fifteen essays averaging only ten to twelve pages in length. Buy it, dear reader, and read every page of it, including the "Chant of Darkness" with which it comes to a glorious end. And when anyone suggests that the author is helped in her literary work—that someone else must do her writing for her,—ask him who her helper can be. Of all the writers in this country, are there ten—are there half a dozen—are there three, who, with Helen Keller's experience and facts in their possession, could transmute those facts and that experience into literature of the quality of (say) her essay on "The Larger Sanctions"? In the writings of how many living Americans do we find such scholarly exactness in the choice of words, humor so genuine, eloquence so inspired? Her pages dealing with the world out-of-doors are as colorful and as fanciful as those of a poet-naturalist: John Burroughs might be glad to confess their authorship. Whether her theme be abstract or concrete, she is equally its mistress. We happy possessors of the senses of sight and hearing see less than her mind's eye reveals to Miss Keller's unclouded intelligence, and hear less than is conveyed to her through the porches of some inner ear. That she would write better if she had never been deprived of what we regard as the two most important of our senses, I hesitate to believe; but this is only to repeat the statement with which I started out—namely, that she is a genius. Read the peroration of the essay referred to above:

> Thus, deafness and blindness do not exist in the immaterial mind, which is philosophically the real world, but are banished with the perishable material senses. Reality, of which visible things are the symbol, shines before my mind. While I walk about my chamber with unsteady steps, my spirit sweeps skyward on eagle wings and looks out with un-

quenchable vision upon the world of eternal beauty.

And then read the last stanza but two of the "Chant of Darkness":

My hands evoke sight and sound out of feeling,
Intershifting the senses endlessly;
Linking motion with sight, odor with sound
They give color to the honeyed breeze,
The measure and passion of a symphony
To the beat and quiver of unseen wings.
In the secrets of earth and sun and air
My fingers are wise;
They snatch light out of darkness,
They thrill to harmonies breathed in silence.

"Historic Houses and Their Gardens"

You wonder, at first, that so many great historic houses exist, as are described and pictured in this book. Then you wonder even more that there are so many others that have been overlooked—or, rather, deliberately omitted, as only a few representative, typical places could be included, the editor's plan being to introduce, not merely the somewhat hackneyed halls of England, but houses illustrating the architecture and landscape-gardening of many different countries. In this way an agreeable variety has been secured, and the eye is rested as it turns, for instance, from the Achilleion of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria on the Island of Corfu, or the gardens of the Emperor's Castle Miramar at Trieste, to Claydon House, the home of the Verneys, in Buckinghamshire; from the formal Palladian masses of Blenheim Palace, to the royal gardens of Aranjuez and of La Granja in Spain; from the severity of Stowe House, England, to the lightness and grace of the iris garden at Horikiri, near Tokio; from the romance-haunted Italian villas of Lante and D'Este, to the Oriental beauty of the Taj-Mahal and other palaces and gardens in India, and the slender, aspiring lines of certain famous Persian gardens; from the ivy-crowned, storied battlements of Warwick, to the Colonial dignity, simplicity and grace of Mount Vernon and the old homes of Natchez, Mississippi; or from these to the Château de Brissac, or the floating gardens of Mexico. Professor Charles Francis Osborne edits the book; and to the thirty chapters by writers who have written *con amore*, Frank Miles Day prefixes a brief but adequate introduction. The half-tone plates are many; and they are good.

"Old England" Painted and Described

Lovers of Old England will find much to their taste in the book so entitled that W. S. Sparrow has written and James Orrock has illustrated. Perhaps it would be fairer to speak of it as a book that Mr. Orrock had painted and for which Mr. Sparrow had provided the text; for it is hard to say to whom precedence should be given. Nor does it really matter. More to the point is the fact that the eighty full-page pictures, many of them in color, are strewn so thickly through the volume, that only four pages of type separate each from the one before or after it. The author comments on all, or nearly all of them, but he does not overpraise their fidelity and charm. Nor does he confine himself to comment on the pictures, but roams far and near in quest of matter germane to his theme. The sea and her coasts, old roads and bridges, churches and cathedrals, castles, manor-houses, farmhouses and cottages, windmills and sheep-folds, forests and the open country—of each and all of these he discourses lightly yet learnedly. His subject matter may be as old as the hills of Derby, but his manner is lively and up-to-date enough for the most hustling American reader. Even the word "trusts," in its present sense, creeps into his disquisition on things ancient and fair. And the book closes with a bitter outcry against free trade, and the importation into Old England of "alien outcasts"!

The Lounger

Mr. W. J. Locke was in this country for only one month, and did not do much travelling, yet he saw a great deal that was worth seeing. His visit was well managed. He was not put on exhibition, but was treated as a visiting gentleman should be, and not as one who sought notoriety for business reasons. He was entertained at clubs and by private individuals and made many friends, but no press-agent filled the newspapers with his doings. The sort of books that Mr. Locke writes are not the sort to be boomed into popularity by sensational methods. They will be read when others that I will not mention are happily forgotten.

From a sketch by James Montgomery Flagg

W. J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond"

New York has had a good many slaps from opera-singers. Some time ago Miss Farrar was reported as having made sarcastic remarks about New York's pretensions to musical culture. Now Madame Schumann-Heinck comes forward and says that, while there are people here who appreciate art, "the dollar princesses and princes of New York need not consider that they make that city the chief city of American art appreciation." Reports of prices paid to singers in America she considers grossly exaggerated, yet she admits that her one hundred and thirty concerts in the United States in 1897 netted her one thousand dollars each, while she received thirty thousand dollars for one hundred songs sung into a phonograph. The authenticity of the interview may perhaps be questioned, or positively denied, before this paragraph is printed.

Every once in a while some one starts up a discussion on the subject of the short story. They say that it has degenerated, that no one is writing as good short stories as used to be written. This, to my mind, is all nonsense. The same thing has been said from time immemorial. To be sure, we have to-day no Kipling, writing "Plain Tales from the Hills"; we have no Guy de Maupassant, writing psychological studies of French life in fiction form; nor have we our own Richard Harding Davis writing such

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

short stories as he used to write. I do not think that the short story has degenerated, but there are fewer of the best writers writing short stories than there used to be. The reason is a simple one: they can take the same plot and make a full-sized book. For the short story they would be paid, if they were very famous, one thousand dollars; for the book, which does not require very much more writing, they would get many thousands. In my humble opinion, there [illegible] number of good short-story [illegible] do not agree with those [illegible]ys gibing at magazine stories as innocuous and not worth while.

"Over Bemberton's" by E. V. Lucas, is, as the author calls it, an easy-going chronicle." Modesty would prevent his saying more, but there is no reason why I should say that it is not only "easy going" but that it has that indescribable attraction that permeates everything that Mr. Lucas writes. He cannot get away from it, nor can we. As a story it does not count for much. There is no thrilling plot, no hairbreadth escapes and

yet we read on, and woe to him who comes between us and this simple tale of simple people.

I have been interested in what Mr. Rockefeller has had to say in the *World's Work* on the value of the coöperative principle in giving. Take the subject of the support of educational institutions, for instance. "I am told," he says, "by those who have given most careful study to this problem, that it is highly probable that enough money has been squandered on unwise projects, to have built up a national system of higher education adequate to our needs, if the money had been properly directed to that end." What Mr. Rockefeller advocates is concerted action in philanthropic work, and his arguments seem to me sound, though I have never had much experience in founding colleges or libraries.

COURT DIVORCE MILL WORKING OVERTIME

Two Judges Handle Christmas Rush and Dispose of 34 Cases in a Day.

112 SUITS ON CALENDAR

The above headlines from the New York *Times* tell their own story. Sometime ago it was considered a disgrace to be divorced; now it is regarded rather as a distinction. What is a woman to do, asks those who are lenient in the matter, if she marries a man and he turns out to be a brute? And if a man marries a woman who proves to lack the qualities demanded of Cæsar's wife, must he go on living with her? No, this is not neccessary; they can get a legal separation. A divorce, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, means a desire to marry again; and there have been 1,250,000 divorces in America in the past forty-two years. These figures speak for themselves.

The letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine published recently not only give us an interesting view of the family life of the famous statesman and politician, but they show us, at the same time, the simplicity of life in Washington a few decades ago. These letters, which have been collected and edited by the writer's daughter, Mrs. Beale, were not intended for publication. They are, in almost every instance, written to members of the family, beginning with the son, who was at school at Andover at the time; but even in these family letters, Mrs. Blaine writes exceedingly well, almost as though she had an eye to publication, which, I am sure, she had not. The life in Washington during the years when Mr. Blaine was powerful appears, in the light of the present day, as one of almost village simplicity. Mrs. Blaine, going to a White House reception, speaks with pride of her new bonnet and red shawl; later, a velvet dress, which she says will last her through the winter, is dwelt upon with all the pride of possession. Breakfasts were a form of entertainment in those days—not breakfasts at twelve and one o'clock, such as we have to-day, but breakfast at nine or half-past; not the European breakfasts now popular in America—a cup of coffee and a roll, but a substantial meal,—with beefsteaks, chops, eggs, potatoes, and buckwheat cakes. To those early breakfasts, Senators and members of the Cabinet came, and ate with a relish.

One gets a very pleasant impression of Mrs. Blaine from these two volumes of letters; for while she was on the alert to help her husband in achieving his ambitions, she also gave the most detailed attention to her family, sewing for them, nursing them when they were sick, and looking after their education. She had her likes and her dislikes among public men and women. For President Arthur she had no good word; a tailor's dummy, with social aspirations, was all that he seemed to her. She did not care

THEODORE STANTON GOWNED AS A CORNELL MASTER OF ARTS

much for Senator Frelinghuysen—or his daughters, either. (It will be remembered that Mr. Frelinghuysen succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State in President Arthur's Cabinet.) Her account of the assassination of President Garfield, and of the time that he hung between life and death, is exceedingly interesting; as also is the fact that Mr. Blaine virtually named Mr. Harrison's Cabinet.

For various reasons, publication of Mr. Theodore Stanton's "Manual of American Literature," the European edition of which will appear in the Tauchnitz Collection, has been delayed a whole year, the present date for its appearance being about the first of February. Mr. Stanton has enjoyed the collaboration of half a dozen professors in the English Department of Cornell University—his *alma mater;* and it is from the work of a distinguished member of the Cornell faculty—the late Professor Tyler—that the chapters dealing with the Colonial and Revolutionary periods have been drawn. In this "Manual," for the first time, two famous anonymities will be unveiled, the late John Hay being authoritatively named as the writer of "The Bread-Winners" and his intimate friend Henry Adams as the author of that other once-popular novel, "Democracy."

Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's comedy in four acts, "A Dinner of Herbs," was given by the pupils of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School in December. An audience representing literature and art filled the theatre. Considering that all the actors in the play were pupils of the Dramatic School, they are to be complimented on their success. I have my eye upon Miss Malvina Longfellow, who played the part of Romney Orme, and Mr. Alfred Cross, who played Edward Fraleigh. I think that these two young people are worth watching, and that they will do something in their profession some day. As for Mrs. Meyer's play, it has much in it that is interesting, but it lacks construction. She has made the mistake of thinking that good lines make a good play. The lines have comparatively little to do with it; you must look first to the construction and let the lines take care of themselves. There were too many lines in the first act, and there were too many lines in the last act. The second and third acts, however, were crisper and had interesting moments. If Mrs. Meyer wants her play to be produced by professionals, she must use the blue pencil freely.

When Dr. Grenfell was asked to write of Sir Frederick Treves, he hesitated for fear his intimacy with and admiration for the famous surgeon might prompt his pen to some extravagance or indiscretion. The editor thereupon sounded Sir Frederick himself, who readily accepted

Photographed for PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, 29 December, 1908, by Hollinger & Co.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

the suggestion that reliance might be placed on his friend's good taste and discretion. The paper printed in this number of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE shows how well grounded was this confidence. It sounds the note of praise, without sounding it too loudly. Indeed, Dr. Grenfell is an even greater admirer of his former chief than this article would indicate; for I have heard him say, "If one were to examine a stick that Sir Frederick had whittled, he would see at once that it had been whittled by a man of genius."

It was after leaving Oxford, and when studying medicine in the London Hospital, that Grenfell of Labrador came into touch with Sir Frederick Treves, his senior by a decade. When his six years were up, he went out on the medical mission ship maintained in the North Sea by the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen—a service which had been established after a favorable

DR. GRENFELL AFTER HIS EASTER ADVENTURE ON AN ICE-PAN

report by Sir Frederick himself, who had gone down to the Dogger Bank in one of the fishermen's boats; and it was after a heart-to-heart talk with his chief that Dr. Grenfell decided, later on, to devote his life to the welfare of the fisherfolk. He began his labors on the coast of Labrador in 1892, and his success has probably exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Every winter he comes to "the States" to raise money for his work, and there are several Grenfell Associations to aid him besides the one here in New York. This year the object he has most at heart is the rehabilitation of the Sailors' Home at St. John's, Newfoundland. Especially needed in this connection is a bathing pool in the basement, which would add about ten thousand dollars to the cost of the building. Some eighty thousand deep-sea fishermen land at St. John's annually, and little or no provision is made for their care and comfort while in port. The new Home would provide a headquarters for them; and in the tank they could learn to swim—an accomplishment which the coldness of the northern sea prevents their acquiring. For lack of this accomplishment, the captain of one of Dr. Grenfell's own schooners, the "Lorna Doone," was drowned last November. But for the fact that he is a swimmer, and a powerful one, the Doctor himself would have lost his life last Easter Sunday, when he and his dogs were carried out to sea on an ice-pan, off the coast of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell makes his first trip to the West this season, his journey taking him to Kansas, Arizona and California.

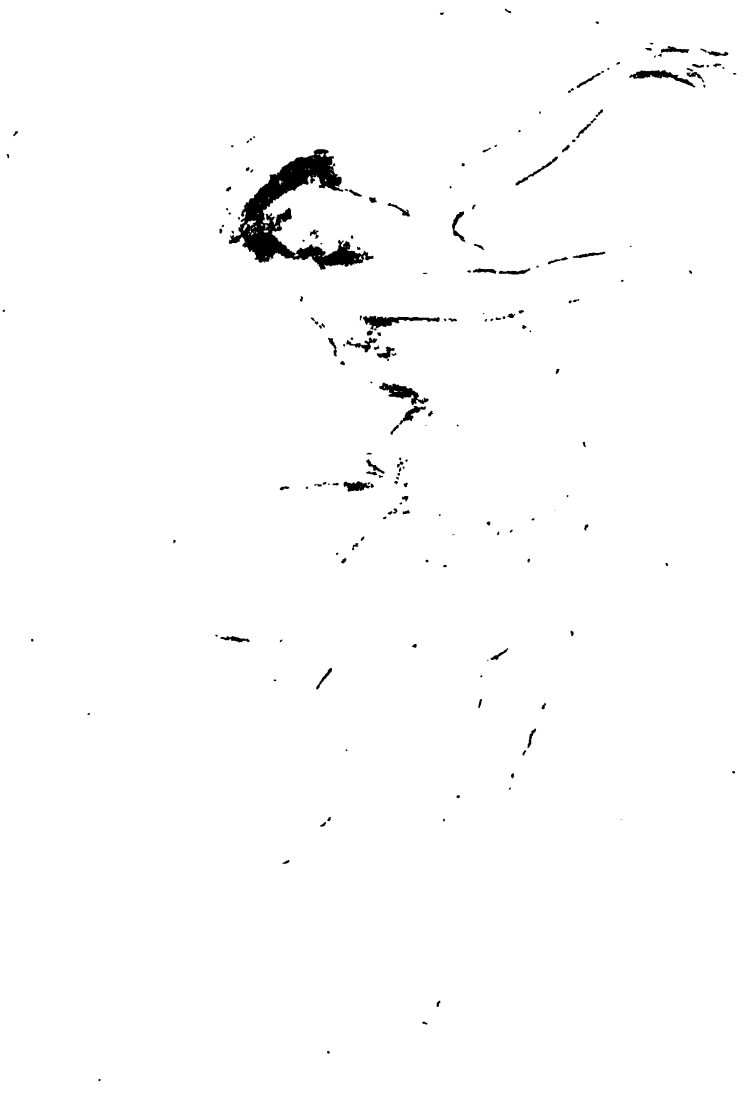
When I asked Miss Terry, some fifteen years ago, to write her autobiography, she replied that she was an actress, not a writer. She has changed her mind since, and has proved that she was wrong, for in her published autobiography she shows genuine talent for writing. The book is not

conspicuous for its literary style, but it is conspicuous for what the late Augustin Daly called "contemporaneous human interest." I have heard the book criticised as being a little too outspoken, but that can hardly be called a fault: most autobiographies are not outspoken enough. Miss Terry tells us that it was the late Tom Taylor who introduced her to her first husband, George Frederick Watts. At the time of her marriage, Miss Terry was only sixteen. It was a case of summer and winter, and the two seasons are not supposed to agree. Miss Terry speaks as though her marriage with Mr. Watts had not been an unhappy one, and that friends brought about the separation, not she or Mr. Watts. It is quite true that he always had a kindly feeling toward Miss Terry, and whatever blame there was he took upon himself. As he once told a friend of mine, a man of his age should not have married a young girl.

I have always heard that it was the late clever, but eccentric, Lady Holland who made the match between Mr. Watts and Miss Terry. The artist lived at Little Holland House, which stood in Holland Park, and he was very intimate with the inmates of that famous mansion, Holland House proper. Miss Terry, then little more than a child, was a pet of Lady Holland's, and it was at the house of the latter, I have always understood, that Mr. Watts and Miss Terry first met; but she says it was Tom Taylor who introduced her to her future husband, and she ought to know.

Apropos of Lady Holland, two most delightful volumes have recently been published containing her journals. She was, as I have said, a clever woman and an eccentric one. Her first marriage was unfortunate. She, like Miss Terry, was much younger than her husband; she enjoyed life and all that it meant: her husband cared only for his home in the country and such entertainment as he found there. Lord Holland was little more than a boy when Lady Holland first met him, somewhere abroad. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight, for they travelled together, and she finally arranged things so that her husband got a divorce from her. She was very fearful at one time that he would not do so. He seemed to be indifferent, but with coaxing he was induced to carry on the suit and had no trouble in being liberated. Lord Holland immediately married the divorced wife and, as the story-books say, they lived happily ever afterwards. She was just the wife for him. She made Holland House the resort of the cleverest men and women of her time. Thousands of anecdotes could be told of the life there when she was its mistress.

The only other person besides Mr. Watts who had a slice of Holland Park was an Irish-American gentleman by the name of James McHenry. He, too, was intimate at Holland House, and after Lady Holland's death had the privilege of taking any of his friends through the place and into rooms that were denied to the general public. Some years ago I had the pleasure of going through Holland House with Mr. McHenry as guide. He told me that he had taken Mrs. Grant through the place some time before, but that the General had sat outside and smoked his cigar, saying, with his usual frankness, that he did not care for such things, and would prefer to enjoy himself in the open with his cigar rather than go through the house without it. Mr. McHenry, who died some years ago, had had an interesting career, and I imagine that his picturesqueness attracted Lady Holland, who did not care much what a man's record might be if he amused her. Among the books of his library was one on the scandals of Holland House, which, I believe, had been privately printed. I asked him if he



From a sketch by Christina Wright

ISADORA DUNCAN

put it out of sight when Lady Holland called, and he said, on the contrary, that it was always in plain sight, and that no one enjoyed reading it more than she did.

I understand that Miss Isadora Duncan is not pleased with the attitude of the average American toward classic dancing. She is quoted as saying that her efforts to establish a school for teaching young Americans to dance after the manner of the ancient Greeks has not been successful. President G. Stanley Hall and Dr. D. A. Sargent are on Miss Duncan's side. They believe in danc-

STATUE DESIGNED BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE TO SURMOUNT THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

ing as healthful and beautifying; but it is one thing to believe and another to make the public believe. Certainly Miss Duncan's dancing was greatly admired and highly praised.

The Lincoln Memorial Association, of whose Executive Committee the veteran Major-General O. O. Howard is Chairman, has given its official approval to the Constitutional Edition of the Works of Abraham Lincoln, and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers, pay a certain sum into the treasury of the Association for every subscription received. The Hamilton Memorial Association, also,

of which Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court is President, has in like manner approved the Constitutional Edition of the Works of Alexander Hamilton. The two Associations are of the opinion that such editions constitute, in themselves, dignified and appropriate memorials of the great men whose words are thus preserved and disseminated. The photograph on page 633 reproduces the model of a statue of Hamilton, designed by Mr. W. O. Partridge, at the request of the Committee, as part of the proposed monument in Washington.

The theatrical season now at its height in New York is conspicuous for the number of American plays to be seen. Not only are they American, but, curiously enough, most of them are the first plays of their authors. And not only are these plays written by Americans, but their subjects are typically American; and this largely accounts for their popularity. Mrs. Fiske's "Salvation Nell" is the work of Mr. Edward Sheldon, a young man just out of Harvard University. This play is not, perhaps, as typically American as are the three or four others to be mentioned. It would be as popular in England, for instance, as it is here, for the reason that the characters might be the same in any country, and if Mrs. Fiske takes it to London, as there is some talk of her doing—and particularly if she takes the company that she has with her,—I can see no reason why it should not be successful. It is the story of a poor, degraded woman, who earns her bread as a charwoman in a barroom. Her relations with the hero of the play, if hero he may be called, are not quite proper. She loves the man and he, in his brutish way, loves her. He is sent to prison for the crime of murder committed in her defence, and she falls under the influence of the Salvation Army. Despite many temptations to go back to her old life, she devotes herself to her child whom she is trying to bring up properly. The man, Jim Platt, admirably played by Mr. Holbrook Blinn, comes back to her after he has served his sentence in the State Prison, and at the end we are given to believe that he has seen the error of his ways and reformed.

The play is in three acts, and the scenes are laid in the slums. The first one shows Christmas Eve at McGovern's Empire Bar, Tenth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, New York. The second is a tenement flat near Cherry Street, on a night in July, eight years later; and the third is out on the sidewalk on Cherry Hill in the evening, a week later still. The scenes are very realistic and exceedingly well arranged. The life of the tenements and of the streets is an absolute picture from real life. While this realism attracts audiences, it is Mrs. Fiske's acting that holds them. Mrs. Fiske occupies a unique position. She has stood out against the so-called theatrical syndicate and held her own in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles. In certain circles she is almost a cult.

Of the eight American plays now running in New York, Mrs. Fiske's is the most serious, the others being more in the line of comedy. "The Man from Home," written by Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, ran for the whole season in Chicago last year, and will undoubtedly run through the entire season in New York. It is not in the least like Mr. Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," but is a comedy racy of the soil. The hero, admirably played by Mr. William Hodge, is supposed to be a native of Indiana, who goes abroad, and in his breezy, American manner routs all the nobility and gentry who lay elaborate plans for his discomfiture. "The Gentleman from Mississippi" is the work of a new writer, Mr. Harrison Rhodes, who, like the author of "Salvation Nell," is a Harvard graduate. This is not

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MRS. FISKE AS "SALVATION NELL"

SCENE FROM "THE MAN FROM HOME"

altogether his first play, for some time ago he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Anthony Hope a comedy called "Captain Dieppe," which was played in New York by Mr. John Drew, but was not a great success, as "The Gentleman from Mississippi" is. American audiences like this play, because there is so much in it of the life they are familiar with. The senators are old friends of the public; but that does not mean that the play is not original. It is decidedly so, and most entertaining. The man from Mississippi is a high-minded, gentle soul, dragged into politics because the politicians of his State believe he will be so easy to manage that they can get him to do anything they wish, his reputation for high-mindedness being their greatest asset. The politicians buy up some land with the intention of getting the government to build docks along the water-front, which will add to its value and enable them to sell out to the government at a very handsome profit. The senator, not discovering their object, falls into the trap, buys the land and votes for the bill.

Through his secretary—an admirable part, admirably played—he learns of the trick. His indignation knows no bounds. He meets his fellow-senators, and they, seeing that he is in a state of mind, become nervous, and ask him what he is going to do. "What am I going to do?" he shouts at them. "Come to my office to-morrow morning at half-past twelve and see." Quailing at these ominous words they hastily retire. This leaves no one on the stage but the senator and his secretary. The latter turns to him and says anxiously, "What *are* you going to do to-morrow at twelve-thirty?" The senator looks at him for a moment and answers, "Damned if I know!" At which the curtain goes down amid wild applause. As a matter of fact, he does not know what he is going to do, but he thinks it over, and by twelve-thirty the next day, when his brother senators arrive, he has made up his mind. He insists, then and there, upon their selling the land to the government at the price they paid for it, and he has them in such a tight place that they agree to do so. The play is not all politics; there is a pretty love episode between the senator's daughter and the secretary, and everything turns out all right in the end, although at first it looks bad for the secretary.

Another successful American play is "The Fighting Hope," by William J. Hurlbert. This, too, is a first play. There are only half a dozen characters in it, of which Miss Blanche Bates is the principal—in other words, the "star." Miss Bates is a handsome woman and a dashing actress of the Di Vernon, Lady Gay Spanker type. Like the plays already mentioned, this has been a great success and will probably run through the season. Still another first play is "Mary Jane's Pa," which is advertised by its manager, Mr. Henry W. Savage, as "the great home play." Mr. Henry C. Dixey plays the title rôle, and it is one of the best of the many good things that he has done. The author of this play is billed as Miss Edith Ellis, but I believe her full name is Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker.

One of the most amusing plays before the New York public is "The Travelling Salesman," by Mr. James Forbes, the author of "The Chorus Lady," which latter, I believe, will be produced in London by Miss Rose Stahl, during the coming season. If London liked it as a one-act play, it will like it better as a four-act play. To have written two such successful plays is no small accomplishment. There are thousands who think "The Travelling Salesman" is even more amusing than "The Chorus Lady." However this may be, it is amusing enough without making comparisons. The play is in four acts and opens in a railway station on Christmas day.

SCENE FROM "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI"

Into this station comes "The Travelling Salesman," Bob Blake, a typical city "drummer."

Then he asks the girl at the ticket office which is the best hotel in town and she tells him that the "Elite" is. The name is too high-falutin to suggest much comfort, but as the only hotel he goes there. The next act shows us Blake's room at the Elite Hotel on Christmas night. It is a large room with the usual furniture and "sample tables." There are three large trunks standing against the wall, and ladies' suits, for which he is salesman, are spread out everywhere. Other "drummers" come in, and the conversation of these "travelling gentlemen," which is filled with slang, keeps the audience convulsed with laughter. They ring the bell and order drinks. The colored man who answers it, says, "I can't serve no drinks."

BLAKE. "What kind of a stall are you giving me?"

COLORED BOY. "'Taint no stall. It 's solemn fact. Clerk won't allow it."

BLAKE. "You go down and tell that harp in the office that the gentleman in 25 has a chill—make it four chills."

After they get something to relieve the four chills they joke and sing and have a jolly good time. In the cold light of type this dialogue does not seem so funny, but as given by the actors on the stage it is very amusing. It all goes with a rush and carries the audience along with it.

The London *Academy* under the editorship of Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, seems to be qualifying for the position held at one time by the *Saturday Review*. Its editorial notes are really editorial snarls. It is also taking up the *Saturday's* idea of pitching into Americans and everything American, but as it pitches into England and things English as well, we have no special grievance.

If the English suffragettes continue to chain themselves to the grill in the women's gallery of the House of Commons and to the chairs at public meetings, the London "bobbies" will in the future have to discard their clubs and go their rounds armed with files.

A New York florist who has gone into bankruptcy is credited with saying that he had millionaire customers who spent one thousand dollars a week on flowers for chorus girls. He added to this statement that some of the girls earned only twelve dollars a week, and had confided to him that they would rather have food and clothes than flowers.

SCENE FROM "THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN"

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Bradley, A. G.	The Making of Canada.	*Dutton.*
Dennistoun, James.	Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.	*Lane.*
Ilchester, Earl of.	The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland.	*Longmans.*
Laut, Agnes C.	The Conquest of the Great Northwest.	*Outing.*
Nicoll, Robertson.	"Ian Maclaren": Life of the Rev. John Watson.	*Dodd, Mead.*
Noyes, Alfred.	William Morris (English Men of Letters Series).	*Macmillan.*
Ross, Robert.	Aubrey Beardsley: A Biography.	*Lane.*

Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Benson, Arthur Christopher.	Poems.	*Lane.*
Kennedy, Charles Rann.	The Winter Feast.	*Harper.*
Lodge, George Cabot.	Herakles.	*Houghton.*
Moulton, Louise Chandler.	Poems and Sonnets.	*Little, Brown.*
Mumford, James G.	Surgical Memoirs.	*Moffat, Yard.*
Stevenson, Burton Egbert.	Poems of American History.	*Houghton.*
Thompson, Francis.	Selected Poems.	*Lane.*

Travel and Description

Chapman, Frank M.	Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist.	*Appleton.*
Filippi, Filippo de.	Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi.	*Dutton*
Genthe, Arnold, & Will Irwin.	Pictures of Old Chinatown.	*Moffat, Yard.*
Thackeray, Lance.	The Light Side of Egypt.	*Macmillan.*

Fiction

Bazin, René.	This, My Son.	*Scribners.*
Cena, Giovanni.	The Forewarners.	*Doubleday.*
Henry, O.	The Gentle Grafter.	*Doubleday.*
Kelly, Myra.	Rosnah.	*Appleton.*
Locke, William J.	Septimus.	*Lane.*
Roberts, Morley.	David Bran.	*Page.*
Orczy, Baroness.	The Elusive Pimpernel.	*Dodd, Mead.*
Paine, Ralph D.	The Stroke Oar.	*Outing.*
Tarkington, Booth, and Harry Leon Wilson.	The Man from Home.	*Harper.*
Weale, B. L. Putnam.	The Forbidden Boundary, and Other Stories.	*Macmillan.*

Miscellaneous

Butler, Nicholas Murray.	The American as He Is.	*Macmillan.*
Frothingham, Arthur L.	The Monuments of Christian Rome, from Constantine to the Renaissance.	*Macmillan.*
Hearne, R. P.	Aërial Warfare.	*Lane.*
Krehbiel, Henry E.	Chapters of Opera.	*Holt.*
Lowell, Percival.	Mars as the Abode of Life.	*Macmillan.*
Royce, Josiah.	Race Questions, Provincialism, and Other American Problems.	*Macmillan.*
Schouler, James.	Ideals of the Republic.	*Little, Brown.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

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PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

MARCH

VOL. V. No 6

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With kind regards E. H. Gary

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V MARCH, 1909 NO. 6

GARY, THE MAGIC CITY

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

The United States last year made more steel (over 23,000,000 tons) than Germany, Britain, France and Belgium combined. New steel works are under construction which will produce enough to enable her to make more than the whole world besides. This she will do within five years, probably within three.—ANDREW CARNEGIE in *The Century*.

THIS is not the age of magicians, we are told, and yet, judged by ordinary standards, the building of the city that is to enable the United States to fulfil Mr. Carnegie's prophecy must be regarded as something very close to magic, as a brief outline of its history to date and the plans for the future will show.

In June, 1906, the site of Gary, Indiana, some twenty-six miles from Chicago, was a barren waste of drifting sand, with occasional patches of scrub-oak. It had no population, was valueless for agricultural purposes, had no natural harbor or shelter of any kind and no laden boat could get within a half-mile of the shore. The drifting sand piled up in ever-shifting ridges that buried whatever might lie in its path; three or four railroad lines, intent only on reaching points beyond, crossed it by the shortest possible route; and the Grand Calumet River—grand only in name—wormed a tortuous way in and out among the sand dunes until it finally found Lake Michigan. A gun club was located in the vicinity, and the average man would have said that nothing but a gun club could find any possible use for the land. Then—in June, 1906, remember!—the first spadeful of sand was turned for the new steel town of Gary.

For a long time thereafter there were still no outward indications of the building of a city. Many laborers were there, some housed in tents and some in hastily constructed shacks; but they were digging, digging, digging, in long trenches, and very little work was done above ground. For Gary, unlike the town or city of normal growth, was built from the foundations up. Houses are always so constructed, but it is rarely that a town is built on this plan. In brief, all underground work—the laying of sewers, water pipes, gas mains, electric light conduits, etc.—was

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done first, and they were laid in what were to be the alleys. The men who planned and built, and are still building, Gary had no mind to have things torn up for any purpose whatever after the buildings were erected and the pavements laid. So they began at the bottom. Some work on the Grand Calumet River, the course of which had to be changed and straightened, was done during this time; three railroads began moving their rights-of-way, so that space for the plant might be left clear; and the dredging of the slip that was to run a mile inland was started. Then, when the underground work was far enough along, the building began.

Now let us see how rapid has been the construction of this magic city, for the rapidity of construction is one of the most amazing things connected with the enterprise. A wonderful city Gary is to be, a model manufacturing city, an attractive city, a city that in its government and individual ownership of business and residence property will be altogether unlike most made-to-order towns; but, in spite of all this, it is the speed with which it has been, and is being, built that commands first attention, and even this cannot be fully appreciated unless one considers the natural obstacles and the character of the buildings. The open-hearth buildings, for instance, are 1189 by 204 feet each, the blast furnaces have a daily capacity of 450 tons each, and virtually all the buildings of the plant are of mammoth size. Moreover, they require the very strongest foundations, so that it would ordinarily require as much time merely to put in the foundations as it would take to complete a building of less solid construction. Again, the temporary housing of the men to build the plant and town required some extra thought and labor, for they had to be carried through one winter without permanent shelter.

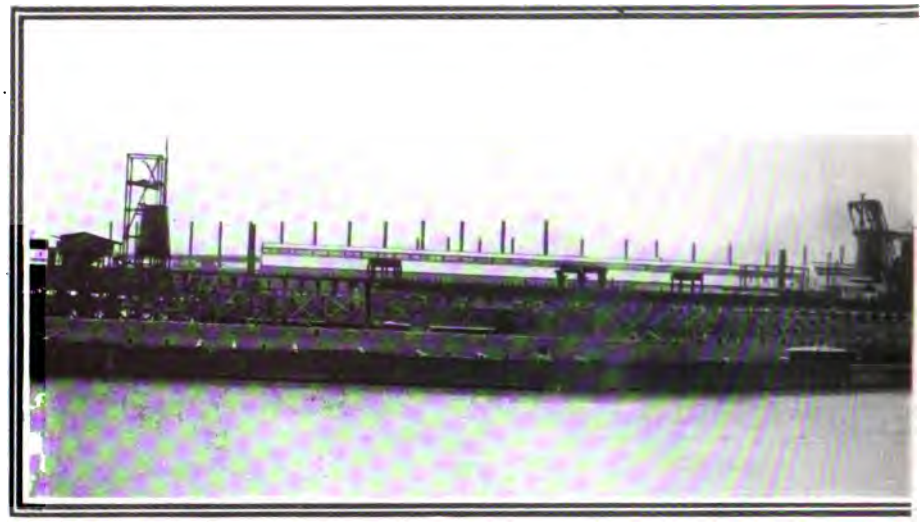
Although the plant and town are and will be under the same municipal jurisdiction, they are being built by separate companies, both subsidiary to the United States Steel Corporation, so it is natural and easy to consider them separately, and I shall take up the plant first, the town being merely a necessary adjunct to the plant.

In August, 1907, fourteen months after work was begun, I spent two or three days in Gary, and this was the situation: All underground work was completed, and the water-supply tunnel, extending two miles into the lake, was well out under the waves; the dredges that were making the slip had penetrated a quarter of a mile inland; breakwaters, to protect the slip, already extended some distance out into the lake; the main office building was occupied, although considerable work on the interior remained to be done; the finishing touches were being put on the machine shop, boiler shop, blacksmith shop, pattern and carpenter shop and storehouse; the foundations for the first open-hearth building were in and the iron work about sixty per cent. completed; work on the foundations of the second open-hearth building had been begun; the foundations were in and about seventy per cent. of the iron work completed on the first group of four blast furnaces; work on the second group of four blast furnaces had been begun; the pumping station was about seventy-five per cent. done; the foundations for the electric station were about half completed; twenty per cent. of the foundations of the rail mill were in and the iron work was started; the electric repair shop, pattern warehouse, foundry, roll shop and blowing engine for the first four blast furnaces were under construction; the foundations for the ore bins were in and construction work begun; one great ore unloader was nearing completion and others were being erected; and the foundations for the ore bridges were being put in.

On July 23, 1908, the steamer *E. H. Gary*, with the first cargo of iron ore for the plant, poked her nose into the slip, and thereafter the ore bins filled rapidly. On December 21, 1908, just about two and a half years after

BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE, GARY, INDIANA, JULY, 1906

BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE, GARY, INDIANA, NOVEMBER, 1908



WHERE THE ORE BOATS

Beside this artificial waterway, extending a mile inland from Lake Michigan, stand the unloading machinery and blast furnaces for turning ore into pig-iron

the first spadeful of sand was turned up, the fire in the first blast furnace was started and steel-making actually began.* On that date the superintendent reported the following buildings completed: Four blast furnaces, with boiler house, blowing engine house and gas-cleaning plant; electric power station, central pumping station, two open-hearth buildings, rail mill, locomotive house, foundry, and all shops, including machine shop, roll shop, boiler shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter and pattern shop, etc. The slip, with its ore unloaders and ore bins, had been in use for some time, and the main office building had been completed and occupied for many months. Buildings then under construction were four blast furnaces, with boiler house, blowing engine house and gas-cleaning plant; pig casting plant, billet mill and merchant mills. The departments in operation were one blast furnace, the foundry and all the shops, but the opening of other departments would follow naturally and quickly upon the beginning of blast furnace operations.

Turning from the plant to the town, one who knew what the site was originally finds a transformation quite as startling. While the town lacks the tremendous buildings that made the problem of the plant, it had many more structures of one kind or another to put up and many problems of its own to solve. The building of the plant within so short a time was unquestionably the greater undertaking, but, somehow, to find an attractive city of 15,000 population and accommodations for as many more under construction, with trees and lawns and every modern convenience, where there was nothing but sand and scrub-oak before seems more like modern magic than does the plant itself. True, much remains to be done, and you may step into a side street here and there that shows some of the former desolateness or that building operations still keep untidy; or you may wander into The Patch, of which I shall have more to say later, where the steel company has been unable to carry out the plans it made for the rest of the town; but, on the whole, you will be mightily pleased and even more astonished at what you see.

Gary has two hotels—one of them as perfect in its appointments as any that you can find in the country,—two banks, a newspaper, a wide

* On January 13, 1909, it was reported that the first rail had been turned out at the new plant.—THE EDITOR.

ARE UNLOADED

Behind the unloading machinery and blast furnaces are open-hearth furnaces for turning iron into steel, and mills where the steel is rolled into commercial shapes

street (Broadway) lined with stores and office buildings, an arcade building for the smaller shopkeepers, and many handsome residences. As a matter of fact, you can find almost any kind of a residence you may desire in Gary, excepting only the hovel and the palace; and they are all sightly and well constructed. I am not including The Patch in this description. Every man builds for himself in The Patch without the restrictions that are imposed on those who would build elsewhere in Gary, and it naturally follows that The Patch has structures that would not be tolerated in other parts of the town, although it also has some that are well up to the standard.

Education, both secular and religious, received attention from the very beginning; the need of recreation was recognized and provision has been made for first-class amusements. There are already one large permanent schoolhouse and many temporary ones. The temporary schools, so made that they can be taken apart and moved from place to place, have been a feature of Gary since the commencement of building operations, and they, as well as the construction camps, have been moved as work progressed. A temporary structure, to serve as a sort of universal church where all denominations have equal rights, was erected, and permanent structures are to follow. Sites have been secured and the plans approved for several. The Episcopalians, in addition to their church, will have a building for social gatherings and entertainments, to be known as the Universal Club, and the Roman Catholics have secured sites and prepared plans for a church, a parochial school and a parish house. A Chicago manager has purchased a site and agreed to build a theatre that is to cost not less than $125,000. For health and recreation, as well as beauty, two parks have been laid out very near the heart of the town, one on either side of Broadway and but a short distance from that thoroughfare.

I have endeavored, in this, to give some idea of the marvellous transformation that has taken place in two and one half years, but it is so big a thing that it is difficult to grasp it in its entirety. The building of either plant or town alone in that time would have been a tremendous undertaking, possible only for a corporation having courage and unlimited resources, and to build them together just about doubled the magnitude of the task.

Now let us see why Gary was built, and, more in detail, how it was built.

The primary reason for Gary lies in the fact that the United States Steel Corporation needed additional facilities for making steel. The existing plants were not sufficient—at least, if they were sufficient for the moment, they would not long be equal to the demands made upon them. Some of these plants could be enlarged, but to enlarge them, in the opinion of steel men, would be merely to postpone for a brief time a problem that would have to be met and solved ultimately. Satisfactorily to provide for the future a plant was necessary that would have room to grow. That meant a new plant. Then, too, a new plant could be built with a view to utilizing improved methods of steel making, there being many innovations that could not well be installed in an old plant. A plant that was planned in its entirety, with a view to future needs, would have many advantages over a plant that, in both plan and construction, was of gradual growth. So there was an economic reason for Gary, aside from the mere need of additional facilities. Moreover, the centre of steel consumption was moving steadily westward, and the question of freight rates on the finished product was a big item. Pittsburg was too far east to handle the western business satisfactorily, and the western plants were not equal to it. So a new plant seemed to offer the only solution of the problem.

The new plant, for reasons stated, would have to be west of Pittsburg, it would have to be situated where it would have ample railroad facilities for the shipment of its finished product, it would have to be where ore-boats could reach it, and it would have to be where the necessary land was not prohibitively expensive. To find unimproved property of sufficient extent that had all these advantages was no easy task, and it was a foregone conclusion that any such property would have many disadvantages. The site of Gary certainly had the disadvantages as well as the advantages. There was absolutely nothing about it, except the advantage of location, that was not a disadvantage, as I have already shown. Even the river was in the way, there were gullies that had to be filled in, there was no harbor and much of the plant would have to be built on made land where the waters of Lake Michigan then rippled. Many of the buildings already constructed, by the way, are on sites that were under water when the land was purchased. Yet this tract offered all the necessary advantages, the only thing lacking being cheap coal. Pittsburg still has the advantage in proximity to a suitable coal supply, but this is more than offset by Gary's advantage in getting ore without a railroad haul.

The site being selected and purchased, then came the problem of building and building quickly. The plans made provided for a far greater plant than Gary will have for some time to come, the purpose being to arrange the buildings for the greatest convenience of operation and in such a way as to leave sites for future buildings where those buildings would fit properly into the general plan. In other words, the Gary of twenty-five or fifty years from now will be as perfect a plant as if it had all been built at one time. Not only can it grow, but it can grow systematically instead of in the haphazard way that most plants grow. All this was provided for in the original plans.

The work to be done was of such magnitude that no existing company was prepared to undertake it, in view of the time limitations. Consequently, the United States Steel Corporation found it necessary to build both town and plant itself. For this purpose it organized the Indiana Steel Company, to build the plant, and the Gary Land Company, to build the town. Subcontractors there are in plenty, of course, but they are all working under the direction of one or the other of these two companies. The subcontractors have merely un-

SITE OF GENERAL OFFICE BUILDING, GARY, AUGUST, 1906

GENERAL OFFICE BUILDING, WITH BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, GARY, MARCH, 1908

dertaken to construct certain parts of the town or plant.

Involved in the building of the town, however, as distinguished from the plant, there was much more than the mere problem of construction. The steel company would own the plant, but it had no desire to own the town. Paternalism has wrecked many a made-to-order town, and the company desired to avoid even the appearance of paternalism. Naturally, the best way to do this would be to sell lots and let the purchasers do the building, but that plan was open to three objections: first, the town would not be built as rapidly as was deemed necessary, and houses for many of the workmen would be lacking when the plant was ready to open; second, comparatively few of the workmen would be financially able to build their own homes; third, if others were allowed to build for these workmen it would unquestionably lead to land speculation and soaring prices. So the steel company, through the Gary Land Company, had to do much of the building itself.

Building by individuals, with certain general restrictions, was encouraged in every possible way, and many unimproved lots were sold. In every case, however, the purchaser bound himself to build a residence of a certain standard, depending upon the location, within a certain time. Gary, it should be explained, is divided into districts, and you may not build a $2000 cottage in a $5000 district; your house must be up to the standard of that district. Further, you may not build more than one house at a time, but, having built, you may sell your house, and the company will then cheerfully sell you another lot and permit you to build again. One woman, having a good head for business, built and sold three or four houses in this way, and the company was glad to have her do it, for it helped materially in building the town. The company merely wished to prevent the wholesale speculation

MACHINE SHOP, GARY, MARCH, 1907

that would have followed if one person or one company were allowed to buy and build on a number of lots simultaneously. While this would assist in building the town rapidly, it might easily result in monopolizing for speculative purposes much of the best property and thus prove a serious handicap. The company was principally interested in getting the town built *and populated* quickly, and reasonable prices were essential to this purpose. The manager of the Gary Land Company informed me that the prices of lots had been arranged to cover merely the cost of the land plus the cost of improvements. Every lot in Gary, outside of The Patch, it should be remembered, carries with it all modern civic improvements, leaving no possible excuse for special taxation. Sidewalks, pavements, sewers, water mains, etc., are all included in the price, and it is certainly worth something to know that it does cover them all and that there will be no special assessments to add to the cost of the property.

Subcontractors did the actual building for the company. One might be given a contract for a hundred houses and another for two hundred, each according to his facilities for handling the job. It was not, however, a mere matter of making a certain number of duplicate houses, for individuality was desired. Many of the cheaper houses were duplicated, it is true, and there are widely separated duplicates of some of the more expensive ones, but every effort was made to avoid the sameness that is so noticeable in most made-to-order towns. Even when houses of the better class are substantially duplicates of each other, there are usually minor differences, especially in the exterior, that give them a somewhat different appearance. The company, of course, must rent where a man is unable or unwilling to buy, but it prefers to sell and gives every encouragement to those who wish to buy, this being in line with its determination to avoid paternalism.

In the business district the conditions are altogether different. A business man may reasonably be expected to provide his own capital and put up his own store or office building, so the company has done no more than erect two hotels and one bank building. Aside from that, it merely sells the lots, always with the stipulation that a building of a certain class shall be erected within a certain time and with certain other stipulations with regard to the sale of liquor. And that brings us to The Patch.

It was never the intention of the Steel Corporation to make Gary a prohibition town, but it was never its intention that it should become a saloon town, either. To this end it decided in advance just where liquor might be sold, and the deeds to all other property contain the stipulation that no liquor shall be sold on the premises. There is one large saloon, which dispenses beer principally, on Broadway, not far from the entrance to the plant, and there is a bar-room in one of the hotels. This was deemed sufficient for the immediate needs of the town. But, unfortunately, there was a miscalculation in the original plans for Gary, and it presently became apparent that more land was needed than had been acquired. A part of the desired land, having a frontage of six blocks on one side of the continuation of Broadway, could not then be purchased as acre property. Indeed, it could not be purchased at all for any price that the company was willing to pay, the owners preferring to subdivide and sell as building lots.

The land to the east and the west and the north and the south the company acquired and could place upon it such restrictions as it deemed wise, but The Patch, as this little tract was called, was independent. It was all the more independent because the control of the government of Gary was not in the hands of the Steel Corporation or its subsidiary companies, but was absolutely in the control of the workmen who

were engaged in building the town and plant and such others as had been attracted by the opportunities that a new town always offers. In brief, Gary was ruled by transients—by men who would move on when the town and plant were finally constructed—and the majority of these men wanted beer and plenty of it. So The Patch flourished. Saloon-keepers flocked to it, boarding-houses were erected and a large part of the temporary population chose it as a place of residence.

What will happen to The Patch when Gary gets settled down to business is another question. The permanent residents are quite likely to take a different view of the liquor business, and The Patch may find its activities in that line sadly curtailed. But it has had things pretty much its own way so far. Speculation has been rife in The Patch also. There is a well-graded and stable scale of prices elsewhere, but The Patch is given to startling fluctuations, and prices generally rule higher than they do in other parts of the town. This is accounted for, in part, by the fact that there are not the same restrictions upon the use of property. In effect, during construction The Patch has practically ruled Gary, the company being so little in control that the franchise for a street railroad that it wished to build, as a matter of expediency, was given to others; but Gary will ultimately rule The Patch and place upon it such restrictions and regulations as it thinks advisable.

In the meantime, the company has shown its attitude in the matter by isolating this district so far as possible. The opposite side of Broadway has been left unimproved, and the same is true of some other streets that divide The Patch from the rest of the town. It is so situated that it had to be included in the corporate limits, but it is safe to say that the property immediately adjoining it will be the last that the company improves. Then, too, it was compelled to lay its own sewers, water mains, etc., so lots purchased there have been, or will be, subject to special assessments from which lots purchased from the company are exempt. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks, The Patch has flourished, and many of the buildings erected there, especially in Broadway, are quite up to the standard of the rest of the town.

To make Gary attractive and really habitable, it was indispensable that there should be trees and grass, and trees and grass were generally lacking. So, also, was the soil in which they would grow. An occasional tree was found, in some favored spot, that was worthy of preservation; but the town, as a whole, was barren, and this condition of affairs had to be remedied. It was a mere question of money, of course, and the company decided to spend about a million dollars in transplanting trees and giving the lawns a covering of rich soil. Much of this work is yet to be done, but the town already boasts of four thousand transplanted trees and some beautiful lawns.

The future of Gary is something concerning which no man can prophesy with any accuracy. It had a population of 15,000 when the fire was started in the first blast furnace. The opening of other departments will double that population almost instantly. The completion of buildings now in course of construction will further add to it, and the blue-prints show many buildings that are not yet begun. In addition to this, provision has been made to accommodate various allied industries, and some of these have already purchased sites; all of which means more men and their families. The American Car and Foundry Company, the American Bridge and Iron Works, the American Steel and Wire Company and the American Tin Plate Company are among these allied industries. Estimates as to the probable population, within the next few years, run from 50,000 to 100,000; so it is safe to predict that Gary, a sandy waste less than three years ago, will

be a city of at least 50,000 inhabitants within a very short time. What it may be ultimately only a rash man would venture to guess.

The cost is another matter for speculation. The United States Steel Corporation is not exactly garrulous in the discussion of its financial affairs. And, even if it were, the figures could hardly be given with any exactness. Estimates run all the way from fifty million to seventy-five million dollars. It is said that fifty million was the basis upon which the company figured in making its plans; but, even then, this was considered in no sense a limit. Over twenty-five millions have been expended already, and the completion of the work now under way, without regard to future plans, will probably bring the total up to thirty-five or forty million dollars. And Gary will still be building for some years after that. Further, these figures represent only what the Steel Corporation has spent and is spending, without regard to what other companies and individuals are doing. Virtually all of the business district of the town is being built by outside capital; so are many of the houses; and some of the railroads, in changing their rights-of-way and elevating their tracks, have been put to heavy expense.

In concluding this summary of the history, to date, of the magic city it may be well to emphasize one point concerning which there has been some misunderstanding: Gary is to be supplementary, not destructive. It is not to put any other plant out of existence. Rumors have been circulated at various times that certain other plants would be abandoned when that at Gary was finally in full operation; but this is no part of the plan. Gary was needed to take care of business that the other plants could not handle and to provide for the future. It is not, and never was intended to be, the biggest steel-making plant in the world or even in this country. The blue-print plans allow for an open-hearth and blast-furnace capacity at least equal to that of any existing plant; but it will be a long time before all of this space is utilized. Work has not even been begun on four of the six open-hearth buildings provided for in the blue-prints, and the same is true of eight of the sixteen blast-furnaces. This statement seems to be necessary to correct a prevalent belief that Gary is to be, in the near future, the biggest plant of its kind in existence.

It is to be a model plant, however, with all the most modern labor-saving and money-saving appliances. Even the smoke and the gas from the great furnaces will not be allowed to go to waste, but will be used to generate electricity; and the electricity, in turn, will be used for light and power, most of the machinery that is ordinarily run by steam being run by electricity. Thus it will be possible to approximate a smokeless manufacturing city, which in itself is a noteworthy achievement.

Gary's claim to distinction, therefore, lies not in the magnitude of the plant but in its perfection and the rapidity with which it and the town have been built.

A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN GARY, NOVEMBER, 1908

TWO MUSICAL CENTENARIES

Mendelssohn and Chopin in 1909

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN the century that has elapsed since the birth of Mendelssohn at Hamburg, on February 3rd, 1809, the art of music has undergone surprising changes. At that time Haydn, "Father of the Symphony," had still a few months to live; Beethoven, in the full activity of his second period—the period to which belong the symphonies from the "Eroica" to the Eighth, the overtures "Egmont" and "Coriolanus" and the sonatas from the "Waldstein" to opus 90,—was grafting upon classic music the ardent emotion and the pictorial definiteness of romanticism; Schubert, destined through his songs still further to personalize musical feeling, was a boy of twelve.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Music was thus passing, in 1809, from its classic period to its romantic, a transition in which Mendelssohn himself was to play an important part. Yet by the middle of the century, three years after his early death in 1847, romanticism was already giving place to the realism of the "programme" school, initiated by Berlioz and Liszt with the powerful aid of Wagner's innovations in the music-drama. This, the chief movement of the latter half of the century, apparently now reaching its meridian in the work of Richard Strauss, has carried music so far from the classicism of 1809, that it is difficult to believe so long a journey can have been made in so short a time.

To Mendelssohn's personal fame these changes have brought much vicissitude. During his lifetime, the classical tradition being still in the ascendant, his music, so essentially classical in its serene expression, lucid form and finished style, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Few composers have been idolized as was Mendelssohn; in his later years he was practically musical dictator of all Germany.

Once romanticism got the lead, however, he was speedily eclipsed by the hitherto obscure Schumann, with his more rugged emotion and his freer, less conventional style. And when, still later, he began to suffer the competition of the realists, his star sank almost as rapidly as it had risen. To-day he is neglected. Of all his compositions, once so popular, only two symphonies, three or four overtures and a few piano pieces are heard in our concert rooms.

Now, indubitably some of the causes of this decline are intrinsic, and therefore likely to prove permanent. The most serious of these is the undeniable element of insipidity in his music. His melody, always graceful, is often tame and nerveless; it has none of the broad sweep, the bold and soaring flight, we find so inspiring in Schumann or Brahms. His harmonic scheme is too pure to admit of the gorgeous dissonance, the rich chromatic coloring, to which Wagner and Tschaïkowsky have accustomed us. His rhythms, often animated, never lay violent physical hold upon us as Beethoven's do, compelling us to live and breathe, for the moment, only as they dictate. In short, there is something emasculate, bloodless, about Mendelssohn; he is often tender, sweet, delicate, he

From an engraving by H. Adlard

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

has his own gentle melancholy and tranquil joy, but he is too elegant, too detached, too Addisonian, to voice the ruder passions of humanity.

So much being conceded to the *advocatus diaboli*, it must next be insisted that this music has many fine qualities which are not justly recognized to-day, because they are not the qualities at present in fashion. In other words, the causes of Mendelssohn's unpopularity are in part extrinsic, and therefore, it may be hoped, temporary.

His very attitude toward art, in the first place, is with difficulty conceivable to us, used as we are, after years of romanticism and realism, to music that strives above all to be personal, subjective, concrete. Mendelssohn did not aspire to such expression. Not the utterance of personal feeling, but the creation of plastic beauty, and the expression of objective truth were what he sought in music. No other romanticist was ever so reticent, so detached. Even in his most romantic works, such as the "Hebrides" overture, works which amply justify Wagner's characterization of him as "a great landscape-painter," he is romantic, not through self-revelation, but through keen perception of outer beauty.

Whenever he does strive primarily for expression again, it is not for expression of the kind of feeling we most affect—for the sentimental, the tragic, the "soulfully intense." Much more congenial to him is the delicately fanciful, the sort of fairy-like lightness we get in such perfection in the scherzo of the Octet, the Rondo Capriccioso, and above all in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, perhaps his most perfect work. To this peculiar kind of expression, in which no one has excelled him, he brings the utmost subtlety of

fancy, the utmost finesse in technique.

Mendelssohn's orchestration is another of his merits that can hardly receive justice from ears corrupted, as ours have been, by over-large halls and their attendant evil of orchestras overloaded with brass instruments. Nevertheless, no man ever had a keener sense of tonal beauty, or devised lovelier orchestral combinations. Surely, there are few more immortal pages than the opening of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, with its flitting violins and magical wood-wind chords; or the elastic, inspiring opening theme of the "Italian" symphony; or the melting harmonies of the two flutes in the slow movement of the same symphony; or the trumpet-calls in the "Hebrides" Overture.

There is, then, ample reason to believe that Mendelssohn's fame, which has already undergone so many vicissitudes, may yet undergo one more. It will surely be rehabilitated, provided the sensationalism, subjectivity and enthusiasm for realistic suggestion, which mark our present taste, cease to crowd out our natural love for what is objective in conception, restrained in expression and elegant in style.

Frédéric Chopin

As we prepare to celebrate the centenary of Chopin's birth, which took place at Zelazowa-Wola, Poland, on March 1st, 1809, we cannot but be struck by the wonderful vitality of his delicate art. He wrote few large works in the traditional forms of the schools, preferring the simple moulds of the Polish folk-dances—polonaise, waltz, mazurka; he never attempted opera, oratorio or symphony, and after a few youthful experiments with concertos restricted himself to the unaccompanied piano; in expression tender, intimate, thoughtful, he is seldom impassioned, never grandiloquent. Yet his fragile creations have outlived already how many ponderous symphonies, and will outlive how many more!

Casting about for an explanation of this vitality, we find at least a partial one in Chopin's perfection of style. This in its turn depended upon the sensitiveness of his perceptions and the fastidiousness of his taste. That he was both sensitive and fastidious in an unusual degree we know from many indications. Slender and supple of figure, he carried himself with distinction, so that, according to Liszt, "One treated him unconsciously like a prince." His voice was low and well-modulated, his handwriting fine yet clear; he dressed with the utmost pains, always insisting, in the words of one of his own letters ordering clothes, on "something very quiet but very elegant." He was fond of Italian music of the Bellini type, because of its graceful charm, and condemned certain passages of Beethoven as too rude. He accused Liszt, with great indignation, of making concessions to bad taste for the sake of success. Mendelssohn, the idol of the contemporary public, he dismissed as "common." Of all musicians he thought Mozart the greatest, "because Mozart condescended more rarely than any other composer to cross the steps which separate refinement from vulgarity."

But at once the most reliable and the most instructive signs of this fastidiousness are those which we find in his own compositions. In order to attain that flexible yet never sing-song melody, that many-colored but ever-luminous harmony, that profusion of ornamental detail always ancillary to the main design, how keen must have been his discrimination, how mercilessly must he have applied it in self-criticism. It was in the passion for perfection, always, for mortals, unrequited, tragic, that he would shut himself in his room, as George Sand records, for whole days, "weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar a hundred times, writing and effacing it as many times, and recommencing the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance."

First of all, it is certain that the matchless beauty and originality of Chopin's piano style were possible to him only through his sensitive perception of the piano's special limitations and advantages, and to his tact in minimizing the former and making the most of the latter. The tones of this instrument are not, like those of the organ, the voice or bowed instruments, sustained; the moment they are produced they begin to fade away. The piano is therefore not fitted to render slow sustained melodies or series of chords.

To compensate for this shortcoming, however, the piano has in the damper pedal, frequently but loosely called the "loud pedal," a unique mechanism which gives to it many inimitable effects. This pedal, by removing the felt dampers from all the strings at once, leaves free to vibrate any of them which may be stirred, either directly by the hammers or indirectly by sympathetic vibration. Thus are secured all manner of tone mixtures such as no other instrument can give in such perfect fusion.

It was only gradually that composers realized just how the piano might substitute for the few, long-held tones of organ style a numerous body of rapid, constantly changing tones, fused by the pedal. In Mo-

zart's sonatas we see the early experiments in breaking up the solid chords of an accompaniment into repeated figures in short notes for the left hand; each later composer uses the device a little more boldly, making the hand cover a wider area or enlisting the right hand also; Chopin uses it with splendid daring and success. Look at almost any of his nocturnes, in particular, and see how skilfully he can merge, by the pedal, half a hundred scattering tones into one compact, sonorous mass.

Furthermore, his keen ear perceived that a few dissonant tones, clashing slightly with the predominant elements of such a mass, add a remarkable richness and body to its color. Such dissonances, of which striking examples may be found at the end of his third nocturne, in the D-flat major section of the Scherzo, opus 39, and in countless other places, weave a shimmering veil over the solid outlines of the chords. They give to music what "atmosphere" gives to painting. So sensitive to these subtle tonal values was Chopin, so daring and original in devising them, that his innovations in music proved as revolutionary as those of Manet and his fellow-impressionists in the sister art.

They required, indeed, a new technique. The hard, inelastic touch, mechanical regularity of tempo, and clear-cut, separate distinctness given to each chord, of the classical school of playing, were to them wholly inappropriate. Moscheles, a man of the old school, never understood this music until he heard Chopin himself play it, when he wrote: "The harsh modulations which strike me disagreeably when I am playing his compositions no longer shock me, because he glides over them in a fairy-like way with his delicate fingers." Another observer speaks to the same purpose of Chopin's "sonorous effects of a vaporous fluidity, of which only he knew the secret."

All these peculiar effects of coloring, which compare with the clearer but barer effects of classical music somewhat as a pastel compares with an engraving, were enhanced by the musician's fine harmonic skill. The versatility of his harmonic idiom has perhaps never been excelled, his use of chromatic chords being particularly subtle. Yet here again his aristocratic sense of fitness, his distinction in taste, kept him from abusing the chromatic style as some modern composers abuse it. Nothing is more admirable in Chopin than his unfailing instinct for the priceless value of the triad, the "common chord," as a relief to the ear surfeited with highly seasoned harmonies. How grateful are the clear chords of the "Meno mosso" section of the Polonaise, opus 26, no. 2, after all the foregoing clamor and complexity! How fresh and pure, how nobly simple, are the two phrases just before the first change of signature in the Impromptu, opus 32!

The same fine simplicity which we note here in his harmony, and which gives it oftentimes an austere grandeur such as Anglo-Saxon words impart to the Bible or to the "Pilgrim's Progress," is found also in his best melodies. Look at the second theme of the B-minor Sonata, with its rhapsodical yet sustained inflection, or at the tune in E-flat major of the Ballade, opus 23, or at the soaring melody of the fourteenth nocturne, and you will understand why one of his commentators has called Chopin "the supreme master of elegiac melody."

In all the matters thus far touched upon—pianistic color, harmonic subtlety and variety, melodic contour—Chopin is great because sensitive taste and fastidious selection of the best suffice to make him so. It is in the larger qualities, whether of beauty or of expression, that he falls short. Thus Mr. W. H. Hadow has pointed out that while in phraseology (that is, the composition of phrases into short themes) he is "a master whose felicitous perfection of style is one of the abiding treasures of the art," yet in structure, or the composition of themes into complete pieces, he is "a

child, playing with a few simple types, and almost helpless as soon as he advances beyond them." The truth of such a contention is generally admitted, while it has become a commonplace of criticism that Chopin was incapable of voicing the deeper and more virile emotions.

It must perhaps be admitted that, in spite of the real tragic sense he shows in the well-known Funeral March, and the real dramatic power of the Ballades and Polonaises, Chopin is primarily a lyric poet and a miniaturist. He may be lacking in the synthetic power of a Brahms, in the profundity of a Beethoven. But whatever his limitations, and if they were far greater than they are, the fact remains that such distinction of taste as his, such exquisite intuition of style, such consummate workmanship, are rare enough to deserve immortality.

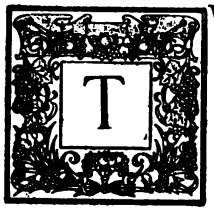
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

"CORRUPTION" IN ANCIENT ROME

And its Counterpart in Modern History

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Translated by Frances Ferrero Lance



WO years ago in Paris, while giving a course of lectures on Augustus at the Collège de France, I happened to say to an illustrious historian, a member of the French Academy, who was complimenting me: "But I have not re-made Roman history, as many admirers think. On the contrary, it might be said, in a certain sense, that I had only returned to the old way. I have retaken the point of view of Livy; like Livy, gathering the events of the story of Rome around that phenomenon which the ancients called the 'corruption' of customs—a novelty twenty centuries old!"

Spoken with a smile and in jest, these words nevertheless were more serious than the tone in which they were uttered. All those who know Latin history and literature, even superficially, remember with what insistence and with how many diverse modulations of tone are reiterated the laments on the corruption of customs, on the luxury, the ambition, the avarice, that invaded Rome after the Second Punic War. Sallust, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, are full of affliction because Rome is destined to dissipate itself in an incurable corruption: whence we see, then in Rome, as to-day in France, wealth, power, culture, glory, draw in their train—grim but inseparable comrade! —a pessimism that times poorer, cruder, more troubled, had not known. In the very moment in which the empire was ordering itself, civil wars ended; in that solemn *Pax Romana* which was to have endured so many ages, in the very moment in which the heart should have opened itself to hope and to joy, Horace describes, in three fine, terrible verses, four successive generations, each corrupting Rome, which grew ever the worse, ever the more perverse and evil-disposed:

Ætas parentum, peior avis, tulit
Nos requiores, mox laturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

"Our fathers were worse than our grandsires; we have deteriorated from our fathers; our sons will cause *us* to be lamented." This is the dark philosophy that a sovereign spirit like Horace derived from the incredible triumph of Rome in the world. At his side, Livy, the great writer who was to teach all future generations the story of the city, puts the same hopeless philosophy at the base of his wonderful work:

> Rome was originally, when it was poor and small, a unique example of austere virtue; then it corrupted, it spoiled, it rotted itself by all the vices; so, little by little, we have been brought into the present condition in which we are able neither to tolerate the evils from which we suffer, nor the remedies we need to cure them.

And the same dark thought, expressed in a thousand forms, is found in almost every one of the Latin writers.

This theory has misled and impeded my predecessors in different ways: some, considering that the writers bewail the unavoidable dissolution of Roman society at the very time when Rome was most powerful, most cultured, richest, have judged conventional, rhetorical, literary, these invectives against corruption, these praises of ancient simplicity, and therefore have held them of no value in the history of Rome. But such critics have not reflected that this conception is found, not only in the literature, but also in the politics and the legislation; that Roman history is full, not only of invectives in prose and verse but of laws and administrative provisions against *luxuria, ambitio, avaritia*—a sign that those laments were not merely a foolishness of writers, or, as we say to-day, stuff for newspaper articles. Other critics, instead, taking account of these laws and administrative provisions, have accepted the ancient theory of Roman corruption without reckoning that they were describing as undone by an irreparable dissolution, a nation that not only had conquered, but was to govern for ages, an immense empire. In this conception of corruption there is a contradiction that conceals a great universal problem.

Stimulated by this contradiction, and by the desire of solving it, to study more attentively the facts cited by the ancients as examples of corruption, I have looked about to see if in the contemporary world I could not find some things that resembled it, and so make myself understand it. The prospect seemed difficult, because modern men are persuaded that they are models of all the virtues. Who could think to find in them even traces of the famous Roman corruption? In the modern world to-day are the abominable orgies carried on for which the Rome of the Cæsars was notorious? Are there to-day Neroes and Elagabaluses? He who studies the ancient sources, however, with but a little of the critical spirit, is easily convinced that we have made for ourselves out of the much-famed corruption and Roman luxury a notion highly romantic and exaggerated. We need not delude ourselves; Rome, even in the times of its greatest splendor, was poor in comparison with the modern world: even in the second century after Christ, when it stood as metropolis at the head of an immense empire, Rome was smaller, less wealthy, less imposing, than a great metropolis of Europe or of America. Some sumptuous public edifices, beautiful private houses—that is all the splendor of the metropolis of the empire. He who goes to the Palatine may to-day refigure for himself, from the so-called House of Livia, the house of a rich Roman family of the time of Augustus, and convince himself that a well-to-do middle-class family would hardly occupy such a house to-day.

Moreover, the palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine are a grandiose ruin that stirs the artist and makes the philosopher think; but if one sets himself to measure them, to conjecture from the remains the proportions of the entire edifices, he does

not conjure up buildings that rival large modern constructions. The palace of Tiberius, for example, rose above a street only two meters wide—less than seven feet,—an alley like those where to-day in Italian cities live only the most miserable inhabitants. We have pictured to ourselves the imperial banquets of ancient Rome as functions of unheard of splendor; if Nero or Elagabalus could come to life and see the dining-room of a great hotel in Paris or New York—resplendent with light, with crystal, with silver,—he would admire it as far more beautiful than the halls in which he gave his imperial feasts. Think how poor were the ancients in artificial light! They had few wines; they knew neither tea nor coffee nor cocoa; neither tobacco, nor the innumerable *liqueurs* of which we make use; in face of our habits, they were always Spartan, even when they wasted, because they lacked the means to squander.

The ancient writers often lament the universal tendency to physical self-indulgence, but among the facts they cite to prove this dismal vice, many would seem to us innocent enough. It was judged by them a scandalous proof of gluttony and as insensate luxury, that at a certain period there should be fetched from as far as the Pontus, certain sausages and certain salted fish that were, it appears, very good; and that there should be introduced into Italy from Greece the delicate art of fattening fowls. Even to drink Greek wines seemed for a long time at Rome the caprice of an almost crazy luxury. As late as 18 B.C., Augustus made a sumptuary law that forbade spending for banquets on work-days more than two hundred sesterces (ten dollars); allowed three hundred sesterces (fifteen dollars) for the days of the Kalends, the Ides and the Nones; and one thousand sesterces (fifty dollars) for nuptial banquets. It is clear, then, that the lords of the world banqueted in state at an expense that to us would seem modest indeed. And the women of ancient times, accused so sharply by the men of ruining them by their foolish extravagances, would cut a poor figure for elegant ostentation in comparison with modern dames of fashion. For example, silk, even in the most prosperous times, was considered a stuff, as we should say, for millionaires; only a few very rich women wore it; and, moreover, moralists detested it, because it revealed too clearly the form of the body. Lollia Paulina passed into history because she possessed jewels worth several million francs: there are to-day too many Lollia Paulinas for any one of them to hope to buy immortality at so cheap a rate.

I should reach the same conclusions if I could show you what the Roman writers really meant by corruption in their accounts of the relations between the sexes. It is not possible here to make critical analyses of texts and facts concerning this material, for reasons that you readily divine; but it would be easy to prove that also in this respect posterity has seen the evil much larger than it was.

Why, then, did the ancient writers bewail luxury, inclination to pleasure, prodigality—things all comprised in the notorious "corruption"—in so much the livelier fashion than do moderns, although they lived in a world which, being poorer and more simple, could amuse itself, make display, and indulge in dissipation so much less than we do? This is one of the chief questions of Roman history, and I flatter myself not to have entirely wasted work in writing my book*; above all, because I hope to have contributed a little, if not actually to solve this question, at least to illuminate it; because in so doing I believe I have found a kind of key that opens at the same time many mysteries in Roman history and in contemporary life. The ancient writers and moralists wrote so much of Roman corruption, because—nearer in this, as in so many other things, to the vivid actuality—

* "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." 5 vols. New York and London.

they understood that wars, revolutions, the great spectacular events that are accomplished in sight of the world, do not form all the life of peoples; that these occurrences, on the contrary, are but the ultimate, exterior explanation, the external irradiation or the final explosion, of an internal force that is acting constantly in the family, in private habit, in the moral and intellectual disposition of the individual. They understood that all the changes, internal and external, in a nation, are bound together and in part depend on one very common fact, which is everlasting and universal, and which everybody may observe if he will but look about him—on the increase of wants, the enlargement of ideas, the shifting of habits, the advance of luxury, the increase of expense that is caused by every generation.

Look around you to-day: in every family you may easily observe the same phenomenon. A man has been born in a certain social condition and has succeeded during his youth and vigor in adding to his original fortune. Little by little as he was growing rich, his needs and his luxuries increased. When a certain point was reached, he stopped. The men are few who can indefinitely augment their particular wants, or keep changing their habits throughout their lives, even after the disappearance of vigor and virile elasticity. But the increase of wants and of luxury, the change of habits, continues instead in the new generation, in the children, who began to live in the ease which their fathers won after long effort and fatigue, and in maturer age; who, in short, started where the previous generation left off, and therefore wish to gain yet new enjoyments, different from and greater than those that they obtained without trouble through the efforts of the preceding generation. It is this little common drama, which we see re-enacted in every family and in which every one of us has been and will be an actor—to-day as a young radical who innovates customs, to-morrow as an old conservative, out-of-date and malcontent in the eyes of the young; a drama, petty and common, which no one longer regards, so frequent is it and so frivolous it seems, but which, instead, is one of the greatest motive forces in human history—in greater or less degree, under different forms, active in all times and operating everywhere. On account of it no generation can live quietly on the wealth gathered with the ideas discovered by antecedent generations but is constrained to create new ideas, to make new and greater wealth by all the means at its disposal—by war and conquest, by agriculture and industry, by religion and science. On account of it, families, classes, nations, that do not succeed in adding to their possessions are destined to be impoverished, because, wants increasing, it is necessary, in order to satisfy them, to consume the accumulated capital, to make debts, and little by little, to go to ruin. Because of this ambition, ever reborn, classes renew themselves in every nation. Opulent families after a few generations are gradually impoverished; they undergo decay and disappear, and from the multitudinous poor arise new families, forming the new *élite* that continue under differing forms the doings and traditions of the old. Because of this, the earth is always stirred up by a fervor for deeds of adventure—attempts that take shape according to the age: now peoples make war on each other, now they rend themselves in revolutions, now they seek new lands, explore, conquer, exploit; again they perfect arts and industries, enlarge commerce, cultivate the earth with greater assiduity; and yet again, in the ages more laborious, like ours, they do all these things at the same time—an activity immense and continuous. But its motive force is always the need of the new generations, that, starting from the point at which their predecessors had arrived, desire to advance yet further—to enjoy, to know, to possess yet more.

The ancient writers understood this

thoroughly: what they called "corruption" was but the change in customs and wants, proceeding from generation to generation, and in its essence the same as that which takes place about us to-day. The *avaritia* of which they complained so much, was that greed and impatience to make money that we see to-day setting all classes beside themselves, from noble to day-laborer; the *ambitio* that appeared to the ancients to animate so frantically even the classes that ought to have been most immune, was that which we call *getting there*—that craze to rise at any cost to a condition higher than that in which one was born, which so many writers, moralists, statesmen judge, rightly or wrongly, to be one of the most dangerous maladies of the modern world. *Luxuria* was the desire to augment personal conveniences, luxuries, pleasures—the same passion that stirs Europe and America to-day from top to bottom, in city and country. Without doubt, wealth grew in ancient Rome and grows to-day; men were bent on making money in the last two centuries of the republic, and to-day they rush headlong into the delirious struggle for gold; for reasons and motives, however, and with arms and accoutrements, far diverse.

As I have already said, ancient civilization was narrower, poorer and more ignorant; it did not hold under its victorious foot the whole earth; it did not possess the formidable instruments with which we exploit the forces and the resources of nature. But the treasures of precious metals transported to Italy from conquered and subjugated countries; the lands, the mines, the forests, belonging to such countries, confiscated by Rome and given or rented to Italians; the tributes imposed on the vanquished, and the collection of them; the abundance of slaves,—all these then offered to the Romans and to the Italians so many occasions to grow rich quickly; just as the gigantic economic progress of the modern world offers similar opportunities to-day to all the peoples that, by geographical position historical tradition, or vigorous culture and innate energy, know how to excel in industry, in agriculture and in trade. Especially from the Second Punic War on, in all classes, there followed—anxious for a life more affluent and brilliant—generations the more incited to follow the examples that emanated from the great metropolises of the Orient, particularly Alexandria, which was for the Romans of the Republic what Paris is for us to-day; and this movement, —spontaneous, regular, natural—was every now and then violently accelerated by the conquest of a great oriental state. One observes after each one of the great annexations of oriental lands, a more intense delirium of luxury and pleasure: the first time after the acquisition of the kingdom of Pergamus, through a kind of contagion communicated by the sumptuous furniture of King Attalus, which was sold at auction and scattered among the wealthy houses of Italy to excite the still simple desires and the yet sluggish imaginations of the Italians; the second time after the conquest of Pontus and of Syria, made by Lucullus and by Pompey; finally, the third time, after the conquest of Egypt made by Augustus, when the influence of that land—the France of the ancient world—so actively invaded Italy that no social force could longer resist it.

In this way, partly by natural, gradual, almost imperceptible diffusion, partly by violent crises, we see beginning, growing, becoming aggravated from generation to generation in all Roman society, for two centuries, the mania for luxury and the appetite for pleasure changing the mentality and morality of the people; we see the institutions and public policy being altered; all Roman history a-making under the action of this force, formidable and immanent in the whole nation. It breaks down all obstacles confronting it — the forces of traditions, laws, institutions, interests of classes, opposition of

parties, the efforts of thinking men. The historical aristocracy becomes impoverished and weak; before it rise to power the millionaires, the *parvenus*, the great capitalists, enriched in the provinces. A part of the nobility, after having long despised them, sets itself to fraternize with them, to marry their wealthy daughters, cause them to share power: seeks to prop with their millions the pre-eminence of its own rank, menaced by the discontent, the spirit of revolt, the growing pride, of the middle class. Meanwhile, another part of the aristocracy, either too haughty and ambitious, or too poor, scorns this alliance, puts itself at the head of the democratic party, foments in the middle classes the spirit of antagonism against the nobles and the rich, leads them to the assault on the citadels of aristocratic and democratic power. Hence the mad internal struggles that redden Rome with blood and complicate so tragically, especially after the Gracchi, the external polity. The increasing wants of the members of all classes, the debts that are their inevitable consequence, the universal longing, partly unsatisfied for lack of means, for the pleasures of the subtle Asiatic civilizations, infused into this whole history a demoniac frenzy that today, after so many centuries, fascinates and appals us.

To satisfy their wants, to pay their debts, the classes now set upon each other, each to rob in turn the goods of the other, in the cruelest civil war that history records; now, tired of doing themselves evil, they unite and precipitate themselves on the world outside of Italy, to seize the wealth that its owners do not know how to defend. In the great revolutions of Marius and Sulla, the democratic party is the instrument with which a part of the debt-burdened middle classes seek to rehabilitate themselves by despoiling the plutocracy and the aristocracy yet opulent; but Sulla reverses the situation, makes a coalition of aristocrats and the miserable of the populace, and re-establishes the fortunes of the nobility, despoiling the wealthy knights and a part of the middle classes—a terrible civil war that leaves in Italy a hate, a despondency, a distress, that seem at a certain moment as if they must weigh eternally on the spirit of the unhappy nation. When, lo! there appears the strongest man in the history of Rome, Lucullus, and drags Italy out of the despondency in which it crouched, leads it into the ways of the world, and persuades it that the best means of forgetting the losses and ruin undergone in the civil wars, is to recuperate on the riches of the cowardly orientals. As little by little the treasures of Mithridates, conquered by Lucullus in the Orient, arrive in Italy, Italy begins anew to divert itself, to construct palaces and villas, to squander in luxury. Pompey, envious of the glory of Lucullus, follows his example, conquers Syria, sends new treasures to Italy, carries from the East the jewels of Mithridates, and displaying them in the temple of Jove, rouses a passion for gems in the Roman women; and builds the first great stone theatre to rise in Rome. All the political men in Rome try to make money out of foreign countries; those who cannot, like the great, conquer an empire, confine themselves to blackmailing the countries and petty states that tremble before the shadow of Rome; the courts of the secondary kings of the Orient, the court of the Ptolemies at Alexandria,—all are invaded by a horde of insatiable senators and knights, that, menacing and promising, extort money, to be spent in Italy and foment the growing extravagance. The debts pile up, the political corruption overflows, scandals follow, the parties in Rome rend each other madly, though hail-fellow-well-met in the provinces to despoil subjects and vassals. And in the midst of this vast disorder Cæsar, the man of destiny, rises, and with varying fortunes makes a way for himself until

he beckons Italy to follow him, to seek fortunes and treasures in regions new—not in the rich and fabulous East, but beyond the Alps, in barbarous Gaul, bristling with fighters and forests.

But this insane effort to prey on every part of the empire finally tires Italy; discords over the division of spoils embitter friends; the immensity of the conquests, made in a few years of reckless enthusiasm, is alarming. Finally a new civil war breaks out, terrible and interminable, in which classes and families fall upon each other anew, to tear away in turn the spoils taken together abroad. Out of the tremendous discord rises at last the pacifier, Augustus, who is able gradually, by cleverness and infinite patience, to re-establish peace and order in the troubled empire. How?—why? Because the combination of events of the times allows him to use to ends of peace the same forces with which the preceding generations had fomented so much disorder—desires for ease, pleasure, culture, wealth growing with the generations making it. Thereupon begins in the whole empire universal progress in agriculture, industry, trade, that on a small scale may be compared to that of which we are to-day witnesses and participants; a progress for which, then as now, the chief condition was peace. As soon as men realized that peace gives that greater wealth, those enjoyments more refined, that higher culture, which they had sought for a century by war, Italy became quiet; revolutionists became guardians and guards of order; there gathered about Augustus a coalition of social forces that tended to impose on the empire, alike on the parts that wished it and those that did not, the *Pax Romana.*

Now all this immense story that fills three centuries, that gathers in itself so many revolutions, so many legislative reforms, so many great men, so many events, tragic and glorious; this vast history that for so many centuries holds the interest of all cultured nations, and that, considered as a whole, seems almost a prodigy, you can, on the track of the old idea of "corruption," explain in its profoundest origins by one small fact, universal, common, of the very simplest—something that everyone may observe in the limited circle of his own personal experience,—by that automatic increase of ambitions and desires, with every new generation, which prevents the human world from crystallizing in one form, constrains it to continual changes in material make-up as well as in ideals and moral appearance. In other words, every new generation must, in order to satisfy that part of its aspirations which is peculiarly and entirely its own, alter, whether little or much, in one way or another, the condition of the world it entered at birth. We can then, in our personal experiences every day, verify the universal law of history—a law that can act with greater or less intensity, more or less rapidity, according to times and places, but that ceases to authenticate itself at no time and in no place.

The United States is subject to that law to-day, as is old Europe, as will be future generations, and as past ages were. Moreover, to understand at bottom this phenomenon that appears to me to be the soul of all history, it is well to add this consideration. It is evident that there is a capital difference between our judgment of this phenomenon and that of the ancients; to them it was a malevolent force of dissolution to which ought to be attributed all in Roman history that was sinister and dreadful, a sure sign of incurable decay; that is why they called it "corruption of customs," and so lamented it. To-day, on the contrary, it appears to us a universal beneficent process of transformation; so true is this that we call "progress" many facts which the ancients attributed to "corruption." It were useless to expand too much in examples; enough to cite a few. In the third ode of the first book, in

which he so tenderly salutes the departing Virgil, Horace covers with invective, as an evil-doer and the corrupter of the human race, that impious being who invented the ship, which causes man, created for the land, to walk across waters. Who would to-day dare repeat those maledictions against the bold builders who construct the magnificent trans-Atlantic liners, on which, in a dozen days from Genoa, one lands in Boston or New York? "Cœum ipsum petimus stultitia," exclaims Horace: that is to say, in anticipation he considered the Wright brothers crazy.

Who, save some man of erudition, has knowledge to-day of sumptuary laws? We should laugh them all down with one Homeric guffaw, if to-day it entered somebody's head to propose a law that forbade fair ladies to spend more than a certain sum on their clothes, or numbered the hats they might wear; or that regulated dinners of ceremony, fixing the number of courses, the variety of wines, and the total expense; or that prohibited laboring men and women from wearing certain stuffs or certain objects that were wont to be found only upon the persons of people of wealth and leisure. And yet, laws of this tenor were compiled, published, observed, up to two centuries ago, without any one's finding it absurd. That historic force that, as riches increase, impels the new generations to desire new satisfactions, new pleasures, operated then as to-day; only then men were inclined to consider it as a new kind of ominous disease that needed checking. To-day men regard that constant transformation either as beneficent, or at least as such a matter of course that almost no one heeds it; just as no one notices the alterations of day and night, or the change of seasons. On the contrary, we have little by little become so confident of the goodness of this force that drives the coming generation on into the unknown future, that society, European, American, among other liberties has won in the nineteenth century, full and entire, a liberty that the ancients did not know—freedom in vice.

To the Romans it appeared most natural that the state should survey private habits, should spy out what a citizen, particularly a citizen belonging to the ruling classes, did within domestic walls—should see whether he became intoxicated, whether he were a gourmand, whether he contracted debts, spending much or little, whether he betrayed his wife. The age of Augustus was cultured, civilized, liberal, and in many things resembled our own: yet on this point the dominating ideas were so different from ours, that at one time Augustus was forced by public opinion to propose a law on adultery by which all Roman citizens of both sexes guilty of this crime were condemned to exile and the confiscation of half their substance, and there was given to any citizen the right to accuse the guilty. Could you imagine it possible to-day, even for a few weeks, to establish this régime of terror in the kingdom of Amor? But the ancients were always inclined to consider as exceedingly dangerous for the upper classes that relaxing of customs which always follows periods of rapid enrichment, of great gain in comforts: to-day, behind walls every one is free to indulge himself as he will, to the confines of crime.

How can we explain this important difference in judging one of the essential phenomena of historic life? Has this phenomenon changed nature, and from bad, by some miracle, become good? Or are we wiser than our forefathers, judging with experience what they could hardly comprehend? There is no doubt that the Latin writers, particularly Horace and Livy, were so severe in condemning this progressive movement of wants, because of unconscious political solicitude, because intellectual men expressed the opinions, sentiments and also the prejudices of historic aristocracy, and this detested the progress of *ambitio*, *avaritia*, *luxuria*, because

they undermined the dominance of its class. On the other hand, it is certain that in the modern world every increase of consumption, every waste, every vice, seems permissible, indeed almost meritorious, because men of industry and trade, the employees in industries—that is, all the people that gain by the diffusion of luxuries, by the spread of vices, on new wants—have acquired, thanks above all to democratic institutions, and to the progress of cities, an immense political power that in times past they lacked. If, for example, in Europe the beer-makers and distillers of alcohol were not more powerful in the electoral field than the philosophers and academicians, governments would more easily recognize that the masses should not be allowed to poison themselves or future generations by chronic drunkenness.

But between these two extremes of exaggeration, inspired by a self-interest easy to discover, is there not a true middle way that we can deduce from the study of Roman history and from the observation of contemporary life?

In the pessimism with which the ancients regarded progress as corruption, there was a basis of truth, just as there is a principle of error in the too serene optimism with which we consider corruption as progress. This force that pushes the new generations on to the future creates and destroys at the same time; its destructive energy is specially seen and felt in ages such as Cæsar's in ancient Rome and that in which we live in the modern world, in which facility in the accumulation of wealth over-excites desires and ambitions in all classes. They are the times in which personal egoism—what to-day we call individualism—usurps a place above all that represents in society the interest of the species: national duty, the self-abnegation of each for the sake of the common good. Then these vices and defects become always more common—intellectual agitation, the weakening of the spirit of tradition, the general relaxation of discipline, the loss of authority, ethical confusion and disorder. At the same time that certain moral sentiments refine themselves, certain individualisms grow fiercer. The government may no longer represent the ideas, the aspirations, the energetic will of a small oligarchy: it must make itself more yielding and gracious at the same time that it is becoming more contradictory and discordant. Family discipline is relaxed; the new generations shake off early the influence of the past; the sentiment of honor and the rigor of moral, religious and political principles is weakened by a spirit of utility and expediency by which, more or less openly confessing it or dissimulating men always seek to do, not that which is right and decorous, but that which is utilitarian. The civic spirit tends to die out; the number of persons capable of suffering, or even of working, disinterestedly for the common good, for the future, diminishes: children are not wanted; men prefer to live in accord with those in power, ignoring their vices, rather than openly opposing them. Public events do not interest unless they include a personal advantage.

This is the state of mind that is diffusing itself in all Europe and is the state of mind that I have found, with the documents at hand, in the age of Cæsar and Augustus, and seen progressively diffusing itself in ancient Italy, fighter and farmer. The likeness is so great that we re-find in those faraway times, especially in the upper classes, exactly that restless condition that we define by the word "nervousness." Horace speaks of this state of mind, which we consider peculiar to ourselves, and describes it, by felicitous image, as *strenua inertia*—strenuous inertia,—agitation vain and ineffective, always wanting something new, but not really knowing what, desiring most ardently yet speedily tiring of a desire gratified. Now it is clear that if these vices spread too much, if they are not complemented by an

increase of material resources, of knowledge, of sufficient population, they can lead a nation rapidly to ruin. We do not feel very keenly the fear of this danger—the European-American civilization is so rich, has at its disposal so much knowledge so many men, so many instrumentalities, has cut off for itself such a measureless part of the globe, that it can afford to look unafraid into the future. The abyss is so far away that only a few philosophers barely descry it in the gray mist of distant years. But the ancient world—so much poorer, smaller, weaker—felt that it could not squander as we do, and saw the abyss near at hand.

To-day men and women waste fabulous wealth in luxury; that is, they spend not to satisfy some reasonable need, but to show to others of their kind how rich they are, or, further, to make others believe them richer than they are. If these resources were everywhere saved as they are in France, the progress of the world would be quicker, and the new countries would more easily find in Europe and in themselves the capital necessary for their development At all events, our age develops fast, and notwithstanding all this waste, abounds in a plenty that is enough to keep men from fearing the growth of this wanton luxury and from planning to restrain it by laws. In the ancient world, on the other hand, the wealthy classes and the state had only to abandon themselves a little too much to the prodigality that for us has become almost a regular thing, when suddenly means were wanting to meet the most essential needs of social life. Tacitus has summarized an interesting discourse of Tiberius, in which the famous emperor censures the ladies of Rome in terms cold, incisive and succinct, because they spend too much money on pearls and diamonds. "Our money," said Tiberius, "goes away to India and we are in want of the precious metals to carry on the military administration; we have to give up the defence of the frontiers." According to the opinion of an administrator so sagacious and a general so valiant as Tiberius, in the richest period of the Roman empire, a lady of Rome could not buy pearls and diamonds without directly weakening the defence of the frontiers. Indulgence in the luxury of jewels looked almost like high treason.

Similar observations might be made on another grave question—the increase of population. One of the most serious effects of individualism that accompanies the increase of civilization and wealth, is the decrease of the birth-rate. France, which knows how to temper its luxury, which gives to other peoples an example of saving means for the future, has on the other hand given the example of egoism in the family, lowering the birth-rate. England, for a long time so fecund, seems to follow France. The more uniformly settled and well-to-do parts of the North American Union, the eastern states and New England, are even more sterile than France. However, no one of these nations suffers to-day from the small increase of population: there are yet so many poor and fecund peoples that they can easily fill the gaps. In the ancient world this was not the case; population was always and everywhere so scanty that if for some reason it diminished but slightly, the states could not get on, finding themselves at the mercy of what they called a "famine of men," a malady more serious and troublesome than over-population. In the Roman Empire the occidental provinces finally fell into the hands of the barbarians, above all because the Græco-Latin civilization sterilized the family, reducing the population incurably. No wonder that the ancients applied the term "corruption" to a momentum of desires which, although increasing culture and the refinements of living, easily menaced the sources of the nation's physical existence.

There is, then, a more general conclusion to draw from this experience. It is not by chance, or the unaccountable caprice of a few

ancient writers, that we possess so many small facts on the development of luxury and the transformation of customs in ancient Rome; that, for example, among the records of great wars, of diplomatic missions, of catastrophes political and economic we find given the date when the art of fattening fowls was imported into Italy. The little facts are not so unworthy of the majesty of Roman history as one at first might think. Everything is bound together in the life of a nation, and nothing without importance; the humblest acts, most personal and deepest hidden in the *penetralia* of the home, that no one sees, none knows, have an effect, immediate or remote, on the common life of the nation. There is between these small, insignificant facts and the wars, the revolutions, the tremendous political and social events that bewilder men—a tie, often invisible to most people, yet nevertheless indestructible.

Nothing in the world is without import: what women spend for their toilet, the resistance that men make from day to day to the temptations of the commonest pleasures, the new and petty needs that insinuate themselves unconsciously into the habits of all; the reading, the conversations, the impressions, even the most transient that pass in our spirit—all these things, little and innumerable, that no historian registers, have contributed to produce this revolution, that war, this catastrophe, that political overturn, which men wonder at and study as a prodigy.

The causes of how many apparently mysterious historical events would be more clearly and profoundly known, of how many periods would the spirit be better understood, did we only possess the private records of the families that make up the ruling classes! Every deed we do in the intimacy of the home, reacts on all of our surroundings. With our every act we assume a responsibility toward the nation and posterity, the sanction for which, near or far away, is in events. This justifies, at least in part, the ancient conception by which the state had the right to exercise vigilance over its citizens, their private acts, customs, pleasures, vices, caprices. This vigilance, the laws that regulated it, the moral and political teachings that brought pressure to bear in the exercise of these laws, tended above all to charge upon the individual man the social responsibility of his single acts; to remind him that in the things most personal, aside from the individual pain or pleasure, there was an interest, a good or an evil, in common.

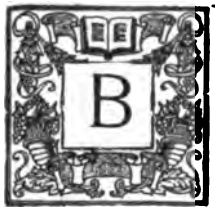
Modern men—and it is a revolution greater than that finished in political form in the nineteenth century—have been freed from these bonds, from these obligations. Indeed, modern civilization has made it a duty for each one to spend, to enjoy, to waste as much as he can, without any disturbing thought as to the ultimate consequences of what he does. The world is so rich, population grows so rapidly, civilization is armed with so much knowledge in its struggle against the barbarian and against nature, that to-day we are able to laugh at the timid prudence of our forefathers, who had, as it were, a fear of wealth, of pleasure, of love: we can boast in the pride of triumph that we for the first time dare, in the midst of the conquered world, to enjoy—enjoy without scruple, without restriction—all the good things life offers to the strong.

But who knows? Perhaps this felicitous moment will not last forever; perhaps one day it will be seen that men, grown more numerous, will feel the need of the ancient wisdom and prudence. It is at least permitted the philosopher and the historian to ask if this magnificent but unbridled freedom which we enjoy suits all times, and not only those in which nations coming into being can find a small dower in their cradle, as you have done—three millions of square miles of land!

(Signor Ferrero's lecture on Antony and Cleopatra will appear in Putnam's Magazine for April)

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

By JAMES GRANT WILSON*



BY the general judgment of the English-speaking world, Washington, Lincoln and Grant are accepted as the three greatest Americans: Washington the founder, Lincoln the liberator, and Grant—who commanded the Union armies at the close of the Civil War—the saviour of our country. With the *Pater Patriæ* I enjoyed agreeable associations in early youth, through intimacies with several of those who were nearest and dearest to him; with the martyr President it was my privilege to have an acquaintance extending over seven years; and with the illustrious soldier, I was on terms of familiar friendship for almost a quarter of a century. While many persons have known both Lincoln and Grant, and a few, perhaps, were acquainted with both Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware there was but a single one who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That person was the leader of the Philadelphia bar, Mr. Horace Binney, with whom I spent a memorable evening in the year 1874. On that occasion he told his guests that he had known Washington, his mother living in Market Street adjoining the President's residence; that he had seen the General almost daily for several years when he himself was a schoolboy, and was always recognized and frequently spoken to by Washington, who knew him as his friend Mrs. Binney's son. The venerable man also mentioned the interesting fact, that he had been acquainted with every President of the United States up to the time of General Grant, during whose second administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.

President Roosevelt has said of the great triumvirate among his twenty-four predecessors:

> Washington fought in the earlier struggle and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as a soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant the soldier; and later Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed forever.

It would be a curious question to inquire what would have been the history of our country without the services of these three mighty men. It may be doubted if independence could have been achieved without Washington, and it is equally open to doubt whether the integrity of the Republic would have been maintained without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory, but a condition; we are now united in fact as well as in name. It is not the least glory of these three illustrious men that they were spotless in all the varied relations of private life. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory in ages that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame the stream of time shall beat unavailingly.

No year during the nineteenth century witnessed the birth of so many men and women of genius as

* See page 723; also, PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for February, page 515

the *annus mirabilis* 1809, in which were born Gladstone, Tennyson and his friend Fitzgerald, Darwin, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Poe, Holmes and his classmate Robert C. Winthrop, the Christian statesman and orator, and—most illustrious of all—Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, who first saw the light on the day of Darwin's birth.

It has ever since been a source of regret that I omitted at the time to jot down some of the delightful sayings and amusing ancedotes related by Lincoln in Leonard Volk's studio in Chicago in mid-April in 1860. A single Southern story is, after almost half a century, the only one I can recall, and I cannot remember what led Mr. Lincoln to relate the incident, for

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN ACKNOWLEDGING RECEIPT OF NOTIFICATION OF HIS SECOND NOMINATION

Executive Mansion.

Washington, June 27 1864

Hon William Dennison & others, a Committee of the National Union Convention.

Gentlemen:

Your letter of the 14th Inst. formally notifying me that I have been nominated by the convention you represent for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the fourth of March next has been received. The nomination is gratefully accepted, as the resolutions of the convention, called the platform, are heartily approved. While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican government upon the Western Continent is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not to say that the position of the government, in relation to the action of France in Mexico, as assumed through the State Department, and approved and indorsed by the Convention, among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained, so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable. I am especially gratified that the soldier and the

seamen were not forgotten by the Convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they devoted their lives—

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have communicated the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I subscribe myself

Your Obt. Servt.

Abraham Lincoln.

he rarely told a story without a purpose. A balloon ascension occurred in New Orleans "befo' de' wa'," and after sailing in the air several hours, the aeronaut, who was arrayed in silks and spangles like a circus performer, descended in a cotton field, where a gang of slaves were at work. The frightened negroes took to the woods—all but one venerable darkey, who was rheumatic and could not run, and who, as the resplendent aeronaut approached, having apparently just dropped from heaven, said: "Good mawning, Massa Jesus; how 's your Pa?"

In the summer of 1856, I spent a delightful day with Burns's youngest sister Isabella, said to have resembled him more than any member of the family, of which she was the last survivor. She was past fourscore, and expressed the opinion that nothing had been written about her gifted brother equal to Halleck's lines. From her garden on the banks of Bonnie Doon she picked a rosebud for me to convey to the American poet. Four years later I presented a copy of Halleck's poems to Mr. Lincoln, and he acknowledged the gift in the following letter:

Springfield, May 2, 1860.

My dear Friend:

I am greatly obliged for the volume of your friend Fitz-Greene Halleck's poems. Many a month has passed since I have met with anything more admirable than his beautiful lines on Burns. With Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, and Red Jacket, I am also much pleased. It is wonderful that you should have seen and known a sister of Robert Burns. You must tell me something about her when we meet again.

Yours very truly,

A. Lincoln.

On Lincoln's 56th birthday (February 12, 1865), the writer's brother-in-law, James Dixon of Connecticut, who represented that State in the United States Senate from 1857 to 1869, always supporting the President's policies, invited me to meet a tall New Englander at luncheon, and later to accompany them to the White House, as he wished to introduce him to Mr. Lincoln, who was invariably interested in persons taller than himself. When the President saw the giant, lacking but two inches of seven feet, he was speechless with astonishment. As he surveyed him several times from head to foot, the well-known smile spread over his homely face, and his sad eyes sparkled with fun, as he said: "My friend, will you kindly permit me to inquire if you know when your feet get cold?"

Another evening, this month, the President related an incident that had occurred at Decatur when the Illinois Republicans named him as their choice

for the Presidency. An old Democrat from "Egypt," as southern Illinois was called, approached Mr. Lincoln and said, "So you're Abe Lincoln." "Yes, that is my name." "They say you're a self-made man." "Well, yes; what there is of me is self-made." "Well, all I've got to say," observed the old man, after a careful survey of the Republican candidate, "is that it was a damn bad job."

From G. P. A Healy's painting "The Peacemakers"

I find in my diary, under date of Wednesday, March 15th, 1865, the following entries: "Enjoyed a delightful afternoon drive with Mrs. S. A. Douglas. In the evening, at Grover's Theatre with the President, Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, listening to the opera of 'The Magic Flute' and occupying a comfortable box. The President, alluding to the large feet of one of the leading female singers, which were also very flat, remarked, 'The beetles would n't have much of a chance there!' When asked by Mrs. Lincoln to go before the last act of the opera was concluded, he said: 'Oh, no, I want to see it out. It's best when you undertake a job, to finish it.' Among several 'good things,' the President told of a Southern Illinois preacher who, in the course of his sermon, asserted that the Saviour was the only perfect man who had ever appeared in this world; also, that there was no record in the Bible, or elsewhere, of any perfect woman having lived on the earth. Whereupon there arose in the rear of the church a persecuted-looking personage who, the parson having stopped speaking, said: '*I* know a perfect woman, and I've heard of her about every day for the last six years.' 'Who was she?' asked the minister. 'My husband's first wife,' replied the afflicted female."

A few evenings later, my diary mentions, the President at the White House read to three intimate friends, with much power and pathos, Halleck's "Alnwick Castle" and "Marco Bozzaris." It may be added that the closing lines of this splendid American lyric have been deemed prophetic of the President's own career and fate:

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Owing to Lincoln's great reputation as a *raconteur*, many stories and sayings were attributed to him for which he was in no way responsible. A single illustration of these fraudulent anecdotes will suffice. It was revived and widely reprinted by the papers throughout the country, recently, owing to the death of the Duke of Devonshire, who, when visiting the United States as the Marquis of Hartington, was said to have been the subject of one of Mr. Lincoln's happy strokes of humor. Like a majority of his class, the young Cavendish was an ardent sympathizer with the South, and at a public ball wore a secession badge in his button-hole. The newspapers made much of the incident, and it was said that Mr. Lincoln, not wishing to magnify it by refusing to receive the offender, who had expressed a desire to call at the White House, yet not caring, on the other hand, to appear to condone it, by receiving him, consented to his coming, but quietly ignored his identity, when he was presented, by addressing him as "Mr. Partington."

Ambrotype taken at Pittsfield, Illinois

LINCOLN IN 1858

From a photograph by Brady, 1865, presented by Lincoln to the author

Abraham Lincoln

What actually occurred was that the Marquis of Hartington, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll), brought letters of introduction to the Secretary of State, by whom they were presented to the President, with whom they enjoyed an agreeable interview, without any Confederate badge or "Mr. Partington" incident. The authority for this statement is Secretary Seward's son, who was present. Even Lowell accepted the current canard, for in his famous essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," he writes:

One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gen-

tleman [Lord Hartington] when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the President of the Broken Bubble. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no farther. Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henri IV done this, it would have been famous.

Some accounts had it that Lord Hartington had actually worn the badge at the White House. As a matter of fact, a young lady had pinned the emblem on his breast at a ball in Baltimore, and the young man had refused to take it off when his attention was called to its significance.

In presenting the author of this article with a photograph of Healy's painting of "The Peacemakers," General Sherman said, "I think the likeness of Mr. Lincoln is by far the best I have seen."

In allusion to the Brady photograph, Mr. Nicolay wrote to me in 1897: "I am not able to tell you when the photograph of Mr. Lincoln was taken, but during the late war period Alexander Gardner was Brady's photographer (and an excellent artist) and I think took all the pictures that were taken of the President. The family group is a made-up affair, formed of the Lincoln and Tad picture given in Vol. VIII of our Life,* while the other two figures appear to have been added from drawings."

Gladstone once remarked of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address (first reproduced in facsimile in this magazine, last month):

"I am taken captive by so striking an utterance as this. I see in it the effect of sharp trial when rightly borne to raise men to a higher level of thought and feeling. It is by cruel suffering that nations are sometimes born to a better life: so it is with individual men. Mr. Lincoln's words show that upon him anxiety and sorrow had wrought their true effect. The address gives evidence of a moral elevation most rare in a statesman, or indeed in any man."

In his celebrated Commemoration Ode of June, 1865, honoring Harvard's young heroes who gave their lives in defence of their country's flag, Lowell devotes some sixty lines to Lincoln—

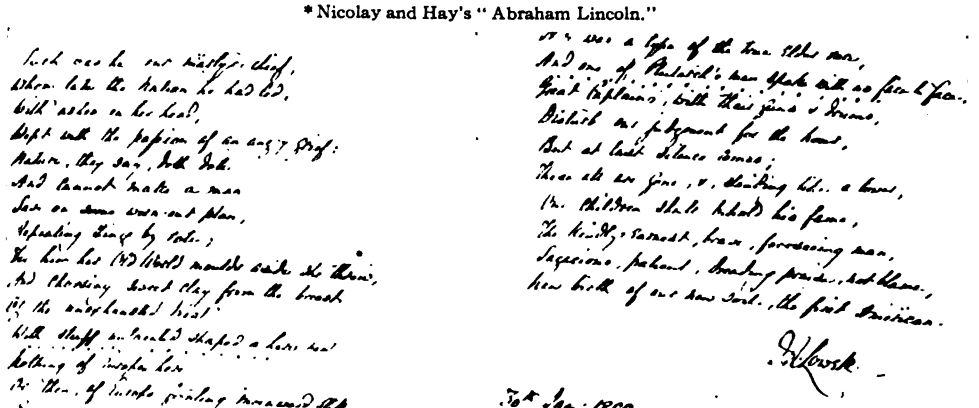
New birth of our new soil — the first American.

* * * * * *

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

This portion of the Ode, copied by the poet, may be seen framed with a Lincoln portrait in the library of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.†

* Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln."



†FACSIMILE OF A COPY IN LOWELL'S HANDWRITING OF THE PASSAGE REFERRING TO LINCOLN IN THE COMMEMORATION ODE READ AT HARVARD IN JUNE, 1865

Designed by J. E. Roiné Copyright, 1908, by Robert Hewitt

FROM "THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MEDAL" (1908)
(OBVERSE)

A MEDALLIC HISTORY OF LINCOLN

By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

THE sentiment of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" was by no means the universal—nor even the prevailing—sentiment of the American people when the ode was first "recited, at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21st, 1865." Its eulogy of Lincoln was then not a national, but an individual, confession of faith. The eulogist months before, in prose, in the *North American Review*, had expressed the sentiments of the poem, and thereby vindicated his own political sense and insight, and even foresight—like Burke's, of whom Fox said that he was "wise too soon." Up to the time when Booth's bullet sped to its mark, Lincoln was the storm-centre of a fierce political convulsion. His re-election was indeed recognized as a political necessity for the success of the war and the restoration of the Union. But that he was the indispensable Moses to lead the American people to the Promised Land, there were few Americans indeed who perceived up to the day the nation lost him. He was almost even more obnoxious to the Radicals of his own party, from Garrison to Greeley, and including such formidable critics as "Ben" Wade and Henry Winter Davis in Congress, than to the "Copperheads" themselves, who sympathized with the Secession and desired the establishment of the Confederacy. For to these Radicals the end and aim of the Civil War was the destruction of slavery, whereas Lincoln never concealed his willingness, and indeed his anxiety, to restore the Union with slavery left alone. "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is," a common watchword in those days, was his motto. Throughout the struggle, he can hardly be said to have been a popular President. At no time was

his popularity at all to be compared with that which Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, has enjoyed.

It seems not amiss to remind the younger generation of these facts which their elders know so well. The *New York World*, itself distinctly in opposition during the war, though of the "War Democrats," and one of the most weighty organs of American opinion, published an article on the morrow of the assassination, from the pen of Ivory Chamberlain, who did very much to give the journal its weight, pointing out that the martyred man had in truth been a national necessity, for the reason that he had moved just so far and fast and no farther or faster than the mass of the people would go with him; pointing out how if he had issued the Emancipation Proclamation much earlier than he did, on the one hand, or delayed it much longer on the other, he would have failed of the popular backing which was indispensable to the national cause. Here also was another example of early wisdom. But the belief now prevailing, and to the currency of which the "Commemoration Ode" has much contributed, that Lincoln was recognized while he was doing his work as the national hero he is acclaimed now that his work has so long been triumphantly done is quite unfounded. Quite contrariwise. "We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt among us," as Carlyle has it about Shakespeare. And the canonization which now finds no *advocatus diaboli* to oppose it, was long in coming, though it has long been complete here at home. Not so abroad. Those famous verses of Tom Taylor's, in which *Punch* recanted its abuse of Lincoln, were themselves of a perfunctory kind. And, twenty years later, one is astonished, in Matthew Arnold's letters, to find that, on the strength of the "Memoirs," that scholar "much prefers" Grant to Lincoln. But how possibly could the "last of the English" appreciate "the first American"? Not so much blame to Mr. Arnold, when we remember the atmosphere of detraction in which Lincoln lived and died—those of us who are old enough to remember it at all; even those who, like the present commentator, never saw the face of Lincoln until they trudged or shuffled past his coffin as units of the dusky procession that for those uncounted hours passed the exposed dead face in the dim-lit rotunda of the New York City Hall. As to many of them, that was their penance and recantation.

Four years before, when Lincoln had "come out of the West" as an uncouth Lochinvar, these penitents had sneered at his "steel watch chain" and his uncouth Western ways, and asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" For, be it always remembered, Lincoln's candidacy for the Presidency, if not quite a casual candidacy, like that of Mr. Bryan in a Chicago convention thirty-six years later, was a sectional candidacy of the West, and in its inception a local candi-

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FROM "THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MEDAL" (1908)
(REVERSE)

Designed by J. E. Roiné
FROM "THE LINCOLN TRIBUTE BOOK" (1909)
(OBVERSE)

dacy of Illinois. In that earlier Chicago convention, when it met, the pro-Lincoln element was small. The division was into Seward and anti-Seward. For Seward was by common consent the leader of the Republican party, the man who had confined and guided the growing sentiment against the extension of slavery within and upon political and lawyer-like lines. And yet, four years and a half later, there was not one of these waiting millions assembled to see the corpse of Lincoln carried back from Washington to Springfield, who was not inwardly, even if inarticulately, aware that the country had had a great escape—that no Pharisee could have done the great work as it had been done by this Nazarene. When he was nominated, it is hardly too much to say that Lincoln was "The Great American Joke." Neither was this depreciating feeling dispelled by the local reputation that he had made in Illinois by encountering in debate on equal terms the most expert and formidable of the Senatorial gladiators of that time, the "Little Giant" whom he used to describe as "Jedge Dougliss," nor yet by the great "Cooper Union Speech" of February, 1860, which he had been induced to come East expressly to make, and thereby to pose himself in the Eastern mind as a Presidential availability—successful as the speech was for its immediate audience, and diligently as it was worked by the Eastern publicists and politicians who, for good or bad reasons, hated Seward as a lawyer, as an over-cautious politician, in short, as a Laodicean. Lincoln himself was far from sharing the confidence of the Lincoln propagandists that he was the "anything to beat Seward." And, during his whole Presidency, his personal demeanor was such as to alienate the respectable and "cultured" classes. As when a delegation of important business men of New York called at the White House to entreat him to take notice of certain calumnies against the Administration, and were answered by the counter-query of the heavy-laden, melancholy man to the very important chairman of the delegation, "Mr. ——, did you ever try to shovel fleas?" And as in those Rabelaisian apologues which he was wont to deliver, and in those "West-country stories" which "Bull Run" Russell attests that he told so well. A singular President of the United States, as he himself said. But that he should have emerged out of all that to become the second, and hardly second, on our list of national heroes, that the canonization should have been so tranquilly and so completely accomplished, this is what one may call the formation of the Lincolnian myth.

How is all this to be made clear to the younger generation, and to "posterity" in general, which is so clear to the elder, in so far as it may not have been overlaid by the mists of memory? There is the method adopted in respect of this very subject and period, by the pious industry of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, who, *incredibili labore*, has rummaged the files of old newspapers and all man-

ner of contemporary unofficial documents, to recover what everybody knew then and nobody knows now. But this is not the only method. Epigraphy is a science which, when devoted to a remote antiquity, has its professors and eager students. Why not when devoted to the things of the past generation which already to the present are

> old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago?

And when one finds a man who had the happy thought, while Lincoln was still alive or newly dead, of collecting and preserving Lincolniana in medals, then easily attainable but now quite irrecoverable, one is moved to the same gratitude which Bolingbroke relates to have inspired that "studious man of Christ-church," who was "overheard in his oratory acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." Such a man is Mr. Robert Hewitt, of Ardsley on the Hudson, who, many years ago, and while he was serving his mercantile apprenticeship, took the not uncommon fancy of collecting odd coins. It was upon the occasion of his asking his neighbor George Bancroft, the historian, the origin of some coin unknown to him, that he received the excellent advice, beneficial now to all the rest of us, to specialize in his collecting, and addicted himself accordingly to current history—history in the making. The result is a collection of medallic Lincolniana probably unequalled in number and extent.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that photography was still in its infancy in 1860, the commonest mode of solar portraiture at that time being the "ambrotype," successor to the daguerreotype. The "snap-shot" was far in the future, and equally the now prevailing "campaign badge" or button, with a photograph of the candidate of one's choice. The substitute was the metallic and medallic "token" struck from dies—a mode

Designed by J. E. Roiné
FROM "THE LINCOLN TRIBUTE BOOK" (1909)
(REVERSE)

of commemoration as old as history but far more commonly employed in Lincoln's day than at any previous time in our annals. While Washington's career may be said to have lasted for a full generation, that of Lincoln as a national figure was comprised within the five years from his nomination to his assassination. And yet there are but very few Washington medals of Washington's time known to numismatists, while of pieces relating to Lincoln more than eight hundred varieties are recorded and catalogued.

And what a recall of old times it is to look over Mr. Hewitt's collection! The very first is probably that which was most familiar to the "Wide-Awakes" who composed the Republican torchlight processions of 1860, just as the "Little Giants" were their Democratic rivals, each side clad in cheap and showy oilcloth capes to protect their clothing from the drip of the very crude oil that fed their fuliginous torches, so-called. And this is noticeable at once, nowadays, by the beardlessness of the face. In fact, Lincoln's beard was coeval with his Presidency. It was reported and believed at the time that he had let his beard grow while yet he tarried at Springfield, in deference

to the advice of one of his admirers' a little girl who had written him that he would look better bearded. At any rate, he arrived in Washington with a growth of stubble which, in connection with his shaven upper lip, rather enhanced that rustic and provincial aspect which his antagonists decried. The advice was in fact bad, for there was more character in the shaven face than in that fringed with beard. The first piece struck in the campaign of 1860 was the token with the inscription, "Millions for Freedom, not one cent for Slavery"—a pointless parody, of course, on the very pointed Revolutionary watchword of "Millions for Defence, but not one cent for Tribute."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860 PIECE. THIS WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ISSUED AND WAS WIDELY CIRCULATED

The medal catalogued in Mr. Hewitt's collection as No. 155 is obviously also a campaign "token" or badge, and is notable as perpetuating the long-forgotten campaign cry of "The Rail-Splitter of the West." That was one of the proclamations of an humble origin which was the badge of Democracy rather than of Republicanism in those days, the Republican party being mainly recruited from the Whigs, who believed in having their candidates, like St. Patrick, "come of dacent people." Henry J. Raymond, in the New York *Times*, was solicitous to point out that rail-splitting was not statemanship, and that it was the misfortune of the candidate, and not a recommendation, that he had been engaged in that occupation. But of course that line of argument did not eradicate the tendency to abase the origin of a candidate that he might be exalted—a tendency of which I noted an extreme example the other day in a "scare head" over a biographical sketch of Mr. Elihu Root, "From College Boy to Leading Lawyer," which probably sounds the extreme depth of this particular variety of bathos.

THE FIRST COMMEMORATIVE TOKEN OF THE CIVIL WAR, EXCEEDINGLY SCARCE, FROM THE FACT THAT IT WAS MADE FROM COPPER CAPTURED DURING AN EARLY RAID

No. 192 (with its inscription, "Made from Copper taken from the Ruins of the Turpentine Works, Newbern, N. C., Destroyed by the Rebels March 14, 1862") belongs not only to the Presidential period, but to the darkest days of the war, when the Peninsular campaign was not yet begun, and when a little raid like this into North Carolina, compelling the "Rebels" to burn some turpentine works, was a success worth chronicling in perennial copper.

The gold medal, No. 4, has a curious extrinsic interest. It was the piece struck by the proceeds of a subscription raised in France and limited to two sous for each subscriber, to convey the sympathy of the French people to the widow of the martyred American President. The curious interest is that Louis Napoleon, having his eye on Mexico and far from foreseeing the day when Bazaine would be ordered out of Mexico from Washington, and Sheridan arrayed with 75,000 veterans along the Rio Grande to enforce the order, should have

forbidden the minting of the piece in France. One notes with pain that the original is "announced for sale."

But all the medals are well worth looking over, though most of them on historical considerations. How they bring back old times, and what tales hang by them! By the mere inscription "Honest Old Abe," for example; which recalls John Van Buren's speech in New York at the anti-Lincoln meeting presided over by Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York. "Honest Old Abe!" exclaimed the "Prince," with the familiar twinkle in his eye which denoted that a "good thing" was coming. "And have we come to this, that a man is to be supported for President with no other claim than that of ordinary honesty? It is an insult to us. It is almost an insult to him. Why, here is our worthy Mayor. Did any one ever insult *him* thus? Did anybody ever call *him* 'Honest Old Fernando'?" It is needless to add that the house was "brought down." And, along with the motto, of Horace Greeley's authorship, "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional," one comes upon the motto, "We will not interfere with the Constitutional Rights of Any State," a distinction between restriction and abolition, and a disclaimer of any intention to put down slavery where it already existed, that, undoubtedly, for the first two years of the war, was the policy of Lincoln and the Lincoln Republicans. It would have done some recent historians no harm to bear this in mind.

A MEMORIAL TOKEN MADE AT THE TIME WHEN LINCOLN'S BODY WAS BORNE THROUGH THE VARIOUS STATES TO ITS FINAL RESTING-PLACE

Naturally, the interest of the collection, as already intimated, is almost exclusively historical, and only in a minor way artistic. In contrast is the Lincoln Centennial Medal,* undertaken at the instigation of Mr. Hewitt himself, in a volume containing the most memorable of Lincoln's written and spoken words. This has the pretension to attain the highest grade of the medallic art of the young twentieth century, with what success readers can judge for themselves. At all events, the fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has accepted the gift of the original design of it, indicates that in the judgment of accomplished critics the work is of high artistic quality. The medal in question was struck in bronze; in silver, limited to one hundred examples—this edition is exhausted and now selling at double its original price; and in gold—a single medal, which went to Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, widely known for his great collection of Lincolniana. This, alike in its bronze, silver and gold editions, is presented, too, in a most original form, which is the result of the art of both the medallist and the book-maker; it is set in a heavy board leaf, and bound into a volume entitled "The Lincoln Centennial Medal." This binding of the commemoration medals, detachable from their setting, in the midst of text, itself commemorative, is a fitting way of presenting and preserving works of the kind.

One may, perhaps, be allowed to express the hope that the unique interest of this collection, which has for so nearly half a century been in the making, may protect it permanently from dispersal.

* See pages 676 and 677.

WINDS O' MARCH

Winds, winds, winds o' March,—
  Singing winds, stinging winds;
    Wooing, cooing,
    Sighing, crying,—
Fickle winds o' March!
    Now you tell of Winter dreary;
    Now you whisper, panting, weary;
Now you beat the leafless larch,—
Throbbing, sobbing winds o' March.

Winds, winds, winds o' March,—
  Waking winds, breaking winds;
    Half you fear me;
    Half you cheer me,
Fickle winds o' March.
    Ah, how like my moods your changing!
    Like my nomad-heart your ranging;
Temper not your breath to me,—
Shake me with your savage glee!

Winds, winds, winds o' March,—
  Chilling winds, thrilling winds;
    Shy, retreating,
    Restless, beating,—
Fickle winds o' March!
    We have souls that know each other;
    We have souls that Law would smother;
Let us off to fright the larch!—
We are comrades, winds o' March.

Roscoe Gilmore Stott

"NEVER AGAIN," HE REMARKED GLOOMILY

A STRANGER IN NEW YORK

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS

I MET him in New York in "the good old summer time." He was from the West, and so was I. In this there was a bond of fellowship. He was lonely, and so was I. In this there was another bond. He was thirsty, and so was I. Here was a third bond; and it followed naturally that we drifted into conversation as soon as the waiter had attended to our immediate wants.

"Never again," he remarked gloomily.

"Never again what?" I inquired.

"Never again will you see me in this home of the big graft unless I bring a section of the West with me."

"It 's a pretty good town," I argued, although I was wishing myself back home at that very moment.

"Oh, the town 's good enough," he conceded, "if it was n't for the people. I could make something nice out of this town if they 'd let me populate it."

"We happen to be here at the wrong time," I suggested. "Nothing doing in New York in the summer, you know."

"Plenty doing," he retorted, "but it is n't worth doing."

"Suppose," I said, mindful of the fact that New York's complacency is so great that it finds entertainment in all criticisms that come from west of the Hudson, "suppose you tell me what 's the matter with New York

and let me pass it on to the benighted souls that live here."

"You don't need to be told; you know."

"How do you know I know?"

"Because you don't live here."

"Is the truth, as you see it, open to every stranger that comes to New York?" I queried.

"No," he answered. "If you had a title or fifty million dollars they 'd keep the truth from you until they 'd hitched you up to some New York girl or found some other way of making you sorry. What you see through a champagne-glass looks pretty good, you know; but a headache and a whole lot of regret usually follows."

"All of which convinces me," I said, "that you have an interesting message for New York, and I should like nothing better than to deliver it. New York is always looking for diversion, is always willing to pay for it, and always finds the remarks of such insignificant mortals as you and me highly diverting. I know of no other town that will pay to be roasted. Let us, therefore, get even with New York by taking away some of its coin in exchange for such 'hot ones' as we are able to pass out."

"Son, I 'm with you," he declared. "The money don't tempt me—you 'd know I was n't a New Yorker by that —but there 's relief and relaxation in the job."

"I 'll interview you," I suggested. "You 're a distinguished stranger, just arrived, and I 'm a reporter. Now, what do you think of New York?"

"I try not to think of it," he replied promptly, "because I can't reduce my general impressions and feelings to language without jeopardizing my immortal soul."

"But you must think of it," I insisted. "Eliminate your personal feelings and you may be able to speak without danger to your soul. Now, blaze away."

He beckoned to the waiter first. Then, being strengthened for the task, he leaned back in his chair and thoughtfully released these remarks: "Every time that New York looks in the glass she thinks she sees all there is to North America. That is the main fault, briefly stated; but there are others. New York is the only city in the world, so far as I know, that invests money in lemons. The rest of us have lemons handed to us occasionally, but New York buys them—the sourest of financial lemons. Then, when she finds that she has tied up all the cash in her possession—most of which did not belong to her—she goes into hysterics and frantically calls upon the rest of the country to provide her with pocket money. The sole mission of the rest of the country, in her opinion, is to furnish her with cash for her financial eccentricities, and the rest of the country has usually done it. And she is n't even grateful. She is so accustomed to having other people's money to play with that she has come to look upon it as her own. Therefore, instead of being grateful to us, she demands gratitude from us when she lets us have the necessary cash to move the crops. But it 's mostly our money—the money that our banks have kept on deposit here and that she has been using in her financial operations. Why, hang it all! New York relies on our cash to do business! If you don't believe it, just note the fit she has whenever we decide to keep our money at home. New York is the spoiled child of the nation; she gets so reckless at times that we have to shut down on the cash until she promises to be good; and, through it all, except in moments of dire need, she is superciliously patronizing."

"Very good," I commended, "but somewhat too general. I am seeking a phase of this great subject upon which you can talk with real feeling —something based upon your personal experience. Let us tackle the New York that we, as strangers, know instead of the New York we read about."

"Easy enough," he returned. "New York is the loneliest spot on earth for the stranger. The only people disposed to be friendly are

THAT 'S BROADWAY—A VAUDEVILLE CONTINUOUS

those who will take away your reputation or your cash—very likely both. Every man here will warn you against most other men and all women, if he condescends to recognize you at all. That shows New York's opinion of New York."

"Have you no friends at all here?" I asked.

"Not a one. I thought I had two or three, but I was mistaken. They're very friendly when they're in my part of the country, but here they give me only the telephone glad hand, which is easy and cheap. You've been up against that, of course."

"Possibly," I admitted doubtfully.

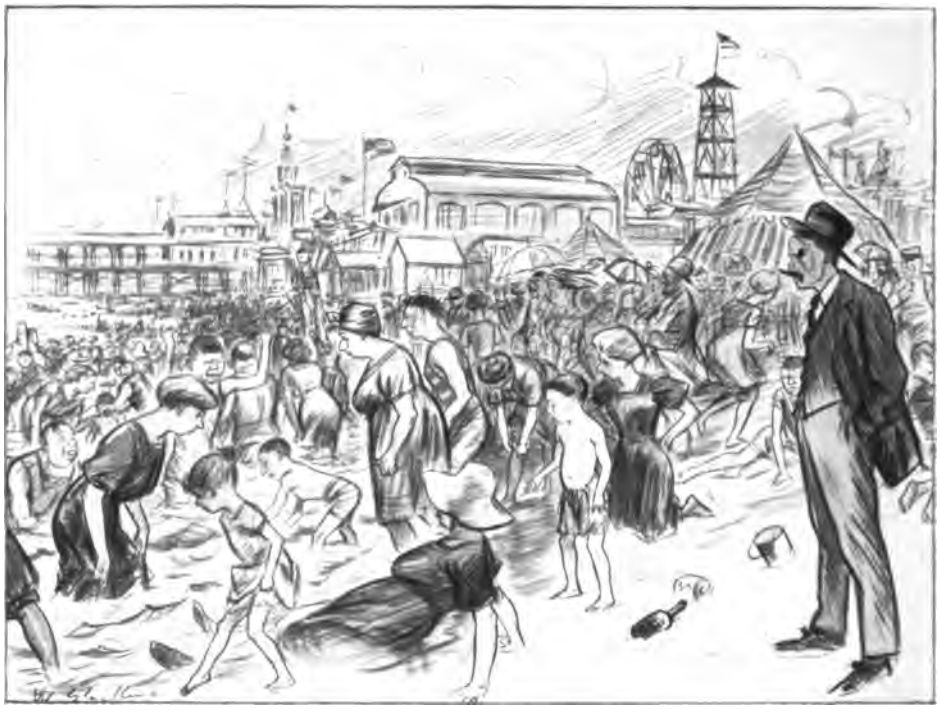
"Sure you have." He rattled along with the confidence of one who knew his subject thoroughly. "Everybody gets it here. I had it passed out to me the first day, when I gleefully called up a man I'd been clever to out our way. He was mighty glad to hear I was in town—tickled to death. 'But I have n't a minute to spare to-day, old man,' he said. 'I'll be up to your hotel in the morning.' That was five days ago, and I have n't even found his card in my key-box. He might at least have taken the trouble to bribe the clerk to put his card in the box some time when I was out, don't you think?"

I agreed that a man was entitled to that much consideration, and then asked how he explained this disinclination to see him.

"He's afraid of my 'graft,'" was the prompt reply. "I have n't any, but no New York man can understand that."

"Still," I persisted, "there's the Great White Way. No other city has a street like Broadway."

"And it's a good thing," he retorted. "There is n't another street in the world as superficial and insincere as Broadway. You can't believe anything that you hear on Broadway, and mighty little that you see: even the figures are mostly made by dressmakers and tailors, Nature



I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME AT CONEY WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO COME OUT OF THE OCEAN SO THERE 'D BE ROOM FOR ME TO GET IN

apparently having slipped a cog in the making. And you 've got to be *blasé* or you get fooled. 'The child died,' was a remark that caught my attention—in a café, of course. You have to get into a café to hear anything on Broadway, except the newsboys and the cable-cars. Anyhow, I heard that the child died, and I was mighty sorry about it. 'He carried himself splendidly in the scene that followed,' was the next thing that drifted to my ears. One of the little tragedies of life, I thought, and I was tempted to ask if there was anything I could do. 'After that,' the man went on, 'he thought he ought to get more. You see, he was only getting $25 in real money and $100 on the bills, so he kicked for a raise, and the manager gave him the boot.' That 's Broadway—a vaudeville continuous."

"There 's more to New York than Broadway," I suggested.

"Not if you let a New York man tell it."

"Nevertheless, there is."

"Well, there 's the subway," he grumbled. "That has its advantages, one of which is the relief you feel when you get out of it. Then it makes some of the Broadway musical productions sound pretty good, too: anything sounds good after you 've heard a subway train rounding a curve. And its history is a complete treatise on the art of handing lemons to unsophisticated investors."

I beckoned to a waiter, feeling that my comrade from the West deserved some slight tribute for his masterly presentation of New York's attractions for the stranger.

"You should try Coney Island," I then ventured doubtfully, fearing that he might weaken.

"I have," he returned promptly; "I went down to Coney for a swim, and came back to New York for a bath. I needed the bath. I went down on the sunny side of a boat because I failed to board the boat the

day before to reserve a shady spot, and I came back on an 'express train' that made about ten unscheduled stops between stations. A fat man stood on my toes most of the time. Oh, I know all about Coney. I spent a good part of my time down there waiting for somebody to come out of the ocean so that there would be room for me to get in."

I lured him on by suggesting that there is lots to do there, anyhow.

"Sure, sure," he agreed. "You can buy things you don't want all day long; there are more opportunities to buy what you don't need than anywhere else on earth. Then you can look for a place where you can sit down without having to buy a drink and tip the waiter. That 's an interesting occupation, but unprofitable, for you can't escape the tip there any more than you can in New York. The tip is one of the big items hereabouts; you have to add about twenty-five per cent. to your estimate of expenses to cover it. They say that ten per cent. is enough, but that 's safe only when you 're sure you 'll never have the same waiter again."

"Still," I persisted, "I think the waiters here say 'Thank you' better than they do anywhere else."

"They ought to. Look at the rate per word they get for it."

"Let 's get back to Coney," I said.

SHE WANTED ME TO PAY THE MANAGER TO LET HER SKIP HER TURN

"Sure. I learned the Coney Island game for $4.75, which was cheap. Anybody will tell you that. It has cost some people so much that they have had to swim back. I just wanted to sit down somewhere, even

at the cost of a glass of beer and a tip. I sat down. Then I paid $3 for a small bottle. I don't know what it contained; I know what I paid for, but I don't know what I got. Nobody ever knows that at Coney. Add $1.50 for a bottle of Rhine wine—alleged. The waiter got only a quarter because the situation was such that I was rather anxious to be thrown out. What! Oh, I guess the girl got a commission on the sale. She wanted me to pay the manager to let her skip her turn and help me reduce the visible supply of small bottles, but I would n't so she went back on the stage and sang that touching ballad, 'He told me that he loved me, but I found his name was Punk.' It was my chance to escape."

SHE WENT BACK ON THE STAGE AND SANG A TOUCHING BALLAD

"Did you try Brighton?"

"Both Brighton and Manhattan. A little higher prices for the things you don't need, that 's all."

"You should try Rockaway."

"I have—Rockaway and Far Rockaway. Got a highball and a light lunch at Far Rockaway, and a financial stringency set in immediately thereafter. I was glad I took my swim first—while I had money. The *risqué* bathing suits at these beaches — and Coney—are all on the picture postals, which was a disappointment. One of the things I learned is that mighty few girls look well in bathing suits. They 'd wear 'em on Broadway if they did. Still there seemed to be compensations. Father Neptune is the originator and general manager of the greatest public hugging-matches in the world, no holds barred and many of the young men were very busy picking girls out of the waves. I tried it myself. You can tell whether you are *persona grata* in the matter by the promptness with which she permits herself to be upset again. What! No, my girl did n't do it again. You see, I lacked practice in this sport, so I inadvertently caught her by the wrong end, got her feet above water first, and she had a hole in her stocking. That settled me. So I came back to New York with the rest of the population, and just as lonely as ever."

I beckoned for the waiter again.

"No, son," he interposed, "this is on me."

"But you have been entertaining me," I urged.

"Entertaining you!" he snorted. "Well, you 've been a regular escape-valve for me: I had to let off steam or bust. And I 've got to linger here another week. Think of that! Another week in this supercilious, superficial, self-complacent home of graft and lemons."

"You 'll never come back, of course."

"Never, that is— Well, son, that 's the funny part of it! I have an idea that I 'll come scooting back here at the very first opportunity. How about you?"

"I 'm with you," I said, "from start to finish. You have sized New York up in a way that makes my heart go out to you—you see the town as I see it—but I 'll be looking for an excuse to come back within a month after I get away. I wonder what the secret of it is."

"Let us," said my western comrade, "look for it in the bottom of the glass."

We searched industriously, but found it not.

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

X.—THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH RISE TO THE OCCASION

TWILIGHT was deepening as Col. and Mrs. Dowe came out on the long vine-covered gallery. Autumn was stealing over the fair South and the wistful, pensive mood of nature was reflected on the faces of our friends as they stood silently and looked at the falling leaves and faded garden.

"I declare, Jared," began Mrs. Dowe after an expressive sigh, "it does seem mighty unreasonable to think that after all the South has had to endure we must continue to be the victims of the misdirected energy of people who come down here and who never will understand us. You remember I told you that Miss Howard had taken Professor and Mrs. Baker to board with her. Of course I knew Miss Howard had made a mistake and that it was going to be hard on her, but I never dreamed what a mistake it was until yesterday when Miss Howard told Tillie Carter all about it. It certainly was remarkable the way the Bakers acted and how much they expected.

"Just as soon as Miss Howard consented to take them to board, she began to see a difference in their way of talking when Professor Baker said he wanted his meals promptly and that he must have breakfast in time to get to the Institute at half-past eight. So naturally Miss Howard began to see how it would be. She had breakfast ready at eight and being a Northerner and always eating

in a hurry, he did n't complain; so Miss Howard said she began to feel more reconciled. Would you believe me, Jared, when he came home at one o'clock he was very impatient, and just because dinner was n't ready until half-past one he was put out? So Miss Howard said she lost her reconciled feeling and began to be mighty uncomfortable, because she could easily see how exacting the Bakers were going to be; but even then she never thought they would be so particular about supper. You know, Jared, nobody ever is very particular about supper, so you can understand Miss Howard's feelings, when she was out in the kitchen making brandied peaches, to have Mrs. Baker walk right in where she was at work, and say it was half-past six and they expected supper promptly at six. Miss Howard certainly was upset, and she tried to make old Julia hurry; but it was half-past seven before supper was ready, and the Bakers were so put out they never spoke a word, although Miss Howard said the way they ate showed her they did enjoy their supper.

"Well, the real trouble did n't begin until the next day, when Miss Howard was over spending the morning at Aunt Polly's and trying to get some comfort by telling her about it. When she got home at a quarter past one, would you believe me? there sat the Bakers eating dinner, just as though Miss Howard's home belonged to them. Only, Jared, they could n't eat anything as the whole dinner was burned. Miss Howard said the way the Bakers behaved was scandalous, but she did n't know how bad it was until she went to speak to Julia, and she said she did get a shock when she saw the kitchen stove red hot and Julia with her bundle all ready to leave. Julia said she 'would n't live with no folks that spiled her cooking and made her burn up her dinner.' And then Miss Howard found out that Mrs. Baker went down to the kitchen at twelve o'clock and told Julia she did n't care what happened, that dinner must be ready by one o'clock. Miss Howard certainly did feel badly about Julia's going away, after having been with Miss Howard's family ever since Miss Howard was born. She said Mrs. Baker acted like one possessed and said it was time somebody did something. Miss Howard said she knew it was, and as Mrs. Baker did n't seem inclined to do anything but talk, Miss Howard went to work.

"It being Saturday, and as she had commenced her tomato pickles and had to finish putting up the peaches, she was too busy to go to see anybody or to go to church the next morning. She never heard anything about the announcement that was read in church about the meeting of the ladies at the Institute Thursday afternoon to form a Relief Society. Having nobody but a trifling half-grown boy to help her, Miss Howard 's been too busy this week to see anybody, and it was just an accident that Miss Tillie stopped at Aunt Polly's gate on her way home from the meeting, and so heard enough to make her go right over to see Miss Howard. And, Jared, Tillie Carter was indignant after she heard all about the Bakers at Miss Howard's, and it did n't take her long to make everybody else indignant, too. You know, Jared, how convincing Tillie Carter is when she 's indignant! Knowing nothing about the trouble at Miss Howard's and not knowing what the Relief Society wanted to relieve, most of the ladies had gone to the meeting. After only living here two weeks we never thought of Mrs. Baker beginning to meddle so soon. But, Jared, instead of being grateful for the courtesy we have shown her in calling on her and being pleasant, she wanted to begin interfering right away. With her coming from Ohio we might have expected it, because you know, Jared, just as surely as courtesy is the characteristic of the Southerner, meddling is the stamp of the Northerner.

"It does seem as though we had n't had any peace since General Sherman made that misguided march to the sea.

He came with an army of mercenaries to fight valiant patriots and won because fire could burn more rapidly than we could build, and not satisfied with that, the descendants of those same people continue to annoy us and are coming South with their money and demoralizing the descendants of the slaves their ancestors took away from us. Our own servants are becoming mercenaries, Jared, nothing else, and our beautiful old plantations are being bought and lived in by Northerners. I can't think they can be right happy down here; they must feel the wrong they have done. The South certainly is long-suffering. We are always kind and courteous, even when they have the audacity to come down here and make public speeches, saying they forgive us. Sallie Potts says that just shows they have no sense of humor! Is n't that remark just like Sallie Potts?

"Well, as I was saying, the announcement was read in church on Sunday, and as we never once thought about the negroes we all went. And would you believe me, Jared? Mrs. Baker began by making a speech and saying the object of the meeting was to solve the servant problem for the South, and to discourage the vagrancy of the negroes. Only, Jared, she said 'nigger,' and you know how offensive that always is. She said that the first thing we must do was to promise to stop giving anything away ourselves, that everything was to be sent to the Relief rooms and that Mr. Marchant had said she could have the rooms over his store until they were rented. Then she smiled and said as they had been empty for over a year, she guessed we could safely count on having them for some time. That made Mrs. Peyton mad, because Mr. Marchant is her brother-in-law, so she said she was going right over to Miss Belle Green and tell Miss Belle she could get the rooms cheap for the school she is trying to get up. Of course she did n't tell Mrs. Baker that—she just whispered it to me and I knew she meant it. She was very indignant because Mrs. Baker spoke as if she was glad Mr. Marchant could n't rent the rooms. Mrs. Baker said she would be at the Relief rooms on Saturday morning at ten o'clock, and that we were all to come or send the things we had to give away or any donations of food or money, and that she would appoint a committee to investigate all cases reported. We were to take the names of the darkies we were in the habit of helping. And then she said the committee would investigate them, and that the worthy ones would be helped and the idle ones forced to work.

"Sallie Potts was there, and she repeated every word to me, so I am sure it 's what she said, although I was so busy listening to Mrs. Peyton I did n't hear it all myself. But I did hear her say that the only way for the Society to flourish and to meet the vagrancy of the negroes and to solve the domestic problem of the South, was by the determined and concerted action of the women of the South. Mrs. Garnett said she agreed with Mrs. Baker. Then Mrs. Baker said Mrs. Garnett ought to be the first president, and that unless there were objections we would elect her unanimously. Then Mrs. Garnett said she accepted and that Mrs. Baker should be vice-president. And just then the fire-bell rang and everybody was so uneasy that they started to go and Mrs. Baker said, 'Remember, ladies, be on hand at ten o'clock Saturday; it will be a proud day for the women of the South when they rise to the occasion and meet this question.' By the time she finished no one was there. I was the last to leave, because I had left my porte-monnaie and had to go back after I had got to the door. Well, you know, the fire was right next door to Miss Belle Green's, and as soon as it was put out, Mrs. Peyton told Miss Belle she could get the rooms over Mr. Marchant's store, and that she must go down right away and see Mr. Marchant. That certainly did settle the Relief room and this

morning, I think, settled the Relief Society.

"Now, Jared, you know I want to be kind, but you know even to help Mrs. Baker I can't after thirty years tell Mammy to stop coming here for dinner, and you know Uncle Peter would starve if we did n't feed him. And then they are too proud to allow anyone to investigate them or to receive alms or to be patronized. We must protect them, Jared. The old slaves are our heritage and my father would never have allowed anyone else to take care of his darkies. Oh, Jared, all this makes me heartsick—soon there will be no South. Naturally, being a Northerner, Mrs. Baker can't understand us, but I reckon after this morning she knows a little more about our feelings, even if what happened *was* an accident.

"I was so occupied this morning I could n't go to the meeting, and not knowing what might have happened, I was glad when Mrs. Peyton came over to tell me about it. Mrs. Peyton said Miss Belle came to see her just as soon as she took Mrs. Baker home, and, Jared, it certainly was interesting to hear her tell what Miss Belle said. Wanting to fix up the schoolroom, Miss Belle went down early, and not wanting to be bothered, she just put a card on the door saying it was a schoolroom, went in, and locked it. She said when she went up the stairs she noticed one or two negroes standing around the door at the bottom of the steps, and when she asked them what they were doing, they said they had come to get the things the ladies were going to give away. It seems Mrs. Baker told that boy at Miss Howard's about the Relief Society, and naturally it did n't take long for all the darkies to hear.

"Miss Belle said that about ten o'clock she heard Mrs. Baker coming, but not having gone to the meeting she did n't think it was her duty to interfere, so she just kept on with her work. She said Mrs. Baker sat down on the top step to wait. Naturally, she expected the ladies would come, and Miss Belle said about half-past ten she looked through the keyhole and there must have been twenty negroes on the stairs, and there sat Mrs. Baker on the top step talking to them about work and position and self-respect, in the patronizing way Northerners have. Well, after a while Mrs. Baker got tired waiting for somebody to come and help her investigate, so she just began investigating by herself, and then Miss Belle said it began to be interesting. The darkies crowded so close that Mrs. Baker had to stand up. She began her investigating with Maria—you know, Jared, she 's the most dangerous darky in the country. Well, Maria had been drinking, and when Mrs. Baker asked her what she wanted, she said a little money to help give Jim a funeral. Mrs. Baker listened with real sympathy, Miss Belle said, until she asked Maria when Jim died, and found out that it was a year ago and Maria had married again. Then she was indignant—and when she said she would not contribute a cent for a funeral for anybody who had been dead a year, Maria got excited and came right up to her and began to talk very loud, and all the darkies were angry when Mrs. Baker said it was scandalous to have anybody wait a whole year for a funeral—no Christian would do it. Miss Belle said she was frightened, because naturally Mrs. Baker did n't know anything about how negroes always wait a long time before they have the funeral 'preached,' and then to say they were n't Christians did make things look mighty bad.

"Well her saying that, and not having anything to give away, certainly was unfortunate, and Miss Belle says there 's no telling what would have happened if that half-crazy negro Al had n't said—'Shoo, she ain't no quality—she don't know nothin', her pa never owned a nigger in his life—she ain't nothin' but po' white trash—I 'll gwine right up to Miss Tillie Carter's and git my dinner.' And then Miss Belle said

it was curious to see the way those negroes gave Mrs. Baker one contemptuous look and left. Miss Belle said that just then she finished her work, so she opened the door, and it was fortunate she did, because Mrs. Baker was nearly fainting, and Miss Belle said the air on those steps was suffocating. As soon as Mrs. Baker was able to walk, Miss Belle took her home.

"Well, Jared, Mrs. Peyton was no sooner gone than Miss Tillie came over—she had heard Al telling the cook—and Miss Tillie said she felt so badly about it that she was going right over to see Mrs. Baker and explain how it happened she could n't go. So I went with her, and although Miss Tillie had told everybody about Miss Howard, we could n't help wondering what had kept the other ladies at home. Of course I knew about Mrs. Peyton—her little boy had a bad cold and naturally she could n't leave him. Well, when we got to Miss Howard's, Mrs. Peyton was already there and Mrs. Baker looked mighty pale and was acting very dignified. While we were still explaining, Mrs. Beals and Mary Robinson came. Mrs. Beals's cook had gone to a funeral and Mary Robinson had a visit from an old friend who lives five miles in the country. Then Mrs. Perkins came, and she said Elizabeth had burned her hand just as Mrs. Perkins was starting, so she had to go back. It certainly did look like the whole town had had an accident, and we were just wondering about Mrs. Garnett, when a note came from her saying she 'd gone off with the Senator most unexpectedly. Did you ever hear of anything so unusual, Jared?—and anybody could see it was all an accident.

"I do think we did the graceful thing to go right to see Mrs. Baker and explain how it happened—but, Jared, the way she accepted it certainly was anything but graceful. She kept smiling while we were talking, and then said it was what she might have expected, and that she would resign her position in the Relief Society. Having decided there were no worthy poor here, she had no interest in helping to encourage the unworthy poor. If we chose to continue to take care of and feed worthless negroes, we could do it without any help from her; and then she looked straight at Tillie Carter. I could see Miss Tillie was getting indignant, so I said good-evening to Mrs. Baker and started to leave, and all the ladies came, too.

"Just as soon as the front door closed, I looked up and saw Mrs. Baker sitting by the window, so I was shocked when Tillie Carter began. You know how she can imitate anyone—and Jared, I declare, at first I thought it was Mrs. Baker speaking, when I heard, 'Yes, ladies, it will be a proud day for the women of the South when they rise to the occasion.' Knowing Mrs. Baker was listening, I did feel that although it was rude to interrupt Miss Tillie, still Mrs. Baker being a stranger, I did n't want to wound her feelings. So I said: 'Yes, Tillie, you are right, it is a proud day for the women of the South; every day is a proud day for us—for every day the women of the South rise to the occasion.'"

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA

Its Failure to Prevent Drinking in Atlanta and Other Cities

By S. MAYS BALL

YEARS ago, by means of local option, all of the one hundred and forty-six counties in Georgia, except those having large cities as county-seats, had succeeded in closing their open saloons. Some counties had done away with the whiskey traffic entirely; others—a few only—operated "dispensaries," where nothing less than a pint or a quart of any alcoholic liquid could be purchased, and none could be drunk on the premises. This necessitated, of course, the renting by dispossessed saloon-keepers of vacant property next door to the dispensaries where liquor could be drunk; still, the saloons had been closed. In many instances the income from the few dispensaries in the State more than supported the county government, schools, etc., and the project seemed to work very satisfactorily to all concerned. Under local option, in the '80's, Atlanta, the capital, had attempted prohibition—between elections, so to speak. The experiment was a farce. Business men insisted that the city was injuriously affected, and its growth grievously retarded. Prohibition was killed by an overwhelming vote at the next election.

For years, every time the Legislature of Georgia met in annual session there was introduced a bill for prohibition throughout the State. These bills came from the representatives of "dry" counties; their argument being that prohibition would close the whiskey depots in the large cities which were nullifying the "dry" sentiment and "dry" regulations in the country districts by shipping liquor thither in great quantities. The conservative city members of the Legislature answered that, even if the large cities were made "dry," liquor would still be shipped into other districts from outside the State. These annual efforts to prohibit liquor-selling entirely were fruitless save for the introduction of the Williamson bill, about ten years ago, which caused a great deal of excitement in the large cities. This out-and-out prohibition measure, similar to all thitherto offered, passed the House, but was killed, like all the others, in the "conservative" Senate.

In 1906, on a platform of railroad regulation and local option in the whiskey traffic, Hoke Smith was elected Governor of the State. In Atlanta, before the passage of the Prohibition Bill in 1907, the best liquor laws in all the Union were in operation. The saloons were under the strictest scrutiny and control of a police commission and City Council committee. They were allowed to open at 5.30 in the morning and were required to close at 10 o'clock at night. No minors or women were permitted to enter them; and it was not unusual, when the clock struck ten, for a barkeeper to take from a customer's hand a drink already served, so strict was the enforcement of the closing law. In many cases saloons forfeited their licenses for being open one or two minutes after 10 P.M.; even the barkeepers were

not permitted to remain in their places of business after the saloons were closed. After the closing hours, of course, liquor *could* be secured in the city; liquor can be secured *anywhere* and *at any time* upon the face of this earth where it happens to be stored. But no stranger, no unindorsed or unintroduced person, could get *any* liquor in Atlanta between the hours of 10 o'clock at night and 5.30 in the morning, or on Sundays. There were, however, in Decatur Street, the Bowery of Atlanta, a great number of disreputable negro dives which caused comment adverse to the open saloon; but they were closed at the regular time and kept closed. These dives bring us to the eternal Negro question in the South, which is not to be discussed in this article.

When Hoke Smith was inaugurated Governor in the summer of 1907, and the Legislature met in annual session, almost the first measure submitted was our old friend of annual appearance, the Prohibition Bill. The liquor people smiled their annual smile, settled back in a sense of security based on experience, and calmly awaited the performance of the Senate's annual killing act. The city press of the State was against the bill, the only exception being the Atlanta *Georgian and News*, owned and edited by F. L. Seely. Of course, in all of the small cities and country districts the press was in favor of it. The fact of the matter was that in Hoke Smith's gubernatorial campaign every other issue had been subordinated to the successful demand for railroad legislation; and it is a question whether (as the liquor people insist) the Prohibitionists took advantage of this situation and quietly elected their candidates to the Legislature then in session, or the people of the State simply arose and demanded prohibition. The fact remains that the liquor interests awoke one day to find that everything was over but the shouting, that the Prohibitionists were in full sway, that it was too late even to spend money where it *should* do the most good. Then the minority in the House and Senate began to filibuster as to amendments to the act; but in the end Governor Hoke Smith—a professed local optionist, part owner of the Piedmont Hotel in Atlanta in which was an open saloon—being unable to get any of his proposed railroad legislation acted upon, compelled action on the Prohibition Bill to make way for his own pet measures. The bill for prohibition over the entire State was finally passed, with a few amendments, one practically legalizing the keeping of liquor in clubs for an annual tax of $500.

When the bill was passed and promptly signed by the Governor, the Prohibitionists went wild. There were parades of women and children, day and night; calls on the Governor; speeches before the monument of Henry W. Grady. Meanwhile the saloon people sat as if stunned, almost incapable of realizing their position; for they had been legislated out of business before they knew what was going on. The bill was to take effect on January 1, 1908, and did so. The saloons were closed all over the State. But not before a wild orgy had taken place in the city of Atlanta on December 30th and 31st. Every man who was in the habit of taking his dram regularly stocked up on those two days, buying his liquors and beer at greatly reduced prices from the expiring saloons.

For the first month or two the newspapers were full of accounts of the great decrease in crime as a result of the new law. City Recorder Broyles stated in his police court that the decrease was from sixty to eighty per cent; and the solicitor of the higher city court reported a similar state of affairs.

The stock of liquors purchased when the saloons closed held out fairly well; but the Southern Express Company evidently knew what it was doing when the Superintendent of the Atlanta Division rented a vacant store to be used solely as a depot for the import-liquor trade, and had extra delivery wagons brought

to Atlanta. The saloon men, barkeepers and proprietors, with their families, some fifteen hundred all told, moved from Atlanta to other cities. The wholesale liquor people simply moved their establishments across the Georgia state lines into Chattanooga, Tenn., Jacksonville, Fla. and other "wet" cities, and began to get ready for the rush they knew would come so soon as the people in the larger cities of Georgia had exhausted their purchased stock of liquors. The brewers sat steady in the boat, awaiting the developments they expected, hoped and worked for.

Very soon "walking blind tigers" began to be apprehended. Raids were also made, and arrests were followed by convictions in the City Recorder's court, binding the defendants over to the higher courts. One case, since used as a precedent, was carried to the City Court and received a ruling there that the Prohibition Bill did not specify the percentum of alcohol in a drink, but did specify that, *if sufficient to cause intoxication when drunk to excess*, this alone would be just cause for conviction. This decision was upheld by the State Court of Appeals. The old saloon people, when that decision was announced and upheld, began to sit up and take notice.

In the meantime, the Southern Express Company, at its special depot in Atlanta, was doing a rushing business, employing nine to twelve extra wagons daily in the delivery of whiskey and beer. On a certain day in May, 1908, a wagon of the Express Company, usually employed in delivering "dry" goods, was added to the list of "wet" wagons, and delivered, between early morn and dewy eve of that day, 265 cases (gallons) of whiskey and six barrels of beer to different consumers in the *residential* part of the city.

As soon as the Court of Appeals upheld the decision that it was not the percentage of alcohol in a drink, but its power to intoxicate, when drunk to excess, that permitted or prohibited its sale and manufacture, the brewers took action, and upon the local markets from Macon, Savannah, Atlanta and outside of the State there appeared a "near-beer," which had the appearance of real beer and was *said* to contain all its good qualities, but was non-intoxicating. This near-beer not only made a great hit in Atlanta and other Georgia cities, but its sale grew to such an extent as to interfere with the Express Company's beer business, but not with its whiskey trade. The old saloon houses, only a few of which had been rented for other purposes, were now opened as near-beer saloons, in which the new concoction was sold to appreciative customers; and even at the soda-water stands the near-beer was put on sale. Simultaneously the number of "drunks" at the police court began to increase, simply because near-beer is in reality nothing but real beer under another name. The decision upheld by the Court of Appeals hit the Anti-Saloon League heavily, and spoked its wheels.

Many who are in a position to know say that prohibition has hurt business in Atlanta; the Anti-Saloon League say that it has not. The renting of residence property of the better class has not been materially affected; but the renting of houses occupied by the laboring classes has been. A friend of the writer owns five small cottages, formerly rented to laboring men, which though never before empty, he now claims he is unable to rent at any price. Estimates of the amount of money annually sent out of Georgia to Chattanooga, Jacksonville and other "wet" towns, to purchase liquor, are variously stated at from two to six million dollars. Owing to the panic which hit the State about the same time that prohibition struck it, it is wellnigh impossible to say what the financial effect of prohibition has really been. As a matter of fact, more property is standing idle in Atlanta to-day* than was the case

* December, 1908.

before the Prohibition Law went into effect. Prohibitionists say that this is simply due to hard times. Anti-Prohibitionists say that it is caused chiefly by the Prohibition Law. So there you are! To an unbiased observer, it really seems to be from the combined effects of hard times *and* prohibition. Postmaster Blodgett advises the writer that, according to his last report,

> The records of the money-order division of this office show that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, there were sold at this office 85,280 money orders aggregating $735,467.70, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908 (only six months of that under prohibition law), there were sold 116,676 money orders aggregating $908,992.26. Of course I am unable to state what portion of increase in money-orders covered purchases of whiskey.

Anti-Prohibitionists say that this increase was whiskey-money going out of Atlanta. If it were a natural increase, as the Prohibitionists insist, they ask, why did not the bank-clearings of Atlanta increase proportionally, instead of falling off during the panic at the rate of fifty million dollars annually?

It may be difficult, but is *not* impossible, for anyone well informed as to the *modus operandi*, to buy *all* of the whiskey he wishes in Atlanta. The writer has been informed by a reliable business man that there is not the slightest difficulty in getting whiskey, if the would-be buyer is known to be "reliable"—that is, not an Anti-Saloon-Leaguer. This gentleman claims that he recently purchased at 10 o'clock in the morning, a quart of whiskey to be shipped to him by express from Chattanooga; and that in thirty minutes the whiskey was delivered to him. (Note that Chattanooga is 140 miles away.) This is not a general practice, however, for the risk to the seller is too great.

There are at this writing, in the city of Atlanta, about three hundred open saloons and stands selling real beer under the name of near-beer. These saloons occupy the same old stands formerly used by the saloons, with the same old fixtures, same old barkeepers, and same old effect. Every now and then one of these saloons and stands is hauled up in a police court and sometimes shut up; but the number actually open will average three hundred. When they were first reopened, they sold beer to women and children, but an ordinance has been passed by the City Council prohibiting the sale of near-beer to women and minors. Then came up the legal point, when was a woman a woman. A case was brought against a saloonkeeper in the police court for selling near-beer to a seven-year-old girl, and the question was argued, whether a girl of seven was a woman. The Recorder ruled that the child was a woman, and fined the saloonkeeper, who promptly took proceedings to carry the case to a higher court, where it is now pending. As previously mentioned, under local option the saloons in Atlanta were closed at 10 o'clock at night, and no minors or women were ever permitted to enter them. Under prohibition, the saloons and stands are practically under no regulations except those made by the City Council, all of which have been held up by legal proceedings. The near-beer people have openly defied the Council, claiming that *if their product is salable at all under the Prohibition Law, as interpreted by the Court of Appeals, it cannot be heavily taxed or unusually regulated.* These questions will have to be settled later in court.

On Sunday, August 16th last, the police of Atlanta found a "blind tiger" of superior growth operating in the very halls of the State Capitol of Georgia; which was rather startling to the citizens—"wet or dry." As Confederate veterans are allowed in Georgia to do business without the payment of any license whatever, state or city, they have become in great demand among the near-beer people. (The question whether a

Confederate veteran can sell near-beer without a license is one of the many that have been carried to the courts.)

In August last two brewing companies filed a bill to test the constitutionality of the Prohibition Law. Part of the pleading, sets forth that the law interferes with the use of wine at communion service in the churches, and hence restricts the citizen's worshipping according to the dictates of his conscience, and is therefore contrary to the Constitution of Georgia and that of the United States. (Since this article was written, the United States District Court, claiming lack of jurisdiction, has referred the plaintiff to the State Court.)

In the first few months after the Prohibition Bill took effect, the lack of promiscuous drinking in cities was very noticeable. Whether this was because only the well-to-do were able to secure alcoholic drinks, or because the stocks purchased from the ousted saloons at the end of 1907 had not given out and the *hoi polloi* had n't learned the *modus operandi*, the fact remains that the Anti-Saloon League was able to point with pride to the wonderful change as shown in the records of the city police courts. One could read in the foreign outside press letters and opinions from the Georgia Anti-Saloon League stating how well the prohibition law was affecting morals, etc. This state of affairs did not last very long. It was a new condition, that of having to "speak easy" to procure one's dram, and it required some time to acquaint oneself with the handling of the ropes—but not a long time. Gradually the number of "drunks" in the city police courts of Atlanta increased. On Monday, August 17th last, there were before the Atlanta police court 171 cases of drinking and disorderly conduct (first cause, drinking). The sum of $912.25 was collected in fines, most of the prisoners being sent to prison in default of payment of the fines imposed. The record at police court for prohibition times up to August 17th had been made on August 10th, the week before, when $678 was collected from prisoners, many others being sent to prison. Of the 171 prisoners tried on August 17th, ninety-three had been arrested on Saturday and seventy-eight on Sunday. On the corresponding Monday in 1907, when everything was "wet" and wide-open under high license, there were 186 cases tried in the police court —only fifteen more. For a while the number of cases daily under prohibition was only one sixth or one-tenth as great as during the preceding year; but there is no longer any very marked discrepancy in the figures. At the beginning of 1908 the number of drunk-and-disorderly cases in the police court ran from five to ten only; now it runs from 100 to 150 per day, as in "wet" times. These cases always include a stationary or walking "blind tiger," sometimes only one, often two or three a day. In August last, one of the city policemen was relieved from his post for being intoxicated from near-beer, of which he claimed he had only drunk two glasses, and that it was "doped."

In view of this open violation of the law, action was of course taken by the Anti-Saloon League, but not enough to cause any decrease in the police records. The Prohibitionists seemed to be literally stunned by the increase in drinking. To be sure, arrests were made here and there for breaches of the law, but apparently no concerted action was taken by either the prohibition people or the press against the open violation of the law in Atlanta. All of this seemed strange to those who, from outside, so to speak, had watched the passage of the law and were perfectly willing to aid in giving a fair trial to prohibition in Georgia; they had heard so much about what it *could* do. The only newspaper of any size in Georgia which had advocated prohibition before the passage of the law, kept reporting an increase of "crime," but advocated no steps to be taken to prevent the violation of the law. The question arose: Was

the Prohibition Law passed in good faith, or for political ends and in hope for office, or merely for notoriety? For little or nothing has been done by the Anti-Saloon League or its newspaper to compel the strict enforcement of the law in Atlanta, except an instance which will be mentioned farther on.

Before the law was passed, numberless speeches were made and countless communications were sent to the press, telling what *could* be done by prohibition if only an opportunity were given; yet when the Legislature gave the people what they seemed to demand, nothing was done to force a fair trial of the experiment. This has caused wonder.

Now, the Legislature met again in June, 1908. There had been a great deal of talk of forcing it to inaugurate some plan, no matter what, by which the open violation of the Prohibition Law could be prevented. But nothing was done in the regular session to that end; on the contrary, the Wise bill, to tax $200 yearly the open-beer saloons in cities, was killed by the "conservative" Senate in regular session. Some of the Prohibitionists in the House, led by the Hon. Seaborn Wright, pleaded for laws to strengthen the prohibition measure, but they could get no help whatever from the very same body which, by an overwhelming vote, had passed the bill in 1907. Said outsiders: "Was the bill passed in 1907 in a condition of hysteria; or have the legislators seen a new light; or have they been home, held their ears to the ground and noticed a change in their constituents?" Before the passage of the Prohibition Bill in 1907, one hundred and twenty counties of Georgia were absolutely "dry." Under the Prohibition Law, near-beer saloons were opened in many of these counties, which flooded them and the counties adjacent with intoxicants which the Court of Appeals had decided did not violate the law. And yet, the same Legislature that had passed the Prohibition Law of 1907 refused absolutely to do anything in 1908 to prevent a flooding of Georgia with a near-beer which was and is really nothing but real beer. Some representatives went so far as to say in regular session, "Georgia is dry enough—let her alone." Asked by the Prohibitionists to memorialize Congress to pass a bill prohibiting the shipment of liquor from one State into another that was "dry," the Legislature declined to do so. But when, after adjournment, Governor Hoke Smith called it in extra session to abrogate the Convict Lease —a disgrace to the State,—the Legislature was forced to raise revenue to take the place of money formerly coming from the convict leasing; so the rejected Wise bill, taxing near-beer saloons $200 yearly, was finally passed. Needless to say, the new law is now being contested in the courts.

Prohibition in Atlanta? Well, there is n't any. As to the law's effect on local business, that is a debatable question. But as to the temperance effects of the regulation of the sale of beer and whiskey in Atlanta, to be perfectly candid, they are simply farcical.

The writer does not simply give his own opinions based on a careful study of Atlanta's trial, but quotes from statements of the Chief of Police, representatives of the Anti-Saloon League and prominent ministers of the Gospel.

In August last Assistant Superintendent J. B. Richards, of the Anti-Saloon League, was credited with these statements in the Atlanta press:

> Beer is being sold here, right and left, and I know it. One fellow has the nerve to put up a sign "The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous." You can get any brand you want. You can get whiskey too; for what does it mean when twenty-seven carloads of whiskey and beer are shipped here. That is what a man told me. He knows, although I myself have n't verified his figures as yet. We claim that the sale of near-beer is a violation of the law. . . . The clause, "which, if drunk to excess," etc, which Judge Calhoun [Atlanta

City Court] said must be the proof of a violation, was put in the Prohibition Law to apply to certain things of drug-stores. We claim that the clause which prohibits the manufacture and sale or keeping in any place of business of "any alcoholic, spirituous, malt or intoxicating liquors" applies to near-beer. Still, we would not have quarrelled about near-beer, provided its percentage of alcohol had been kept down to 1½ or 2%, but this was only an entering wedge. The town is being flooded with real beer that contains the standard amount of alcohol. Proof, though, is difficult. If we Prohibitionists should go into a place and ask for beer, we would be given harmless near-beer that the courts allow to be sold. The dealer knows exactly what bottle to give us. To people they know well, they take out a bottle of real beer, slip off the label and serve it.

Mr. Richards spoke also of the difficulty of prosecuting cases in court; that is the trouble, as he ought to know, in all prohibition States in the Union. He referred to the Cohen case, where a dealer was arrested for alleged violation of prohibition law and the city ordinance affecting the sale of near-beer. That case has been postponed and postponed again and again, and as Mr. Richards says, truly the authorities experience many technical difficulties in the way of prompt and effective punishment of violators.

Dr. J. C. Solomon is the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. His jurisdiction extends over the entire State. In the course of a letter to the Atlanta *Journal*, Dr. Solomon says:

Men of the near-beer department, my poor words of advice may fall on deaf ears. You may mock me for my folly. Nevertheless, I advise you. Let me say to you, in all candor, You are conducting an unholy and dangerous business. You are constantly violating the Prohibition Law of Georgia, and you know it. Daily drunks and disorderlies are coming before our courts. And those men, not a few, swear that they get drunk on your near-beers, and the drunks on these near-beers are becoming more and more numerous. You are bringing our State more and more into disrepute; without a blush, you are casting the vilest aspersions on her fair name. Many of you fellows are impudent and arrogant. You defy the law and you despise it. With impious hands you have taken the reins and like a Jehu you are driving furiously. Your tether is long . . . Now, hear me, though you be swift and strong, and though you intimidate a thousand cowardly officers, you are handling the ropes that are destined erelong to swing you up. . . . Complaints are coming up everywhere, and we are almost ready to sound your death-knell. But you say that the Court of Appeals has decided that near-beers are not intoxicating. . . . Let that be as it may, all Georgia knows that the mischief is to pay, and that it comes from your near-beer shops. You are defiant and desperately bold. You absolutely advertise your beer plainly, and openly you are defying the law. . . . You know you are violating the law.

This letter was written on August 30th. The death-knell of the saloons has not yet reached the ears of their proprietors.

Dr. Len G. Broughton, a prominent Baptist minister, who fought strenuously for prohibition, writes to the Atlanta *Constitution:*

The near-beer business is a straight violation of the Prohibition Law, and every judge in Georgia knows it. It is making drunks. The recorders' courts show it. The police know it. . . . Near-beer intoxicates, and the law plainly forbids intoxicants. The grand juries are violating their oaths of office by allowing it. Judges, likewise, are doing the same thing by not putting the full force of the law on the guilty.

And the good Doctor notifies Atlanta that something must be done. There is usually something doing when Dr. Broughton begins action.

Dr. A. R. Holderby, another minister of the Gospel and a great Prohibitionist, stated in his pulpit recently:

The near-beer situation in Atlanta has reached a critical stage. The Prohibition Law is being openly violated and that too with the knowledge and by the consent of

the city authorities. Atlanta has become the laughing-stock of this country and a stench in the nostrils of the Almighty. The City Council is winking at the violation of the law and hand-cuffing the Police Department. But the "bosses" who have sworn to enforce the law will not allow the Chief of Police to do it. Atlanta is still in the clutches of the liquor gang and the authorities are dominated by it. The Brewers' Association fiddles and the City Council dances to the music. Atlanta is being debauched by the godless gang of liquor men. The *Legislature is afraid to stand by the very law which it enacted twelve months ago.* White men and black men, white women and black women, and even children, are now seen at the bars of the beer saloons, drinking together.

The writer realizes that he could not better picture the farce of prohibition in Atlanta than by calling attention to the utterances of the very men who were responsible in a great measure for the passage of the law and who promised so many good things to come to pass when it should take effect.

"Prohibition will not prevent in Atlanta," said the conservatives. "Look at Maine and Kansas! It has never prevented *anywhere*. Then why should it prevent here?"

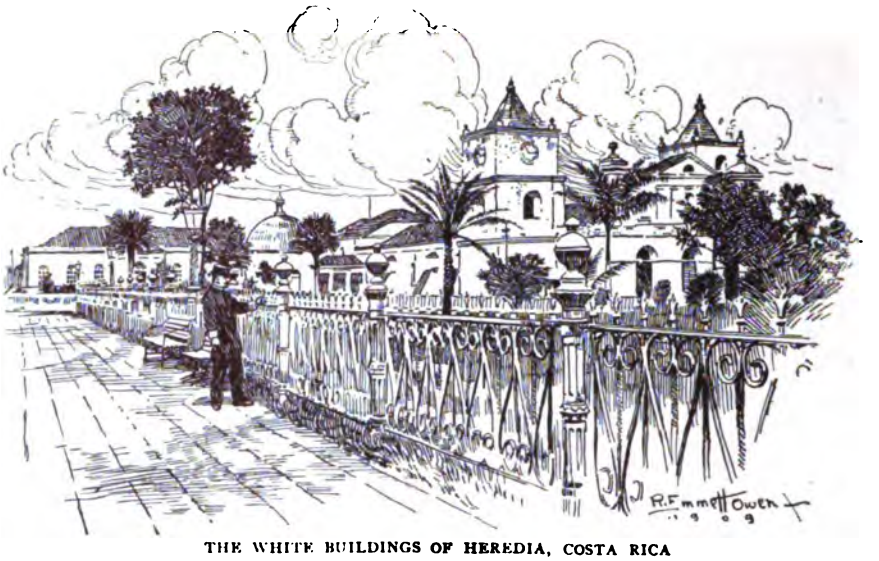
"Just wait until we give it a fair trial here," replied the Prohibitionists. "Prohibition *will* prevent in Georgia; it never had a fair chance in Kansas or Maine." And the Legislature listened and heeded, and gave them the very law they said they wanted. Now, by the very men who imposed prohibition on Georgia and said they would compel its enforcement, we are told, many months after the law went into effect, that it is not preventing what it was intended to prevent.

When the Prohibitionists called on the Chief of Police for an explanation, some means to prevent the increase in drinking, the constant violation of the Prohibition Law, he said:

While of course there are some "blind tigers" in the city, I believe they are responsible for only a very small percentage of the drunkenness prevalent at present. The people are simply sending outside the State and having whiskey shipped in to them, and are drinking until they get drunk. There is not any excuse for a "blind tiger" any way, when people can get beer and whiskey as easy as they can here, with only a few hours' wait. The average man is not going sneaking through the streets and alleyways hobnobbing with "bums" on a hunt for a "blind tiger," when he can communicate with Chattanooga and shortly afterwards have all the liquor he wants dumped right at his doorstep. This is the problem the police are up against and it is the solution of the amount of drunkenness in Atlanta. Of course, we run down every report of the existence of a "blind tiger," but it is nearly impossible to get evidence to convict.

Any unbiased observer of conditions in Atlanta must, in fact, be forced to the conclusion that, under the present prohibitory law, beer is being openly sold and whiskey can be purchased; and that, while there is no decrease in city and state cases in the police court, there is, on the contrary, an increase of perjury on the witness stands and of easily handled juries in the city courts.

While this article applies to one city only, the writer is firmly convinced that conditions in Atlanta are paralleled in every other large city in the State of Georgia, and that in some cities they are worse. For instance, it is charged that, in Savannah, through an alleged arrangement between certain city authorities and the "blind tigers," the latter are permitted to operate openly and (except on Sundays) sell anything drinkable they choose, on the understanding that the "blind tigers" are to be raided twice each year and fined in the city court. In this indirect way does Savannah, it is alleged, license its saloons. It is said that one raid, in 1908, yielded over $15,000 in fines.



THE WHITE BUILDINGS OF HEREDIA, COSTA RICA

COSTA RICA

A Central American Republic that is Peaceful and Prosperous

By HENRY WELLINGTON WACK

THE construction of the Panama Canal and recent events of a quasi-political significance, point to our greater interest in the Central American republics. Only a few months ago Mr. Carnegie gave $100,000 for a peace palace at Cartago, the ancient capital of Costa Rica. A peace congress held in 1907 proclaimed the brotherhood of these turbulent countries. We were promised a long era of peace. Promptly following the peace congress, several of the republics plotted new wars upon each other. The difficulty, however, is not with the Central American people so much as with some of their accursed political leaders. Presidents Zelaya of Nicaragua and Cabrera of Guatemala have been the principal disturbers of the peace which, it is apparent to any traveller in that region, the people earnestly desire.

In this region of constant political upheaval and periodic revolution and rebellion, the miniature Republic of Costa Rica stands up as a rock in the agitated sea. She has not had a first-class revolution in over forty years. She has shrewdly minded her own business and kept herself clear of the imbroglios to the north. She has had several stormy political campaigns of her own, but nothing which rent her people into factions seeking to destroy each other. Her politics are at times cathartic, but seldom destructive of the ideals of her people. Observe the fact that she employs more school-teachers than soldiers and you have one view of her serious and national purpose.

The United States and Costa Rica have secretly become intimate lately. If we have not in formal terms guaranteed her peace, we have certainly dedicated the Big Stick to her protection. Just south of her lies the zone of our colossal enterprise, the Panama Canal, into whose maw we

are pouring hundreds of millions and the talent and lives of many men. Between that zone where we can enforce peace and order, and the mountains and jungles of Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador, where we shall find that we can not, lies the peace-loving, enterprising Republic of Costa Rica, with ports on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, practically inaccessible except from its coasts, save perhaps through certain narrow cattle-passes from the northwest along the valley of the San Juan and San Carlos rivers in the Province of Alajuela. It is therefore altogether natural, as well as characteristic of the prescience of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, that Costa Rica should be adopted as a buffer state between the incorrigible republics to the north and the Isthmus of Panama to the south. The diplomatic detail of this Theodorean foresight may not, for a time at least, be vouchsafed to the powers interested in the Monroe Doctrine. That they exist, there is hardly the shadow of a doubt. Representatives of the Costa Rican official life, whom the writer in his journeys through that country has charged with the fact, have virtually admitted our secret protectorate over their miniature republic.

This relationship with us and the development of the Canal Zone will mean much to the smallest of the Central American countries. It will mean the readjustment and the unification of her public debt, much of which, issued during a previous government, is now in dispute. It will mean a great impetus to American enterprise there, and it will give greater stability to our own and the British investments which have modernized that country, such a large proportion of whose 350,000 people dwell along the tenth parallel.

RUBBER GATHERERS' CAMP IN COSTA RICA

The area of Costa Rica is about 22,000 square miles, divided into

HARVESTING BANANAS IN COSTA RICA

the provinces of San José, Cartago, Alajuela, Heredia and Guanacaste, and the *comarcas* of Punta Arenas in the Bay of Nicoya on the Pacific, and Limon on the Caribbean coast. It is exceedingly mountainous, and confines its inhabitants to within a few miles north and south of the tenth parallel. Within fifteen miles from either coast, most of it lies between 3000 and 6000 feet above the sea. Volcanoes, some of rare magnificence, distinguish the two principal mountain ranges. They are Irazú (11,200 feet), Turrialba (11,000), Buenavista (10,800), Chirripó Grande (11,850), Pico Blanco (9650), Barba (9335) and Poaz (8675). Of these, Irazú has been the only active crater during recent years.

The scenic beauty of Costa Rica is as yet unsuspected even by the widely travelled, and the country is particularly interesting to the observant traveller. Her dense forests contain over one hundred and forty varieties of merchantable timber. She is rich in cedars, nispero, mahogany, cocobola, guayacan, teak and satinwood. The finest bananas and coffee in the markets of the world come from Costa Rican plantations. The United Fruit Company of Boston operates a banana fleet between Port Limon and New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and Mobile. Thirty thousand bunches leave Costa Rica daily for the north. Ships sail weekly with banana cargoes for England and France. Over 13,000,000 bunches left Port Limon in 1908. Costa Rica coffee is of the finest quality and flavor, which accounts for the vigilant manner in which it is all bought up for European courts and by other special bidders. When the coffee crop fails, as it did in 1907, there is woe in Costa Rica, for the loss is about $2,000,000.

As its name signifies, Costa Rica (Rich Coast) has abundant natural resources. The soil is very fertile, and the mountain slopes and valleys are dotted with the *finka* of the planter. In the northwestern region gold mines are yielding bullion, and throughout the coastal regions bananas, cocoanuts, plantains, cacao, rub-

CURING THE BEANS ON A COFFEE PLANTATION IN COSTA RICA

ber, dyes, medicinal roots, figs, nuts and many other varieties of fruit and vegetables abound. The country's annual imports are worth between seven and eight million dollars, about fifty-one per cent. being from the United States. The exports amount to about nine millions, about forty-seven per cent. going to the United States. The gold standard was adopted in 1896, the unit being the *colon*, worth 46½ cts., United States money. The principal banks of the country are those in the capital, San José. They are the Banco Anglo-Costarricense, the Banco de Costa Rica and the Banco Commercial. The usual rate of interest is ten per cent., but twelve is frequently paid.

The law-making branch of the Government is called the Constitutional Congress, to which one deputy is chosen for every 8000 inhabitants. The members serve for four years, assembling annually for a session of sixty days. The President is elected for a term of four years and is not eligible to succeed himself. He and the members of Congress are chosen by electoral bodies elected every four years by popular vote. The judges of the Supreme Court are elected by the Congress. The legislative, judicial and executive departments of the government are entirely independent of each other.

President Don Cleto Gonzales Viquez, who now rules the destinies of this gem of the Central American group, is a man of great executive ability. It is probable that during his administration the national debt will be unified under a less burdensome rate of interest. A large part of the debt is held by New York and London bankers.

But neither politics nor statistics are Costa Rica's principal charm. To the people of the United States and to the traveller in search of a quaint and a delightful country from January to June, when the season is dry, this toyland of the southern nations has much that is romantic, much upon her face that no history in our tongue has yet recounted. It is only about thirty-three years since the ox-cart made way for the first Costa Rica

railroad. Thereby was shattered, or nearly shattered, one of the country's most stubborn institutions. Now the bullock-drivers were a numerous and a politically powerful band, to whom the invasion of the steam-boweled iron horse meant financial ruin. The *boyero*, as the ox-cart driver is called, had to be placated by the government which constructed the railroad—a line running from Alajuela to Cartago, about fifteen miles west and east of San José, the capital.

A PEON FAMILY

So the *boyeros* were employed to haul all the material for the road in ox-carts over a mountain route nearly fifty miles long. Theretofore all freight moving from Punta Arenas on the Pacific to points inland toward the Caribbean was hauled in ox-carts, twenty-two kilometers, or thirteen and three quarters miles, being a day's haul.

By far the most important material development in Costa Rica is due to the construction of the railroad running from Port Limon on the Caribbean coast to San José, a distance of one hundred and twenty-nine miles. The government first undertook its construction, but after building forty miles, surrendered the work to Mr. Minor C. Keith of New York, the practical head of the United Fruit Company, and Mr. Keith induced English capital to complete the road. It was heroic work for both the *peon* and the foreigner, the first twenty miles through the tropical swamp and jungle having, it is popularly narrated, cost a man's life for every tie laid. They died by the hundred from the tropical fever which prevailed in that lowland, where the exudation from rank vegetation, I observed, is not unlike that along the west coast of Africa. Nor were these conditions the only hindrance to the railroad pioneers of that time. The river Toro Amarillo (Yellow Bull) either swept bridges away or changed its wild course in a night. The torrential rains of last December flooded the railroad in the lowland, wrecked three bridges and hindered the harvesting and shipment of the banana

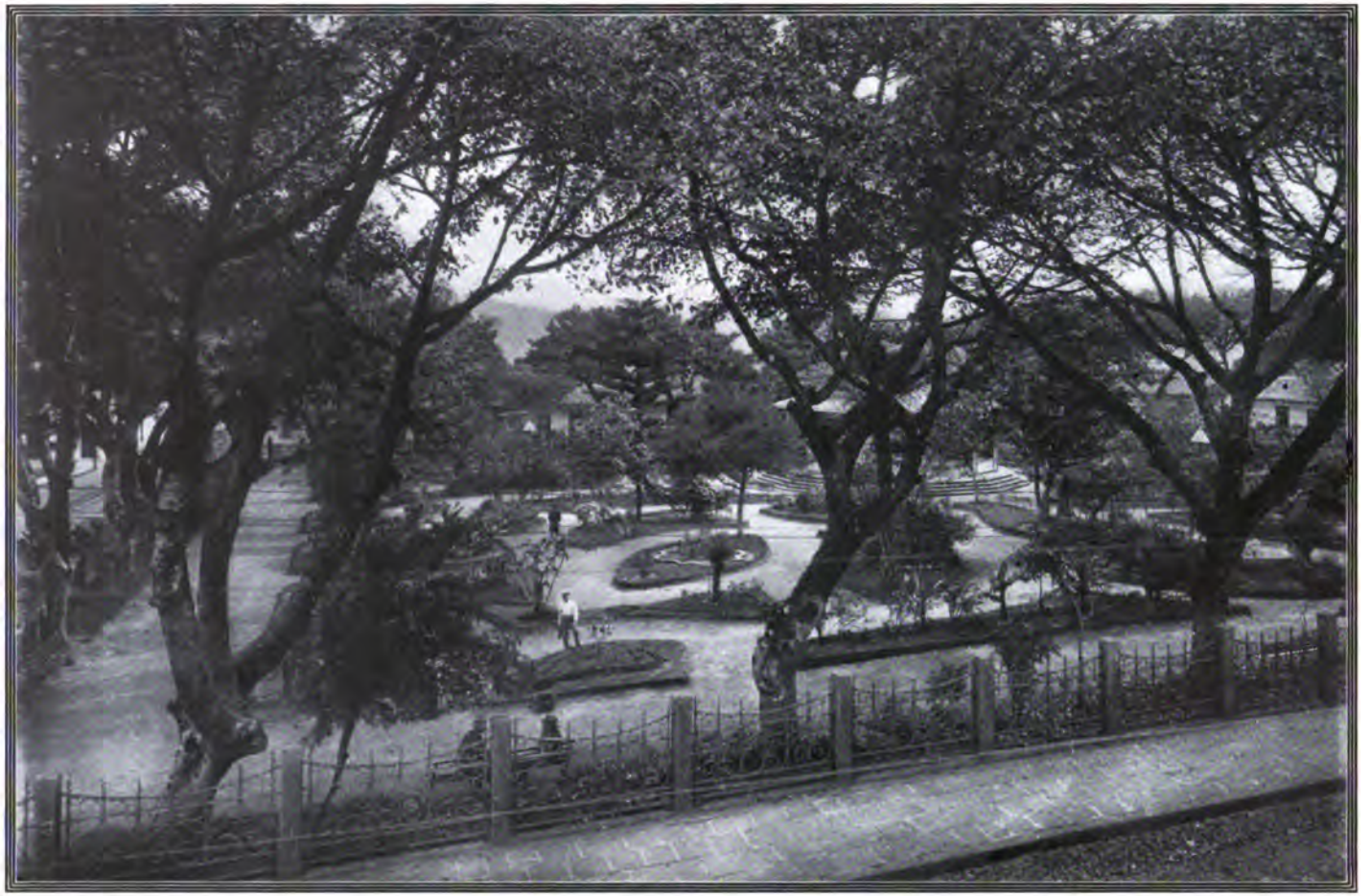
RIO GRANDE BRIDGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, COSTA RICA

crop. An occasional earthquake added to many surface difficulties, and a frequent lack of funds for the pay-roll and consequent mutiny made the final completion of this railroad one of the miracles of that sturdy little republic. That the genius of an American, Mr. Keith, should have accomplished what the natural conditions had made seemingly impossible, is a matter of satisfaction to our compatriots who have substantial interests in that country.

The Ferrocarril al Pacifico, or Pacific Railroad, was also built by an American, a man from Ohio. This road runs west from San José to Santo Domingo, a village about twenty-seven miles from the Pacific coast, where it stops. From there the traveller proceeds on a horse or a mule to Esparta, a comfortable village in which to stay overnight, where he may again board the railroad train and go on to Barranca and Punta Arenas. The bridge over the Rio Barranca having been recently washed away, passengers cross the river in trolley baskets suspended from cables. Those who travel a-horse swim that stream when and if they can. The incomplete condition of this road is due to the government's financial circumstances, the cost of the work proving much greater than original estimates indicated. In the first twenty-five miles seven iron bridges span turbulent mountain rivers, the highest being 312 feet. This is the bridge over the Rio Grande, a combination arch and cantilever having a clear span of 450 feet. At the time of its erection it was the only bridge of its kind.

These railways, together with their branches north and south, have revealed significant possibilities in the material development of the land of the "Ticos," the name by which Costa Ricans are known in Central America. They have also brought the northern traveller and the southern white man into the region for health and observation, or for considerations of trade and commerce.

There are two ways of reaching Costa Rica from the United States. From San Francisco the Pacific Mail



CENTRAL PARK, CARTAGO, COSTA RICA

The Central American Peace Palace given by Andrew Carnegie will stand near this park

NATIONAL THEATRE, SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

line sails to Punta Arenas and Peruvian ports with passengers and cargo. To Punta Arenas the time is twenty-one days in fairly comfortable vessels, albeit that route is generally employed by Costa Rican interests directly for the haulage of freight purchased in San Francisco, from which port rates are very low compared to the rate from the Atlantic seaboard.

From the east the American visitor to Costa Rica may sail in a United Fruit Company steamer from Boston every Friday; or from New York on the Hamburg American line every Saturday; or, going by rail to New Orleans, he may sail from that port every week to Port Limon on the Atlantic Coast, the direct route to Colon and the Isthmus of Panama. Travellers from the west coast of South America debark at Punta Arenas on their way north, journey across Costa Rica and embark for New York at Port Limon. The same method may be pursued across Panama from its west coast to Colon and the north.

One of the most delightful winter voyages on this continent is the nine-days cruise from Boston or New York to Port Limon, the trip across Costa Rica, down its west coast to Panama, back across the Isthmus to Colon, thence north to where you will. If you have not visited Spanish-American countries before, you should find much to interest you. *Coloradillas* and *niguas* (tropical insects) will not molest you much from January to June. The wet season, from June to January, when torrential rains at four o'clock daily make the country steam like a laundry, is not the time to get a favorable impression of equatorial America. Wear the lightest khaki, mesh linen and soft collars.

At Port Limon you will see the first *zopilote*, the hideous black scavenger buzzard which, protected from destruction by law, is regarded by the natives as their greatest hygienic expert. This great-beaked bird of prey, known in South America as the *gallinazzi*, is everywhere—in the atmosphere and in the air, as Bill Nye said of the falling autumn leaves.

It eats all the refuse which the people, the country and its animal life produce. Thus it is that in Costa Rica the sewers are open gutters down the middle of the streets. Stand anywhere in Costa Rica near the habitation of man or domestic beast, cast anything edible upon the ground, and a flock of *zopilote* will dart down and fight for it. But for these ugly birds, typhoidal fevers would rage in some parts of Central America.

You will find the affairs of the United Fruit Company overshadowing everything at Limon, and in fact, all through the banana belt along the Caribbean Coast. It has nearly 25,000 acres planted with the fruit; employs thousands of Jamaican negroes to harvest it; provides hospitals on the coast for its white employees and clubs and dormitories wherever its staff abounds. You pass through its plantations on your way inland to San José, the salubrious capital sitting in the mountains at an altitude of 4000 feet, with the world's record for equable temperature, the mean being 71° Fahrenheit.

On your way you will observe fence-posts branching and leafing into fine trees around a *potrero* (pasture), or the *finka* of the planter. Everything grows in Costa Rica. Stick your alpenstock in the ground, recite the prayer of the *peon* (native Spanish-Indian laborer), and lo!—there is something that looks very much like a tree; and all without the aid of an Indian fakir. The land is fertile beyond our present appreciation, and everything that expects to stand and look at the sun must take root and cover itself with leaves as protection against the undermining rain. Even the railroad ties are of iron—to discourage them, I presume, from branching and becoming foliate.

At Matina, in the banana belt, I observed a traveller from the north pay a negro five cents from the car platform for ten bananas he had purchased. When he re-entered, manifestly elated by the quality and the cheapness of the fruit, his Costa Rican acquaintance upbraided him: "*Never* pay for a banana you eat in *this* country! To do so violates our religion. Besides, you 'll spoil our niggers."

The train from Limon stops at every station. For a hundred miles inland Jamaican negroes predominate along the route, these imported laborers excelling the peon in the banana region. At Alajuela the blackest of black negresses flock to the train with japanned trays laden with sliced pineapples. When you have gorged yourself on this luscious fruit after a hot, dry train-journey of six hours, you will recall the imitation pines you have eaten in the north—fruit beside which the Costa Rican pine is as nectar to malic acid. The pulp of the Costa Rican pine is very white, and when ripe, can be eaten from the skin with a spoon. This tender consistency renders them too perishable for exportation. The oranges, limes, mangoes and avocadoes, or "alligator pears," there so abundant are of delicious flavor and great food value.

The peon is an interesting character, in his independent state in the villages, as planter, or as a worker in the mining camps. In the larger towns the houses are built of adobe, with tile roofs upon the best of them. In the small villages along the ox-cart trails, a few sticks of bamboo (bound together with the *bejuco* vine and thatched with tall local grass), or a few sheets of corrugated iron, constitute the permanent abode of his often numerous family. One peculiarity of these huts is their inmate's utter disregard of side and end protection. As the rains always fall straight down and are never wind-driven from a vertical course, he simply provides a roof. For domestic privacy he would not inclose the sides and ends of his hut, for privacy is not important to his comfort. Moreover, in a country where the air is so still, he argues that it is undesirable to shut it out. Consequently the domestic architecture and the domestic dress and habit of the peon are scandalously "open-work."

A forge-like charcoal stove built of mud usually occupies one corner of the combination kitchen-dining-bath-pig-chicken-room-and-nursery, leaving the other room of 8 x 11 feet entirely free as the highly-ventilated

HUT OF A CARIB INDIAN FAMILY

sleeping apartment and guest-dog-and-goat-room of the peon, his wife, eleven or twelve children and any weary traveller who may have strayed in upon them during an equinoctial storm. Life here is shorn of its non-essentials—of so much that is burdensome to man in his simple estate. Even in the custom of personal adornment the peon is an observer of severest simplicity. Occasionally you may see plain gold rings in his ears or in those of his wife, but it seems for every such bauble put on they take off some necessary garment. When a peon woman wishes to be "real smart," she wears a gaily-colored *rebozo* (a narrow shawl) in imitation of the native white Costa Rican lady who wears her pretty *pañalon*. When they can, they all drink *guaro*, a native brandy made and monopolized by the government. It is a white liquor composed of sixty parts of distilled water and forty parts commercial alcohol. Lacking a thousand deleterious flavors included in the liquor of the north, it is regarded as less injurious than either Scotch or American whiskey. It has the power, nevertheless, in that very humid climate, of making a howling *gila* monster of the tamest peon. He looks very fierce, brandishing his *machete* at men of his own class and emitting what the mine foreman at Montezuma calls "plenty tall hellish screech." But the peon shrinks from his white superior and quickly subsides under his commands.

It is from the peon class that the Costa Rican army of six hundred soldiers is recruited. This is the most simply dressed civilized army in the world. A blouse and pair of trousers of blue dungaree is all there is of the uniform. Bare feet and any sort of head covering, repeating rifle and *machete*, complete this modest warrior. You can inspect him daily in the Plaza de Artilleria at San José. There are his *cuartels* (barracks); and there, while on sentry duty in his boxes, you can hear his response to the officers of the guard—a weird, musical sound made by the sentry tapping a keyed triangle in each box. The peon makes a good soldier in his native habitat, the military code making no fancy exaction upon his intelligence or his skill at arms. The blue and gold dress of the superior officers of the Costa Rican army is as elaborate and costly as the uniform of the private is plain and shoddy. It appears to be worn daily, and ex-

hibited on the street corner of San José more to impress the *señoritas* than for any useful military purpose. The corsetted young men who are jammed into these rich uniforms—so vivid a contrast to their surroundings in a town of 30,000 inhabitants—are withal a fine and spirited lot of fellows, displaying the cockiness of the Prussian and the glorified suavity of the French officer. No wonder that the San José *señoritas* dress up and ostensibly go somewhere along the narrow streets when officers foregather on the corner.

You will see hundreds of children on the streets wearing the same pattern, color and quality of dress. Years ago the upper-class school-children showed their contempt for those of the middle class, and the latter class found it hard to respect the peon class. There were quarrels, bitterness, anguish. Then some wise man conceived the idea that a public school, being for the equal benefit of all and not a showplace for ostentatiously dressed children, should tolerate no external mark of rank begot merely by money and bad taste. So they passed a law that all public-school children should wear the cheapest and the cleanest uniform which the least of the pupils could afford. That is why Costa Rican school-children look neat and clean and very much alike to the casual observer—a very wholesome lesson for them, too, at their impressionable age.

The Liceo is a well-organized college for young men, and there is a Superior College for young women at San José. Besides these there is a school of law, one of pharmacy, one of commerce and one of music. The government sends many young men to Europe and the United States to study practical professions.

With modern conveniences, only excepting the buzzard sewage system, the larger cities of Costa Rica are fairly well equipped. Telephones, tramways, electric-light plants, hotels and markets are generally operated in cities of the first class; while the telegraph, owned and operated by the government, extends throughout all the inhabited area of the republic, even to its most distant mining-camps.

At the present time, while the Pacific Railroad is truncated between Santo Domingo and Esparta, Costa Rica affords the traveller an experience generally packed with incident and humor. This is the enforced journey of about twenty miles on mules or horses between these villages on the way from San José to the west coast. If you know something of the *mañana* lands, you will procure the friendly offices of an influential native in San José to telegraph to Santo Domingo, from two or four days ahead of your departure, a "requisition" for the best saddle-pony in the country, with a command that the pony be immediately fed up, and pastured without work until you arrive to ride him. Anything less than this foresight and these orders, together with the inflated debt they incur, will result in your meeting a dead horse, with neither wind, legs nor hope in his patched-up and upholstered carcass.

There are no more hospitable white people in the world than the Costa Ricans. They are refined and cultured, live in excellently appointed homes and raise beautiful families of boys and girls, many of whom are educated in the United States or in Europe. Remember that they are wholly unrelated to the Carib, the Indian stock from which the peon (laboring) class has been bred. The latter is a dark- skinned, broad-faced Indian type reared in the mountains since the Spanish colony was established in 1520. Costa Rica became independent of Spain in 1821 and joined the Confederation of Central American States in 1824–9. In contrast with Nicaragua, Guatemala and Honduras, we shall frequently hear of her henceforth in the annals of peace, thrift and national progress.

(The photographs which illustrate the above article were made by Rudd of San José)

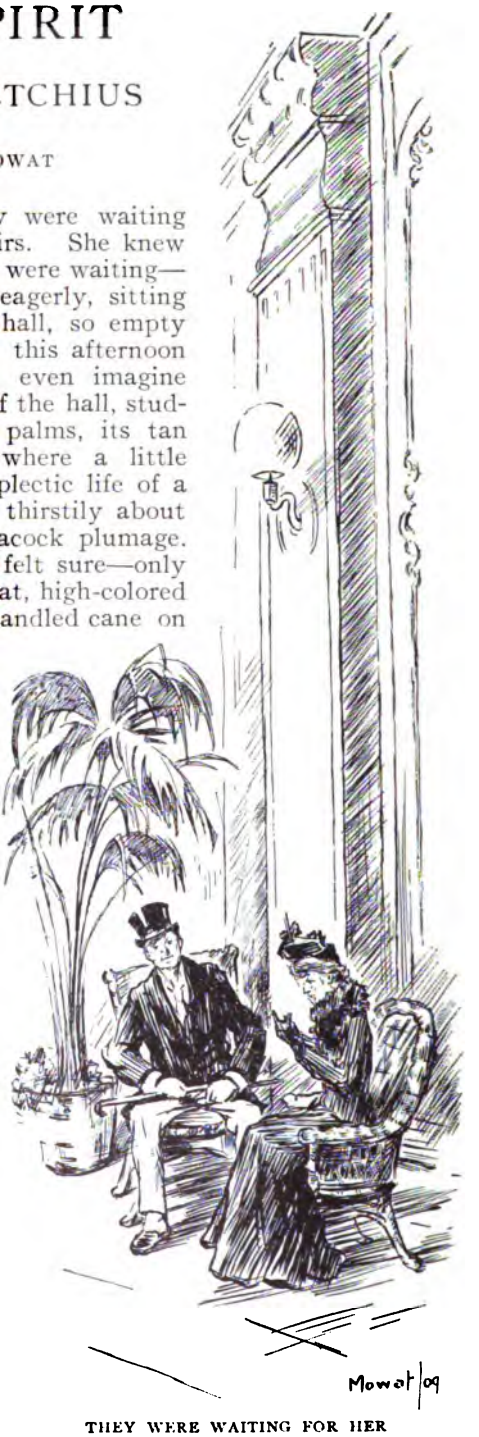
THE CHILD SPIRIT

By MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SHE knew that they were waiting for her downstairs. She knew also just how they were waiting—uncomplainingly, eagerly, sitting in the vast hotel hall, so empty and cavernous at this afternoon hour. She could even imagine the cheerlessness of the hall, studded as it was with its imitation palms, its tan wicker chairs and round tables, where a little later in the afternoon all the apoplectic life of a passing world in Paris would settle thirstily about the teacups, and flutter wide a peacock plumage. But now there was no one else, she felt sure—only her father, in his rather worn frock-coat, high-colored tie and top hat, balancing his thick-handled cane on his knees and casting occasional anxious glances at his short, stout reflection in the mirror opposite, while her mother, small, pale-eyed, with her new French hat at the same angle which it always assumed above the scarcity of her pepper-colored hair, buttoned nervously a shiny, thin pair of black gloves. Both of them would look up expectantly at each click and rattle of the elevator, each swift step on the slippery parquet floor.

The very fact of the almost wearied ease with which she could summon this picture to her mind, made any haste to join them seem less necessary. So she went lingeringly about her big sunny room, pausing once in a while before her window, which opened on the Champs Élysées, and drinking, as if it were wine, the drone and buzz of the swift passing motors, the wooden clatter of the carriages, the light tapping of horses' hoofs on the smooth driveway, and watching the strolling couples beneath the chestnut trees, which, like enormous green fans, shaded the avenue



THEY WERE WAITING FOR HER

from the shining blue sky. The sound and sight of these things aroused in her vague longings. She would have liked to plunge into them alone, free to wander over this enchanting Maydecked world of Paris without the drag of the two slow-moving figures at her side. But they were eternally wishing to accompany her, to bend themselves even painfully to her young energy. Now that she was to leave them, they used their future desolation as a reason for demanding these last assertive days of her girlhood. But it was too late to demand — after having surrounded her for so long with their selfishness. They had done their best to spoil her. Was it her fault because she had found the strength to combat this present overpowering claim upon her — to ask in her turn the right of self-expression—the new intoxication of an unfolding personality?

She took up His picture which stood always on her bureau. How good looking He was! *He* understood her. She missed Him dreadfully, and would be glad when all this trousseau buying was finished and she could sail back to Him—never, never to leave Him again. At even the thought of this, such a thin quiver of nameless joy filled her soul that she closed her eyes, her lips parted instinctively, light flooded behind her eyelids. The world contracted to a pin-point of radiance—there was nothing beyond. But even as she strove to keep the light at white pitch, it faded, and a nervous sense that someone—that They—were waiting all this time brought her back to practical consciousness. She resented their intrusion on her dream, and as she continued dressing, mechanically, faster and faster, in reluctant admission of the lateness of the hour, she allowed her mood deliberately to saw its rough edges on what she felt to be a grievance—the patient waiting of the two downstairs, and how much her coming meant to them. She became oppressively aware of all the things they had bought for her, scattered thickly over the room—half of them she never used—bright baubles sufficient for a child, ridiculously expensive no doubt—scarfs, chains, books she never read, ribbons and hair ornaments, most of them in bad taste. . . . She laced her shoes savagely as she reflected that they spent more than they could afford on such fripperies and then were hurt to their foolish hearts when she did not accept each gift as a child accepts candy. If only they would not give so lavishly! A reluctant sweep of affection drowned for a moment her indignation as, in rummaging through her drawer for her favorite veil, her hand touched a little box in the corner.

That was a beautiful cigarette case her father had bought for Him. Yes, they did mean to be kind. The tragedy of it lay in their overwhelming kindness, and all the corresponding obligation it entailed. She wished that they would not remind her so constantly of what they had done for her. It is true that they asked a very simple thing in return—her appreciation. But there was a proud, conscious expectancy in their eyes, which waited shamelessly for recognition. She pinned on a lace jabot at her throat with a jerk, remembering, in retrospective fury, how as a child they had laid traps and invented countless ways to start the spring of her apparently boundless enthusiasm. She had given then because she was a child—because pleasure meant pleasure. Now that she was older, she could see the impossibility of whipping into life what had ebbed away with all joyous irresponsibility. It was as if after having once lived upon the eager smile of her ever-smiling child lips, the clapping of her ever-ready hands, they simply could not reconcile themselves to any new condition—and in their hearts they thought her ungrateful. Even when He had come, they had struggled against Him—she could

SHE HAD BEEN STANDING IN FRONT OF HER MIRROR

never quite forgive them for that,—although, once acknowledged, they had done all in their power to include Him in their plans for her. She felt vaguely the pathos of this last trip alone with them, as she observed their efforts to pretend that she was still a child—the small ways by which they wilfully blinded themselves to her independence.

Suddenly with a start she realized that she was fully dressed and that she had been standing in front of her mirror staring at her own reflection without any apparent consciousness of time. She continued staring for a little while, almost impersonally registering what she saw there—the soft, straight hair, low brow, searching dark eyes, thin-chiselled nose and slightly thick, curved pink lips. She turned aside, realizing that there must be no more delay. As she closed the door gently behind her, somehow her sense of injury changed to a gentle patience, her immediate recognition of which soothed her delightfully.

As she had imagined, they were waiting for her—uncomplainingly, eagerly. They had heard her step on the stairs and they were coming forward now, her mother with a foolishly proud expression which, travelling over each pretty detail of her daughter's dress, ended delightedly at sight of a parasol which had been sent home on approval that morning.

"I knew you 'd like that parasol as soon as I saw it, Dolly," she said.

The daughter turned aside impatiently. She had often signified her dislike of the pet name.

"Thank you, mother," she said.

"It 's just what you needed," continued the mother; but some of the pleasure had gone out of her voice.

"You might show a little more gratitude to your dear mother who is always thinking of you," remarked her father.

"I am always thanking mother," she answered with a snap in her voice. She was angry because she no longer possessed that sweet sense of patience with which she had approached

THEY STARTED STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE

them, and she felt frettingly ashamed of herself for losing it so soon.

They walked silently behind her to the big swinging door. She knew that their feelings were hurt—quite unreasonably, perhaps, though, after all, she might have avoided one of those little scenes so recurrent at this point of her rebellion. Bribing her conscience she addressed a gentle remark to them, at which they brightened so immediately that by the time they stood in the full glitter and sunshine of the Champs Élysées, they were both smiling again. At her suggestion, they started strolling down the avenue, her father swinging his cane and strutting a little, her mother trotting beside her, both of them naïvely overjoyed at being with her—jealously remarking the occasional glances cast in her direction by the men who passed.

"It's disgusting, how they stare," observed her mother at last. "Stand up straight, Dolly dear."

"They're not staring at me," she answered. It was as if she felt compelled to tear away all the innocent fabric of their pride.

The bright little world on the Champs Élysées seemed to have been spilled out from some big basket and to be rolling off at random in gayly colored particles. The sun sifted through the thick green chestnut branches and splashed in sudden yellow spots beneath the trees. On the edge of the avenue sprawled slender iron chairs upon which sat brilliant, ruffled beings toned down becomingly to pastel shades by their soft-petalled parasols. Men lounged in the shadows or walked slowly with seeking eyes in and out of the fluttering throng of women. And above, the great silken blue sky seemed to fan with its scented breath these joyous, vivid creatures.

But the note of it all, which twittered and thrilled incessantly through the rustle of passing skirts,

was the note of the children. It was as if they had taken possession of the very ground beneath the feet of their elders, so unconsciously did they dodge and circle, radiating sunshine, spreading exuberantly in tiny, swift, dissolving groups of tangled joy. Such children they were—such curly-haired, beribboned children, watched over at proper distances by pink-cheeked, white-capped *bonnes*, who looked, many of them, as if they too would like to play.

The mother and father watched these children raptly, exclaiming, now and then, "Dolly, that child has your eyes, I declare," or "Dolly, you looked just like that when you were her age."

The daughter stared at them wonderingly; their pleasure in the joy of the children seemed almost undignified.

"How you used to play when you were a child," said her mother; and "My, but you could run," the father exclaimed wistfully. "I used to call you, 'Dolly! Dolly!'" he raised his voice as if he were really calling her. She interrupted him:

"Sh, father; we 're not at home."

"And," he continued, paying no attention, "you 'd come running to me, your little arms out, puffing and snorting like—like a steam-engine! But you never cried—no, sir, you never cried, even if you fell before you reached me."

Both of them were talking eagerly now, reminding each other of incidents in her playtime days. Feeling annoyed at such doting reminiscences, she looked around to find something to distract their attention from her. Suddenly, in a cool, shaded corner beneath the trees, she noticed one of the Guignol theatres which she had always passed heretofore with superior indifference. From a distance it looked to her like some half-open matchbox on end, with matches being jerked up and down in the aperture. It seemed to her now at least useful for a change of topic, so she exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the Guignol, mother, father."

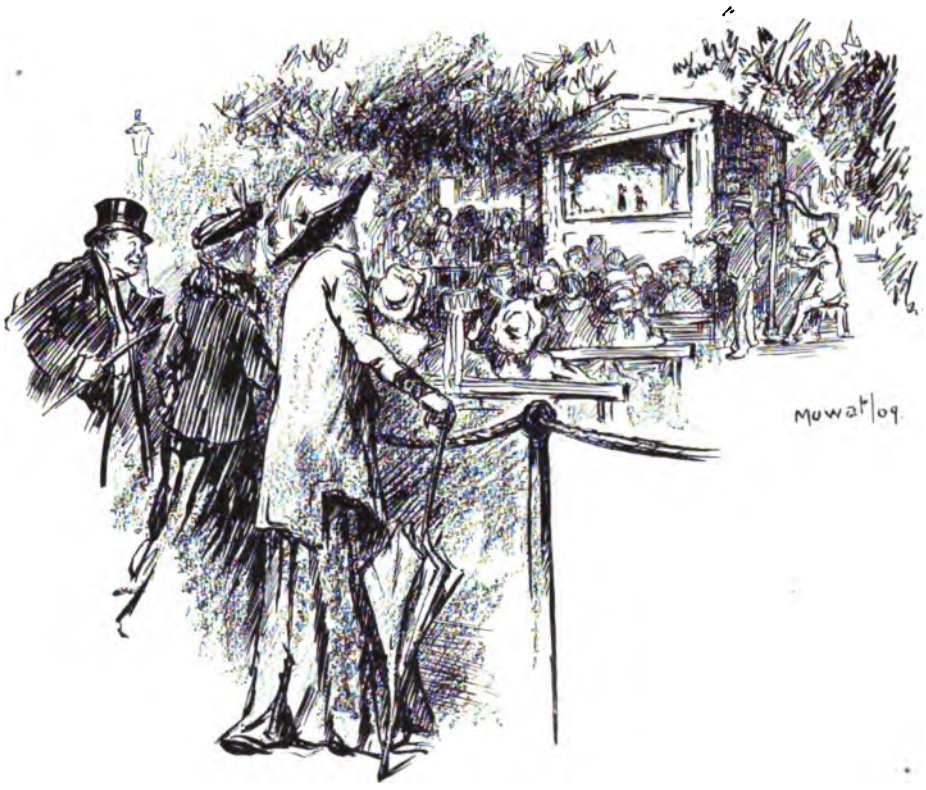
As she spoke, she told herself it was just so she would have called a child's attention. They turned, immediately responsive. They appeared to have warmed to youth again, in the excitement of the little playing children about them. They followed their daughter delightedly as she walked towards the Guignol. She moved on ahead of them—so tall, so graceful, so beautiful. The pleasant sense of virtue was touching her complacently once more. And then it was not as stupid as she might have imagined, this soft spring afternoon among the little playing children. She became less self-conscious. A spirit of holiday, deliberately shelved some time ago, slipped wantonly from its high place, and danced at her feet. She thought how He would enjoy this walk—He loved children she remembered with a quick sweep of tenderness. A light blush fluttered on her cheek. She felt His adoring eyes upon her, and looked away—at the little playing children. Her mother and father were on each side of her, peering over her shoulder. The Guignol smiled crookedly at them as they drew near. A funny, thin music trickled merrily at intervals out of a rusty harp and a shiny violin, played by two dark, kind-faced boys.

Quite a crowd rimmed good-humoredly the outlining rope of the magic square. There were full-grown men as well as women and children. All of them lingered in a splendid disregard of time, enjoying with Gallic enthusiasm the play of the Puppets.

Inside the rope were long-ankled, high benches packed tight with an absorbed little audience—rows of small-flowered mushroom hats flapping up and down, short arms waving in the air and squeaks of delight running riot like so many organ stops being pulled on and off.

Meanwhile, the colored wooden dolls leaning far out of their scenic

pasteboard interior banged and whacked and squealed through a side-splitting farce, twisting about their painted, smiling faces which never changed expression, flourishing



THE MOTHER AND FATHER PUSHED CLOSE UP TO THE ROPE

their stiff bodies and making marvellous jokes about "*les petits enfants.*"

The mother and father pushed close up to the ropes, straining their necks forward to see and to hear. The father cupped his half deaf ear with an attentive hand. They laughed when the people around them laughed. The daughter, who had moved behind them with an instinct to let them have the first place here, was watching them closely now with an amused tolerance. At first she glanced up at each burst of laughter to see if anyone were noticing or laughing at them, but the indifference and absorption of the faces around her was reassuring. She began to feel less conspicuous, more at her ease. Accordingly she allowed her dreams to slide again from their pink coverings, and to have their way with her. Strangely enough to-day they all had tangled curls and laughing baby eyes. She accepted them doubtfully at first with a sense of mingled fear and tenderness for their phantom caprices. She forgot again the mother and father, until suddenly the mother turned to her.

"Dolly, let 's go in," she coaxed, "let 's—just for once."

There was the slight urging of anticipated refusal in her voice.

"Why, mother," answered the daughter, immediately awakened. "Can't you see just as well here? It would be ridiculous, our prancing in there. We have no children to take in, we——"

She stopped—aware for the first

time of her mother's pleading eyes. Why, there were tears in them—they were glistening.

"We can be nearer those little darling children," the mother was saying. "I want to see them nearer, Dolly. That one on the end laughs just the way you used to laugh. We can sit on those chairs. There are other women in there."

"But those are nurses and mothers—mother."

Her father looked up with rare authority. "Dolly, if your dear mother wants to go, we shall go," he said, his own face betraying a not unwilling eagerness. He led the way, the mother trotting timidly after him. The daughter followed, crimson with self-consciousness, feeling all eyes upon them. The father gave the curtseying one-eyed old ticket woman a franc, refusing the change. She bowed them profusely to three small iron chairs behind the benches. They sat down a trifle stiffly; the father held himself erect, grasping his cane firmly in one hand—his frock-coat fell in a black curtain over the edge of the chair, his top hat glistened smooth in a ray of sunshine,—the mother darted perturbed glances at her daughter, who sat remote, unsmiling, in her chair. The Guignol was commencing—over and over it played its wooden, smiling piece to the benches full of tiny devotees. The mother and father leaned forward, whispering to one another in low, pleased tones—they forgot the displeasure of their daughter. They were warmly suffused by the play of it all, intoxicated by the quivers of joy that shook the small straight lines on the two benches. An infant in front of them turned suddenly with an imperative need to share her delight.

"*Il l' a battu—il l' a battu,*" she lisped to them, clapping her dimpled hands. The little boy next to her seized her round elbow and pinched it excitedly. Hauling himself up by its uncertain aid, he stood on his wobbling sailor-clad legs, balancing himself and crying in shrill tones, "*Il l' a battu.*" The mother and father glanced at one another rapturously. The daughter stirred in her chair. The voices of the children like thin wire hooks caught her attention. The same tireless sense of wonder which caused all things to turn restlessly beneath her investigating mind began again now to work at this kaleidoscopic scene before her. She felt as if she had been flopped down into the very centre of something new—something she had never passed or seen before. A sense—recent with her late acuteness—dawned in her that a hidden word lay beneath this colorful surface. She groped intelligently, obeying her instinct for unearthing the word. She had learned in her questioning soul that all surfaces held seeds and roots, but heretofore she had looked at more sober surfaces—fearing shallows—suspecting bubbling surfaces that smiled and danced, because she remembered how thin her youth had been. She allowed herself to have a contempt for this skipping, gay beginning of things—feeling justified in so doing since she included in it her own earlier childhood. But now for the first time forces of questioning aroused her eyes, as she sat in the very heart of this fluttering, joyful world, open-mouthed before its innocent amusements, giving its little all out to the wooden dolls who grimaced companionably back to it.

She turned her eyes to the first row of children, sweeping their bent, beruffled figures with a slow, concentrating gaze. They seemed to her to have been blown about by tiny flippant winds, which had driven them here and there in excited flurries. But gradually as she stared behind their wide eyes and pink mouths and scattered hair, she detected a small spark of something—what was it? Did her imagination put into their round, childish faces a meaning that was not there? She leaned forward, focussing her eyes more intently. She began to see a half-frightened, almost invisible some-

thing, as of the departing shadow of a swift moving wing. It hesitated, coming and going—it flickered down the row. What was it? She grasped it gradually—catching at it as it came and went. It was a child of her own wonder, a pin-point of coming sadness, so slight that it resolved in twinklings of light; it was a pallor of expression, like the opening of some tiny, scentless bud.

Wistfulness—that was it,—and a longing which strained and tugged at every passing pleasure, releasing itself now and then, only to dart back again for an eye's breadth in some other little face down the line. It was strange that she should imagine this something. There!—it had alighted for more than a second on a small boy sitting next to her father—such a small atom of a boy, with a peaked chin, large, sharp-cornered eyes and a slanting, pale forehead. This boy seized and held the something with a wistful eagerness for the noise about him—an intangible hunger to seize this play moment, because of the flickering fear of what was coming later.

Her eyes slid unconsciously from the child to her father—on to her mother. Why, it was there, too!—it was the same, hiding in their wrinkles, in the tired lines she had never noticed before. It rose and fell in the corners of their mouths, in the strained attention of their eyes—the same spirit of wistfulness, the formless leaping of the moment, and shadow of tears to come. Only it was more accentuated there in their faces, more clearly revealed to her startled eyes. It lay still tremulous, as they bent forward drinking in the youth about them. Their faces seemed suddenly, grotesquely young and wondering—while the children's faces about her, as she looked more closely, seemed strangely old and wondering. Then it came down to the same fundamental something. It touched and quivered and passed from one to the other.

Was *she* like that, too? Was He like that—He of the strong, straight limbs and adoring eyes? Or had He been so, and would He grow so, as He met the wonder in His children's faces? A flash shot through her soul,—His children and hers! Then to find that something—the great mystery must have passed from tiny hand to older eyes! Children must have come, to make children. And those between, neither one thing nor the other, the something passed silently. But then, if that were so, it changed things; it changed the whole relationship of the world; it showed her wrong, absolutely, blindly wrong. The entire fabric of her superior reasoning came tumbling down about her like an absurd sugar tower, reared by an improvident child. A great light which she had never known before broke upon her slowly in widening, clear ripples. She felt as if she had been trampling on a very beautiful, simple thing, without — mercifully enough — the power to crush it. As she looked again at the little world before her, she heard for the first time comprehendingly the uneven pattering of its applause, the piping tremolo of its music, the wooden banging of its marionettes; she saw for the first time the flash of their red and gold, the bending—as in a wind—of the audience; and she felt over the whole rainbow surface of its changing lights, the simplicity of never-fading youth.

It was over. The wiry bell had rung down the curtain, and there followed the tumbling, helter-skelter, eager darting of small bright bodies, here and there, scattering in the sunshine. Now that the play was over, their hungry little souls sought after other joys. She stood up quietly, looking down at her mother and father. They were still absorbed, as if they were afraid to break, by moving, the enchantment of the moment; but as she looked, she saw their faces contract and grow strangely tired.

"Little mother," she said very tenderly, as much later she might say, "Little child."

The mother rose slowly.

"I know I 'm a silly old woman, Dolly," she said brokenly. "But it just took me back to when you were my girlie."

The father coughed hoarsely and turned away. The one-eyed old ticket-seller came up and stared at them curiously—the benches began to fill up again. There were enough children for many performances.

"I know, little mother," went on the daughter. "But come now, we'll go somewhere else. I have it—" she cried suddenly. "Suppose we go to that cake shop you spoke of the other day, and eat cakes and tea?"

"Why, Dolly dear, do you really want to? I thought—" began the mother. The daughter put one hand out impulsively.

"Never mind; we 're going to be—foolish children, for the rest of the afternoon," she said.

She guided them out on the avenue again. She felt happy and wonderfully tender. The surface of things had changed. She was learning a strange new truth which she doubted if anyone knew but herself.

They walked down the avenue in a soft pink twilight. She found herself helping them over crossings and touching their arms protectingly. They passed many little children trotting home with their nurses and mothers. The world seemed only to hold little children.

At the cake shop it was the same. In the large room with its polished tables, there was a hungry babbling of children; they swarmed about the long, rich-laden counter at the end, peering over its edge with greedy wide eyes. Cakes and still more cakes were piled in sticky sweet platefuls, the air was heavy with honey and clean with the white smell of milk. She watched her father and mother go to the counter and choose cakes. It seemed natural that they should love the cakes and that her mother should insist on bringing an extra plate piled high for her; that they should watch her for coveted signs of joy in the cake they ate so gratefully themselves. It seemed natural that the moving throng of little ones coming and going should press forward one by one full-heartedly. How simple it was to make them all happy or sad. She did not feel alone. He seemed to be there, with her, looking on, tenderly, expectantly. So would they be, too, some day—He and she; so would they crowd forward and hunger for the sweetness of the moment, reflected on some laughing young faces; so would weariness turn again simply to little children, as its own. There was time yet—time to understand and give the child spirit what it craved. Then she turned toward them. They were watching her adoringly. Her father was crumbling his cakes to bits before swallowing them.

"I don't know when I 've had a happier day, Dolly," her mother said. "Somehow you 've been more like you used to be."

"I have n't quite grown up yet, little mother," she answered.

They seemed to her from now on very precious—two beings who needed her, as later she would need—she smiled tenderly. This knowledge had come to her then, in a flash, among the children. It was not that she would never grow up in her father's and mother's eyes. That was the wonderful part of the truth. It was that life reversed itself. The dear mother and father were the children. Let those of this world go on singing and sobbing, leading and being led—the most beautiful and tender thing that it contains is the wistfulness, the longing for child joys of those who have been born children—the turning to the ones who can never grow up, by those who have grown young again—and the love which makes the scheme of understanding and giving possible. She thought of Him, and she felt grow within her suddenly the child spirit.

"Little mother," she whispered, "dear father—we shall have many more days like this—now."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1854*

By HORACE WHITE

HEN I was asked to address you on some particular event or feature of Mr. Lincoln's career, I chose the period of 1854, because I then first became acquainted with him, and because he then received his first great awakening and showed his countrymen what manner of man he was. His debate with Douglas in 1858 became more celebrated, because it focussed the attention of a greater audience and led to larger immediate results, but the latter was merely a continuation of the former. The subject of debate was the same in both years, the combatants were the same, and the audiences were in part the same. The contest of 1858 has been more talked about and written about than any other intellectual encounter in our national annals, and that is perhaps another reason why I should address you on the earlier one which was its real beginning. . . .

The Speech at Springfield on October 4th

Mr. Lincoln began his speech with an historical sketch of the events leading to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then took up the fallacy of Douglas's "sacred right of self-government," to which he gave a merciless exposure, turning it over and over, inside and out, stripping off its mask, and presenting it in such light that nobody could fail to see the deception embodied in it. Such an exposition necessarily involved a discussion of slavery in all its aspects, and here for the first time do we find any broad and resounding statement of Mr. Lincoln's own attitude toward the institution. Here, perhaps, was the first distinct occasion for his making such a statement. He had voted in Congress some forty times for the Wilmot Proviso, so that his opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories was not doubtful. As a stump speaker he had languidly supported the compromise measures of 1850. But until now there had been no occasion which imperatively called upon him to declare his position on the slavery question as a national political issue.

Such a call had now come, and he did not hesitate to tell the whole truth as he understood it. The telling of it makes this speech one of the imperishable political discourses of our history, if not of all time. It is superior to Webster's reply to Hayne, because its theme is loftier and its scope wider. The keynote of Webster's speech was patriotism—the doctrine of self-government crystallized in the Federal Union; that of Lincoln's was patriotism plus humanity, the humanity of the negro whose place in the family of man was denied, either openly or tacitly, by the supporters of the Nebraska bill. I think also that Lincoln's speech is the superior of the two as an example of English style. It lacks something of the smooth, compulsive flow which takes the intellect captive in the Websterian diction, but it excels in the simplicity, directness and lucidity which appeal both to the intellect and to the heart.

I heard the whole of that speech. It was a warmish day in early Oc-

*Passages from an address delivered before the Illinois State Historical Society, at its ninth annual meeting at Springfield, Illinois, January 30, 1908.

tober, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native State, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared and he passed into that attitude of unconscious majesty that is so conspicuous in Saint-Gaudens's statue at the entrance to Lincoln Park in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.

Lincoln's Impassioned Utterances

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures were made with his body and head rather than with his arms. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type, which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it. In such transfigured moments as these he was the type of the ancient Hebrew prophet as I learned that character at Sunday-school in my childhood.

That there were, now and then, electrical discharges of high tension in Lincoln's eloquence is a fact little remembered, so few persons remain who ever came within its range. The most remarkable outburst took place at the Bloomington Convention of May 29, 1856, at which the anti-Nebraska forces of Illinois were first collected and welded together as one party. Mr. John L. Scripps, editor of the Chicago *Democratic Press*, who was present—a man of gravity little likely to be carried off his feet by spoken words—said:

> Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of hitherto incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union.

The speech of 1854 made so profound an impression on me that I feel under its spell to this day. It is known in history as Mr. Lincoln's Peoria speech. Although first delivered in Springfield on October 4th, it was repeated twelve days later at Peoria. Mr. Lincoln did not use a scrap of paper on either occasion, but he wrote it out afterwards at the request of friends and published it in successive numbers of the weekly *Sangamon Journal* at Springfield. In like manner were the orations of Cicero preserved. In this way has been preserved for us the most masterly forensic utterance of the whole slavery controversy, as I think. . . .

Twelve days after the Springfield debate of 1854 the two champions met again at Peoria. Douglas was evidently troubled by the unexpected vigor of his opponent, for after the Peoria debate he approached Lincoln and flattered him by saying that he was giving him more trouble on the territorial and slavery question than the whole United States Senate, and therefore proposed that both should abandon the field and return to their homes. Lincoln consented. Douglas, however, broke the agreement by making a speech at Princeton on the evening of the 18th of October. He afterwards said that he did n't want to speak at Princeton, but that Lovejoy provoked him and forced him to do so in self-defence. Lincoln was not satisfied with that explanation, but he considered himself released from the agreement, and accordingly spoke at Urbana on the evening of the 24th.

The Urbana Speech

Henry C. Whitney heard the Urbana speech. He gives an account of it in his book, "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln." Whitney was a resident of Urbana. He says that he called at the old Pennsylvania House on the east side of the public square on the evening of the 24th, and that he there found Mr. Lincoln and David Davis in a plainly furnished bedroom with a comfortable wood fire. It was his first meeting with either of them. He was received cordially by both. Lincoln was in his story-telling humor, and after some time spent in that way they went over to the Court House opposite, where eleven tallow candles, burning on the lower sashes of the windows, gave a sign of something unusual going on in the town. The house was full of people, and Lincoln then and there made his third speech on the mighty issue of slavery. Whitney was impressed, as I had been twenty days earlier, that he had been listening to "a mental and moral giant." The men went back to the hotel together, and Lincoln resumed his story-telling at the point where he had left off, "as if the making of such a speech as this was his pastime." . . .

Lincoln Satisfied with the Result

Lincoln took his defeat [for the Senatorship] in good part. Later in the evening, at a reception at the house of Mr. Ninian Edwards, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and who had been much interested in Lincoln's success, he was greatly surprised to hear, just before the guests began to arrive, that Trumbull had been elected. He and his family were easily reconciled to the result, however, since Mrs. Trumbull had been from her girlhood, as Miss Julia Jayne, a favorite in Springfield society. When she and Judge Trumbull arrived they were naturally the centre of attraction. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln came in a little later. The hostess and her husband greeted them most cordially, saying that they had wished for his success, and that while he must be disappointed yet he should bear in mind that his principles had won. Mr. Lincoln smiled, moved toward the newly elected Senator and saying, "Not too disappointed to congratulate my friend Trumbull," shook him warmly by the hand. Mr. Lincoln's own testimony as to the facts and his own feelings regarding them are set forth at length, and quite minutely, in a letter to Elihu B. Washburne, dated February 9, 1855, the next day after the election. He says in conclusion: "I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it. I could have headed off every combination and been elected had it not been for Matteson's double game—and his defeat now gives me more pleasure than my own gives me pain. On the whole it is perhaps as well for our general cause that Trumbull is elected."

And so it seems to me now. Lincoln's defeat was my first great disappointment in politics, and I was slow in forgiving Judd, Palmer and Cook for their share in bringing it

about. But before the campaign of 1858 came on, I was able to see that they had acted wisely and well. They had not only satisfied their own constituents, and led many of them into the new Republican organization, but they had given a powerful reinforcement to the party of freedom in the nation at large, in the person of Lyman Trumbull, whose high abilities and noble career in the Senate paved the way for thousands of recruits from the ranks of the Democratic party.

Personal Association with Lincoln

As I have already remarked, my personal acquaintance with Lincoln began in 1854. I had just passed my twentieth birthday. I was introduced to him shortly before he rose to make the speech [at Springfield on October 4th] which has been here feebly described. I had studied his countenance a few moments beforehand, when his features were in repose. It was a marked face, but so overspread with sadness that I thought that Shakespeare's melancholy Jacques had been translated from the forest of Arden to the capital of Illinois. Yet when I was presented to him and we began a few words of conversation this expression of sorrow dropped from him instantly. His face lighted up with a winning smile, and where I had a moment before seen only leaden sorrow I now beheld keen intelligence, genuine kindness of heart and the promise of true friendship.

After this introduction it was my fortune during the next four years to meet him several times each year, as his profession brought him frequently to Chicago, where I was employed in journalism. I became Secretary of the Republican State Committee and was thus thrown into closer intercourse with him, and thus I learned that he was an exceedingly shrewd politician. N. B. Judd, Dr. C. H. Ray and Ebenezer Peck were the leading party managers; but Lincoln was a frequent visitor at the campaign headquarters, and on important occasions he was specially sent for. The committee paid the utmost deference to his opinions. In fact, he was nearer to the people than they were. Travelling the circuit he was constantly brought in contact with the most capable and discerning men in the rural community. He had a more accurate knowledge of public opinion in central Illinois than any other man who visited the committee rooms, and he knew better than anybody else what kind of arguments would be influential with the voters and what kind of men could best present them.

I learned also by this association that he was extremely eager for political preferment. This seemed to me then, as it does now, perfectly proper. Nor did I ever hear any criticism visited upon him on account of his personal ambition. On the contrary, his merits placed him so far in advance that nothing was deemed too good for him. Nobody was jealous of him. Everybody in the party desired for him all the preferment that he could possibly desire for himself. In the great campaign of 1858 I travelled with him almost constantly for four months, the particulars of which journeying I have related in the second edition of Herndon's "Life of Lincoln." After his election as President I was sent by my employers to Washington City as correspondent of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, and thus I had occasional meetings with him until very near the day of his death. In short, I was privileged to be within the range of his personal influence during the last eleven years of his life, when he was making history and when history was making him.

The Humorist and the Moralist

Mr. Lincoln was a many-sided man and one who presented striking contrasts. He was the most humorous being I ever met, and also one

of the most serious. His humor was of the impromptu and contagious kind that takes possession of all parts of the person as well as all the parts of speech. As a master of drollery, he surpassed all of his contemporaries in Illinois, and yet his solemnity as a public speaker and a political and moral instructor was like that of an Old Testament prophet. He was the only public speaker I have ever known, thus doubly gifted, whose powers of mirth did not submerge or even impair his powers of gravity. "He combined within himself," says Mr. Henry C. Whitney, "the strangely diverse rôles of head of the State in the agony of civil war, and also that of the court jester; and was supremely eminent in both characters." This sounds like a paradox, but it is quite true. The Lincoln who fought Douglas on the stump in 1854 and 1858 took all of his jocose as well as his serious traits to Washington in 1861.

How are we to account for these wonderful turns "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"? Well, he was not the only person thus doubly endowed. The same genius that gave us Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet gave us Falstaff, and Touchstone, and Dogberry. Shakespeare was the superior of Sophocles in tragedy and of Plautus in comedy. Lincoln did not have the gift of poetry, but within the range of prose his power of expression was akin to that of Shakespeare. I chanced to open the other day his Cooper Institute speech. This is one of the few printed speeches that I did not hear him deliver in person. As I read the concluding pages of that speech the conflict of opinion that preceded the conflict of arms, then sweeping upon the country like an approaching solar eclipse, seemed prefigured like a chapter of the Book of Fate. Here again he was the Old Testament prophet, before whom Horace Greeley bowed his head, saying that he had never listened to a greater speech, although he had heard several of Webster's best.

The Anti-Slavery Orator

The subject of human slavery, which formed the principal theme of Mr. Lincoln's speech, has touched many lips with eloquence and lighted many hearts with fire. I listened to most of the great anti-slavery orators of the last half-century, including Wendell Phillips, Owen Lovejoy, and Henry Ward Beecher, but I must say that Abraham Lincoln, who was not classed as an anti-slavery orator, or even an anti-slavery man, before he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, made a stronger anti-slavery impression upon me than any of them.

The reason why he was not reckoned by the anti-slavery men as one of themselves was that he made the preservation of the Union, not the destruction of slavery, his chief concern. But he held then, as he did later, that the Union must be preserved consistently with the Constitution and with the rule of the majority. Preserving it by infringing these was, in his view, an agreement to destroy it.

Mr. Lincoln quickly gained the confidence of strangers, and, if they were much with him, their affection as well. I found myself strongly drawn to him from the first, and this feeling remains to me now as a priceless possession. James Russell Lowell said that he counted it a great gain to have lived at the same time with Abraham Lincoln. How much greater the gain to have felt the subtle influence of his presence! This personal quality, whose influence I saw growing and widening among the people of Illinois from day to day, eventually penetrated to all the Northern States, and after his death to all the Southern States. It was this magical personality that commanded all loyal hearts. It was this leadership that upheld confidence in the dark hours of the war and sent back to the White House the sublime refrain:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Could any other man then living have grappled the affections and confidence of the plain people and held them steadfast and unwavering as did this homely giant of the prairies? He was himself one of the plain people. What was in his mind and heart was in theirs. He spoke straight into their bosoms. He translated the weightiest political and social problems this country has ever dealt with into language that all could understand. Nobody was so humble, nobody so high, that he could not draw new lessons and fresh inspiration from Abraham Lincoln during that great crisis.

Looking back upon the whole anti-slavery conflict, is it not a cause for wonder that the man who finally led the nation through the Red Sea, and gave his own life at the very entrance of the promised land, was born in a slave State, of the most humble parents, in crushing poverty and in the depths of ignorance, and had reached the age of fifty before he was much known outside of his own State? Was there ever such unpromising material from which to fashion the destroyer of American slavery?

Lincoln's Growing Fame

Abraham Lincoln has been in his grave more than forty-two years. When he was stricken down by an assassin's hand, it was said by many of his contemporaries, and perhaps believed by most of them, that he had passed away at the culminating point of his fame.

The world's history contains nothing more dramatic than the scene in Ford's Theatre. The Civil War, the emancipation of a race, the salvation of our beloved Union, combined to throw the strongest light upon "the deep damnation of his taking off." In spite of these blazing accessories, we should have expected, before the end of forty-two years, that a considerable amount of dust would have settled upon his tomb. This is a busy world. Each generation has its own problems to grapple with, its own joys and sorrows, its own cares and griefs, to absorb its thoughts and compel its tears. Time moves on, and while the history of the past increases in volume, each particular thing in it dwindles in size, and so also do most men. But some men bulk larger as the years recede.

The most striking fact of our time, of a psychological kind, is the growth of Lincoln's fame since the earth closed over his remains. The word Lincolniana has been added to our dictionary. This means that a kind of literature under that name, extensive enough to be separately classified, catalogued, advertised, marketed, and collected into distinct libraries, has grown up. There is a Lincolnian cult among us as well as a Shakespearean cult, and it is gaining votaries from year to year.

Lincolnian Literature

The first list of Lincoln literature was published by William V. Spencer, in Boston, in 1865. It included 231 titles of books and pamphlets published after Lincoln's death, all of which were in the compiler's possession.

A Lincoln bibliography was compiled by Mr. Daniel Fish of Minneapolis and published in the year 1900. It was revised, enlarged, and republished in 1906, containing 1080 separate titles. It does not include periodical literature, or political writings of the period in which Lincoln lived unless they owe their origin to him as an individual. Judge Fish has in his own collection of Lincolniana 295 bound volumes, 559 pamphlets and 100 portraits.

Mr. Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., has a very notable collection of Lincolniana, embracing 380 bound volumes, about 1200 bound pamphlets, several unpublished letters, between 700 and 800 engravings, lithographs and paintings, and many songs and pieces of sheet music. All of these items have been passed upon by Judge Fish as purely Lincolniana. Mr. Stewart has more than 100 titles which are not included in Fish's bibliography.

A very remarkable collection is that of John E. Burton of Milwaukee, Wis., consisting of 2360 bound volumes and pamphlets, the collection of which, Mr. Burton says, "has been the restful and happy labor of twenty-eight years." Among other things he has the original proclamation of emancipation signed by Lincoln and Seward and attested by John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

Mr. Charles W. McLellan of Champlain, N. Y., has 1921 bound volumes, 1348 pamphlets, eight manuscripts, 138 autographs of Lincoln, 1100 engravings, and 579 songs and miscellaneous pieces, in all more than 5000 items.

Mr. D. H. Newhall of 59 Maiden Lane, New York, has a list of 487 collectors of Lincolniana, for the most part unknown to each other, who are now living; that is, persons who have such collections and who are constantly adding to them. I have corresponded with some of them. . . . Mr. Newhall informs me that he has 2874 titles in his card list of books and pamphlets,—*i. e.*, that he knows of the existence of that number, not counting periodical literature or broadsides. His list is still incomplete, and he believes that it will reach 3000 when finished.

Mr. D. S. Passavant of Zelienople, near Pittsburg, Pa., deals in Lincolniana in foreign languages. Lives of Lincoln have been published in the French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Welsh and Hawaiian tongues. Mr. Oldroyd's great collection of such relics, now placed in the house where Lincoln died in Washington City, is too well-known to need special description.*

* To Mr. White's list of collectors may be added Mr. Robert Hewitt of Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, whose unrivalled collection of Lincoln medals is described in pages 676–681.—THE EDITORS.

Equally significant is the daily citation of Lincoln's name and authority by public writers and speakers and in conversation between individuals, as an authority in politics and in the conduct of life. Everybody seems to think that a quotation from him is a knock-down argument. His sayings are common property. They are quoted as freely by Democrats as by Republicans. All help themselves from that storehouse, as they make quotations from Shakespeare, or Burns, or Longfellow. He is more quoted to-day than he was in his lifetime, and more than any other American ever was.

CONCLUSION

So we see that Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but that it has been rising and widening ever since and shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr President. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities but a silent response to the magnetic influence of his humanity, his unselfish and world-embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women and children who never saw him; and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, world without end, Amen.

THE PIPE OF PAN

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

WHEN I think of Leo now, all the strange, unreal happenings of what might be called the last year of his life slip away and the picture that his name calls up is of a little boy in a sheepskin girdle with a chaplet of leaves about his head, playing upon a shepherd's pipe. I do not recall the literal background of the picture—it was one of De Long's famous tableaux at Newberry, almost twenty years ago now,—but in my mind I seem to see a sun-burned hill-top against a blue sky piled high with white clouds. "Pan and the Young Shepherd," De Long called it; and, at that evanescent moment when the soft roundness of the child merges into the slim strength of the boy, Leo was surely as beautiful as any shepherd boy that ever piped upon the Attic hills.

I had often seen him before, of course, about the village streets. His older sister Hedwig was my little sister Sue's music-teacher. But probably more boy than artist in my perceptions at that time—I had just finished my first year at the art school,—I seemed never to have realized Leo's peculiar, distinctive beauty until I saw him in the frame there, freed from his uncouth boyish garments, transformed into a little lad of Greece.

Leo's parents were German. His father, of aristocratic antecedents, a fact to which their name and the family features bore testimony, was one of the many who fled to America in the early seventies. But, socially deteriorated as is often the case with the better class of Germans in this country, he seemed quite content with the maintenance of his honest little grocery shop. And our acquaintance, except for Sue's professional connection with Hedwig, was limited to the exchange of cordial greetings on the street. But we knew, as one knows even one's humbler neighbors' affairs in a small community, that they were all more or less talented musically, and played together in the evening after the pleasant German fashion. We knew, also, that an older brother was a violinist in a New York orchestra and that Leo (whose whole name was Leopold) was something of a youthful virtuoso upon the flute.

Sometimes I stopped to talk with Hedwig when she came to give Sue her lesson. Without possessing Leo's extraordinary beauty, Hedwig had a delicate aristocratic charm of face and manner—I can recall her distinctly even now,—and, being far more intelligent and interesting than the other Newberry girls, our meetings might easily have become more frequent and assumed a more personal character, had it not been for the watchfulness of my conservative mother, and, even more than that, for the girl's own gentle yet impenetrable dignity. One conversation we had, in the summer of the De Long tableaux, which I had occasion to remember afterwards. I had inquired for Leo, and I noticed that a little shadow came upon her face at my question, although she answered with an obvious sense of pride in her announcement,

"Oh, Leo—he has gone to New York to study the oboe."

And I had inquired, "Why not the flute?"

"The oboists receive more," Hedwig explained. "There are fewer of them, so they are more in demand."

I asked why that was, and it seemed to me that she answered less simply and directly than usual. I remember she said, for one thing, that not every musician, however talented, could become an oboist, and that a bassoon-player in the same orchestra with Otto who had recently visited them had said that Leo had the equipment of one man in a thousand,—the flexible lips, the chest development, the breath control. Oboists, she quoted the bassoon-player as saying, were born, not made. So he had taken Leo away with him, to work for a scholarship at a conservatory.

"It is a poetic instrument," I said, "and it seems to belong to Leo somehow. It suggests green rushes and brooks and Greece and Arcady."

But Hedwig, instead of meeting my outburst with her German responsiveness which I found so charming, looked suddenly grave. "But my mother is so unhappy about it. Her oldest brother was an oboist." . . "But why should she be unhappy?" I wondered. "You mean because he is leaving home?"

I remember that Hedwig hesitated, then, merely saying, "It is bad for the health," changed the subject.

I did not see Leo again for twelve or fifteen years; for the next summer I went to France to study, and after that the break-up of our home kept me from spending any more summers at Newberry. It was just after I had received the contract to decorate a new Western state-house that one spring evening, as I sat in a front-row seat at a concert in Carnegie Hall, I noticed among the wood-wind players a smooth-shaven young man with an extraordinarily beautiful profile that had something vaguely familiar about it. He was the very type I had wanted, without hope of discovering it, for the youth in the Grecian outdoor scheme I was working out for this decoration. I watched him through the rest of the performance, mentally posing him, adjusting him in my composition, yet all the while vaguely tormented by the resemblance that eluded identification. Then at a certain moment, the angle of the raised arms, the turn of the head, suddenly brought it to me. It was Leo.

I recalled having heard that orchestral musicians were moderately paid, and it occurred to me as quite possible that I could get him to pose for me. So directly after the performance I went around to the musicians' entrance, and happening to catch him just coming out, I introduced myself to him. He did not recollect my face, of course, but he recalled quickly, with a native charm of manner that I remembered as characteristic of the family, my name and my little sister Sue—now grown up and married. I enquired for Hedwig. "She still teaches music," Leo answered. "All the others are married. She is the only one at home with father."

I felt a little pang at the sense of her wasted youth and charm. Hedwig had been too fine to accept the kind of man that her family's social status in their adopted country would conceivably furnish. Then I spoke of the De Long tableaux of Leo's childhood. "I want you in that same character now," I said, and went on to elaborate more fully. After a moment's consideration Leo said he thought he could manage it, and asked whether he should come to see me to make the arrangements or if I would come to him. I decided in favor of the latter, for I have a fancy for seeing the people I am going to paint in their own environment however remote from their everyday character is the intention of my representation, and hastily took down his address on the edge of my program.

He lived, I discovered, in an old-fashioned house with a small square of grass in front of it, in a neighborhood bordering upon that part of

the town known as Greenwich village. It had a sort of continuous veranda built out from every floor with wrought-iron railings which were covered with wistaria vines, at that time just beginning to blossom. Leo's room was rather bare and fitted out with depressingly cheap furniture, but it was large, sunny and clean, and was saved from any air of loneliness by the large display of family photographs, among which babies and half-grown children conspicuously figured. There were also a print of Beethoven and one of Schubert upon the wall. Leo greeted me with his cordial, half-formal German courtesy, which American birth and plebeian associations seemed not to have obliterated, then saying, "It is pleasanter outside," led the way out through the open French window to the balcony. I discovered a canary in a particularly roomy cage hanging among the wistaria vines. Leo stopped and whistled to it, and with the pathetic quivering response of the caged bird it broke at once into a joyous soft little song full of overtones.

"What an extraordinary song!" I exclaimed. Leo smiled. I saw that he loved the little bird.

"Oh, Hans, he is a musician also," he said.

"Hans," I laughed. "What a funny name for a bird!"

"Does it seem so? In Germany almost all canaries are Hans, as in America they are Dick. All our canaries at home were named Hans. But you shall hear him perform." Leo went back into the room and came out again directly with his oboe, upon which he played a few bars of a Mozart melody, and the canary, to my astonishment, after the prelude of a few chirps, repeated it exactly.

"I did n't know a canary could be taught a tune," I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, with a little patience. But few birds are so clever as Hans." Then he made the bird repeat his little solo. "You recognize it? It is the melody with which Tamino charms the birds and beast in 'Zauberflôte.'"

"I had n't just placed it, but the divine Mozart simplicity is unmistakable," I replied.

Leo looked off at the drifting clouds above the dingy roof-tops. As he stood there among the vines, the light and shade from the wistaria playing over his head and face, he looked more than ever like a young wood god; yet I realized, in the revealing outdoor light, some tired, worn lines in his face that should not have been there, for he was built like a young Hercules.

"Yes, there is but one Mozart," he said. "But after all one could not easily mistake them one for the other, the inspired ones." He turned and looked at me, a light kindling in his blue eyes. "There is Schubert, —he is the wild woods, the smell of ferns and the sound of the brook. Beethoven is the placid meadows and yet also the fury of the storm. And Wagner, he is everything—the winds and the tempest, the earth, the sea and all that in them is, and the morning stars singing together. But Mozart—he is an eighteenth-century formal garden, with wide green lawns and clipped yews and little temples—but always, above, the great eternal sky and the eternal sunshine."

It was not only his little rhapsody that held me silent for the moment, but the rapt look in Leo's face. Certainly he had made no mistake in choosing his profession. "Now I do not know which you love best," I said.

"I love them all best," he replied smiling. "They are all music, and they are all outdoors. All great music is cosmic, a part of nature. Such music as the compositions of Rossini and Donizetti is the music of indoors. It is charming, of course, in another way, like a quaint little spinnet in an old-time drawing-room. But one cannot listen to them for long."

"You seem to me to belong outdoors," I said. "I had thought it might be the association of that

childish tableau, but I see now that it is your real self."

"It is the way I feel," Leo answered. "Perhaps because I was born in the country. Sometimes I feel suffocated in these streets. That is why I live down here where I can at least see the vines and sit in the sunshine. Unfortunately one cannot be a professional musician and live outdoors—that was for the golden age in Greece. But how beautiful it must have been to play one's pipe under the trees and have the birds answer from the branches!" He paused; then, with the air of one laughing at himself for his fantastic imaginings, turned to the little concentrated fragment of life in the cage. "But here I have Hans—and we are both in a cage—although mine is a bit larger." Then he asked Hans if he would like to come out for a while, and the bird as if it understood began to jump excitedly from perch to perch.

"Aren't you afraid of losing him?" I asked as Leo opened the cage door and drew the bird out upon his hand.

He shook his head. "I could not lose Hans."

Then we sat down on the veranda and discussed the best days and hours for sittings, while Hans flew about like an embodied sunbeam among the violet wistaria blossoms, returning from time to time to perch upon Leo's hand or shoulder.

"I am never lonely since I have had him," Leo said. "We have lived together five years, Hans and I. When I go away they say he will not sing a note."

His remark induced a reflection which I saw no reason for not voicing frankly, for our old Newberry association, slight as it had been, seemed to have placed us upon a friendly, informal footing.

"You have evidently escaped matrimony so far."

Leo's face became grave. "I am too poor."

"I suspect that you have made your choice," I observed.

"Yes," he replied simply. "It is Anna Schultz. She lives in the house here on the second floor. If I could make money enough I should marry her."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "a musician in a big orchestra is well enough paid for that!"

"I get eight dollars for each performance with the orchestra," Leo explained frankly. "But there are only fourteen concerts in the year, so I have to make up at the theatres, and there they pay only two dollars and a half a night, and one must play such stupid music! It is not music at all, usually. And I have to play there all summer, if I am not fortunate enough to get a place in a summer concert orchestra. But next year, perhaps I shall get a position at the opera-house. There I would have six performances a week at eight dollars each. There is much hard work about it, but then we could afford to get married and spend the whole summer outdoors."

"But two dollars and a half a night!" I exclaimed. "Why the stage carpenters must get more than that!"

"More than twice as much," replied Leo calmly. "Art often does not pay—from that standpoint."

"And yet I am told that good oboists are scarce," I wondered.

"Yes, and good reason," replied Leo with an odd little smile. "I did not understand when I began to study. And now it seems hard to start anything else. But then I am so strong I shall escape."

"Escape!" I echoed. But Leo did not explain. Instead he returned to the subject of his prospective posing.

We arranged for three or four afternoons a week. During these hours in my studio our acquaintance developed into that impersonal sort of intimacy that frequently comes about between the painter and his subject; yet I never came to feel that I actually understood what was going on in Leo's mind, and from the look I often caught in his eyes I felt sure that something was going

on. I had an idea that he had some worry or trouble,—the uncertainty of his little love-affair, perhaps; but he never confided in me. In the beginning he had talked a good deal, although seldom of personal matters, but as time went on he became more and more silent, so that when I spoke to him it seemed as if his mind had to travel a great distance to reach me and I had invariably to repeat my remark. Then again he would have little sudden fits of gayety that somehow did not seem natural. One day he told me suddenly out of a long reverie that he expected to be married next fall, as he had finally succeeded in securing a position in the opera orchestra.

"Then Hans will be jealous," I remarked, after I had congratulated him, for Hans's name had appeared frequently in our desultory conversations.

Leo laughed. "Anna says that she has been jealous of Hans a long time." As I glanced at him I saw in his eyes the happy light of the lover. But the next moment an odd gleam came in them. "She has reason. I tell Hans all my secrets."

"A safe confidant," I observed, and to my surprise the strange look in Leo's eyes became more marked; it was almost a look of cunning.

"That is what I think. Hans cannot tell. He can only say what I teach him." Then he laughed. I could not explain what it was about that laugh that jarred upon me.

"I am sure," I replied hastily, "that you have no secrets you would mind having any one know."

He gave me a sidelong look. "We all have our secrets," he replied noncommitally. Then he relapsed into one of his silences.

One day, about a week after that, when he had finished posing we walked down through the park, which is near my studio. A storm was coming and the wind was rustling the leaves. The sky was quite black. I noticed that Leo cast frowning glances at the trees as we walked along.

"What an ominous sort of whispering sound they make," I said. "It always gives me a sense of impending disaster."

I noticed that he looked at me curiously. "You hear them, too?" he said.

Then he came closer to me and spoke in a low tone, looking about as if he feared being overheard. "What have you heard them say?"

Instinctively I moved a little away from him. "Heard who say? I don't understand."

He made a motion of his head in the direction of the trees, saying "*The voices.*"

I hesitated, scarcely knowing how to answer. He again edged closer to me. "Have they said the same thing to you?"

I began to feel as if I were in a bad dream. "What have they said to you?" I asked.

But he only moved away from me and laughed, shaking his head as if to say that I could not get it out of him that way. "You tell me first," he said childishly.

The whole little episode made me so uncomfortable that I was relieved when we had covered the few remaining yards to the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to the park, where Leo took his Eighth Avenue car. I turned back into the park again, thinking over his strange words and manner all the way home. Suddenly Hedwig's remark that morning long ago when she had announced Leo's choice of his profession returned to me. She had said that oboe-playing was bad for the health—for the nerves, she meant, no doubt, for Leo certainly was either very much run down or seriously upset about something.

A few days after that I had occasion to change the hour of our appointment and, glad of an excuse to get out in the wonderful May sunshine, I walked down to Leo's house instead of sending him a note. I found him sitting at a table with a piece of

manuscript music paper before him. He rose as I entered but greeted me a little absently, I thought. One of the first things I noticed was the canary's cage covered with an old coat.

"What has Hans done?" I asked, "and what are you doing?"

"Composing," he answered; but I observed that the sheet of paper was quite blank except for the name scribbled across the top: "The Snake's Song."

Leo looked up and my expression must have conveyed to him the necessity for some explanation, for he remarked: "Snakes and birds were originally of the same species, as you, of course, know. And that to my mind is the explanation of the fascination which snakes have for birds and of the treacherous nature of the bird."

"The treacherous nature of birds," I gasped, wondering if I could have heard aright.

Leo did not answer directly. His eyes returned to his strange title. "The idea is the song of the snake that fascinates the bird and lures it to death," he explained calmly—so calmly that it almost reassured me, although I could not but feel his motive to be a most unpleasant manifestation of the German fantasticism.

I did not pursue the singular subject farther, however. "I suppose Hans wanted to sing his own songs. Is that why he is in disgrace?" I asked.

"No, he did not sing," replied Leo slowly.

"What then?" I asked, for a canary's facilities for self-expression after all seem limited. Leo stared a long time at the covered cage before he answered me, and as his face was almost entirely turned from me I could not see his expression.

"He was laughing," he said at last.

"*Laughing!*" I exclaimed. Then I laughed myself, but as one laughs at the shock of the incongruous, not with any sense of mirth. After a moment Leo laughed also, but artificially, as if he wanted to put me off my guard, or seem to fall in in with my delusion. I began to be distinctly uncomfortable, and as soon as we had fixed upon an hour for the next pose I rose to go. But as I was leaving I said,

"My dear boy, you ought to get away to the country. You look quite run down."

"I would like to get into the country," replied Leo wistfully. And looking at him at that moment I felt that I must have imagined these last two strange conversations, for his face had again its gentle boyish look. "Some days I feel as if I must just run away to some cool brook and lie down among the rushes."

It was so exactly the way one pictured Leo, yet a thing one would be so unlikely to put in practice unless one were a wood god!

"I know such a place," he went on. "It is by a river in New Jersey. I would go there for the whole summer, but you see Anna must stay here this summer. So I shall wait until her vacation. Another year we can both go."

"That is very foolish of you," I said. "And you ought to go much farther away than New Jersey." And I decided if possible to get Leo away from New York before I left myself.

The next day he did not come to keep his appointment with me, and as I had found him the soul of punctuality and reliability I feared—especially in consideration of his recent strange symptoms — that he might be ill. So late in the afternoon I started down in the direction of his lodgings.

As I walked up the half-light staircase I met a young girl coming down. Her cheeks were flushed and there was a frightened look in her eyes. It occurred to me that it was Anna—I had seen her photograph in Leo's room—and from her manner I feared that something might have happened; but in answer to my knock he called to me to come in,

in a perfectly natural voice. He was working over his instrument and looked up and nodded as I entered, but continued his work without apology. That was not like Leo; but I noticed the two thin bits of wood that belong in the mouth-piece of the oboe lying on the table, and supposing that, like many other players of wind instruments, it was his custom to make these reeds exactly adapted to his individual use, I felt a sense of relief at the apparently normal and commonplace nature of his occupation.

"It has played false lately," he explained, "but now I have fixed it. Listen." He picked up the instrument and blew into it, but there was no sound, for he had removed the reeds. Then he looked up at me with a smile of peculiar radiance. "Is not that a wonderful tone? So fine, so delicate, so ethereal? At last it is perfect. It is the pipe of Pan!"

He laughed softly. For the moment I could not be sure that this was not some obscure irony on Leo's part, both voice and expression were so natural. Yet somehow I shrank from continuing the conversation. Instead I inquired where Hans was, for I did not see his cage about.

An odd expression came into Leo's face. "He is outside," he said.

I walked over to the open window and looked out and saw Hans's cage on the railing of the balcony, but again covered.

"Does his singing bother you?" I asked, wondering if his strange delusion still persisted.

Leo shrugged. "He sings no more," he said.

"Then why must the poor little chap be covered up this hot weather?" I ventured. "He will smother."

Leo frowned. "When he is uncovered he talks. I am tired of hearing him."

"*Talks!*" I cried.

Leo's eyes met mine a moment, then glanced aside. I noticed that the pupils were very much contracted. "The people in the next room have a parrot. I suppose it has taught him," he said.

I left Leo determining to consult a physician at once. On the stairs I almost stumbled over a woman sitting on the steps. As she glanced up in apology I saw the girl I had passed going up, and I asked her if she were Anna Schultz, Leo's sweetheart. She nodded without looking up. I saw that she was crying.

"But now we shall never be married," she said.

"Why, have you quarrelled?" I asked, thinking to find out how much she realized of Leo's condition.

"Quarrelled, oh, no." Then I saw by the look in her eyes that she understood. "But it has happened as Poehlmann said it would. They say it always does. But they are not always so bad. Sometimes they are only a little queer."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Surely you have noticed. It always happens to oboists, if they keep on playing long enough. It is because they have to hold so much air and send such a very little through the small tube. It makes a pressure here." She put her hands to her temples.

"But that cannot be possible," I exclaimed, horrified at the picture of this human sacrifice upon the altar of music. "Men would not study the instrument."

"I suppose they think always that they will escape," said Anna. Then her eyes filled again with tears. "Oh, it is so terrible. It is Leo and it is not Leo. He looks at me with strange eyes."

I tried to console her. "Of course he can be cured if we take it in the beginning. I am on my way now to consult a doctor about him. I dare say a little rest in the country will straighten him out."

"We are going to the country to-morrow to spend the day" she said. Then she tried to control her tears and thanked me prettily for my kindness in a little shy German fashion.

But my visit to the doctor did

not prove encouraging. He corroborated Anna's story, explaining more fully and scientifically than she had been able to the physical causes and effects of oboe-playing. The result, he said, was not usually so serious as in Leo's case, but when the thing had taken that turn it was practically incurable. Then he promised to call and see the poor boy on Monday. I went there myself the first thing in the morning, worried over Leo and troubled by a tardy compunction for having let Anna go off alone with him. As I reached the house I met her hurrying down the little path as if late for her work. Her cheeks were pale and she had evidently been crying again.

"How about the day in the country?" I asked. "Did Leo enjoy it?"

She shook her head and turned away her face.

"Did anything happen?"

She shook her head again. "But he says such strange things." She spoke in a low voice as if putting the thing into words was difficult for her. "He seems to hate everything he used to love. When we were coming home late and the frogs were singing in the marshes—he has always loved the sound of them—he said they were mocking him."

Assuring the poor child that the doctor would be there in a few minutes and that he would do everything that could be done for Leo, I hurried on up to the boy's room.

I cannot recall calmly even now the subtle horror of the thing I saw taking place in that room. The door stood wide open, the canary's cage was upon the table, and before it sat Leo. And as I stood there I saw him put his hands in through the cage door and draw out the bird. Then—for a moment not quite grasping his grim intent—I saw his fingers tighten about the tiny throat. The next instant I rushed into the room and caught his arm, and in the shock of surprise his fingers loosened and the bird slipped from them and flew up to the top of a picture frame—fluttering, frightened, but safe. Then as I turned and met Leo's eyes I knew beyond all doubt that the mysterious tragedy of his profession had overtaken him.

"Where is he? You made me lose him. Did you hear what he said? He cursed me. Day after day he has cursed me. I shall stand it no longer. . . . It is worse than that. . . . He has told my secrets. He has told every one. The children laugh at me in the street! . . . They all laugh when I pass. Just now he screamed at me. Hans . . . if you had heard what he said. . . ." Then he shook his fist at the bird out of his reach and began babbling German, the tongue of his home and his childhood.

I made him drink some water and it seemed to calm him. I promised to take Hans away.

"Will you take him at once?" Leo asked. He seemed to have become suddenly quiet again. The light of violence died out of his eyes.

"This very minute," I assured him soothingly, and set about to catch Hans. In spite of the shock to his poor little nerves the bird was so tame and trusting that I had no difficulty in getting him into his cage, and on some pretext I carried him downstairs and left him with Anna's mother on the second floor. How Leo contrived to get away in that moment and without being seen is one of those mysterious processes not traceable perhaps by the sane mind. But after we had searched everywhere that day without finding him I accepted Anna's suggestion that we go to the little place in New Jersey by the Passaic where they had been the day before.

And there toward nightfall we found Leo. It was not, after all, so painful as I had feared. He was lying beside the stream among the rushes. He had cut out a little green pipe from the reeds, and as he lay there he played upon it a soundless melody, and one could tell by the look upon his face that it was beautiful.

A TRIP ON A GREAT LAKES FREIGHTER

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

IN my previous articles* I have described nearly every phase of Lake shipping, with the exception of one, which, while not vitally concerned with the story of our freshwater marine, is still one of the most interesting, and perhaps the least known, of all. That is the "inner life" of one of our Great Lakes freighters; the life of the crew and the favored few who are privileged to travel as passenger guests of the owners upon one of these steel monsters of the Inland Seas. In more than one way our Lake marine is unusual; in this it is unique.

Recently one of the finest steel yachts that ever sailed fresh water came up the St. Lawrence to the Lakes. Its owner was a millionaire many times over. With his wife he had cruised around the world, but for the first time they had come to the Lakes. I had the fortune to converse with him upon his yacht about the craft of other countries, and as we lay at anchor in the Detroit River there passed us the greatest ship on the Inland Seas—the *Thomas F. Cole* of Duluth; and, addressing his wife, I asked, "How would you like to take a cruise on a vessel like that?"

The lady laughed, as if such a suggestion were amusing indeed, and said that if she were a man she might attempt it, and perhaps enjoy it to a degree; and when I went on to describe some of the things that I knew about "those great, ugly ships," as she called them, I am quite sure that all of my words were not received without doubt. This little experience was the last of many that proved to me the assertion I have made before —that to nine people out of ten, at least, our huge, silent, steel ships that bring down the wealth of the North are a mystery. They are not beautiful. Freighted low down, their steel sides scraped and marred like the hands of a labourer, their huge funnels emitting clouds of bituminous smoke, their barren steel decks glaring in the heat of the summer sun, there seems to be nothing about them to attract the pleasure-seeker. From the distance at which they are usually seen their aft and forward cabins appear like coops, their pilot-houses even less.

Yet fortunate is the person who has the "pull" to secure passage on one of these monster carriers of the Lakes; for behind all of that uninviting exterior there is a luxury of marine travel that is equalled nowhere else in the world except on the largest and finest of private yachts. These leviathans of the Lakes, that bring down dirty ore and take up dirtier coal, are the greatest money-makers in the world, and they are owned by men of wealth. The people who travel on them are the owner's guests. Nothing is too good for them. Each year the rivalry between builders is increasing as to whose ships shall possess the finest "guests' quarters." Behind the smoke and dirt and unseemly steel that are seen from shore or deck, a fortune has been spent in those

* See PUTNAM'S for June, July, August and September, 1908

rooms over the small doors of which one reads the word "Owners." You may climb up the side of the ship, you may explore it from stem to stern, but not until you are a "guest" —not until the "key to the ship" has been handed to you—are its luxuries, its magnificence, its mysteries, clearly revealed.

My telegram read: "Take my private room on the *Harry Berwind* at Ashtabula."

It was signed by G. Ashley Tomlinson, of Duluth. The *Berwind* is one of the finest of Tomlinson's sixteen steel ships and is named after one of the best known fuel transportation men on the Lakes: it is a vessel that can carry eleven thousand tons without special crowding and makes twelve miles an hour while she is doing it. I reached the great ore and coal docks at Ashtabula at a happy moment.

The other guests had arrived, seven in all—four ladies and three gentlemen; and we met on the red and black dock, with mountains of ore and coal about us, with the thundering din of working machines in our ears, and out there before us, enshrouded in smoke and black dust, the great ship that was to carry us for nearly a thousand miles up the Lakes, and back again. It was a happy moment, I say, for I met the seven guests in this wilderness of din and dirt—*and six of them had never been aboard a freighter in their lives.* They had heard, of course, what lay beyond those big steel walls. But was there not a mistake here? Was it possible——

Doubt filled their faces. High above them towered the straight wall of the ship with a narrow ladder reaching down to them. At the huge coal derricks whole cars of coal were being lifted up as if they were no more than scuttles in the hands of a strong man and their contents sent thundering into the gaping hatches; black dust clouded the air, settling in a thousand minute particles on fabric and flesh; black-faced men shouted and worked at the loading machine; the crash of shunting cars came interminably from the yards; and upon it all the sun beat fiercely, and the air that entered our nostrils seemed thick—thick with the dust and grime and heat of it all. A black-faced, sweating man, who was the mate, leaned over the steel side high above us and motioned us aft, and the seven guests hurried through the thickness of the air, the ladies shuddering and cringing as the cars of coal thundered high over their heads, until they came to the big after port with a plank laid to the dock. Up this they filed, their faces betraying more doubt, more uneasiness, more discomfort as hot blasts of furnace air surged against them; then up a narrow iron stair, through a door—and out there before them lay the ship, her thirty hatches yawning like caverns, and everywhere coal—and coal-dust. The ladies gasped and drew their dresses tightly about them as they were guided along the narrow promenade between the edge of the ship and the open hatches, and at last they were halted before one of those doors labelled "Owners."

Then the change! It came so suddenly that it fairly took the breath away from those who had never been on a freighter before. The guests filed through that narrow door into a great room, which a second glance showed them to be a parlor. Their feet sank in the noiseless depths of rich velvet carpet; into their heated faces came a refreshing breeze from electric fans; great upholstered chairs opened to them welcomingly; the lustre of mahogany met their eyes, and magazines and books and papers were ready for them in profusion. To us there now came the thunder of the coal as if from afar; here was restfulness and quiet—through the windows we could see the dust and smoke and heat hovering about the ship like a pall.

This was the general parlor into which we had been ushered; and now I hung close behind the ship's guests, watching and enjoying the amazement that continued to grow in them.

From each side of the parlor there led a narrow hall and on each side of each hall there was a large room—a guest's chamber—and at the end of each hall there was a bathroom; and in the bed rooms, with their brass bedsteads, rich tapestries and curtains, our feet still sank in velvet carpet, our eyes rested upon richly cushioned chairs—everywhere there was the luxury and wealth of appointment that a millionaire had planned for the favored few whom he called his guests.

Now I retired from the guests' chambers to my own private room. I am going a good deal into detail in this description of the guests' quarters of a great freighter like the *Berwind*, for I remember having been told by a shipbuilder of the Clyde that he could hardly believe that such a thing existed, and I know there are millions of others who have the same doubts. The forward superstructure of a Great Lakes freighter might be compared to a two-story house, with the pilot-house perched on top of it; and from the luxurious quarters of the "first story," which in the *Berwind* are on a level with the deck of the vessel, a velvet-carpeted stair led to the "observation room"—a great, richly furnished room with many windows in it from which one may look out upon the sea in all directions except behind. And from this room one door led into the captain's quarters, and another into the private suite of rooms which I was fortunate enough to occupy on this trip. The finest hotel in the land could not have afforded greater conveniences than this black and red ship, smothered in the loading of ten thousand tons of coal. In the cool seclusion of its passenger quarters a unique water-works system gave hot and cold water to every room, an electric-light plant aft gave constant light, and power for the fans. Nothing was wanting, even to a library and music, to make of the interior of this forward part of the ship a palace fit for the travel of a king. Within a few minutes we had all plunged into baths; hardly were we out and dressed when the steward came with glasses of iced lemonade; and even as the black clouds of grime and dirt still continued to settle over the ship we gathered in the great observation room, a happy party of us now, and the music of mandolin and phonograph softened the sounds of labor that rumbled to us from outside.

Then, suddenly, there fell a quiet. The ship was loaded. Loud voices rose in rapid command, the donkey-engines rumbled and jerked as their cables dragged the steel hatch-covers into place, and the freighter's whistle echoed in long, sonorous blasts in its call for a tug. And then, from half a mile away, came the shrieking reply of one of those little black giants, and up out of the early sunset gloom of evening it raced in the maelstrom of its own furious speed and placed itself ahead of us, for all the world like a tiny ant tugging away at a prey a hundred times its size. Lights sprang up in a thousand places along shore, and soon, far away, appeared the blazing eye of the harbor light; and beyond that stretched the vast opaqueness of the "thousand-mile highway" that led to Duluth and the realms of the iron barons of the North. Once clear, and with the sea before us, the tug dropped away, a shudder passed through the great ship as her engines began to work, our whistle gave vent to two or three joyous, triumphant cheers, and our journey had begun.

It was then that our steward's pretty little wife, Mrs. Brooks, appeared, smiling, cool, delightfully welcome, and announced that dinner was ready, and that this time we must pardon them for being late. Outside, men were already flushing the steel decks from huge lengths of hose, the ship's lights were burning brilliantly, and from far aft, nearly a tenth of a mile away, there came the happy voice of a deckhand singing in the contentment of a full stomach and the beautiful freshness of the night. Not more than a dozen paces from our own quarters was a narrow deck-house which ran the full width of the

hatches—the guests' private dining-room. It was now ablaze with light; and here another and even greater surprise was in store for those of our party who were strangers to the hospitality which one receives aboard a Great Lakes freighter. The long table, running nearly the length of the room, glittered with silver, and was decorated with fruits and huge vases of fresh flowers, and at the head of the table stood the steward's wife, all smiles and dimples and good cheer, appointing us to our seats as we came in. On these great ore and grain and coal carriers of the Inland Seas, the stewards and their wives, unlike those in most other places, possess responsibilities other than those of preparing and serving food. They are, in a way, the host and hostess of the guests, and must make them comfortable—and "at home." On a few vessels, like the *Berwind*, there are both forward and aft stewards, with their assistants, who in many instances are their wives. The forward steward, like our Mr. Brooks, is the chief, and buys for the whole ship and watches that the aft steward does his work properly. In addition to this he devotes himself loyally to the vessel's guests. He is paid about one hundred dollars a month and all expenses, while his wife gets thirty dollars for assisting. So he must be good. The stewards of Lake freighters are usually those who have "graduated" ashore, for even the crews of the Lakes are the best fed people of their class. Mr. Brooks, for instance, had not only won his reputation in some of the best hotels in the land, but his books on cooking are widely known, and especially along the fresh-water highways. I mention these facts because they show another of the little-known and unusual phases of life in our Lakes marine. For breakfast, dinner, and supper the tables in the crew's mess-room are loaded with good things; and very few hotels give the service that is found in the passengers' dining-room.

Thus, from the very beginning, one meets with things unusual and surprising on board one of these big steel ships of the Lakes. While towns and cities and the ten thousand vessels of the seas are sweeping past, while for a thousand miles the scenes are constantly changing—from thickly populated country to virgin wilderness, from the heat of summer on Erie to the chill of autumn on Superior,—the vessel itself remains a wonderland to those who have never taken the trip before. From the huge refrigerator, packed with the choicest meats, with gallons of olives and relishes, baskets of fruits and vegetables—from this to the deep "under-water dungeons," where the furnaces roar night and day and where black and sweating men work like demons, something new and interesting is always to be found.

For the first day, while the steel decks are being scrubbed so clean that one might lie upon them without soiling himself, the passengers may spend every hour in exploring the mysteries of the ship without finding a dull moment. Under the aft deck-houses, where the crew eat and sleep, are what the sailors call the "bowels of the ship," and here, as is not the case on ocean craft, the passenger may see for the first time in his life the wonderful, almost appalling, mechanism that drives a great ship from port to port; for it must be remembered that the "passenger" here is a guest—the guest of the owner whose great private yacht the great ship is, in a way, and everything of interest will be shown to him if he wishes. On the bottom of this part of the ship the "brussels-carpet guest"—as sailors call the passenger who is taking a trip on a freighter for the first time—stands half in terror. There is the dim light of electricity down here, the roaring of the furnaces, the creaking and groaning of the great ship; and high above one's head—an interminable distance away, it seems—one can see where day begins. Everywhere there is the rumbling and crashing of machinery, the dizzy whirling of wheels, the ceaseless pumping of steel arms as big around as trees; and up

and up and all around wind narrow stairways and gratings, on which men creep and climb to guard this heart action of the ship's life. The din is fearful, the heat in the furnace-room insufferable, and when once each half-minute a furnace door is opened for fresh fuel, and writhing torrents of heat and glare illumine the gloomy depths, the tenderfoot passenger looks up nervously to where his eyes catch glimpses of light and freedom far above him. And then, in the explanation of all this—in the *reason* for these hundreds of tons of whirling, crashing, thundering steel—there comes the greatest surprise of all. For all of this giant mechanism is to perform just one thing—and that is to whirl and whirl and whirl an insignificant-looking steel rod, which is called a shaft, and at the end of which, in the sea behind the ship, is the screw—a thing so small that one stands in amazement, half doubting that this is the instrument which sends a ten-thousand-ton ship and ten thousand tons of cargo through the sea at twelve miles an hour!

After this first day of exploration, the real joyous life of the ship comes to one. Every hour of every day is one of pleasure. You are on the only ship in the world into every corner of which a passenger is allowed to go. You are, in so far as your pleasure and freedom go, practically the owner of the ship. The crew and even the captain *may not* know but what you *are* one of the owners, for nothing but your name is given to the officers before you come aboard. Of course, the steward has the privilege of telling you to keep out of his kitchen, and the captain of ordering you out of the pilot-house—but they never do it. That guest, for instance, who haunts the pilot-house almost from morning to night, who insists upon taking lessons in steering, and who on any other craft in the world would soon be told to remain in his cabin or mind his business, may be a millionaire himself—a millionaire who is giving this line of ships many thousands of dollars' worth of freight each year. So the captain and the crew *must* be affable. But, as I have said before, this is accepted as a pleasure and not as a duty on the Inland Seas. I have taken trips on a score of vessels, and it means much when I say that never have I encountered an unpleasant captain, and that only once did I meet with a mate who was not pleasant to his passengers.

So, from the first day out, the big steel ship is an "open house" to its guests. Forward and aft of the cabins, great awnings are stretched, thick rugs and carpets are spread upon the deck, and easy chairs are scattered about. The captain and his mates are ready with the answers to a thousand questions. They point out objects and locations of interest as they are passed. There, in the late storms of last autumn, a ship went down with all on board; on yonder barren coast, five or six miles away, the captain guides your glasses to the skeleton of a ship, whose tragic story he tells you; he names the lighthouses, the points of coasts, and tells you about the scores of ships you pass each day. He shows you how the wonderful mechanism of the ship is run from the pilot-house, and he gives you lessons in the points of the compass, and perhaps lets you try your hand at the wheel. And each hour, if you have been abroad, you see more and more how an ocean trip cannot be compared to this. In a preceding article I have described what you see and what you pass in this thousand-mile journey to Duluth; how you slip from summer to autumn, from the heart of the nation's population to vast, silent wildernesses, where the bear and the wolf roam unmolested; how great cities give place to mining and lumber camps, and you come into the great northern lake where darkness does not settle until after nine o'clock at night.

But these are not the only things which make a trip on a Great Lakes freighter interesting. It is what you can *do*. There are a dozen games you

can play, from hatch-bag to shuffle-board; there is music and reading, eating and drinking—for the steward is constantly alive to your wants, always alive to add to your pleasures. And there is excitement—if not of one kind then of another. You may be thrilled by the sudden alarm of fire aboard ship, and find yourself burning with relief when you discover that you are witnessing nothing but an exciting fire drill; it may be a wrestling or boxing match between two of the ship's champions, a race over the steel hatches, or—something like the following incident.

One of the greatest sources of entertainment for guests aboard a Lake freighter is in the study of the men and boys of the crew, for the average crew of twenty-five or thirty always possesses some odd characters. Our party was very much amused by one individual, a youth of about twenty, large, round-faced, full-fed, a young man of unbounded good humor whose two great joys in life were his meals and—sleep. This youth never lost an opportunity to take a nap. After his dinner in the mess-room, he would promptly fall into a doze in his chair, to be aroused by a dash of cold water or some other practical joker's trick; if he sat down on a hatch he would sleep; he would fall asleep leaning against the cabin. His actions caused no little uneasiness on the part of the captain, who liked the boy immensely. "Some day he will fall asleep and topple overboard," he said.

We had come into Lake Superior, where the clear, dry air exerts a peculiar influence. Coming suddenly from the warm atmosphere of the Lower Lakes, a person has difficulty in keeping his eyes open half the time up there. We were off Keweenaw Point when the thrilling alarm was spread that "Dopey," the sleepy youth, had fallen overboard. The aft steward brought the news forward. Billy had eaten a huge dinner and was taking a comfortable siesta *standing*, half leaning over the aft rail. A moment after passing him the steward, returning, bent upon stirring him from his dangerous position, had found him gone. The vessel was searched from stem to stern. Even the passengers joined in the hunt. But there was found no sign of the missing youth, and a deep gloom fell upon the people of the ship. An hour later, one of the young ladies approached the steep, narrow stair that led down into the forward locker. The mate himself had searched this gloomy nook for Billy. I was a dozen feet behind the girl and she turned to me with a white, startled face.

"Come here—quick!" she cried. "Listen!"

Together we bent our heads over the opening—and up to our ears there came a mysterious sound, now so low that we could hardly hear it, then louder—something that for a moment held us speechless and set our hearts beating at double-quick. It was the snoring of a sleeping person! In another instant we were down in that dingy hole of ropes and cables and anchor chains, and there, curled up in the gloom, we found Billy, sleeping a sleep so sound that it took a good shaking to awaken him. On deck he explained the mystery. The passing of the steward aft had aroused him from his nap against the rail, and he had wandered forward, seeking the cool seclusion of the locker.

While this little affair did not end in a tragedy, I give it as an illustration of the fact that *something* of interest, if not excitement, is constantly occurring to keep the guests of a Great Lakes freighter alive to the possibilities of the trip. The night following Billy's mysterious disappearance, for instance, the two young ladies aboard our ship nearly brought about a mutiny. Before going into the details of this incident, it is necessary for me to repeat what I have said in a preceding paragraph—that the seamen of our Lakes are the best-fed working people in the world. If a captain does not provide the best of meats and vegetables and fruits,

and in sufficient quantities, he may find himself minus a crew when he reaches port. One day as I was leaning over the aft rail, the steward approached me and said: "Do you see that ship off there?" He pointed to a big down-bound freighter. "Notice anything peculiar about it?" he continued. I confessed that I did not.

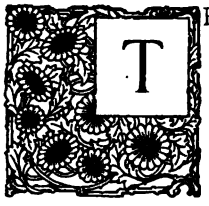
"Well, this is the noon hour," he went on, "and the sea-gulls always know when it 's feeding time. But there are no gulls following that ship. There are a good many more ships in that same line—and there 's never a gull behind them. Do you know why? It 's because the grub on those boats is so poor. The gulls have learned to tell them as far as they can see 'em, and they won't have anything to do with 'em, and that 's the Lord's truth, sir! Any man on the Lakes will tell you so, and the men on those boats most of all. They don't take a job there until they 're down and out and can't get work anywhere else."

The more one comes in touch and sympathy with the lives of these men of the Lakes the more one's interest increases; and it is not until one eats and drinks with them aft, and secures their confidence and friendship, that he is let into the secrets of the inner and home life of these red-blooded people, which is unlike the life of any other seafaring men in the world. It is when this confidence and friendship are won that you begin to reap the full pleasure of a trip on a Great Lakes freighter; it is then that the romance, the picturesqueness and the superstition of the Lake breed peep out. Not until that time, for instance, will you discover that these rough, strong men of the Lakes are the most indomitable home-owners in the world. A home is their ambition—the goal toward which they constantly work. From the deckhand to the young, unmarried mate it is the reward of all their labor—the end for which they are all striving. And there are good reasons for this—reasons which have made the "home instinct" among Lake sailors almost a matter of heredity. The ships of the Inland Seas are almost constantly in sight of land. Now it is a long stretch of coast a mile or so away; again it is a point stretching out to sea, or the shores of some of the most beautiful streams in America. And wherever there is land within shouting or megaphone or "whistle" distance of the passing vessels, there nestle the little homes of those who run the ships of our fresh-water marine.

Perhaps for a whole season (seven or eight months) the Lake sailor has no opportunity of visiting his family. Yet every week or so he sees his home and his wife and children from the deck of his ship. It is easy for those ashore to learn from the marine officers when a certain vessel is due to pass, and at that hour wives and sweethearts, friends and children, assemble on the shore to bid their loved ones Godspeed. All of the vessels on the Lakes have their private code of signals. Perhaps in the still hours of night, the sleeping wife is aroused by the deep, distant roar of the freighter's voice. For a moment she listens, and it comes again—and from out there in the night she knows that her husband is talking to her; and the husband, his eyes turned longingly ashore, sees a light suddenly flash in the darkness, and his heart grows lighter and happier in this token of love and faith that has come to him. And in the hours of day it is more beautiful still; and the passengers and crew draw away, leaving the man alone at the rail, while the wife holds up their baby for the father to see, and throws him kisses, and there is the silence of voiceless, breathless suspense on the deck that the faint voice of the woman, or the happy cries of the children may reach the husband and father, whose words thunder back in megaphone greeting. It is beautiful and yet it is pathetic, this constant union of the people of the Lake breed. And the pathos comes mostly when there is no answer from the little home ashore, for it is then that visions of sickness, of misfortune or possibly of neglect cast their gloom.

THE DRUMMER-GIRL

By HULBERT FOOTNER



THE members of Professor Kugel's Élite Ladies Orchestra rose through the stairway in the back of the little stage and disposed themselves with much bobbing and arranging of skirts behind their music stands under the shadow of Vesuvius painted on the back drop—or, to be exact, Vesuvius reposed in the shadow of the ladies. It was Thursday night and they wore their light blue dresses; they had a color for each night in the week. There were eight of them; first and second violins, cello, clarinet, cornet, trombone, piano and drums. With a single exception they were not distinguished for good looks, particularly not the wind instruments; but for that matter what well-favored woman would choose to play a cornet—not to speak of the ridiculous trombone? The exception was Elise Kugel, the professor's daughter, who attended to the drums, likewise the triangle, bells, bones, sand-paper or whatever accessories were required when the orchestra executed a "descriptive fantasia." Elise was eighteen years old, a dark little elf, with a wistful, upward glance peculiar to herself, and a resolute, silent, rosy mouth, in which there was something at once admirable and appealing. Blue suited her well; and as she sat there all sober attention to the piece in hand, playing her bold rat-tat with a serious air, and thumping the big drum beside her by means of a treadle, there was that in the picture she made calculated to stir the deepest springs of laughter and tears.

Professor Kugel's orchestra enjoyed a permanent engagement at a place of entertainment on the East Side of Manhattan, which advertised itself—with an engaging mixture of terms—as "Connolly's Trocadero Volksgarten: A Select Family Resort"—in other words a German gathering-place in America with a Spanish name and an Irish proprietor. It pays to be respectable on the East Side as well as anywhere else, and respectability was the keynote of the Trocadero. Whole families and young couples, smart politicians and "fellows" ostentatiously gruff and careless of dress, but at heart no worse than other young men, filled the tables night after night quaffing the German national drink in moderate quantities (their moderation was a perennial grievance with the proprietor) and attending to the vaudeville program with a huge appreciation. On both sides of the footlights the Teutonic element predominated; the performers, who were not often changed, were well-known to the house and a spirit of good-fellowship prevailed.

The little drummer-girl was a prime favorite, and the "hand" which greeted the orchestra on its entrance was mostly intended for this least important but best-looking member. She might have been twice as popular, Sid Connolly, the aforesaid proprietor, complained, if she had had any "magnetism," as he called it. But Elise would keep herself to herself. Only one man in front had the power to win a glance from those wistful, serious eyes. It was not a smile he

got, but an eager, friendly look, which lighted the dark little face of the sender like a ray from some inward sun.

He was only a waiter, Harry Entwistle, but not an ordinary waiter. An extraordinarily poor one, Sid Connolly grumbled. Sid would have fired Harry for breakages, long ago, had not the customers seemed to like him. To them Harry was a long-legged, slap-dash, country lad as green as the fields in June, but friendly; to Elise he was something more. She dreamed of his light-hearted, boyish smile, compounded of fresh red lips and dazzling teeth, and of his shining blue eyes. She saw that they were wonderfully kind eyes; that was what had won the little drummer-girl. Her intercourse with Harry was limited to an occasional word; for it would have been difficult to explain to her old-fashioned parent in what it was Harry differed from the other waiters, whom the professor held in high disdain.

After allowing a suitable interval to elapse, "Professor" Kugel herself came trotting up the little cellarway, violin in hand, with an appearance of great animation which was purely artificial. It was a sad, little, dumpy figure in light blue like the others, with faded eyes and thin, frizzled hair of that neutral tint between blonde and gray. Behind the professional smile lay a harassed expression, and in making her bow she steadied herself with a hand on the back of a chair. In a servant of the public like her, old age and ailments must be stood off at all costs like disgrace. Professor Kugel was almost come to the end of her power to please that hydra-headed monster across the footlights. Her daughter glanced at her with sharp anxiety, and Miss Heckschnagel, the thin-lipped first violinist, looked with ill-concealed triumph.

The Professor gathered in the musicians with her eyes, tapped her music-stand smartly, and the Élite Ladies plunged forthwith into one of those fortissimo-prestissimo overtures beloved of small circus bands and the like, which are always used to open the show. The leader used her bow for a baton; when she got them going nicely, she faced the audience and played the air (whatever it may have been) on her own violin, in the Viennese manner. The Élite Ladies were distinguished more for energy than for delicacy of interpretation. Miss Maloney used the piano as if she mistook it for a washboard; Miss Kleinschmidt, the cornetist, puffed out her cheeks like a chipmunk and overbore them all; while the contortions of Miss Heissenbuttel with the trombone were surprising. In her corner the little drummer-girl made a tremendous how-de-do with the utmost gravity of expression. Whenever in their enthusiasm the Élite Ladies lost touch with each other, the Professor left off playing and beat them into time again. They finished with a series of ear-splitting crashes; an attendant appeared and moved their chairs and music-stands back to the verge of the Bay of Naples, and the vaudeville show was on.

Meanwhile the performers had been arriving singly and in couples. There was no stage-door to the Trocadero, they came through the main entrance and hurried down the centre aisle, trying to look unconscious while secretly pleased with the interest they never failed to arouse in the house. They disappeared through a little door under the stage. Miss Irene d'Estrelle opened the program with three pathetic ballads rendered with an air of gloom; the O'Haras gave their sketch on the shore of the Mediterranean, while the Élite Ladies watched with the listlessness born of seeing too many "comedy duos"; and a blackface song-and-dance team relieved themselves of a surprising store of energy. To eke out the program, between each pair of these numbers the ladies' orchestra gravely moved forward and played a piece, then as gravely moved back, and tried to conceal their yawns as the succeeding turn was played off in front of their noses. Like girls behind a candy counter they were surfeited.

Finally, the principal attraction was

reached: "Miss Mamie Marello and the Six Sunbursts." Like her predecessors, Miss Marello made a brisk vaudeville entrance through the hole in the stage; then she proceeded to sing a patriotic song in a "snappy" manner, violently marking time throughout. She was a little creature in the dress of a ten-years-old, but abnormally plump for a child of that age, and with an uncanny air of grown-up sophistication. No doubt her voice would have affected a musical ear like the squeaking of a gigantic slate pencil, but there were no ears of that sort in the Trocadero; she was immensely popular. At the first words of the chorus the Six Sunbursts appeared. They were aptly named. Each Burst was a blonde of heroic proportions. In the space left by the orchestra, with Mamie they proceeded to march and countermarch, all on the shore of the Mediterranean, taking military strides say six inches long. The stage was rather crowded. It might have been observed that the ladies of the orchestra carefully tucked their feet under their chairs to avoid being trodden on. The spectacle of these portly, mature Amazons trotting up and down under command of little Mamie, each with a visage of imperturbable gravity, aroused great enthusiasm in the Trocadero every night. Mamie sang other songs and the Sunbursts changed their costumes three times. In a free show this act was considered the acme of enterprise.

During the intermission which followed, the performers all gathered in the dark little cavern beneath the stage, where, as the waiter who could best be spared, it was part of Harry's duty to take their orders every night. This moment provided the young people with their only opportunity to communicate. When Harry put down her glass of sarsaparilla he could make some humorous remark which Elise might answer without exciting undue comment. This, with the friendly look and smile which accompanied the exchange, sufficed to nourish their dreams. On this particular night Elise had eyes only for her mother. The little leader was feeling worse than usual, and though she made a brave effort to overcome her infirmities, towards the end of the second part of the program (which was but the first part over again) she was obliged to go home. The complacent air with which Miss Heckschnagel took up her baton for the final "galop" caused Elise's heart to contract with anxiety for the future.

For the first time Elise had to go home alone. As she came out from under the portico of Connolly's (a Moorish portico, by the way), she distinguished a tall figure in the shadow of the adjoining doorway, behind a showcase full of photographs, and felt, rather than saw, a pair of bright eyes regarding her from under the brim of a soft hat pulled down in front. It was the most exciting moment the little drummer-girl had so far experienced in her uneventful life. Harry fell in beside her as a matter of course. Elise was very grateful that he did not ask her permission, for then she would have been obliged to refuse; whereas since he did not say anything she could defend the proprieties by making believe not to see him for a while.

"I 'm sorry the old lady was n't feeling good," said Harry sympathetically.

"My mother isn't very old," said Elise quickly.

Harry was silenced for the space of half a block. Longer than that it was impossible for him to contain his exuberance.

"Ever been to the country?" he broke out.

"No," said Elise. "Only to Hoboken."

"I was raised in the country," he continued enthusiastically. "On a farm by the Choptank River on the Eastern Shore. It's great down there! It 'll be spring there before this, with everything bully and green, and the roses blooming and the rhododendrons all out in the woods. And soon

there 'll be swimming. I 'm crazy about swimming. I can swim across the river down there. It 's over a mile."

Elise shyly looked her admiration of his prowess.

"Better than this, eh?" said Harry, waving his hand about to indicate the flaring, noisy, teeming East Side.

"I think so," said Elise softly.

"I guess I was n't cut out for the city," said Harry. "I would have cleared out before this if it had n't been——"

He stopped abruptly.

"What?" asked Elise.

"Oh, a reason," he said vaguely.

Elise blushed and forbore to pursue the inquiry.

"Why did you come to New York?" she asked presently.

"Well, you see the old man died," he said confidentially, "and I thought there were too many of us on the old place. Besides I wanted to see a bit of the world. It 's pretty slow down on the Eastern Shore. My brothers, they 're all right, but we don't gee very well. They 're serious-minded. So I came to New York; but it 's not the same as I thought. It 's not healthy. The young fellows up here they just hang around the corners and talk. I think it 's foolish. They don't know what real sport is—hunting and fishing and swimming and sailing. So I 'm going back. Anyway, when a man gets to be my age—I 'm nineteen now,—he 's got to think of the future. I 've seen both kinds of life, city and country, and I 've decided I was cut out for a farmer; I mean a real scientific farmer. I 'm going to study like sixty."

"You 're sure to get on!" said Elise with a little pang at her heart.

"Do you think so, honest?" he exclaimed, turning to her delightedly. "At home they thought I was just a crazy kid. Maybe I am. It 's great to be a little bit crazy! I just love to laugh!"

He suited the action to the word, and the grave little drummer-girl echoed the peal. This philosophy of laughter was something very new to her. She thought he was wonderful.

"Connolly's is no place for you," said Elise, albeit sadly.

"No, I guess chasing around with a tray does n't just suit my style. My feet seem to get in my way," he said ruefully. "But you see being green in the city I had to take what I could get. Now I must stay there till I scrape together enough money to take me away. Besides I did n't want to go till——"

"Till what?" she asked, as he paused again.

"Till I knew you better," he blurted out finally. "I just wanted a chance to talk to you like this. I never had anything to do with girls before. I did n't think there was anything in them, but you!—O you 're so different!"

This was painfully sweet to Elise. She averted her head. "I 'm just silly," she murmured.

Harry laughed aloud. "You can't fool me!" he cried. "The minute I laid eyes on you I knew you were different. I knew there was nobody else like you!"

"But I 'm afraid I 'm serious-minded too," she objected.

"Oh, no, you 're not!" he said confidently. "I could make you laugh like anything. I made you laugh once already. How can anyone help laughing when they 're young and have someone to laugh with!"

"It's very nice to be made to laugh," said Elise innocently.

"Great!" cried Harry, and they both laughed—for no reason at all.

"When will you be leaving Connolly's?" she asked sadly.

"Oh, not right away," he said. "I have n't started to put by for that yet."

"But you should," said Elise reprovingly.

"I 'm not blowing it in," he hastened to explain. "I wanted the money for something else."

They reached the house where Elise and her mother had rooms, and paused at the steps.

"Good-night," she said, holding out her hand.

He seized it, suddenly red and flustered. "W-wait a minute," he stammered. "I—I want you to have this."

Still holding her hand, with his free hand he pressed a tiny box into her palm.

Elise opened it, and there lay a little gold locket on a thin chain.

"Oh!" she breathed. Elise was eighteen, and possessed not a single ornament. Harry beamed with delight. She thrust it back towards him. "I could n't take it," she whispered.

The excess of his disappointment showed comically in his open face. "Why?" he demanded.

"Oh, it's too nice for me. It cost too much. You should n't have spent the money," she murmured in distress.

"I had more fun out of buying that than any money I ever spent! Please put it on," he begged.

Elise shook her head. "I could n't wear it," she said. "People would see."

"Wear it inside your dress," he said eagerly. "It would be so nice to know it was there."

"I have n't anything to give you in return," she said, weakening a little.

"Yes you have!" he quickly returned.

"What?"

"I want that little curly piece of hair that hangs beside your ear!"

On the following night during the intermission the performers were all gathered as usual in the little chamber under the stage. The interior arrangements of this greenroom were very simple: the narrow stairway from the stage came down at the back, while at the other end three steps led to the low door giving on the auditorium; down the middle hung a curtain making a dressing-room for the men on one side, and on the other for the ladies. At present the curtain was drawn all the way back. The place was feebly lighted by a couple of electric bulbs. Ventilation there was none; and when, as at present, more than a score of persons were gathered there, the effect was rather crowded and stuffy. The performers, including the six matronly Sunbursts, who were quietly discussing household affairs among themselves, sat on their trunks, while the members of the orchestra, who dressed at home, had chairs. Nearest the door sat the little leader, still holding the beloved violin which scarcely ever left her arms. Her head was on her breast, and her eyes fixed on the floor. Elise, sitting beside her, watched her covertly with sad eyes and knitted brows, powerless to aid.

While they waited for Harry to bring the refreshment supplied by the proprietor every night, much pointed repartee was exchanged. As everyone knows there is a time-honored feud between balladists and soubrettes, nor did Miss d' Estrelle and Miss Marello fail to keep up the tradition. The principal distinction between the two classes of songstresses is in the length of skirt worn. The balladist appears in a long dress and is serious; the soubrette abbreviates her skirt and is playful. To the soubrette all balladists are back numbers or "chasers"—*i. e.*, put on to clear the hall; while for her part no self-respecting balladist would admit that a woman could be a soubrette and respectable at the same time. In this instance Miss d' Estrelle was somewhat at a disadvantage, for it was well known that little Miss Mamie Marello, the pseudo-ten-year-old, was really the mother of six. In private life she was Frau Hesse who freely confessed to forty summers and a fondness for German cookery. The leader of the orchestra was her sister.

"Say, d' Estrelle," remarked this little lady in sarcastic tones, "that 's a swell new song you 've got, 'The Shanty of Tumbledown Alley,' I *don't* think."

"Somewhat out of the *soubrette* class," returned the balladist languidly.

Miss Heckschnagel, the thin-lipped first violin, tittered. She took sides

of course against the Hesse-Kugel combination.

"You bet it is!" cried Miss Marello, whereat all *her* satellites roared.

"It 's not a song that would go well with a display of the person," remarked Miss d'Estrelle with a withering glance at Miss Marello's plump ankles.

The soubrette was not a bit impressed.

"*Please Mr. Contractor do not tear our shanty down,*
My crippled brother lies within," she mimicked, beating time with the heels of her slippers on the side of her trunk.

"It 's an all-right song if it was *played* in proper time," said the balladist angrily.

The little leader, hearing herself referred to, raised her head and looked vacantly around. Elise smiled reassuringly, and patted her mother's hand.

"Go on, d' Estrelle," said Miss Marello jocosely, "you know you like to sing it like the dead march."

"*The noble fellow bared his head and silently went his way,*" she sang mockingly.

"It's not surprising some people can't appreciate a *serious* ballad," remarked Miss d' Estrelle to Miss Heckschnagel.

"Serious!" cried Miss Marello with lifted eyebrows. "You don't tell me! Why, it got a bigger laugh than any comic in the show!"

This flicked Miss d' Estrelle on the raw; for they *had* laughed at it. She jumped to her feet and pointed an accusing finger at the little leader. "It 's her fault" she cried furiously. "She spoilt my song! She ran it through like rag-time!"

"What would you expect, Miss d' Estrelle?" put in the first violin with cold venom. "Look at her!"

Miss Marello turned pale with anger under her rouge. "You Heckschnagel!" she cried. "Everybody knows what you 're after!"

The little leader struggled to her feet and strove to speak in an offhand tone. "What do you mean, Miss Heckschnagel?" she asked.

At this moment the door from the auditorium opened and Harry, smiling at the world, and carrying his tray, came down the three steps. In regaining her seat Frau Kugel swayed a little, and fell against the tray. For an awful second Harry tottered on the lowest step; then lost his balance. The tray came to the floor with a horrifying crash, the women screamed, and outside in the auditorium a great roar of laughter went up. Then an awed silence fell on the little greenroom.

In about half a minute the dreaded bulk of Sid Connolly with his shirt-front and solitaire was filling the doorway. Harry and Elise were picking up what remained of the glasses. Miss Marello, Miss d'Estrelle, Miss Heckschnagel and several other ladies commenced to explain in detail how the accident had occurred.

He silenced them with a forcible expression, and demanded of Miss Marello what had happened.

"That Harry," she said glibly, "the clumsy booby, he tripped on the steps coming down, that's all." It is to be feared this little lady was instantly ready to cut Truth's acquaintance when family interest was threatened.

Elise looked up quickly with an indignant denial on her lips—but that would have been betraying her helpless mother. She hung her head miserably and let things take their course.

"That 's a lie!" said Miss Heckschnagel in her cold, thin voice, while Miss Marello made a picture of virtuous indignation. "The Professor, she hit against his tray. She 's not herself to-night."

"That 's right!" commented Miss d' Estrelle. "She spoiled my song!"

Connolly indifferently condemned the song, and turned to Harry. "What have you got to say for yourself?" he demanded fiercely.

Harry straightened his back, and looked at Elise, who did not raise her head. "It was my fault" he said, cheerfully. "No one bumped me."

Miss Marello triumphed.

"Then get out!" roared Mr. Connolly in no gentle tone. "You needn't apply for your time neither. You've broke more than your week's pay right here!"

Elise raised her head to protest against this unjust sentence—then she saw her mother sitting there bewildered, and turned her back on Harry. To tell the truth she was ashamed to meet his eye, though he, honest youth, was making desperate secret grimaces in her direction to let her know that it was all right, and not to say anything. All Elise could do was to stand between her mother and the hard-eyed women there; she let her lover go, feeling miserably sure that he despised her for her cowardice.

She saw him again that night. After the performance, as she and her mother made their way out of the building, he was waiting in the adjoining doorway behind the case of photographs, as on the preceding night. Out of the corner of her eyes Elise could see him regarding her wistfully from under his hat-brim, and a dreadful pang smote her. Perhaps he had no place to go! She knew he had no money; he had spent it all on the pretty locket and chain which was burning her throat at that moment. Her mother was paying no attention, so she ventured to hang behind for a moment, and hastily unfastening the chain around her neck, thrust the trinket towards him in a trembling hand. When Harry made out what she was doing he started as if her hand was presenting a dagger. Then for the first time he did look at her in the way she dreaded, hurt, indignant and reproachful; and hurried away in the other direction. The misunderstanding was complete. Elise, still clasping the locket, overtook her mother, blinded by her tears.

It was the end of April again; the syringa bushes in Tompkins Square were putting forth shoots of green into a dun-colored world, and the East Side children were beginning to leave off their shoes and stockings. At Connolly's Trocadero little was changed; the fat Cupids on the proscenium seemed to be in more urgent need of a bath, the Bay of Naples was not quite so blue—that was all. The waiters ran about with their trays in exactly the same way; Sid Connolly with his shirt-front and his solitaire still decorated the doorpost; and the same good-natured crowd sat and guffawed at the same kind of "turns." To be sure, the Élite Ladies Orchestra had a new conductor, Professor Heckschnagel, who ruled with a firmer hand, but somehow was not so dear to the house as the little leader of former years. There was a new—and younger—soubrette, too; the overthrow of the Hesse-Kugel faction had been complete. Of them only the drummer-girl remained, and she was no longer so conspicuous for her good looks. There were dead leaves under her eyes, her wrists and shoulders were too thin, and in place of the old self-contained and capable air there was a hint of anxious uncertainty.

The present leader made no secret of her animosity in the direction of the drums. She had reason enough to hate her; was she not her mother's daughter, and a perpetual reminder to the new Professor of how she had injured that harmless old woman? So night after night Elise waited for her discharge. What she would do after that she hardly knew. Frau Hesse had married again and was established, with all her responsibilities new and old, in a Western town, so that Elise was quite alone in the city with her helpless charge. Frau Kugel spent most of the days now in a chair by the window playing the *lieder* of her girlhood days on the old fiddle which had been saved from the pawn-shop only Elise knew how. Beside the ever-present one of bread and butter, Elise had a still more harrowing anxiety. At the dispensary where she went to get medicine for her mother, they told her that the smoke-laden air of Connolly's or

any such place would kill her soon, and recommended, unconscious of the irony of the suggestion, that Elise take her mother to the country. "What if I should fall sick before my mother dies!"—that was the soothing thought Elise went to bed with, and got up with in the morning.

That which she had been expecting came to pass on one of these April nights. What does it matter what excuse was given? As a matter of fact, Sid Connolly discovered a prettier girl; anybody can play the drums. Elise was discharged. She was the last of the performers to leave the theatre that night. As she came out of the door, dead weary and helpless, she suddenly stopped and fell back against one of the Moorish columns with a hand to her breast, wondering if her overwrought brain had failed her at last. There in the shadow of the same photograph show-case leaned a tall figure, with eyes regarding her wistfully from under the brim of a soft hat pulled down in front.

In an instant he was at her side. They fell into step without speaking as on the first night he had waited for her. He was broader and browner; more sure of himself, much better looking. He picked up her hand and drew it under his arm; the boy would never have dared so far. But there was nothing diminished of his exuberance; as before Harry did all the talking.

"I 'm a farmer sure enough! I 've got the prettiest little place on the whole Choptank River! The front yard slopes right down to the water. There 's a sailboat goes with it. You should see the roses I left there yesterday. Of course it is n't all my own yet, but I 'm paying it off year by year. There 's a gentleman down there—it was he who gave me the chance. I farm my little place together with his fields. His overseer left him last week and I up and asked for the job. He laughed like anything—but we understand each other all right. He says with a twinkle in his eye, 'I 've got to have a more settled man than you for this job,' and I said, 'Will I do if I bring home a wife?' He said, 'All O.K. if she 's steadier than you are!' He was only joking you know. I said, 'You bet she is! Just give me a week off and I 'll try to get her to show you!' He said, 'Go ahead!' so here I am. Will you take me, Elise? I 've been thinking of you every day while I worked!"

Elise was crying softly, and hoping he would n't notice it. To-night of all nights it was so sweet to find a friend!

"I 'm ugly!" she whispered. "I'm not strong. There 's mother, too!"

"I thought of her," said Harry. "There 's heaps of room and no end of flowers for her to tend to. As for you, you won't have to work hard, dearest—just advise me when I want to do something foolish! Ugly! You!"—his laugh rang out as boyishly as of old. "After I 've had you down there a month I won't trust you in the same room with a mirror! You 've got to look at me instead!"

The Lounger

A NEW book by a comparatively new writer is the not very happily named "Corrie Who?" of Maximilian Foster. Mr. Foster has been known for some time as the writer of vigorous short stories, but I do not recall any other full-fledged novel from his pen. Corrie is a young girl, of whom no one seems to know anything, who "hires out" as a companion to a rich and eccentric Mrs. Pinchin. This lady is a determined character whose will is law; that she is constantly thwarted by Corrie by no means discourages her. The reader becomes as curious to know of Corrie as is Mrs. Pinchin, but has the advantage of that extraordinary lady in being able to solve the mystery at once by hastening through the book. But this he does not do. He prefers to unravel it step by step, for the working out is so clever and the author's style so delightful, that he would not skip one of its four hundred and sixty pages. It is not often that we have a book with a woman villain. This adds the zest of novelty to the other attractions of the story, which, while it could have been written only by an American, has in certain characteristics a suggestion of Dickens. But do we not always say this of the young author who draws eccentric characters and involves them in mysterious plots?

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Author of "Corrie Who?"

Who in the world, I wonder, chose young Mr. Alfred Noyes to write of William Morris in the new series of English Men of Letters? It was a wild choice, for England's youngest poet has no appreciation or understanding of the work of this departed master. When this series was edited by John Morley, there was one bad choice of a biographer, and that was Anthony Trollope to write of Thackeray; but even that was not as great a mistake as the new editor has made in assigning Morris to Noyes. The tone of Noyes's biography is patronizing and his manner flippant. I can see the expression of fine scorn that would pass over Morris's bearded face, could he know who was writing of him for this series, and how the work was being done. Noyes may be old enough some day to undertake such a task, but I am not sure. There are some men who are old enough at twenty to write of their betters in literature, and others who in spite of years will never be old enough.

The special performance of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" before an audience composed of the deaf and the blind is suggestive of cynical remarks. Who are, I wonder, the most to be envied — the deaf, who

Photograph by Pach Brothers, Cambridge, Mass.

PROFESSOR ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, HARVARD'S NEW PRESIDENT

saw the performance but did not hear the lines? or the blind, who heard but saw not?

The name of Lowell conspicuously associated with Harvard has a pleasant and familiar sound. The choice of Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell as successor to President Eliot was perhaps the wisest that could have been made. Already a professor in that University, always interested in the subject of education, both theoretically and practically bound up with the best educational traditions of Boston, that most educated of American cities, a lecturer, an author and an administrator, the wonder grows that any one else was considered for a moment. I doubt if any one else was very seriously considered. Professor Lowell's grandfather and father were the founders of the famous Lowell Institute, which he has developed to its present high state of efficiency. Not only have his books on government received the praise of his countrymen, but those dealing with the government of England have received

From a drawing by Mason McDonald

A GREAT LAKES ORE FREIGHTER ON THE LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON

the praise of English people. After reading what has been written about Professor Lowell since he was first named for its presidency, I think that Harvard deserves the congratulations of the entire country.

The drawing by Mason McDonald here reproduced in black and white, and on the front cover in a tint, does not tally exactly with Mr. Curwood's description on page 740 of the appearance of one of these monstrous vessels as it leaves port in the summer months. "A Trip on a Great Lakes Freighter" is a very different affair in winter, when the ships sometimes look as they do in this picture. Vessels have actually been known to go to the bottom, merely from the weight of ice that forms upon them in the severest weather—"the little ice devils," as they are called, being one of the mariner's worst foes. The season during which navigation is open on the Lakes is not a long one, which is one of the reasons why it is such an incredibly busy one while it lasts.

This is the way that "The Letters of Jennie Allen" came into being: Miss Grace Donworth, the author,

Photograph by Koshiba

GRACE DONWORTH

Author of "The Letters of Jennie Allen"

was one of the ladies of Providence, R. I., engaged in relief work for the sufferers by the San Francisco earthquake. It occurred to her to write a letter to one of the other ladies engaged in the same work, as though she were—a Jennie Allen, let us say. Miss Stockbridge was the lady to whom she wrote the letter, and by her it was passed around as genuine. Everyone who read it was amused and believed implicitly in the genuineness of Jennie. Even Mark Twain was taken in, and spoke in public more than once about it, and the two or three later letters that he saw. He loved them. The way they were received induced Miss Donworth to write more of them, until she had enough for a book. The letters appeared serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, many of whose readers believed in their genuineness and expressed their regret that, as it seemed, the writer should be held up to ridicule. There is a lot of homely wit in the sayings of Jennie Allen and her brother Jim. Here are a few extracts which show that Jennie can hold her own with Mrs. Wiggs, and that a tenement-house can give the world as many laughs as can a cabbage-patch:

> You know how put-off washes grow.
>
> He is a Maine man but a perfeck gentleman. So is his mother.
>
> She is Irish but very plessant.
>
> Mr. Spinney says you can't rise with the lark if you 've been on one the night before.
>
> It seems as if that was the way of the world. A few folks enjoy the fruit and others slips down on the pealings.
>
> It ain't what you give, it 's what you 've got left after you give, that tells the story.
>
> We are going to live close to my folks so I can help them when they need me, and his mother is going to live with us. My cup runneth over.

There is a touch of pathos in the story, too, as in Jennie's love for her little nephew, Jimsey, whom she was ambitious to send to Brown Univer-

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

The only one in New York built, owned and managed by a woman

sity, and to whom she taught the college yell, which he shouted every night after saying his prayers.

The Maxine Elliott Theatre is unique in the history of the drama in New York. In the first place, it is the only theatre ever built in this city by a woman and managed by a woman. Years ago, more than thirty, there was a Laura Keene's Theatre, away down Broadway. It was there that Joseph Jefferson made his appearance as Asa Trenchard in "The American Cousin," when, in the same play, E. A. Sothern created the part of Lord Dundreary. Laura Keene, however, did not build her theatre, but bought or leased it from some one who had failed to make a success of it. Miss Elliott built her theatre, and not only owns it but is her own manager. She intends it primarily for women "stars." When she herself acts there, her plays will be by women, if women can give her what she wants. "The Chaperon," with which she opened the theatre, was written by a woman, being Miss Marion Fairfax's second production. Miss Elliott has installed women ushers—an innovation in this country. The success of the Maxine Elliott Theatre has incited other actresses to go and do likewise, and I hear that we are soon to have an Annie Russell Theatre. It may be that in time we shall have none but theatres that are emblazoned with the names of "stars." But what will happen when these "stars" wane, as those of the theatrical firmament are apt to do? Will the theatres still be called by their forgotten names?

The late Donald Grant Mitchell blazed the trail for the late Charles Dudley Warner's "Back-Log Studies," and for the essays with which the Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers is delighting us to-day.

ALFRED OLLIVANT
Author of "Bob, Son of Battle," "The Gentleman" and other stories

Mr. Crothers strikes a more masculine note in his essays, though his latest book, "By the Christmas Fire," is a rather slight performance. It is a handful of essays collected from the magazines in which they first appeared, and published with an eye to the holiday trade. Nevertheless the book was well worth printing. No new literary vein is opened by this writer. He has not Mr. Chesterton's original way of looking at commonplace things, and turning everything to paradox, nor Bernard Shaw's inverting wit. If I should compare him to any English essayist, it would be the gentle Elia. A modern Elia, however; not the shy clerk of India House, who looked into his heart and wrote, but a man who, from the very nature of his profession, mingles with all sorts and conditions of men.

Judging by his most recent portrait, Mr. Alfred Ollivant has improved in health, for which his many admirers are grateful. It is said that he wrote "Bob, Son of Battle" (called in England "Owd Bob") while lying on his back in a hospital. "The Gentleman," which is in a very different vein, has found as many admirers as the

famous story of the dog, Bob. Mr. Ollivant does not often give us a new book, but when he does it stands for something. While serving in the Royal Artillery in 1895, Mr. Ollivant was injured by a fall from his horse. His condition is improved, but he is still far from being strong.

An interesting conversation, or perhaps I should say debate, between Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Frank A. Munsey was printed in the *Herald* a short time ago. Lord Northcliffe stands for all that is progressive and American in English journalism, while Mr. Munsey stands for all that is American, in the way of enterprise and hustle, in America. Lord Northcliffe said some very illuminating things, but he made one statement with which I must take issue. It was this:

> Dictation on the typewriter, and the literary agent, with his contracts, are entirely destroying imaginative work. I consider that the literary agents are killing good authorship. Their forcing methods cause writers to sell work as fast as they can write it. It ties many of them up with more contracts than they can ever fill.

I do not think that the literary agent is to blame for the rapacity of authors. He sees it and profits by it. The most rapacious authors, if I may apply so ferocious a term to the followers of so gentle a profession, have no agents. I could name, if I wished to indulge in personalities, two of the most popular women writers, for example, who exact, not only the last penny, but the pound of flesh, from their publishers. And I could name several authors who, managing their own affairs, exact so much from the publishers of their books, that the publishers are said to make no money out of them directly, but to take their books because of the effect upon their general list. The agents cannot be blamed for the demands of these authors. As for their "forcing methods," which cause writers to sell work as fast as they can write it, or faster, I know of but one author (he not an American) who is said to have been a victim of this process. It was tried on him, and while it may have made money for him, it was not successful in other respects. The agent is not to blame. Lord Northcliffe's quarrel is with the author, who goes to the agent and puts the highest price he thinks he can get on his work. It is then "up to" the agent to get it; if he does n't, he loses his client.

Mr. Munsey, too, had his fling at the literary agent. "It is he," said Mr. Munsey, "who sets the publishers to bidding against one another and running royalties up as high as thirty per cent. or more of the gross retail price of the book." Here again, I say, it is not the agent but the author. Most authors go to agents because they want the agent to get more money for them than they would like to ask of the publisher themselves. If the publisher accuses them of rapacity, they throw the blame on the agent, who acts as the "wicked partner," and who, it seems to me, is not the one to be blamed. Mr. Munsey had much to say of the prices of books. He thinks they are too high, and that the publisher who publishes copyright cloth-bound novels for ten or fifteen cents each has a fortune before him. I am afraid, however, that with the present price of paper, and the demands of authors, he would have the fortune behind him after he had been a short time in business.

One of the most remarkable cases of low prices is the London *Times's* offer of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" for six shillings—a dollar and a half of our money. This book was in three volumes and was sold originally, less than a year ago, for three guineas (over fifteen dollars). The *Times* edition is entirely new, and necessarily not as handsome as the

SCENE FROM MRS. SPENCER TRASK'S RELIGIOUS PLAY, "THE LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

first. It may be remembered that the *Times* accused Mr. Murray of asking an outrageous price for these books, and that Mr. Murray took the case to court and was victorious. Now the lion is lying down with the lamb, and the very book, which caused the altercation, is being published by the *Times*.

Mrs. Spencer Trask's religious play, "The Little Town of Bethlehem," is a step in the right direction. As a Christmas entertainment it was welcome. Though not necessarily intended for children, it interested them and was, naturally, a safe play to take them to. There is not enough done for children in the way of plays at Christmas time. If they go to the theatre they must see plays they had better leave unseen. Children's stories adapted for the stage are often strong meat for grown-ups to digest. Mr. Ben Greet was, of all men, the right one to have charge of Mrs. Trask's play. He not only produced it but acted in it. "The Little Town of Bethlehem" was seen in New York long after the Christmas holidays and was seen by a great many people.

Chicago is to be congratulated on its new Club, The Cliff-Dwellers, which formally opened its home in January. For this pleasant occasion Professor Brander Matthews dropped into poetry, an unusual thing for him; but when he does it, he shows that he still holds the pen with which, some twenty or more years ago, he wrote graceful *vers de société*. The lines he wrote for the Cliff-Dwellers are called "On the Heights." Here they are:—

Hail! Ye men of lofty station
Looking down upon the nation,
From your eyry of elation
And relief;
Hail! Ye dwellers in a far land,
On a peak and up near star-land,
With your Hamlin—Culture's Garland—
For a chief!

All the milliners and drapers,
Advertising in the papers,

CHICAGO'S NEW CLUB, THE CLIFF-DWELLERS, AT HOME

Cannot fill the tall sky-scrapers
To the top;
And there 's room, somewhere above them,
For the arts, and those that love them,
Where the crowd can't crush and shove them
Till they drop.

It was Goethe who has said it,
And it 's greatly to his credit
(In your memory now imbed it
Once for all,
With no further dilly-dally)—
"There is peace above the valley"
Where the setting sun-rays rally
Ere they fall.

There is peace and there is pleasure,
Better far than buried treasure,
For the men who earn their leisure,
Shirking not;
There is peace and there is laughter,
Rising warmly to the rafter;
There is scorn for crook and grafter
Burning hot.

May your culture go on humming!
May your notions keep on coming!
May your scribbling and your strumming
Both excel!
May your shadow ne'er diminish!
May your atmosphere get thinnish!
May you fight fate to a finish!—
Fare you well.

It is seldom that we lavish upon any one less than a prince of the blood the attentions that we have lavished upon Professor Guglielmo Ferrero. We have dined and wined him, we have interviewed him, we have shown him the sights of the town—the Great White Way (Broadway after candle-light), Chinatown, the opera, theatres, restaurants; we have listened to him lecture, and we have read his books—which, after all, is the greatest compliment. Young women let their favorite writers of fiction gather dust on the shelves, men forget politics and the stock market, all to read Professor Ferrero's absorbing, if destructive, history of Rome, and his lectures on characters and incidents in Roman history. It is for the very reason that they are destructive that we like them—for the same reason that we like to read

Photograph by Vander Weyde.

HORACE FLETCHER

Mr. Fletcher has been preaching the gospel of slow eating and thorough mastication for many years, and his disciples—members of the Chew-Chew Club, as they might be called—are said to number 200,000. His permanent home is a house on the Grand Canal in Venice, but after a brief sojourn at the Waldorf Astoria he now occupies an apartment in an East Side model tenement in New York, where he is carrying on his reform work.